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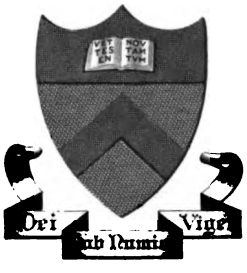

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain / This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E.** o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed.** *d*

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus *d* will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus *d* and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m*, which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke ——

Therefore, —*o* would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus —*d* and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have *d* (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

The longhand letter *n* which has 5 strokes, is written in Paragon with **one** stroke, thus— (same as the letter **M,** but shorter).

You now have 6 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix contractions and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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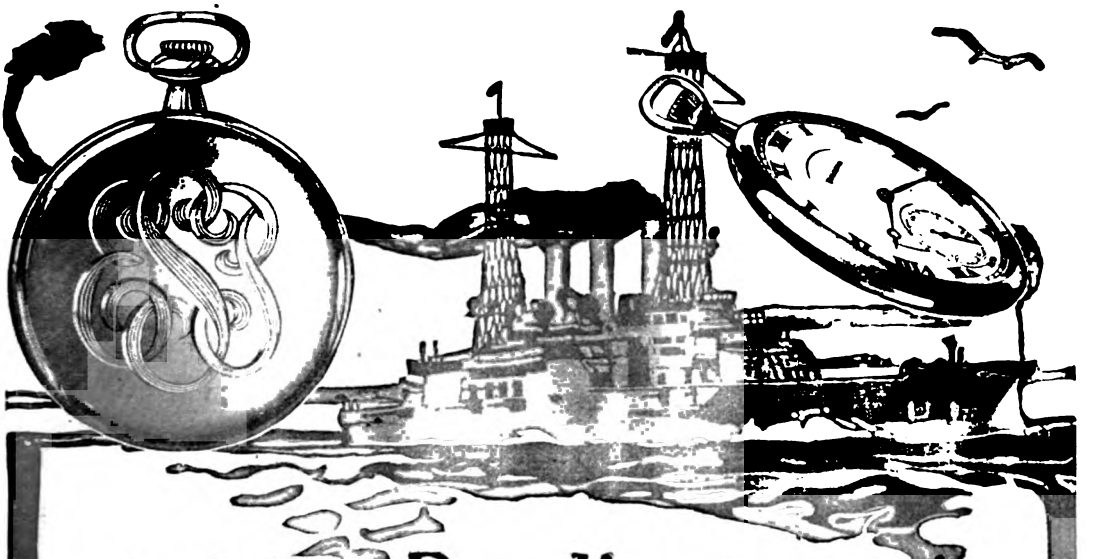

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

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The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

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IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone wellworth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise: it will injure your welfare!** Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests had given him in rapid order.

* * * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big search-light on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publisher of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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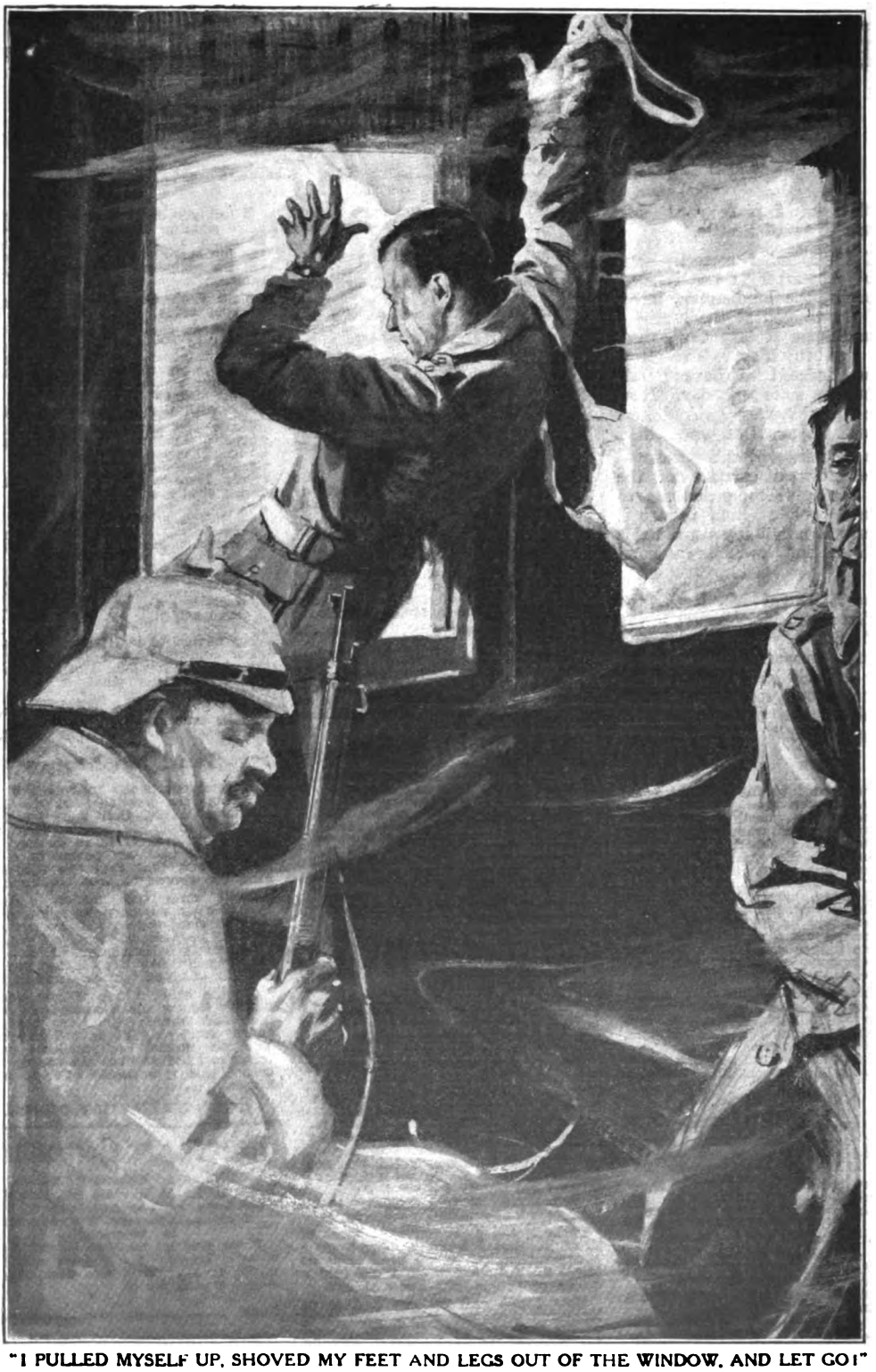

"I PULLED MYSELF UP, SHOVED MY FEET AND LEGS OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND LET GO!"

(SEE PAGE 10.)

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE
ADVENTURE ~ TRAVEL ~ SPORT
Vol. XLII. NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 247.

A photograph of the aeroplane used by the Author at the Front.

MY FALL INTO GERMANY FROM AN AEROPLANE.

How I dropped 8,000 feet getting in—and crawled 400 miles getting out.

By LIEUT. *PAT O'BRIEN, R.F.C.*

ILLUSTRATED BY G. HENRY EVISON.

The Author of the following stirring narrative is an Irish-American. Joining the R.F.C. in the early days of the war he soon found himself on the Western Front. After many daring fights in the air his machine was shot down and he was captured by the Germans. His subsequent escape from the train that was carrying him to a prison camp in Hunland, and his long tramp through Germany, Luxemburg, and Belgium, is one of the most sensational episodes of the war. He was seventy-two days travelling four hundred miles, and for thirty-five consecutive days he did not speak to a human being. When he finally reached London His Majesty the King sent for him and congratulated him on his marvellous escape. Lieutenant O'Brien has now written a book describing his remarkable adventures. It is entitled "Outwitting the Hun," and is published by Messrs. Heinemann at 6s. The following entertaining account of this pilot's thrilling experiences are reproduced from the book by permission of the publishers.

I.

IT was in July, 1916, that I, an Irish-American, found myself on the Western Front, engaged as a full-fledged pilot in the Royal Flying Corps of the British Army.

My squadron was one of four stationed at an aerodrome about eighteen miles back of the Ypres line. There were eighteen pilots, and we flew scouts or single-seater machines. Having no bomb-dropping or reconnoitring to do, our duty was just to fight, or, as the order was given to me: "You are expected to pick fights, and not wait until they come to you!"

On my first flight, after joining the squadron, I was taken out over the lines to get a look at

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things, map out my location in case I was ever lost, locate the forests, lakes, and other landmarks, and get the general scheme of the land.

I soon found out that my squadron was "some hot" crew, our flyers being almost always assigned to special-duty work, such as shooting up trenches at a height of fifty feet from the ground!

I received my baptism into this kind of work the third time I went out over the lines, and I would recommend it to anyone who is hankering for excitement. You are not only apt to be attacked by hostile aircraft from above, but you are swept by machine-gun fire from below. I have seen some of our machines come back from this work sometimes so riddled with bullets that I wondered how they ever held together.

One morning, shortly after I joined the squadron, three of us started over the line on our own accord. We soon observed four enemy machines, two-seaters, coming toward us. When we first noticed them we were about six miles back of the German lines and were flying high up in the sky, keeping the sun behind us, so that the enemy could not see us.

We picked out three of the machines and dived down on them. I went right by the man I selected, and his observer in the rear kept pumping lead at me. Not one of my shots took effect as I went under him, but I turned and gave him another burst of bullets, and down he went in a spinning nose-dive, one of his wings going one way and the other another. As I saw him crash to the ground I knew that I had got my first hostile aircraft. One of my companions was equally successful, but the other two German machines got away.

This experience whetted my appetite for more of the same kind, and I enjoyed many stirring air-fights until August 17th, 1917. On that day, one never to be forgotten, I killed two Huns in a double-seater machine in the morning, another in the evening, and then I was captured myself.

Crossing the line on early morning patrol, I noticed two German balloons. I decided that as soon as my patrol was over I would go off on my own hook and see what a German balloon looked like at close quarters. We were all encouraged to worry the enemy on our own in this way.

There are two ways of going after a balloon in a machine. One of them is to fly at a low altitude, so near the ground that the anti-aircraft gun cannot get you. Creeping up to your objective in this way you set it on fire, if, in the meantime, it has not been drawn down. The other way is to fly over where you know the balloon to be, put your machine in a spin so that they cannot easily hit you, and then suddenly corkscrew down on to the balloon and open fire. In going back over the line you cross at a few hundred feet. Getting balloons in this way is one of the hardest jobs in the service. There is less danger in attacking an enemy's aircraft.

When our two hours' duty was up I dropped out of the formation as we crossed the lines, and turned back again. I was at a height of fifteen thousand feet, considerably higher than the balloons. Shutting off my motor, I corkscrewed down through the clouds, thinking to find the balloons at about five or six miles behind the German lines.

Just as I came out of the cloud-banks I saw, about a thousand feet below me, a two-seater hostile machine doing artillery observation and directing the German guns. This was at a point about four miles behind the German lines. Evidently the German artillery saw me and put out ground signals to attract their airmen's attention, for I saw the observer quit his work and grab his gun, while the pilot stuck the nose of his machine straight down.

But they were too late to escape me. I was diving toward the German machine at a speed of probably two hundred miles an hour, shooting the while as fast as possible. In dives of this description there is always the danger of your wings breaking, and that would have spelt disaster; while I also knew that the moment I came out of my plunge the Huns would be after me. It was necessary for me to get the first shot home. Fortunately my bullets found their mark, and the German machine continued its plunge to the ground.

I came safely out of my dive at about four thousand feet, only to find myself in a very hot corner. The depth of my plunge had brought me to within reach of the machine-guns from the ground. Instantly I had a "barrage" of shrapnel around me, and to make the situation worse the enemy began shooting "flaming onions" at me—rockets fired from a gun. They are used to hit a machine when it is flying low, and are effective up to about four thousand feet. All the time, too, I was being attacked by "Archie"—anti-aircraft fire. I escaped the machine-guns and the "flaming onions," but "Archie" got me four or five times. Every time a bullet plugged me, or rather my machine, it made a loud bang, on account of the tension on the material covering the wings.

None of these shots had seriously injured my machine, and as I was now fast approaching our own lines I felt pretty safe. Then, as luck would have it, when about a mile from our lines, a stray bullet struck my motor, putting it completely out of commission. Fortunately, I still had altitude enough to drift on to our own side of the lines, but the Huns, detecting my plight, opened fire in earnest once more. I began to fear I should strike the ground before crossing the lines, but there was a slight wind in my favour, and it carried me two miles behind our lines.

I landed in a part of the country that was literally covered with shell-holes. Fortunately, my machine was not badly damaged by the forced landing. I leisurely got out and inspected my machine and quickly concluded that the damage could be repaired. I was still examining my plane and considering the matter of a few repairs, when a shell came whizzing through the air. It landed a few feet away, the concussion knocking me completely over. The

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very balloons I had gone out to get were now "pin-pointing" me. Through the direction which they were able to give to their artillery they commenced shelling my machine where it lay.

No sooner was I on my feet than I heard another shell coming and ran for cover, crawling into a shell-hole, and here I stayed while the Huns blazed away at my poor machine. The only damage I suffered was from the mud which spattered up in my face and over my clothes. When the firing at last ceased I crawled out of my hole, shook the mud off my clothes, and looked over in the direction where my machine lay. There wasn't enough left of the aeroplane to make a decent souvenir. Making my way back to infantry headquarters, I telephoned to my aerodrome and later was fetched by one of our motors.

That night my "flight"—each squadron is divided into three flights consisting of six men each—got ready to go out again. As I started to put on my tunic I noticed that I was not marked up for duty as usual. I asked the commanding officer, a major, the reason, and he replied that he thought I had done enough for one day. However, I knew that if I did not go, someone else from another "flight" would have to take my place, and I insisted upon going up with my patrol as usual, and the major reluctantly consented.

Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C., who herein relates his thrilling experiences.

At 7.50 p.m., while we were flying at a height of sixteen thousand feet, we observed three other English aeroplanes, about three thousand feet below us, pick a fight with nine Hun machines. I knew we were in for it, because I could see over toward the ocean a whole flock of Hun machines which evidently had escaped the attention of our scrappy comrades below us. So we dived down on those nine Huns.

At first the fight was fairly even. There were eight of us to nine of them. But soon the other machines which I had seen in the distance, and which were flying even higher than we were, arrived on the scene, and when they, in turn, dived down on us, there were just twenty of them to our eight!

Four of them singled me out. I was diving and they dived right down after me, shooting as they came. Their tracer-bullets were coming closer to me every moment. These tracer-bullets are balls of fire which enable the shooter to follow the course his shots are taking and to correct his aim accordingly. They do no more harm to a pilot if he is hit than an ordinary bullet, but if they strike the petrol-tank, good night!

When a machine catches fire in flight, there is no way of putting it out. It takes less than a minute for the fabric to burn off the wings, and then the machine drops

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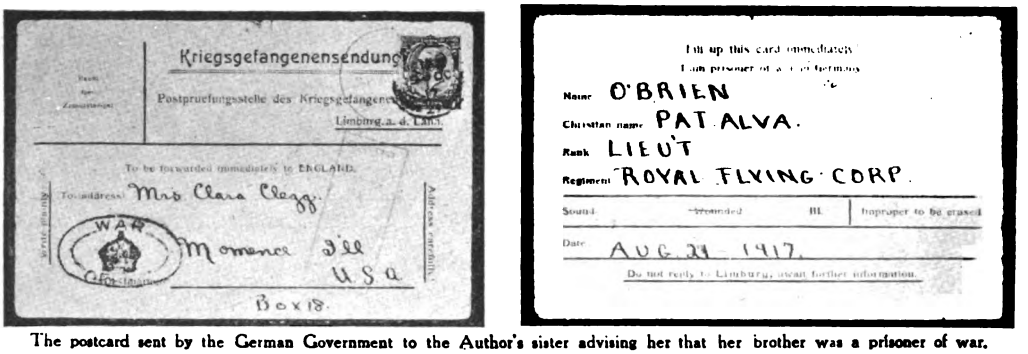


The postcard sent by the German Government to the Author's sister advising her that her brother was a prisoner of war.

like an arrow, leaving a trail of smoke like a comet.

As their tracer-bullets came closer and closer to me I realized that my chances of escape were *nil*. Their very next shot, I felt, must hit me. My only chance lay in making an Immelmann turn, a manœuvre invented by a German. I made it successfully, and it brought one of their machines right in front of me. As he sailed along barely ten yards away I had "the drop" on him, and he knew it. His white face and startled eyes I can still see. My first bullet passed within a yard of his head, the second hit him in the shoulder, the third struck him in the neck, and then I let him have the whole works, and he went down in a spinning nose-dive.

All this time the three other Hun machines were shooting away at me. I could hear the bullets striking my machine one after another. There was nothing for me to do but to continue the combat.

In fighting, your machine is dropping—dropping all the time. I glanced at my instruments and saw that my altitude was between eight and nine thousand feet. While I was still looking at the indicator the whole works disappeared. A burst of bullets striking the instrument board blew it to smithereens, another bullet went through my upper lip, came out of the roof of my mouth, and lodged in my throat, and I knew no more until I came to in a German hospital the following morning.

I was a prisoner of war!

It was a small emergency hospital near the fighting line. There were no Red Cross nurses in attendance, only orderlies. In addition to the bullet wound in my mouth, I had a swelling stretching from my forehead to the back of my head, almost as big as my boot. I couldn't move an inch without suffering intense pain.

German officers visited me the morning after the accident, and told me that my machine went down in a spinning nose-dive from a height of between eight and nine thousand feet, and they had the surprise of their lives when they discovered that I had not been dashed to pieces. They had to cut me out of my machine, which was riddled with shots and shattered to bits.

A German doctor removed the bullet from my throat, and the first thing he said to me when I came to was: "You are an American!"

There was no use denying it, because the metal identification disc on my wrist bore the inscription, "Pat O'Brien, Royal Flying Corps, U.S.A.."

Although I was suffering intense agony, the doctor, who spoke perfect English, insisted upon conversing with me.

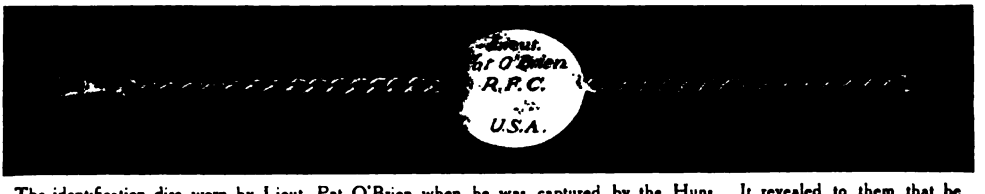
"You may be all right as a sportsman," he declared, "but you are a murderer just the same for being here. You Americans who got into this thing before America came into the war are no better than common murderers, and you ought to be treated the same way!"

The wound in my mouth made it impossible for me to answer him, and I was suffering too much pain to be hurt very much by anything he could say.

"You won't have to worry any more," he declared, as a parting shot; "for you the war is over!"

I was given a little broth later in the day, and as I began to collect my thoughts I wondered what had happened to my comrades in the battle which had resulted so disastrously for me. As I began to realize my plight I worried less about my physical condition than the fact that, as the doctor had pointed out, for me the war was practically over. I had been in it but a short time, and now I would be a prisoner for the duration of the war!

The next day some German flying officers



The identification disc worn by Lieut. Pat O'Brien when he was captured by the Huns. It revealed to them that he was an American.

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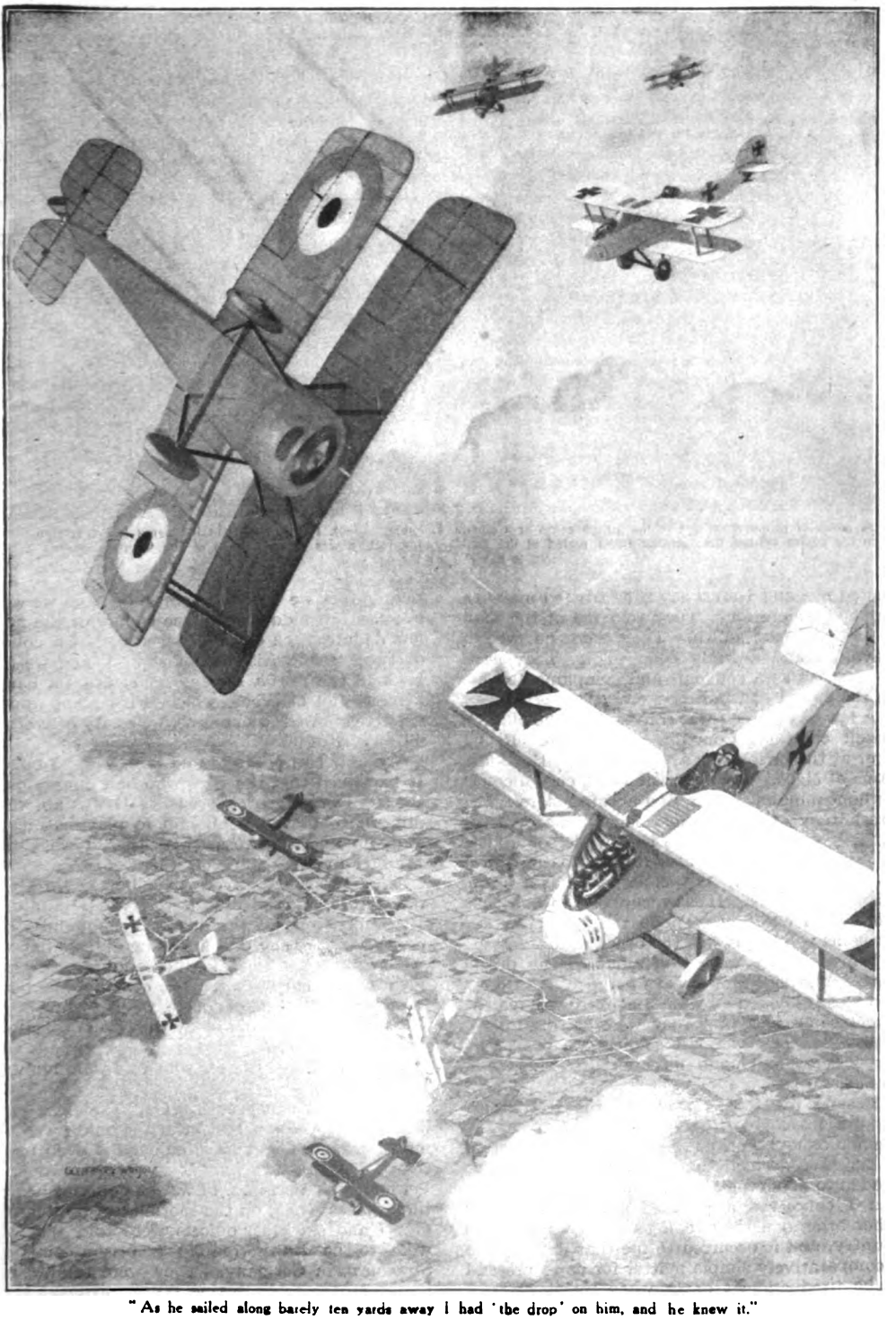

"As he sailed along barely ten yards away I had 'the drop' on him, and he knew it."

Drawn by [*Geoffrey Watson.*

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A group of prisoners of war in the prison camp at Courtrai, Belgium. Lieut. Pat O'Brien, in his flying tunic, is standing in the centre behind the German guard seated at the table. This picture was taken by one of the German guards and sold to the Author for one mark.

visited me, and I must say they treated me with great consideration. They told me of the man I had brought down. They said he was a Bavarian and a fairly good pilot. They gave me his hat as a souvenir and complimented me on the fight I had put up.

A few days later I was conveyed to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai in Belgium. Rising hour at the prison was seven o'clock. Breakfast came at eight. This consisted of a cup of coffee without milk and sugar, and nothing more. For lunch they gave us boiled sugar-beets or some other vegetable, and once in a while some kind of pickled meat. We also received a third of a loaf of war bread. It was as heavy as a brick, black, and sour. It was supposed to last us from noon one day to noon the next. Except for some soup, this was the day's rations.

Whenever we were taken out of the prison for any purpose they always paraded us through the most crowded streets—evidently to give the populace an idea that they were getting lots of prisoners. The German soldiers we passed on these occasions made no effort to hide their smiles and sneers.

Despite the scanty fare and the restrictions we did manage on one occasion to arrange a regular banquet. At this time there were eight of us. We decided that the principal thing we needed to make the affair a success was potatoes, and I conceived a plan to get them. Every other afternoon they took us for a walk in the country, and it occurred to me that it would be a comparatively simple matter for us to pretend to be tired and sit down when we came to a potato-patch.

It worked out nicely. When we came to the first potato-patch that afternoon we told our guards that we wanted to rest a bit, and we were allowed to sit down. In the course of the next few minutes each of us managed to get a potato or two. Being Irish, I got six. When we got back to the prison I managed to steal a handkerchief full of sugar, which, with some apples we were allowed to purchase, we easily converted into a sort of jam.

We now had potatoes and jam, but no bread. It happened that the Hun who had charge over the store was a great musician. It was not very difficult to prevail upon him to play us music, and while he went to get his zither, I went into the bread pantry and stole a loaf of bread.

Most of us had saved some butter from the day before, and we used it to fry our potatoes. By bribing one of the guards he bought some eggs for us. They cost a shilling apiece, but we were determined to make the banquet a success, no matter what it cost. The cooking was done by the cook, whom, of course, we had to bribe.

When the meal was ready to serve it consisted of scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, bread and jam, and a pitcher of beer which we were allowed to buy.

That was August 29th. Had I known that it was to be the last real meal I should have for many weeks I might have enjoyed it even more than I did.

I had been a prisoner of war at Courtrai nearly three weeks when, on the morning of September 9th, I and six other officers were told that we were to be transferred to a prison-camp at Strasburg, in Germany. They were sending us there, I was told, to keep our airmen from bombing the place.

Some days before I had made up my mind that it would be a very good thing to get hold of

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a map of Germany which I knew was in the possession of one of the German interpreters, because I realized that if ever the opportunity came to make my escape such a map might be of the greatest assistance to me. A lieutenant and I accordingly got in front of the interpreter's window and engaged in a very hot argument as to whether Heidelberg was on the Rhine or not, and we argued so vigorously that the German came out of his room, map in hand, to end the dispute. After the matter was settled to our satisfaction he went back into his room and I watched where he put the map. A little later my friend managed to get him out of the room on some pretext or other, and while he was gone I confiscated the map from the book in which he kept it, and concealed it in my sock underneath my legging.

I got it none too soon, for half an hour later we were on our way to Ghent. Our party consisted of five British officers and one French officer. At Ghent we were marched to the train that was to convey us to Germany. It consisted of some twelve coaches, eleven of them containing troops going home on leave, the twelfth being reserved for us. We were placed in a fourth-class carriage, with old, hard, wooden seats, a filthy floor, and no lights save a candle placed there by a guard. There were eight of us prisoners and four guards.

Before our train pulled out our guards had to present their arms for inspection, and their rifles were loaded in our presence to let us know that they meant business.

From the moment the train started on its way to Germany the thought kept coming into my head that unless I could make my escape before we reached that reprisal camp I might as well make my mind up that, so far as I was concerned, the war was over.

It occurred to me that if the eight of us in that car could jump up at a given signal and seize those four Hun guards by surprise, we'd have a splendid chance of besting them and jumping off the train when it first slowed down, but when I passed the idea on to my comrades they turned it down.

Nevertheless, I was determined that, no matter what the others decided to do, I was going to make one bid for freedom come what might.

As we passed through village after village in Belgium and I realized that we were getting nearer and nearer to that dreaded reprisal camp, I concluded that my one and only chance of getting free before we reached it was through the window! I should have to go through that window while the train was going full speed, because if I waited until it had slowed up or stopped entirely, it would be a simple matter for the guards to overtake or shoot me.

Lieut. Pat O'Brien standing by the propeller of his machine.

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I opened the window. The guard who sat opposite me—so close that his feet touched mine and the stock of his gun which he held between his knees occasionally struck my foot—made no objection, imagining, no doubt, that I found the carriage too warm, or that the smoke with which the compartment was filled annoyed me.

After a while I closed the window again.

I knew the guard in front of me didn't understand a word of English, and so, in a quiet tone of voice, I confided to the English officer who sat next to me what I planned to do.

"For Heaven's sake, Pat, chuck it!" he urged. "Don't be a lunatic! This railroad is double-tracked and rock-ballasted, and the other track is on your side. You stand every chance in the world of knocking your brains out against the rails, or hitting a bridge or a whistling post, and, if you escape those, you will probably be hit by another train on the other track."

There was a good deal of logic in what he said, but the idea of remaining a prisoner of war indefinitely went against the grain, and I decided to take my chance.

The car was full of smoke. I began to cough as though my throat was irritated by the smoke and then I opened the window again. The guard looked up and showed his disapproval, but did not say anything.

It was now four o'clock in the morning and would soon be light. It was a case of now or never, as there would be little chance to escape in the daytime.

I had on a trench coat that I had used as a flying-coat and wore a knapsack which I had constructed out of a gas-bag brought into Courtrai by a British prisoner. In this I had two pieces of bread, a piece of sausage, and a pair of flying-mittens. All of them had to go with me through the window.

The train was now travelling at a speed of between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. Standing up on the bench as if to put the bag on the rack, and taking hold of the rack with my left hand and a strap that hung from the top of the car with my right, I pulled myself up, shoved my feet and legs out of the window, and let go!

There was a prayer on my lips as I went out and I expected a bullet between my shoulders, but it was all over in an instant.

I landed on my left side and face, burying my face in the rock ballast, cutting it open and closing my left eye, skinning my hands and shins and straining my ankle. For a few moments I was completely knocked out.

I came to within a few minutes, and when I examined myself and found no bones broken I didn't stop to worry about my cuts and bruises, but jumped up with the idea of putting as great a distance as possible between me and that track before daylight came. Being still dazed, I forgot all about the barbed-wire fence along the right-of-way, and ran full tilt into it. There I lost one of my two precious pieces of bread, which fell out of my knapsack, but I could not stop to look for it then.

I was bleeding profusely from the wounds caused by the fall, but I checked it somewhat with handkerchiefs I held to my face, and I also held the tail of my coat so as to catch the blood as it fell and not leave tell-tale traces on the ground.

Just before daylight I came to a canal which I knew I had to cross, and I swam it with everything I had on. This swim, which proved to be the first of a series that I was destined to make, taught me several things.

In the first place, I had forgotten to remove my wrist-watch. This watch had been broken in my fall from the air, but I had had it repaired at Courtrai. In the leap from the train the crystal had been broken again, but it was still going and would probably have been of great service to me in my subsequent adventures, but the swim across the canal ruined it. Then, too, I had not thought to take my map out of my sock, and the water damaged that too. Thereafter, whenever I had any swimming to do, I made a bundle of all the things that would be damaged by water and tied it on to my head. In this way I was able to keep them dry.

It was now daylight, and I knew that it would be suicidal for me to attempt to travel in the daytime. My British uniform would have been fatal to me. I decided to hide in the daytime and travel only at night, taking my bearings from the stars.

Not far from the canal I could see a heavily-wooded piece of ground, and I made my way there. By this time I had discovered that my left ankle had been strained in my leap from the train, and when I got to the wood I was glad to lie down and rest. The wound in my mouth had also been opened, making it very painful for me to swallow my breakfast, which consisted of a single piece of wet bread. I found a safe hiding-place in which to spend the day and I tried to dry some of my clothes, but a slight drizzling rainfall made that out of the question. I knew that I ought to sleep, as I planned to travel at night, but, sore as I was, caked with mud and blood, my clothing soaked through, and my hunger not nearly appeased, sleep was out of the question. This seemed to me about the longest day I had ever spent, but I was still to learn how long a day can really be and how much longer a night!

When night came I dragged myself together and headed north-east. My clothing consisted of my Flying Corps uniform, two shirts, no underwear, leather leggings, heavy shoes, a good pair of wool socks, and a German cap. I had a wallet containing several hundred francs in paper money and various other papers. I also had a jack-knife which I had stolen one day from the property-room at Courtrai where all the personal effects taken from prisoners were kept.

I travelled rapidly, considering my difficulties, and swam a couple of canals that night, covering in all perhaps ten miles before daylight. I spent the day in some low bushes in my wet clothes, finishing my sausage for food. That was the last of my rations.

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For the next six days I still figured that I was in Germany and I was living on nothing but cabbage, sugar-beets, and an occasional carrot, always in the raw state, just as I got them out of the fields. The water I drank was often very rank, as I had to get it out of canals and pools. One night I lay in a cabbage-patch for an hour lapping the dew from the leaves with my tongue!

During this period I realized that I must avoid meeting anyone at all hazards. I knew that it was necessary to make progress as fast as possible, but the main consideration was to keep out of sight, even if it took me a year to get to Holland, which was my objective. From my map I estimated that I was about thirty-five miles from Strasburg, when I made my leap from the train, and if I could travel in a straight line I had perhaps one hundred and fifty miles to go. As it was, however, I was compelled to make many *détours*, and two hundred and fifty miles was nearer the extent of the journey ahead of me.

Lieut. Paul H. Raney, of Toronto, and his friend, Lieut. Pat O'Brien. Raney was killed in action before the eyes of O'Brien, who was a prisoner of war. This picture, found on the body of Raney when he fell behind the German lines, was handed to O'Brien to identify the victim.

I believe it rained every night and day while I was making my way through Germany to Luxemburg.

My invariable programme at this stage of my journey was to travel steadily all night until about six in the morning, when I would commence looking round for a place wherein to hide during the day. Low bushes or woods back from the road, as far as possible from the travelled pathway, usually served me for this purpose. Having found such a spot, I would drop down and try to sleep. My overcoat was my only covering, and that was usually soaked through either from the rain or from swimming.

It must have been about the ninth day that I crossed into Luxemburg. I had covered in that period perhaps seventy-five miles and I was that much nearer liberty, but the lack of proper food, the constant wearing of wet clothes, and the loss of sleep and rest had reduced me to a very much weakened condition. I doubted greatly whether I would be able to continue, but I plugged along.

One of the experiences I had in Luxemburg which I shall never forget occurred the first day that I spent there. I had travelled all night and I was feeling very weak. I came to a small wood with plenty of low underbush, and I picked out a thick clump of bushes which was not in line with any paths, crawled in, and lay down to spend the day.

The sun could just reach me through an opening in the trees above, and I took off all my clothes except my shirt and hung them on the bushes to dry. As the sun moved, I shifted my clothes around correspondingly, because, tired as I was, I could only take short naps. I awoke from one of these with a start. There were voices not a dozen feet from me! My first impulse was to jump to my feet, but peeping through the underbush, I could just discern two men conversing as they worked. If I had stood upright they would have seen me.

It then occurred to me that if the tree upon which they were working should happen to fall in my direction it would crush me to death! It was tall enough to reach me and big enough to kill me if it landed in my direction, and as I could see only the heads of the men who were chopping it down, I was unable to tell which way they planned to have it fall. I was musing on the sorry plight I was in when there came a loud crack and I saw the top of the tree sway and fall almost opposite to the place where I lay!

Later I heard some children's voices, and again peering through the underbush I saw that they had brought the men their lunch. You can't realize how I felt on seeing them eating their lunch so near to me, and to know that, hungry as I was, I could have none of it. I was greatly tempted to go boldly up to them and take a chance of getting a share, but I did not know whether they were Germans or not, and I had gone through too much to risk my liberty even for food.

Shortly afterwards it began to rain, and about four o'clock the men left. I crawled out as fast as I could, and scurried around looking for crumbs, but found none, and when darkness came I went on my way once more.

That night I came to a river, and as it was the first time my clothes had been dry for a long time, I took off all my things and made them into two bundles, planning to carry one load across on my head and then swim back for the other. The river was quite wide, but I am a

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fairly good swimmer, while I could easily rest a while after the first trip before going back for the second bundle.

The first swim was uneventful. When I landed on the other side I drank until my thirst was quenched, and then swam back. After resting a while, I started across a third time, with my shoes and several other things tied firmly to my head. Just about ten feet from the opposite bank one of my shoes worked its way loose, and sank in about eight feet of water. There was nothing to do but finish the trip and then go back and dive for the missing article. Diving in my weakened condition was a considerable strain, but I had to have that shoe, and I kept at it for nearly an hour before I eventually found it.

Swimming the river like this and the diving had consumed about three hours, and after resting some fifteen minutes I went on my way again. I had hardly gone a mile when I came to another river about the same size as the one I had just crossed. I walked along the bank thinking that I might be lucky enough to find a boat or a bridge, when I received one of those disappointments which "come once in a lifetime." I found that the river was the one I had just crossed! I had swum it on the bend and was still on the wrong side! Had I made only a short *détour* in the first place, I would have avoided all the annoyance of the past three hours and saved my strength and time. I walked boldly into the river, not bothering to take my clothes off this time, nor did I ever trouble to remove them afterwards when swimming canals or rivers.

I now entered some woods, but it was most exasperating. I would go a quarter of a mile in the right direction, then lose my way, with the result that daylight found me with nothing accomplished.

I kept a sharp look-out for goats, thinking I might be able to milk them, but in all my travels I never saw a goat or a pig, and only a few cows. Several times I searched nests for eggs, but somebody had always been before me, as I never even found so much as a nest-egg.

Blisters began to appear on my legs and my knees swelled. In addition, I was pretty well convinced that I had lost the sight of my left eye. I hadn't seen a thing out of it since my leap from the train. When I imagine the villainous appearance I must have presented at this time—my unhealed wounds, eighteen days' growth of beard, and general haggard and unkempt visage—I think the fear I felt about meeting strangers was perhaps unwarranted. The chances are they would have been infinitely more scared than I!

About the eighteenth day after my leap from the train I crossed into Belgium. Some three days later I started to swim a canal just before daylight. I was just about to wade into the water when I heard a German yelling violently, and for the first time I knew I was being followed! I ran up the bank of the canal quite a distance, and then swam to the opposite side. I found a sheltered clump of bushes in a swamp, into which I crawled, and remained there for the rest of the day. Once or twice I heard the Huns searching for me, and my heart nearly stopped beating, but they evidently decided I was not in the swamp.

I decided now to go due west, instead of north, for a time, and I kept in that direction for four days. As I was in a very weakened condition, I did not cover more than five miles a night. I kept away from the roads and did all my journeying through fields, beet-paths, wood, swamps—anywhere, provided I was not likely to be seen and captured.

At last I brought up at the Meuse River at a place between Namur and Huy, and it was here that I came nearest of all to giving up the struggle. The Meuse at this point is about half a mile wide, and in my weakened condition it looked like the Atlantic Ocean. Get across I must, so I waded in and was soon beyond my depth and had to swim. After about an hour I was very much exhausted, and doubted whether I could make the opposite bank, although it was not more than thirty or forty feet away. I choked and gasped and my arms and legs were completely fagged out. I prayed for strength to make those few wicked yards, and then, with all the will-power I could summon, struck out for dear life. It seemed a lifetime before I finally felt the welcome mud of bottom. The bank was rather high, and I was shaking so violently that when I took hold of the grass to pull myself up, it shook out of my hands. Only by superhuman efforts did I manage to crawl up that bank, and then for the first time in my life I fainted—fainted from utter exhaustion.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, and I was entirely unprotected from observation. If anyone had come along I would have been found lying there dead to the world. Possibly two hours passed before I regained consciousness, and then, no doubt, only because the rain was beating in my face. Fortunately, I found some shrubbery near by, and I hid there all day, without food or drink.

That night I made a little headway, but when day broke I had a dreadful fever and was delirious. I talked to myself and thereby increased my chances of capture. After spells of foolish chatter I would pull myself together and struggle forward. I knew that I had to have food because I was about on my last legs, and decided upon a bold move. I would approach one of the houses in the vicinity and get food there or die in the effort!

I picked out a small house, because I reasoned there would be less likelihood of soldiers being billeted there.

Then I wrapped a stone in my khaki handkerchief as a sort of camouflaged weapon, determined to kill the occupant of the house, German or Belgian, if that step were necessary in order to get food. I tried the well in the yard, but it would not work, and then I went up to the door and knocked.

It was about one o'clock in the morning. An old lady came to the window and looked out. She gave a cry, and her husband and a boy came

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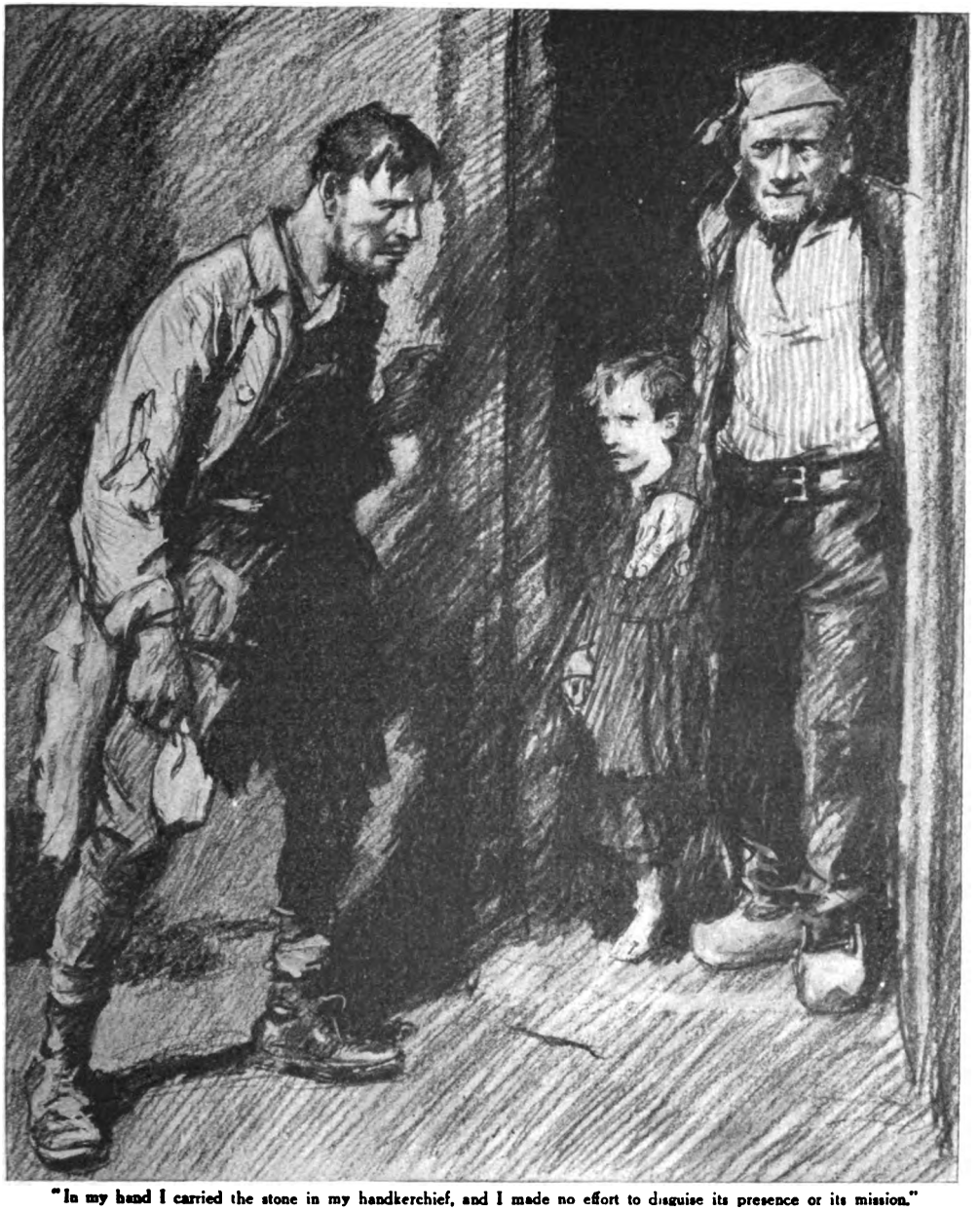

"In my hand I carried the stone in my handkerchief, and I made no effort to disguise its presence or its mission."

to the door. They couldn't speak English, and I could not speak Flemish, but I pointed to my flying-coat and then to the sky, and said "Fleger" ("Flyer"), which I thought would tell them what I was.

Whether they understood me or were intimidated by my hard-looking appearance I don't know, but certainly it would have to be a very brave man and boy who would start an argument with such a villainous-looking character as stood before them that night! I had not shaved for a month, my clothes were torn and dirty, my leggings were gone—they had got so heavy I had discarded them—my hair was matted, and my cheeks were flushed with fever. In my hand I carried the stone in my handkerchief, and I made no effort to disguise its presence or its mission.

They motioned me indoors and gave me the first hot meal I had had for a month. True, it consisted only of a few warm potatoes, but the old woman warmed them up in milk in one of the dirtiest kettles I had ever seen. I asked for bread, but she shook her head, although

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I think it must have been for lack of it rather than because she begrudged it to me. For if ever a man showed he was famished, I did that night. I swallowed those warm potatoes ravenously and I drank four glasses of cold water one after another. It was the best meal I had had since the "banquet" in the prison at Courtrai.

After I had partaken of the meal, I rose to leave. As I approached the door I got a glimpse of myself in a mirror. The sight I got of myself startled me almost as much as if I had seen a dreaded German helmet. My left eye was fairly well healed by this time, and I was beginning to regain the sight of it, but my face was so haggard and my beard so long and unkempt that I looked like Santa Claus on a "bat."

About the fifth day after I had entered Belgium I managed to get hold of an old pair of overalls. They were rather too short, but hung down far enough to cover my breeches. A few days later I managed to pick up an old coat and a scarf, and then one night dug a hole and buried my uniform. It was like parting with an old friend. I was tempted to keep the wings off the tunic, but that would have been a dangerous concession to sentiment in the event of my being captured.

One night as I came out of a yard it was so pitch dark I could not see ten feet ahead of me, and I nearly emerged upon a cross-road where was stationed a German sentry. Needless to add, I beat a hasty but silent retreat.

The next night while crossing some fields I came to a road, and got the shock of my life! In either direction, as far as I could see, it was lined with German soldiers! It was necessary to change my course, and I lost a certain amount of ground. At this period of my adventure if a day or night passed without its thrill, I began to feel almost disappointed, but such disappointments were rather rare.

One evening as I was about to swim a canal some two hundred feet wide, I suddenly noticed, about one hundred yards away, a canal-boat moored to the other side. As I neared it I saw five men leave it. At a safe distance I followed them, and they had not gone very far before I saw what they were after. They were committing the common but heinous crime of stealing potatoes!

I think one of the worst things I had to contend with in my journey through Belgium was the number of small ditches. They intercepted me at every half-mile or so, sometimes more frequently. The canals and the big rivers I could swim. Of course, I got soaked to the skin every time I did it, but I was becoming hardened to that. These little ditches, however,

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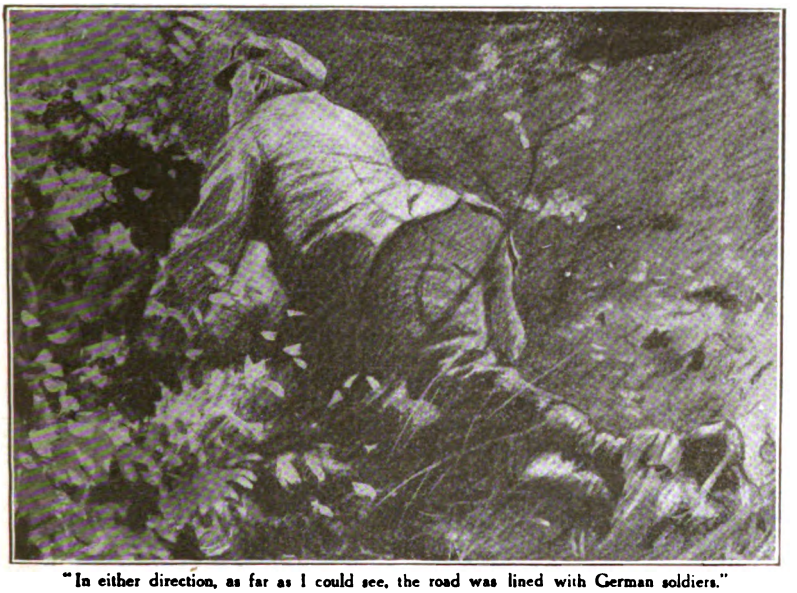
were too narrow to swim and too wide to jump. They had perhaps two feet of water in them and three feet of mud, and it was almost invariably a case of wading through.

One night I came to a ditch about eight or nine feet wide. I thought I was strong enough to jump it, and it was worth trying as the discomfort I suffered after wading these streams was considerable. Taking a long run, I jumped as hard as I could, but I missed it by four or five inches, and landed in about two feet of water and three feet more of mud. Getting out of that mess was quite a job. The water was too dirty and too scanty to enable me to wash off the mud with which I was covered, and it was too wet to scrape off. I had just to wait until it dried and scrape it off then.



"In either direction, as far as I could see, the road was lined with German soldiers."

The cabbages that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut out. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry to-day before I could ever eat cabbage again, and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips, and sugar-beets—especially sugar-beets. The smell of turnips—raw or cooked—makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

One night my course took me through a desolate stretch of country which seemed to be absolutely uncultivated. I must have covered twelve miles during the night without passing a single farm or cultivated field. My stock of turnips which I had plucked the night before was gone and I planned of course to get enough to carry me through the following day. When daylight came the consequence was I was empty-handed, and I had to find a hiding-place for the day. That night I got an early start because I knew I had to have food, and I decided that, rather than look for vegetables, I would take a chance and apply to the first Belgian peasant I came to.

It was about eight o'clock when I came to a small house. I had picked up a heavy stone and had bound it in my handkerchief, for I was resolved to use it as a weapon if it became necessary. When I knocked timidly on the door it was opened by a Belgian peasant, about fifty years of age. He asked me in Flemish what I wanted, but I shook my head, and, pointing to my ears and mouth, intimated that I was deaf and dumb, and then I opened and closed my teeth several times to show him that I wanted food.

He showed me inside and sat me at the table. He apparently lived alone, for his ill-furnished room had but one chair, and the plate and knife and fork he put before me seemed to be all he had. He brought me some cold potatoes and several slices of stale bread, and he warmed some milk on a small oil-stove.

I ate ravenously, and all the time I was engaged I knew that he was eyeing me closely.

Before I was half-way through he came over to me, touched me on the shoulder, and, stooping over so that his lips almost touched my ear, he said, in broken English, "You are an Englishman—I know it." I sprang to my feet, startled. Was he friend or foe?

(Next month the Author relates further stirring adventures in Belgium and how he finally escaped through the electrically-charged wire on the Dutch frontier.)

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The "Debil, Debil" of George's Gap.

By "TIDAL WATERS."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

How two hard-up Australian bushmen sought to replenish their exchequer by fulfilling the requirements of an advertisement in a Sydney newspaper—namely, the delivery alive of a thirty-foot carpet snake, or constrictor. The Author, an Australian, now serving with the forces in Egypt, writes: "The story is perfectly true, and the incident will be remembered by many people in Australia."

TWO men were sitting on a log smoking and discussing their prospects for the near future, by the flickering light of the dying camp-fire, on the farther side of which two mongrel cattle-dogs lay asleep; beyond them again the light of the fire was occasionally reflected from fresh kangaroo hides pegged out to dry.

"It's no good, Sailor," said Mick, "we'll have to get a job somewhere; here's the latest sales of our hides and they don't pan out at decent wages."

"That's so," replied his mate, "and there's no prospect of bettering things either, until the rain comes; the country's as dry as a match, and the 'roos as wild and cunning as dingoes; we'll have to get a job all right, unless we go prospecting or something of that sort."

"Too dry, even for prospecting," said the other. "Open the paper and have a look at the ads.—might strike a fencing contract on the coast, perhaps."

Sailor opened the paper, turning over the pages slowly.

"Strike me pink, Mick," he shouted, "look at this 'ere!"

His mate took the paper and read an advertisement, thus:—

> £500. Wanted a large carpet snake. Must be over thirty feet in length. The above sum will be paid to any person forwarding same in good order to Messrs. Nesbitt and Sons, buyers of wild birds and animals, Sydney.

"Five hundred quid!" he cried; "more than we've made between us for the last twelve months. It would give us both a good trip to Sydney."

"Getting ahead of yerself a bit, ain't yer?" cried Sailor; "the five hundred quid's all right, but we haven't got the snake, and what's more, if we did know where one was, who's going to catch him?"

"Why, you and me," replied the other.

"Not much, not me," cried Sailor. "I'm making no dinner for any snake."

"But think of the five hundred quid. We could get several young niggers from the camp to help us, and, by Jingo, now I come to think of it, you remember the yarn that old Jimmy, the nigger told us about the big snake he had seen in George's Gap. Told us, too, that the nigs. were dead scared and didn't often go hunting that way. The big snake's 'debil, debil,' they reckon, and is waiting for them there; in fact, some say it's 'Old George' himself. He was murdered by the blacks in the 'Gap,' you know, but his body was never found; everyone swore that the blacks ate him; but they swear they didn't. Personally, I think the nigs. left him for dead, but that he came to, and that the snake ate him. They won't touch anything dead, you know."

"Yes, and I mind too of a yarn that Jack Harvey, the mailman, told in the Day Dawn Hotel of a snake he had seen there." He reckoned it was sixty feet long and swore he had not seen the lot of it then. Of course, everyone smiled, but Jack was never given to exaggeration. Yes, I believe the brute's there right enough, for he's not the only one that's seen it; why, it's forty years or more since it was first supposed to be seen. Well, let's get to bink and sleep on it, and mind, Sailor, he don't get you in your sleep. You've seen snakes afore this, you know!"

The snake in question, which hard times and the ad. had brought under discussion, was a brute of vast dimensions, both as regards length and girth, which lived in the great scrubs that covered the rugged ranges which separate the coast country from the higher hinterland, or tableland, as it is usually called.

No one had ever seen it in its entirety, portions of the great glistening body being more than most cared to see. All the blacks went in holy terror of it, specially since a "gin" had been carried off shrieking into the night some years back by an unknown dread something, and nothing more seen of her. Lonely horsemen, mailmen, and drovers who passed that way occasionally got glimpses of a vast body slowly making its way across the narrow road, and at

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other times a strange sickening rustling sound in the scrub alongside the track would send the spurs deep into their horses' flanks as they fled from that place of horror.

Carpet snakes, great constrictors really, who get their name from the beautiful carpet-like markings on their skins, were numerous in that wild, almost uninhabited region, but it was not often that one was seen over twenty feet, and not too many of that length. As they don't grow when once captured, the larger the snake the correspondingly larger price. No one took much notice of these smaller snakes unless it was when one visited a fowl-house, the commotion then raised being guaranteed to rouse the soundest sleeper in haste from his bed to go out into the night with a shot-gun, cursing all fowls and snakes in general.

The blacks are very fond of these big snakes as food and often set the bush and scrub on fire in the dry weather to enable them to both find and catch them. They set fire to the grass or scrub, making a circle miles across, and follow close up behind the fire while the ground is still smoking hot and numerous logs are burning on the ground and other dead and burning trees and limbs continually crashing to the ground, amidst a shower of sparks, finding the snakes and also other animals in a more or less crippled condition and easily caught and killed.

"Well, what about it?" said the two men to each other next morning.

"I'm game," said Mick, "if you are."

"I'm not too game," replied the other, "but five hundred quid in one lump is some dough, and if we don't get the big one, the smaller ones are worth a quid a foot if they're over twenty foot."

"The thing is, how are we to hold him once we noose him?"

"Leave that to me," replied Sailor. "I'll make a rope net strong enough to hold an elephant."

A week later saw the two men and half-a-dozen black boys, the boldest in the district, camped under the shadow of the great blue scrub-clad range.

As the sun was rising next morning, the men, white and black, who had breakfasted before daylight, spread out at intervals varying from ten to fifty yards between them, according as the scrub grew thicker or more open. They were soon climbing steadily up a long spur leading into a vast dense patch of scrub just behind the "Gap." As soon as they entered this the sun was at once hidden; giant trees covered with a mass of creepers and vines grew thickly; in places the vines and creepers joined one tree to another, making a thick leafy roof. The men could still see plainly but only for a few yards around them, sometimes only a few feet; everything was dark and gloomy, and the atmosphere seemed charged with something dread and mysterious.

The ground beneath their feet, to which the sun never penetrated, was moist and damp and their legs were soon bleeding from the numerous leeches which attached themselves thereto. Many little creeks or streams, icy cold, ran noisily down between the scrub-clad spurs to join some larger creek at the foot of the range. The banks of these streams were covered with moss, lichens, and ferns of many kinds, some large, some small, but one and all extremely beautiful, and here and there on some moss-covered boulder the blue flowers of the beautiful rock-violet showed through its green cup-shaped leaves; there too a beautiful lily or ground-orchid would rear its gorgeous head above the ferns and moss.

Once through a break in the trees they saw the blue sea in the distance studded with mangrove islands, whilst here and there a patch of white showed where the waves were rolling over some hidden coral reef. Now and then a ray of sunlight penetrated into that gloomy jungle. On following it up they found themselves on the edge of a precipice, with a vista of miles of blue scrub-clad ranges towering through the clouds, deep dark gorges, and numerous waterfalls, large and small, flashing in the sunlight. A scene of wild grand beauty indeed! Overhead the coo-coo-ing of pigeons could be heard, but the birds themselves not often seen, though an occasional one, clothed in all the hues of the rainbow, flashed through between the trees. Strange wild scents of earth and wood filled the men's nostrils, some repugnant and some subtly sweet. Paddy-melons—small marsupials, some eighteen inches in height—were plentiful and ran scurrying away before the men. Twice they came suddenly upon a giant cassowary; for a second or so they got a glimpse of his big shiny black body and the red and blue wattles which adorned his head; then like a flash it was gone in headlong flight, crashing through the weaker creepers and vines, being thrown violently back from the stronger ones, only to tear off at the same breakneck pace in another direction. For three days the men and their boys tramped, climbed, crawled, and slid up and down ridges and gorges, crossing and recrossing countless icy-cold creeks; their clothes and bodies were cut, torn, and scratched and they had been bitten a good deal by mosquitoes and marsh-flies. Never a snake had they seen, though, and it was well on in the afternoon of the third day when one of the boys spotted a large snake asleep on the top of a scrub-turkey's nest built around the large rotting stump of a fallen jungle giant. The sun shone brightly through the opening made by the great tree in its fall some years previously, and which was not quite overgrown again.

The nest made by the energetic scratchings of several turkeys of a vast quantity of earth, leaves, and small twigs and rotting wood was some five feet in height and some twenty yards or more around. The scrub-turkey is a bird the size of an ordinary fowl and very good eating; it, however, lays an egg at least three times the size of the domestic fowl's! Several lay in one nest. Digging or scratching down some four feet at times they deposit their eggs, cover them up, and leave them to be incubated by the steaming oven-like heat of the moist

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earth. How the chicks get themselves out is a marvel, but they do, and what is more, strange as it may seem, they can fly almost as soon as they leave the egg, being fully feathered on hatching, a wise provision of Nature to guard them from their numerous enemies.

A nice soft bed the nest made for a snake's afternoon nap, and there it slept, coil upon coil of its beautifully-marked body reflecting the rays of the sun, whilst the great evil spade-shaped head lay at rest on the top of one of the coils.

"Well, he's not the old man, Mick, but he'll suit us. He must be nearly thirty foot and his body's near as thick as my leg."

All the boys were called in by a low whistle in imitation of a scrub-thrush, and the strong rope-net which two of the boys had been carrying in turns was got ready.

"Now, Mick, see the noose is running freely."

"It's all right; let's get on with this snaring act before my legs run away with me."

So saying the two white men and two of the boys firmly grasped a strong sapling to which a small pulley was attached with a rope running through it with a loop at one end.

Treading softly on bare cat-like feet they crept close enough to push the sapling over the old rotting log until the noose was over the reptile's head, but not touching it. The thing now was to get the snake to raise its head a little without frightening it so as to allow of the noose being slipped over its head. The brute seemed to be unusually drowsy, owing probably to a late undigested meal, which still bulged out some three feet of a portion of its anatomy to twice its usual width.

One of the spare boys with a long thin stick proceeded to tickle the brute behind the head, at the same time crooning a weird chanting song, softly rising and falling. In a few seconds the great head was raised and began to sway softly to and fro. Watching their chance the noose was slipped over it and pulled tight.

"Begob! we've done it now," cried Mick; "stick to him, boys, or we'll never see home an' mother again."

Contrary to their expectations and fears, however, the great snake did not move; the hot sun, his undigested meal, and the black boy's singing had evidently been too much for it.

"I believe we could slip the net over him right away," said Sailor, "he's that sleepy. You and Tommy hold the pole, Mick, and I'll take the other boys and have a try, and for Heaven's sake don't leave go of that sapling."

"Snake, net, and

With bated breath, Sailor and three boys, each with a corner of the net in his hand, crept softly up to the drowsy brute and at a given signal dropped it over the glistening coils, each man promptly sitting down and firmly grasping the ropes which were attached to the net.

"Pull the draw-rope tight, Mick, for the love of Heaven," cried Sailor; "he's waking up."

Waking up it was, and the draw-rope shutting the bottom of the net was only just pulled tight in time, for snake, net, and men became one confused jumble of convulsive struggings. Sailor and one of the boys were knocked several yards away, where they lay awhile breathless. After a few minutes of furious convulsive twistings and heavings combined with a terrific hissing, the great brute grew quieter.

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men became one confused jumble of convulsive struggling."

"Sing again, Biargrah," shouted Mick. The boy did so, and the snake gradually ceased to struggle, a slight movement of its head being the only sign of life it gave.

Looking at his watch, Mick found that it was nearly five o'clock, and they were some seven miles from camp.

"We'll have to stay here to-night, boys. It's too late and too far to go to camp. I expect it will take the best part of to-morrow to get this beggar home. Make a big fire, boys, and see that you keep it up all night; we don't want this chap's mate or any other snake to find us in the dark."

The boys needed no urging. They were scared to death of camping there, but still more scared of travelling in the dark.

At daybreak next morning they were off, the snake being carried slung on a pole by four of the men at a time, while the others cut a rough track for them. At midday they halted beside a large creek for a rest and a bite of food, and were just thinking of starting off again when Yoongan, one of the blacks, who had been poking about in the creek after fish, cried out:—

"Boss, look here; that big feller bin here all right; my word, big feller track longa him."

Rushing to the spot, there, sure enough, was the impression in the soft sand where a huge body had crossed the creek, the track being about a foot in width.

Looking closely at the tracks it was found that the snake had crossed the creek and then followed up the bank on the side from which they had just come.

"By Gum! He must be a whopper. We must have him, boys, if we have to spend a month on him; but I'm not putting any noose over his head; if we can't slip the net over it as we did this one, then we'll let him rip. Gosh, he must be as strong as a dozen horses."

They hunted high and low for a week and more without seeing a sign of the big snake and it was not until well on in the second week

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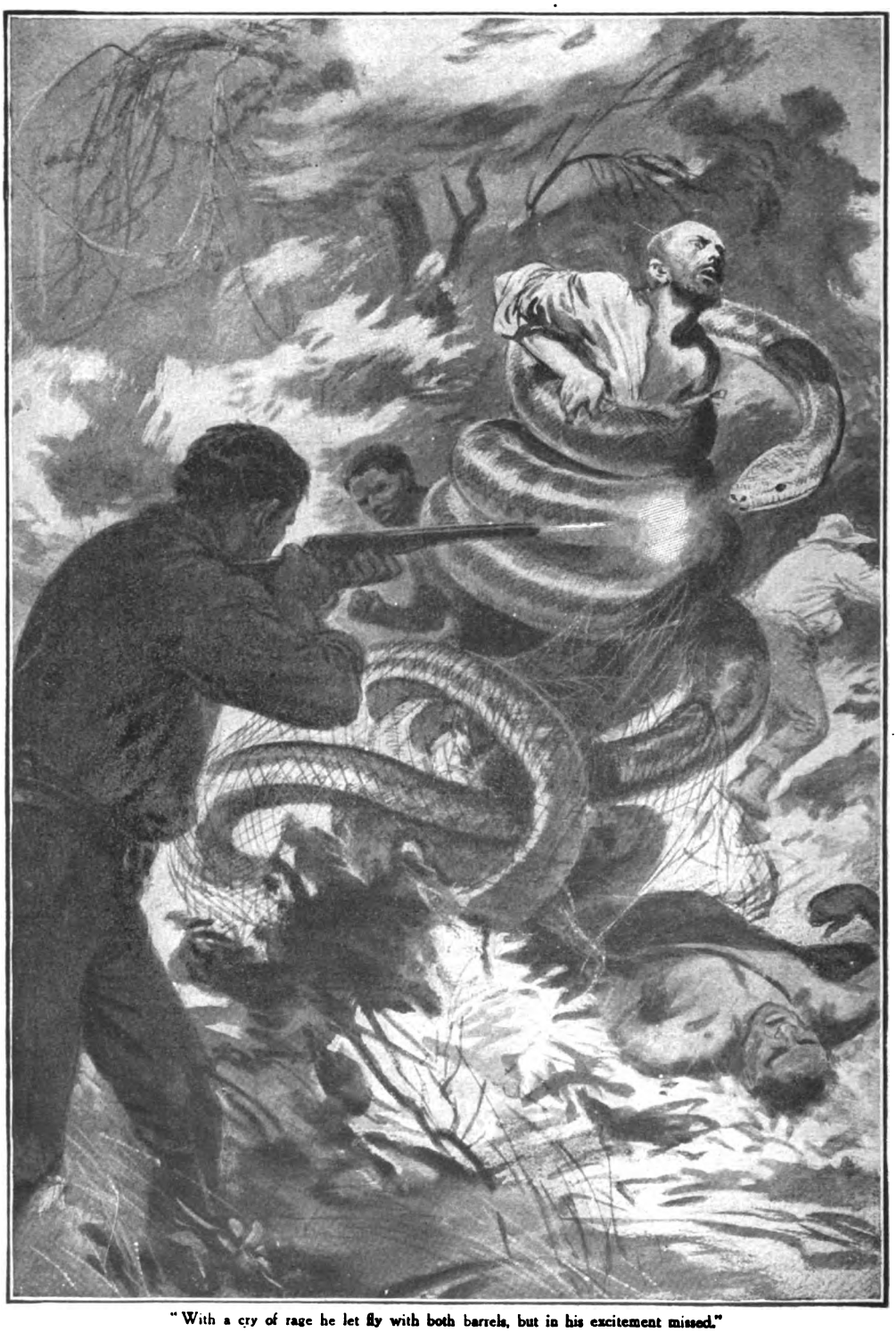

"With a cry of rage he let fly with both barrels, but in his excitement missed."

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that Biargrah suggested searching the banks of the big creek during the heat of the day. They did so, and at two o'clock that afternoon they came upon the great brute lying asleep on a large flat rock fully exposed to the rays of the sun. Massive coil was massed upon coil of beautiful marked and burnished snake, and, as usual, the great head was reposing on the topmost coil.

As the men approached, however, the head was raised slightly, the beady eyes opened, and the forked tongue began flicking in and out. It was an incredibly large brute, and the white men's hearts sank a little at the size of it, while the black boys begged of their bosses to let it alone. The thought of the five hundred pounds, however, urged the white men on to capture it.

"He's in a good position to get the net over him, ain't he?"

"Yes," replied Sailor. "And if we can only hold on to the ropes once the net's over him we've got him all right. What length do you reckon he is?"

"Forty feet at least," replied Mick. "Them blokes what wrote to the paper saying that they had never seen a carpet snake over twenty feet should be here now."

"Guess they wouldn't be here long, though, and it's only the thought of them quids that keeps me here," returned his companion.

Silently and quickly the men approached the mass of glistening coils and soon had the net suspended over them by means of two long forked saplings with guy-ropes attached. The great reptile was awake and the forked tongue was flicking in and out, but beyond that it did not seem angry or frightened at all, probably considering that he was more than a match for the men should they attack him. For never in his long life had anything hurt him, or questioned by right of might his kingship of the great scrubs.

"Right!" cried Mick, and the net was dropped, completely covering the snake.

In a second that quiet place became the scene of a desperate struggle, the shouts and cries of eight excited men being mingled with the dreadful hissing of the reptile and the rustling scraping sounds of struggling feet and bodies which sent the earth and dead leaves and twigs flying in all directions, from the bank of the creek to where the men had dragged the snake in their first pull.

During the scuffle Tommy's feet became entangled in the ropes of the net, and the struggling monster just then giving an extra heave, the unfortunate boy was flung violently against a tree, at the foot of which he now lay with a broken leg. All might still have gone well had not the snake in his convulsive struggles pulled men, net, and all over the edge of the creek bank again on to the sharp stones below, which almost severed several meshes of the net. The pressure of the giant coils against these broke them and a portion of the snake's body shot out, followed like a flash by the great head and some twelve feet of sinuous body, which wrapped itself like a flash around the nearest man, which happened to be the unfortunate Yoongan, who let out one piercing shriek and then lay limp in the embrace of the vast coils.

Sailor, who had rushed to get his shot-gun, lying some yards away, turned in time to see Yoongan's lifeless body slip from the great constrictor's hold and Mick his mate enfolded in those massive coils.

With a cry of rage he let fly with both barrels, but in his excitement missed. The noise and smoke, however, seemed to confuse and frighten the great brute, for it unwound itself from Mick's body and glided quickly off into the thick scrub, where it was speedily lost to view.

Mick was found to have several ribs broken, and was badly scared also.

"Never again, Sailor," he cried, "never again! There's Tommy and I crippled, and poor Yoongan dead; no more snake-catching for me, not for five thousand quid."

It was a sad little party that buried the dead black boy that afternoon. Tommy was carried on an improvised hammock made out of the snake-net slung on to a pole. Mick insisted on walking.

The men were not done out of their five hundred quid after all, for the snake they did capture proved to be over the required length, and was a perfect specimen as well. They kept very quiet, however, about the big one, for most people simply laughed at them when they told them of their adventure.

But should anyone ever seek to verify their story and have the luck to get even a glimpse of that vast glistening body, lying massive coil upon coil, the great evil head with its beady unblinking eyes and the forked tongue flicking in and out, he will agree with them that those big scrubs hold more than most people wot of. The great reptile is still there, for at rare intervals glimpses have been seen of it by lonely riders, one of whom felt his flesh creep at the sight of what he took to be a large log in the dark, moving of its own accord across the narrow road.

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Miss Nan Gray, who here relates her amusing experiences while on tour with a "fit-up" in Ireland.

THROUGH IRELAND WITH A "FIT-UP."

By NAN GRAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. DOWD.

"If you want to meet the real Irish character and to know the Irish as they really are, you should go through the country in a fit-up tour," says the Authoress, a popular actress, who herein describes a forty weeks' tour she recently made through that isle.

"I'D rather starve than do it!"

The speaker was a pretty girl, and the reason for her forcible utterance was that a well-known impresario running his own very successful touring companies had offered my friend the leading lady's part in the "fit-up" version of a well-known London West-end revue just going on tour.

I may as well explain that most of London's theatrical successes are sent on tour in three distinct and simultaneous ways. There are the No. 1 North and the No. 1 South companies, and the despised and rejected "fit-up." The North company may go to the big towns anywhere north of Manchester, and all the big cities south of there are visited by the other company staying a week in each. A No. 2 company would cater for towns of fewer than fifty thousand inhabitants, whilst the "fit-up" visits places with as few as three thousand inhabitants, and may stay one, two, but rarely more than three nights.

Now it is the ambition of most "pro.'s" to get into a London engagement with a long "run" and so stay in the Metropolis as long as ever they can. London is the "pro.'s" Mecca, you see. Obviously, all cannot get London engagements, and most theatrical folk have to tour the first, second, and third-class towns in order to get a living. This they do in a more or less resigned way, but most of them jib at the "fit-ups."

So when the impresario offered my friend a long tour through the "smalls" of Ireland, she had exclaimed, indignantly, "I'd rather starve than do it!"

Now, I have never objected to touring the out-of-the-way places of the world, so when the "Big Man" laughed and turned to me and said:—

"And are you of the same way of thinking?" I replied that I should be happy to sign a contract with him if the financial inducements were good enough.

So it came about that I, Nan Gray, known in the profession as "A jolly girl—rather!" (that is the wording they put on the bills), there and then entered into an engagement to tour through Ireland for the next forty weeks as principal lady in—we will call it "The Gay Grisette" Company at a weekly salary of eight pounds.

"Poor devil," said my friend, "you'll be lost in the wilds, or die among savages—probably be murdered by them! Well, good-bye and good luck!"

I have not kept a diary of all that happened to me during that very delightful tour of a very beautiful country in war-time, for that would mean writing to the length occupied by the old-time three-volume novel, but I just propose to record some of the quaint happenings that chanced to me *en route*.

Globe-trotting has always been a delight to me—I have visited all our Colonies, but,

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curiously enough had never before been to the Emerald Isle. So I did not dread the cross-channel passage a bit, as did many of the thirty-nine men and women who constituted "our crowd."

The route selected was not one of the recognized mail-boat trips from Holyhead or Fishguard. Instead, managerial economy selected an old tub that was due to sail at midnight from Milford Haven to Waterford.

So in due course our eighteen-foot "flats" (scenery) and about twenty great wicker-baskets containing the wardrobe, and all the multitudinous "hold-alls" used by the members of the company for their private belongings, were stowed on the deck of the *Seagull*, and we were packed soon after in a not too clean and very cramped cabin.

The combined smells of tar, rope, oil, and fish did their worst to make us all sea-sick before we left the quay. I avoided such a catastrophe by going up on deck and staying there all night.

Irish troubles there always have been, and I strongly suspect always will be. Further, anyone visiting the "distressful" country seems to come in for a share of them too.

Ours started as soon as we tied up in the harbour. The manager of the company was very anxious to get the scenery and dresses—exact replicas of the London production—to the theatre as soon as possible, because on the one hand he wanted to get his scenes set, and on the other he wanted to give the wardrobe mistress a chance of seeing that everything was as it should be, for our first presentation in Ireland. I may here state that we had been rehearsed under the proprietor's personal supervision for over a fortnight in London.

Accordingly our manager had engaged half-a-dozen "bhoys" on the dock-side to transfer the scenery and baggage to a couple of lorries. Now, one of these "gossoons" in going down the gangway with a huge dress-basket on his back stumbled and toppled the "kit" right into the harbour.

As luck would have it, this was the very basket that contained all my frocks—six of them—and ever so much new and dainty lingerie. I was not a witness of the accident, for I had gone ashore with the rest of the company, to search for lodgings, as we were going to stay five nights in Waterford. But I was told afterwards that our manager nearly went mad.

A cheerful harbour official came to the rescue in a most consoling way, saying: "Oh, that'll be all roight, sorr. The bhoys'll soon fish it out for yez. The min are used to handlin' all thim fal-lals for the theayter."

And fish it out they did. But at least two of my beautiful frocks were ruined by the sea-water. As it was, when the disaster was made known to us, the wardrobe-mistress and I had to go into the town, buy new material, and with the assistance of several ladies of the company, we set to and made entirely new dresses for the night show, and had them a perfect fit into the bargain. The other things were dried before at least half-a-dozen different fires.

"He toppled the 'kit' right into the harbour."

During that tour we sometimes played at the theatre when there was one in the town, but more often than not at town and public halls. On such occasions a regular stage was very much conspicuous by its absence, and our manager had to have one erected on trestles, or sometimes make an addition to an already existing platform that was too small for our requirements.

Frequently, also, dressing-rooms were non-existent. Then canvas screens were put up, and the gentlemen dressed on one side and we on the other, without any distinction between principals and chorus.

Again, frequently footlights were an unknown luxury, and when I went on at one very well-known theatre—it really was called a theatre—I was astonished to find that the stage illumination consisted of two paraffin-oil lamps with tin reflectors. These were placed one on either side of the stage, and there were four more in the auditorium. I wonder what the London County Council would have thought of the matter? At another town the public-hall lighting was checked by a shilling-in-the-slot meter, and our manager, rejoicing for once in having gas to work with, let himself go.

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"Bare-footed girls and boys thronged the stage-doors to admire my hats and even my boots."

The result was that in one of my best scenes the six "floats" gave out, and we were left in utter darkness until another shilling had been slotted and the gas-boy had gone round with a taper and lit up again.

We invariably played to good business everywhere in Ireland, for your true Irishman has a keen eye for a charming face, and I flatter myself that the girls of the "Gay Grisette" Company were a very pretty crowd. Further, the music was bright and tuneful, and we had a great London reputation to precede us and to trade upon.

Our advance man had, of course, gone well ahead of us and we had been billed and advertised everywhere several days before our arrival. On all posters was the line: "Direct from —— Theatre, London," and this caused one old dame, with whom I was negotiating for lodgings, to remark to me: "Sure, darlin', but it's the long journey ye've had, and it's worn out ye must be, travellin' all the way from London to-day ye are. God save us from the loike, and it's dead entoirely I'd be if it was me that had to do it!"

In each fresh town arrived at every member of the company had to hunt for diggings immediately on arrival. I had an address-book which had been lent me by another "pro." I had met whilst rehearsing in London. But most of the company relied upon the simple plan of knocking at the door of the first house encountered from the railway station, and asking bluntly if lodgings were to be obtained there. Rarely was a refusal met with.

A shilling a night was the usual charge made, though at a place near Bray I stayed at a post-office which was at the same time a blacksmith's shop and general grocery stores as well, and was only charged sixpence a night. During my visit they entirely ran out of both penny and halfpenny stamps.

"Oh, glory be to God," said the old blacksmith to me when I inquired what I had better do, "post thim without, darlin'. Nobody will be mindin', but it's mindin' they'd be if they didn't get yer swate letters!"

The Irish, I found, were very free with the use of that word "darling." They unblushingly called me by it to my face in every town I went to. London is not the only place where one gets stage-door admirers. I got them by the score in Ireland. Dozens of bare-footed girls and boys thronged the stage-doors and frequently surrounded me to admire my hats and even my boots. Their praise was never given *sotto voce*, and I often heard such remarks as: "Sure, but it's rale lovely she is, the darlin'."

Although most of the houses looked dirty, I must say that inside they are very nice and comfortable. At Carlow I went to one of the addresses I had down in my book, to find it was a ramshackle shanty where they sold beer and whisky. There was a counter on one side and a dirt floor to the room. Piles of ling were on the floor, and whenever anybody required anything from a top shelf, the proper thing to do was to stand upon a pile of the dried fish to get it. The ling was also used as a seat on occasions.

Right in the middle of this room a pot, which was suspended from crossed sticks, was boiling, and was being attended to by a very old woman.

"I was invited to go up a ladder to the bedroom above."

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Although by this time I had come across many queer places in the Emerald Isle, I was reluctant to put up at this shanty. But remembering that all the addresses I had stayed at taken from the book had been good ones, I determined to see what the accommodation offered was like.

I was invited to go up a ladder to the bedroom above, and found a very comfortably - furnished place, scrupulously clean.

"I found the family pig had shared my apartment with me."

"And ye can pull up the step after ye, darlin', and then nobody'll be disturbin' ye," said the old lady when we had come to terms.

At my Drogheda diggings I was awakened in the middle of the night by an awful snoring in the room. Needless to say I was greatly alarmed, fearing at best that a drunken man had invaded my bed-chamber. I lay in a fearful agony of apprehension until daylight came, when I found that the family pig had shared my apartment with me.

When I remonstrated with the landlady all she would say was: "And is it mindin' ye are? Sure, Biddy's dirt is the clanest thing in the wurrld!"

A great feature of our first nights in any town was the attendance of a large number of priests, who usually expressed themselves as being delighted with our entertainment. In only one town was there one of these gentlemen condemnatory of the show. At this place the *padre* came and shook his fist in the manager's face, and told him the entertainment was a disgraceful one.

"In what way, sir?" inquired our suave boss.

"Why, all these girls show their bare legs, and kick them up in a most indecent manner," was the irate reply.

But our manager got a quiet one in by saying: "And so do the girls in the streets of this town, sir, but I haven't heard that you have preached a sermon on the subject to them yet."

The priest said nothing, but I suppose he went away to think it over.

Sometimes we had to rise up as early as six o'clock in the morning to get our train to the next town. And, oh, the hours I have spent at railway junctions waiting for connections!

Going from Galway to Roscommon, the train, which had been going at the rate of quite ten miles an hour, stopped at a little countryside station. We all trooped out on to the platform to stretch our legs, thinking that we should be off again in a few minutes. Presently the station-master came tearing down the platform. As he got to the train he gave orders for our special carriage to be taken off. Our manager asked for an explanation, and got it: "Are ye aware, sorr, that ye have been thravelling on the Royal Irish Mail, and it's against the regulations?" roared the station-master. The manager asked if there would be another train to take us on. "I don't know," was the reply. Here was a fix, and as nothing could be done, we hung about the platform for an hour or so till we got hungry. Some of the men of the company then went off to a farm to buy bread, butter, and eggs.

I was so hungry that I cut off a big slice of bread, buttered it, and biting off a piece, immediately felt a burning sensation in my mouth. I spat out the bread, and struggling in the pulp was a big wasp.

"Are ye aware, sorr, that ye have been thravelling on the Royal Irish Mail, and it's against the regulations?"

This had evidently stung me just under the tongue.

"God forgive the baste for stinging ye, miss," said the station-master, to whom I had been talking at the time, and, to show that he would not, immediately placed his huge foot on the wasp, obliterating it for ever.

Then he ran down the platform as hard as ever he could, returning in a few moments with a handful of parsley.

"Cram this into yer mouth and keep it there as long as ye can, and devil a hurt will come to ye at all at all," he advised, and rightly enough, although I was very frightened, I suffered no ill-effects from that wasp-sting.

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Our stage-manager was a very thorough man, but rather given to worrying too much over trifles. One day when arriving at a fresh town he had considerable difficulty in getting a particular scene set to his liking. At night, when the curtain rang up on the first act, he rushed through the pass-door into the dress-circle to see the effect. Here he was stopped by an over-zealous check-taker, who demanded his ticket.

"It's all right," he whispered, "I'm the stage-manager."

"It's telling ye I am, ye can't go in without a ticket," said the man.

"'Ah, well,' said the man, 'I'll belave ye are the stage-manager now. I didn't at first.'"

"Don't be a fool," said the stage-manager, as he attempted to walk in. He was rudely pulled back, however, by the check-taker.

Now the stage-manager was a very easy-going fellow, as stage-managers go, but he was over-wound with anxiety and must have lost his head, for he suddenly landed out and caught the check-taker neatly under the chin.

"Ah, well," said the man, as he picked himself up and ruefully rubbed his jaw, "I'll belave ye are the stage-manager now. I didn't at first."

A journey through Ireland will always now have an attraction for me, and I look forward to a return tour with the liveliest satisfaction. If you want to meet the real Irish character, go on a "fit-up" tour. I am confident it is the method of getting to know the Irish as they really are, and if you don't make some lasting friendships before you leave it will be your own fault.

I have a long list of very dear friends in all parts of the world, but none more so than those I added to the number when I made my first "fit-up" tour in Ireland.

The Romance of a Red Man's Bridge.

ONE of the scientific engineering wonders of the world, the historic Hagwilget Indian-built suspension bridge across the Buckley Canyon, in north-western British Columbia, Canada, one hundred and eight miles inland from Prince Rupert, collapsed the other month, after two decades of service. Designed and built by members of the Hagwilget tribe, the bridge stood as a striking and rather unusual evidence of perseverance on the part of the red man, and as an engineering feat and wonder unequalled probably in the world; for it was entirely planned, and, after two failures, carried to completion by these primitive people. Knowing absolutely nothing of the laws and forces governing suspension-bridge building, of stress and vibration, and possessors of no tools, the Indians, in spite of two failures, finally succeeded in throwing across the almost vertical walls of the Buckley Canyon, at a height of a hundred feet, a bridge one hundred and forty-six feet long and ten feet wide. And in the entire structure there was not a nail, the joints being made by dovetailing and burning a hole with red-hot coals through the logs, which were then secured by stout hand-made wooden spikes. When the wild rush to the Klondike and Yukon took place the bridge lay on the direct route taken by many gold-seekers, and proved a valuable aid in crossing a difficult canyon. At its one end stood a famous Hudson Bay post, where the ingoing men obtained provisions for the last stage of the journey. And for nearly twenty years this unique bridge, which swayed and rocked like a ship in a stormy sea at every crossing, served well both the native population and travelling white men. The collapse was due to neglect, several attempts to get appropriation for its preservation having failed; for though recently a modern bridge of latest suspension type was erected by a British firm, making the Indian one no longer necessary, it was desired to preserve the latter as a relic of the constructive ability of a primitive people, standing as it did unique in engineering annals. The accompanying photograph shows the work of the red and the white man, an interesting and an unusual contrast.

The historic Hagwilget Indian-built suspension-bridge, now replaced by a modern structure.

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN RUSSIA.

Adventures of a British War Correspondent on the Eastern Front.

By ROBERT WILTON

(*Petrograd Correspondent of the "Times"*).

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM PEDDIE, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

No observer has seen more of the war on the Eastern Front, and is better acquainted with the actual happenings during the Russian Revolution, than Mr. Robert Wilton, the Petrograd Correspondent of the *Times* newspaper. He was in a unique position at the beginning of the great struggle to follow the course of events, inasmuch as he was educated during childhood and youth in that country, the language and manners and customs of which he knows with the proficiency of a native. He was the only Englishman to accompany the Russian armies in the field, and the adventures through which he and his son, an officer in the celebrated Preobrajensky Guards, passed make a story of unparalleled interest. For personal bravery he was decorated with the Cross and Medal of St. George, the first British civilian to receive such honours. Apart from its thrilling interest, the document is valuable in that it throws a new light upon those stirring events which ended so tragically for the Russian Empire, and which have now been set down for the first time for exclusive publication in "The Wide World Magazine."

III.

URING my tour along the Russian Front I paid a visit to the Caucasian Native Horse Division, picturesquely styled the "Savages." This force, composed entirely of volunteers, had been raised early in the war among the various Moslem tribes of the Caucasus. The Russian Government, not altogether sure that they could be relied upon to fight against the Turks, their own kinsmen and co-religionists, employed them with advantage in the Carpathians. Moreover, it was thought that the more unruly spirits among them would be safer out of the Caucasus. As a matter of fact, some of these hill tribes went over and joined the Turks, while others swore fidelity to the Czar, and we have had the quaint spectacle during this war of regiments of Caucasian native tribesmen enrolled respectively under the Turkish and Russian banners and bearing the same names. Two of the principal nations inhabiting the Caucasus were exceptions to this rule: the Georgians and the Armenians. But, unlike the tribesmen, they are Christians.

I had had indirect relationship with the Caucasian Native Horse. A representative of the Viceroy (then Count Vorentsov-Dashkov) asked me if I could recommend some of our officers who had served with Indian cavalry regiments to join the new force. I mentioned this request to a friend in Petrograd, holding a high post in the wireless service, who had been a captain in the Hyderabad contingent. It seemed to me an excellent method of bringing the Indian and Caucasian cavalry into personal touch, with possible benefit to both sides. Through my humble intervention two British officers were able to serve with the C.N.H. for a few months: Captain (now Major) Adrian Simpson and Captain (now Colonel) John Kirkwood.

At the time of my visit I found the Kabarda and Daghestan regiments on dismounted duty in the trenches. Other regiments, the Ingush, Chechen, Tatar, and Cherkess, were in reserve some little distance away at the village of Orynin, between Borzezow and Kamienetz. The Grand Duke Michael, who commanded the division, was away, and Prince Bagration-Mukransky was in command. The officers were mostly Caucasian nobles, many Georgians among them.

The hard frost had converted the fields into the consistency of cast iron—a terrible test for the fetlocks of fast-riding cavalry. But the regiments were turned out in my honour, and went through a whole series of wonderful equestrian evolutions. They were a splendid-looking lot of men, most picturesque in their Caucasian garb. The regimental standards were inscribed with passages from the Koran. The men wore a distinguishing colour in their bashlyk, or soft camel's-hair hood, which hangs down the back

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when not in use. Some were bright red, others bright blue. I said to one of the officers :—

"Is that not a conspicuous mark for the enemy ?"

"No," he replied, promptly. "We 'Savages' never show our backs to the enemy."

Half the original force had fallen on the field of honour. They were destined to sustain still heavier losses in many a hard-fought battle. On several occasions the division had charged the enemy's trenches. Their bloodthirsty appearance had so terrified the Austrians that they had bolted. At one place the enemy was obstinate. Then the "Savages" had jumped off their horses and into the trench, cutting up the defenders with their daggers. An officer told me that he had afterwards found one of his men locked in a death embrace with a burly foeman, whom he had stabbed through the back and bitten through the windpipe.

After the review I received an invitation to sup with the Chechenians that evening. I had no idea what lavish hospitality was in store for me.

It was only a hundred yards from the Jewish house where I was quartered to the regimental mess, but Caucasian custom demanded that I should be conveyed thither with all honours. An officer of the regiment came to escort me, and when I was preparing to alight several sturdy troopers seized me by the arms and carried me across the threshold, this being intended to avert ill-omen and to show welcome.

I found myself inside a huge edifice, apparently a village schoolroom, for a portrait of Pushkin was hanging on the wall. Tables were spread all round. It was piercingly cold. No fire had been lit, "because," one of my hosts explained, "the room would get warm enough by and by." They urged me to keep on my fur coat, but I felt that this would be contrary to established usage, and took it off, retaining, like my Caucasian hosts, the lambskin papakha.

When everybody had taken his seat, the proceedings began with the election of a Tulumbash (president of the feast). According to Caucasian custom, his word is law. If he orders anyone to drink he must immediately empty his glass, under pain of being compelled to swallow a mugful of hot water. A typical tribesman, with magnificent aquiline features and piercing black eyes, was elected.

A Caucasian trooper.

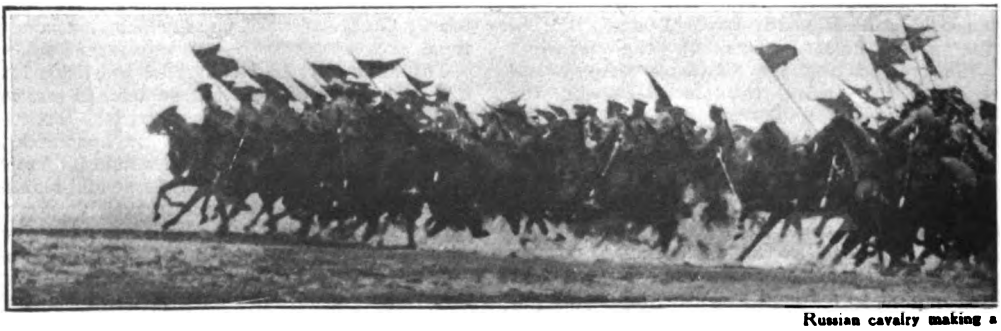
I sat next to Prince Fazullah Mirza Kadjar, a cousin of the Shah of Persia, who was in command of the regiment that entertained me. He was one of the most splendid-looking men I have ever seen; a perfect horseman and a keen soldier.

When the shashlyk (slices of mutton toasted on a skewer) was brought in, the native pipers played an accompaniment on their zurnas—an instrument that produces a sound very much like the Scotch bagpipes, although it is blown without the aid of bags. Prince Fazi, as he was popularly known, then rose. A great buffalo horn mounted in silver was brought to him, and a trooper emptied into it a whole bottle of red mellow Kakhetinian wine. The Prince then solemnly bade me welcome and presented me with the horn.

"You must drink it all up," whispered my neighbour on the left.

Complete silence reigned.

I felt that the prestige of my country depended on my satisfactorily accomplishing this festive



Russian cavalry making a

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The Grand Duke Michael at the head of a party of Cossacks.

rite. It seemed a terribly long time before I came to the last drop. Then, turning the horn upside down, to show that it was dry, I returned it to my host. The pipes emitted a squeal of triumph. Loud cries of approval came from all sides. I could see that I had risen considerably in the estimation of my hosts.

But the "Savages" had not done with me yet. I had to drink the health of the Czar, of the King of England, and of my son, he being a Russian officer; and the fateful horn made its reappearance. All would have been well had some officers of the Tatar Regiment not surreptitiously secreted the remaining stock of red wine. As a result the horn was filled with sweet champagne.

Here I would add, for the benefit of my temperance readers, that I am myself a man of temperate habits. It seemed to me that the Caucasians in their rough-and-ready way regarded the matter of drink as a test of character. If a man could not drink with them he would not fight with them, for hard drinking went with hard fighting among the Caucasians. And if an officer failed to turn up as brisk as usual after a "heavy" night he soon found that the "Savage" Division was no place for him. Discipline was extremely severe. No mercy was shown to officer or man for slackness, and the horsemen who had attempted in the early days to apply their ancestral customs of loot had been cured of such inclinations by a merciless use of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

After the libations we went outside for a walk in the frosty moonlight. Two Caucasians accompanied me. As we were returning into the hall I noticed that one of my companions did not wear officers' shoulder-straps, and judging in my haste that he was a trooper I pulled out a couple of roubles and presented them to him. He gravely bowed and pocketed the gift. Almost immediately a roar of Homeric laughter greeted my ears. My other companion said:—

"Do you know what you have done? You have just given a tip to the son of the King of Mingrelia." Now the kingdom of Mingrelia was a Georgian realm that had accepted Russian sovereignty. But its Royal House continued to enjoy certain feudal privileges, and I had unconsciously bestowed a *douceur* upon royalty.

The supper festivities proceeded apace. The officers, one after the other, danced the famous Lesghinka, a sort of Caucasian sword-dance, and whenever one of the performers pleased his audience they all drew their revolvers and loosed off in his direction, the bullet striking the floor as near as possible to his feet. One of the successful dancers proudly showed me a bullet-hole through the skirt of his long Caucasian tunic.

As the entertainment drew to a close all present joined in singing "Allah verdy" ("God be with you")—the Caucasian equivalent of "Auld Lang Syne."

It was nearly five o'clock in the morning before the company departed. I was escorted home with the same honours that had marked my arrival.

Next morning I received an invitation to lunch at the mess of the Tatar Regiment. My unknown friend of the previous night, Prince Ucha Dadiani, to whom I had given the tip, was elected Tulumbash. And during his speech

charge on the Galician front.

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"The Prince solemnly bade me welcome and presented me with the horn full of red wine. 'You must drink it all up,' whispered my neighbour on the left."

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of welcome he referred to that gift, somewhat to my confusion and to the amusement of his brother officers.

"As an Englishman," said the Prince, raising his glass and giving a knowing wink, "he is not only our dear guest and friend, but I may add that personally I am most deeply beholden to him, for last night in obedience to the dictates of a kind heart, he bestowed upon me a gift that I shall treasure until my dying day. Behold, gentlemen, these rouble notes. They will be suitably framed and occupy an honoured place in my ancestral halls. And I only hope that when this war is over our friend will visit me in the Caucasus and afford me an opportunity of showing my deep appreciation of his kindness."

At the invitation of General Shcherbachev I now hastened away to Husiatyn, the headquarters of the Seventh Army. This force had been raised to retrieve our failure at Gallipoli. It was to have swarmed through Rumania and captured the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and the Dardanelles. The hesitancy of Rumania and the lack of unity among the Allied commands wrecked the plans. As a result, the Seventh Army found itself before Tarnopol. It was now to make a dash for Halicz and recapture Lemburg, while the Ninth Army, farther south, taking possession of the important position of Okna, situated a few miles from the Schloss, outflanked Czernowicz and overran Bukowina. All these plans were destined to remain long in abeyance, and success came first in an unexpected quarter—namely, in the Lutsk salient, which was then held by the Eighth Army.

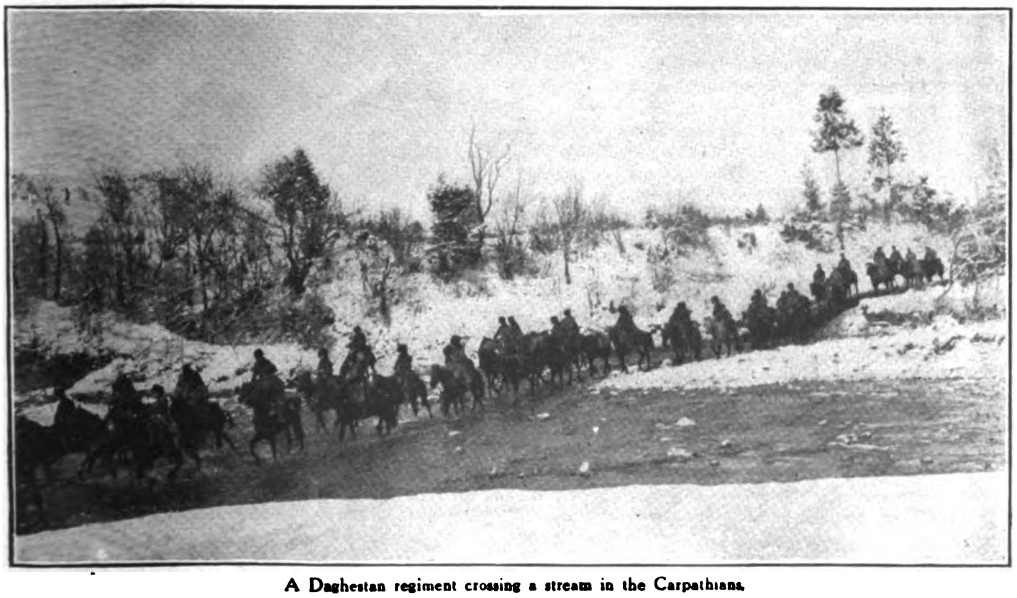
My drive from Jarmolintzy to Husiatyn opened my eyes to one of the principal causes of the long-protracted Russian failure. It was merely a question of transport. There was no railway at that time connecting these two points, and almost the entire transport for the huge Seventh Army was being conducted along an almost impassable road. I never saw so many horses and carts crowded together.

As I stood by the window of a magnificent château on the Austro-Hungarian side of the Zbruch, the frontier river, General Shcherbachev, who was in command of the Seventh Army, pointed to the mass of traffic on the road in front of us.

"That is something that your armies do not know," he said. "The lack of railway communications is a dreadful handicap. Just think of it! We have to bring up all our food and ammunition in that primitive manner. I could not tell you how many extra carts and horses have to be employed. It is quite normal for one of our army corps to use thirty thousand horses for transport. This would give a total of something like one hundred and fifty thousand for an army, but if you put down as many again it will be less than the total I have had to employ. And remember, these three hundred thousand horses have to be fed, as well as their one hundred and fifty thousand drivers."

These few facts and figures should serve to enable my readers to appreciate some of the incredible difficulties that the Russian army has had to surmount during the Great War. I do not think they have been paralleled in history. And the wonder of it is that the Russians not only surmounted them, but that they repeatedly succeeded in inflicting tremendous reverses upon the enemy. As it was, regiments in the first line had on many occasions to go without food for several days, and over and over again elaborately-planned offensive movements had to be temporarily abandoned.

From Husiatyn I journeyed to Czortkow, at that time the Divisional Headquarters of



A Daghestan regiment crossing a stream in the Carpathians.

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General Baron von Mannerheim, then commanding the Twelfth Cavalry Division and famous afterwards as the Commander-in-Chief of the White Guards in Finland, he being a Finno-Swede by birth. He was a splendid figure of a man.

I dined with him and his Staff. He afterwards took me out to see a parade of his Cyclist Corps. We also visited several cavalry units, including the famous Grodno Hussars, a Guard regiment that in peace time had been stationed at Warsaw. Most of the officers were mounted on thoroughbreds. One squadron carried out dismounted tactics; another went through scouting formations. They started a number of hares from their "forms" and an impromptu hunt was organized with good results for the larder.

"You will next have an opportunity of seeing one of my best regiments—the Akhtyrsky Hussars," said the General.

I was delighted. Their fame had been legendary in many wars, and during the recent campaigns they had performed astonishing exploits, repeatedly charging the Austrian trenches on horseback. One of the most popular songs in the Russian army was known as the "March of the Akhtyrsky Hussars."

What made this regiment particularly interesting to me was the fact that an Englishman had served in its ranks as a volunteer trooper, had won three crosses of St. George, and had met with a hero's death in the Carpathians. He was an old Etonian named Schack-Sommer, of Danish origin. He had been a mining engineer in Siberia when war broke out. A young man of about twenty-four, he had identified himself closely with the country, where he had worked for several years, and although it would have been easy for him to go home and get a commission he preferred to enter the Russian army as a private soldier. Fatally wounded during the retreat from Galicia, he died at Tarnopol.

I asked the General if he were aware of these facts.

"Not with all you have told me," he replied.

As we were driving along he related the circumstances under which he had first met Schack-Sommer.

"One day a despatch-rider rode up to me with a message. He wore the ordinary uniform of a trooper, but, happening to look at him, I was struck with the expression of frank independence that gleamed from his eyes.

"'Who are you?' I asked him.

"'I am an Englishman,' he replied. And then he told me some of the facts you have related."

Russian cavalry regiments have horses of one colour, and the Akhtyrsky were remarkable as

The Russian Red Cross. These were the crude conveyances used for removing the wounded.

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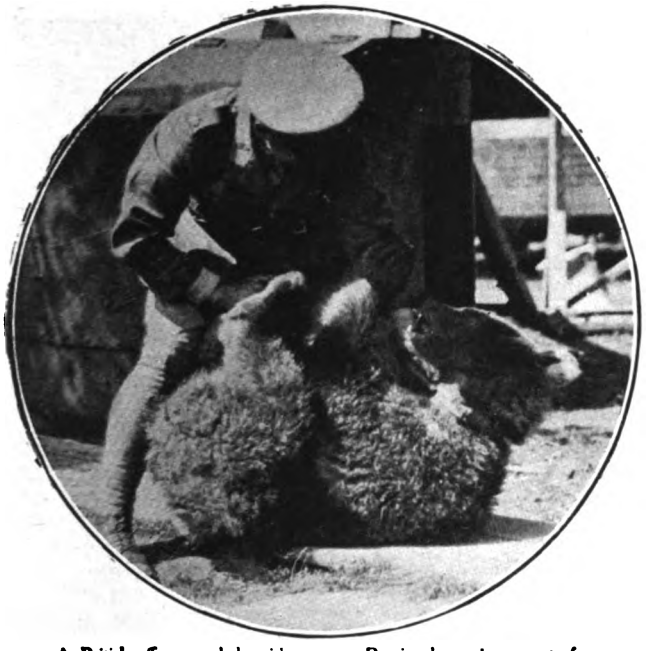

A British officer gambols with a young Russian bear, the mascot of a Russian regiment.

the only unit that had dun-coloured horses. No country except Russia, with literally millions of horses at the disposal of the remount department, could have assembled a sufficient number to make the requisite selection.

The horses in each squadron were graded according to various hues of the rare dun colour. One was composed entirely of that rarest of hues, known as the strawberry; a faint pink showing through the coat. Some squadrons had dun with dark mane and tail; others a lighter mane and tail. To students of equine lore this display would have been particularly instructive. The dun colour is known to be the original characteristic of the Asiatic horse, whereas the thoroughbred derived from Barbary and Arabia comes from a bay stock. The mounts of the Akhtyrsky were evidently the result of long and laborious selection and cross-breeding between the Barbary strain and the northern horses, in which the characteristic northern colour had predominated, while beauty of form and action, peculiar to the Barbs and the Arabs, had been preserved.

After the parade I was escorted into a large farmyard which had been specially arranged for jumping exercises. A series of hurdles, ditches, and other obstacles had been constructed in the form of a circle with intersecting lines. Straw had been sprinkled over the snow along the intricate maze of tracks. We stood in the centre and witnessed a novel horse-show. For nearly an hour the best jumping horses and riders regaled us with their prowess. The exhibition had to stop because night was falling. Both men and horses seemed alike impervious to fatigue.

Bidding my hosts good-bye, I hastened to the headquarters of General Sakharov. It was necessary for me to see him before I could visit the units comprising his army. He received me most kindly, and having obtained the necessary permits I left at once for Tarnopol. The roads were so bad that I elected to travel by rail. But I found that the railway was terribly congested. The train crawled so slowly over innumerable temporary bridges, replacing the permanent structures rashly

Mounted Caucasian troops, styled the "Savages," on the march in the Carpathians.

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destroyed by the Russians in the retreat of the previous year, that it was high noon before we reached the capital of Eastern Galicia.

I spent some busy days visiting various regiments belonging to the 37th and 23rd divisions of the XVIIIth Army Corps, and the 4th and 16th of the VIth Army Corps. I found the reserve battalions very short of rifles, which was interfering with the training of the men. At Myszkowice, the headquarters of the 23rd Division, General Kurdiukov complained very bitterly about the lack of rifles. "I would have eighteen thousand bayonets in my division if I could find arms for the men," he said, "but I have only about two thousand five hundred rifles per regiment, or altogether ten thousand bayonets. The other eight thousand men are waiting to get rifles from men who are killed or wounded."

The Russians lost a terrific number of rifles during the retreat of 1915, both from casualties and from lack of organization in collecting and repairing the rifles that had been left on the battlefield. Their small-arms factories were quite unable to make good the loss. A year later the position was much improved, thanks to Japanese, French, and British consignments of small arms, and at the time when the Revolution demoralized the Russian army they were well equipped with rifles as well as guns.

The men in the trenches here were facing the Prussian Guards. The Russian scouts were very bold and daring. One of the officers related a recent exploit of his scouts. Having inveigled the German pickets, they suddenly closed in, capturing several. The remainder fled, leaving only soiled garments behind. The Russians crept up to the German wire and suspended the dirty German linen upon it, to which they pinned a couple of roubles and a note, stating: "Money to pay for the washing."

At the headquarters of the 14th Olonetz Regiment the officers showed me a Christmas-card received from the 14th British Regiment. As none of them understood English, they asked me to explain it to them.

"It must be from the officers of our sister regiment in your Army," one of them said, pointing to a photograph affixed to the card. "We have already had a group of our officers taken to send to England. Would you kindly help us write a message in reply to this?"

"You are mistaken," said I. "This card is from the N.C.O.'s to their comrades in your regiment." It was not surprising to me that they made this mistake, because they did not know the difference between the uniform of our commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The smart appearance of the British N.C.O.'s had naturally misled them. "We must tell our N.C.O.'s about this," said the officers, "and they will have to be photographed. But all the same, we're going to send the group of ourselves." The card was emblazoned with the regimental colours of the gallant 14th—the West Yorks.

I sat down there and then, and at the dictation of the regimental adjutant wrote a message of thanks and congratulations to the British regiment. Afterwards this exchange of courtesies became very frequent between Allied regiments.

I found the trenches at Gontowa being held by old men of the Opolchenie, something like our Territorials. Many of them were veterans. Colonel Doroshkevitch, their commander, had led his company at Plevna. He was an octogenarian, but brisk and lively as a youngster. His nag resembled him. We had some difficulty in keeping up with the old warrior.

"You must make allowances for us," he said to me. "We are old people, and it is difficult for us to get used to modern ways."

A company of the old boys was paraded for my inspection. All looked hale and hearty. They were all armed with the Berdan rifle—the very weapon, indeed, with which they fought against the Turks forty years ago.

Austrian bullets were humming over our heads, and I wondered how these veterans with their antiquated muskets could hope to hold their own. The old boys were very much bucked up when I told them what their Allies were doing, for, as usual, it was all news to them. They had no idea of our vast military preparations.

The Grand Duke Michael (in centre) receiving reports during an action.

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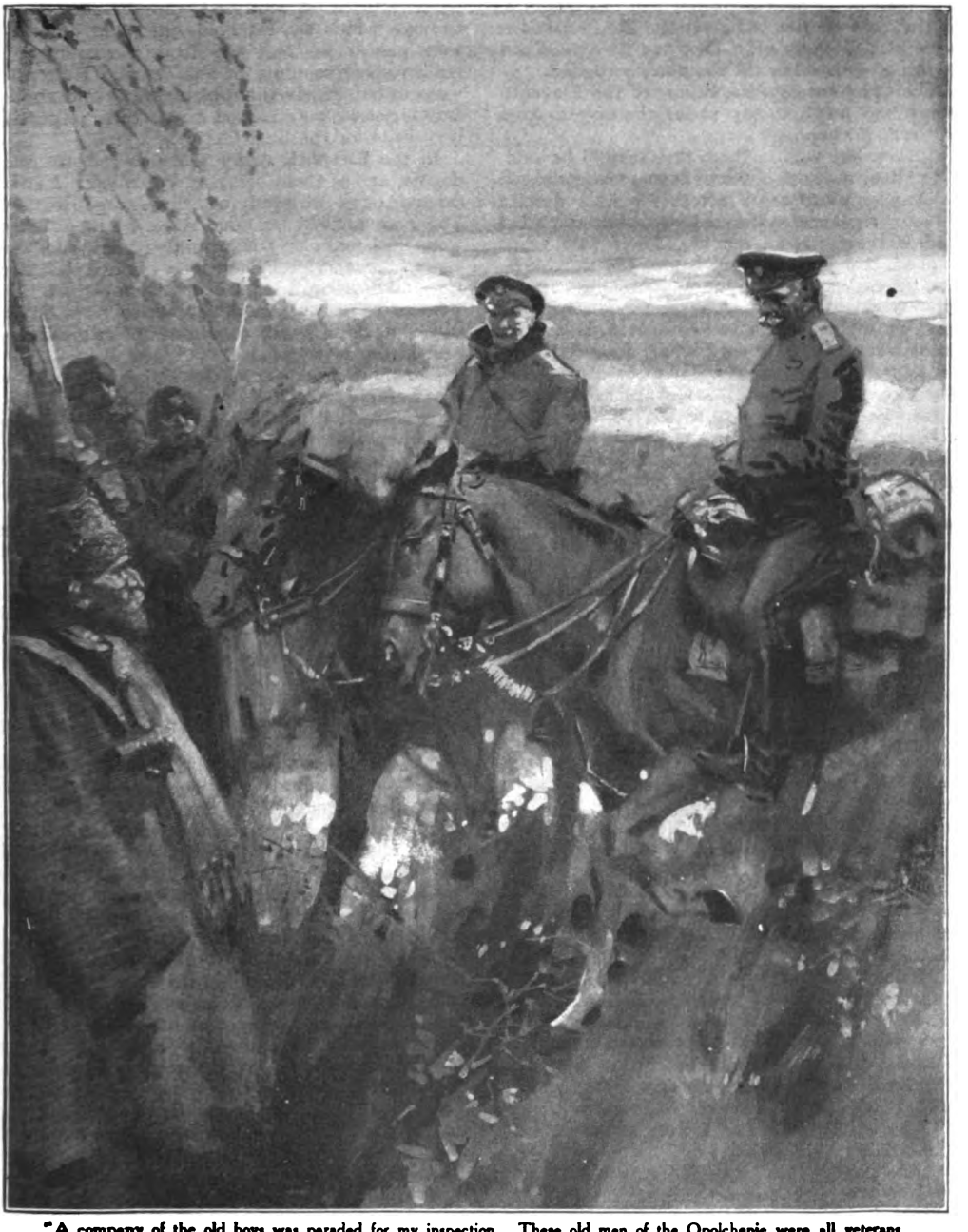

"A company of the old boys was paraded for my inspection. These old men of the Opolchenie were all veterans, their commander being an octogenarian."

On our way up to the trenches we passed a group of these old warriors gathering brushwood.

"How often am I to tell you not to expose yourselves?" shouted the old Colonel. "Wait till dark to collect your fuel." The old "Terriers" straightened themselves up at the salute, then disappeared. I did not venture to point out that the Colonel himself was setting a bad example. We continued on our course amidst the constant humming of bullets until finally we reached the trenches.

I found everything in good order. The rifles might have been a little cleaner and brighter, but it was difficult to expect these old fellows to be quite punctilious amid the all-suffusing mud. Wonderful enough to find them so cheery and fit under such trying conditions. One of the men told me that last autumn the mud was so

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bad that they could not remain in the trenches, so they sat on the breastwork. The Austrians were just as badly off. They tacitly agreed not to fire at each other till the floods subsided.

The Chief Intelligence Officer of the Eleventh Army had much to say about the organization of German espionage.

"They left behind them in Galicia," he said, "a regular network of secret agents who managed to convey information across the lines despite all our vigilance. The natives, both Christian and Hebrew, circumvent us. There used to be a good deal of smuggling before the war. The smugglers know the country so well that they can creep through the woods and get across the lines at night. We have to hold such a huge front with comparatively small forces that it is well-nigh impossible to prevent this. For instance, at Gontowa, the very place that you have visited, we know that these crafty smugglers constantly use their old secret paths."

He related another instance. The Austrian gendarme in one village had remained behind in disguise and offered his services to the Russians as a spy. He was thus able to cross the lines without trouble, but it was afterwards discovered that he was conveying important information to the enemy and bringing false information to the Russians.

"What is the feeling among officers about home politics?" I asked.

"They are very unhappy and discontented, but the general feeling is that we must finish the war first. They all realize that there is a terrific muddle and lack of system. Take our own profession, for instance. The War Minister has closed the General Staff Academy. Can you imagine anything more stupid? We have not enough trained Staff officers as it is."

At this juncture the army staff photographer brought me a proof of a group of officers he had just taken, with myself in the centre. I was very much interested in his work. He showed me his dark room and numerous collections of photographs.

"Take whatever you like," he said. "I can make no use of them. Our propaganda is in the hands of a ring. Look here," he exclaimed, "I have dozens of cinema films undeveloped. It is waste of time and materials. The Skobelev Committee has the monopoly of war films. They will not take them at a gift."

"But all Russia is just aching for war-films," I remarked.

"No doubt, but the Skobelev Committee turns everything down. The trouble is," he explained, "that people connected with it are putting the huge funds that have been collected into their pockets."

I spoke to General Shishkevich about these matters.

"Alas! it is too true," was his despairing comment. "But we are helpless."

A regular system of training and drafting reserve troops was being gradually elaborated under the superintendence of General Alexeiev. One of the important features of the scheme was the institution of so-called Army Reserve battalions. These were really intermediary depots through which the reserves—men and officers—were passed on their way from the country to their respective units at the Front. Here they were tested, received supplementary and special training, and were passed on to their respective regiments for the final finishing touch.

In the Eleventh Army there were three such depots, one of them being at Volochisk. I spent several days in studying these organizations. The men arrived without rifles. Among them were fresh recruits and wounded men who were again fit for service. There were about a thousand rifles at the depot and a few machine-guns. The number of men at the depot varied from day to day, averaging thirty companies of two hundred and fifteen men each.

The more promising soldiers were here selected for training as N.C.O.'s. All the officers and instructors at the depot had been wounded in action and were unfit for active service. I never saw so much hard work as these officers went through daily, nor a keener spirit than that displayed by the men.

At Volochisk one saw evidences on all sides of the admirable work done by the Zemstvo and Urban Unions—canteens, tuck-shops, baths, cobblers, and other indispensable means of alleviating the poor soldiers' lot. The unions have a wonderful organization. I do not know what the armies would have done without them. They provided supplementary transport for supplies. But perhaps their greatest services were in the domain of ambulance work.

Another very useful institution was the Guards' Economical Society—something like our Army and Navy Stores. They opened branches in all the principal towns at the Front. Each of these establishments was a Universal Provider. The only thing I could not buy was solidified alcohol. A salesman explained to me, "We have had to stop selling it—the men smear it on their bread."

The only Allied officer I met among the armies under General Ivanov's command was my Japanese friend, Colonel Araki. Whereas the Japanese had competent officers, conversant with Russian, permanently attached to the various armies, we had no such representation at any time during the war. We could certainly have spared at least three officers to be permanently attached to the respective fronts—the Northern, the Central, and the South-Western. Our military attaché at Petrograd had been responsible for all information concerning the Russian army in peace-time, and it was taken for granted that he could deal with the same task during the war. Obviously this was an utter impossibility. He and his assistants could only make flying visits to the Front. Information thus obtained could never be expected to equal the constant and intimate touch with affairs that only a man permanently attached to important staffs acquires.

The case of Colonel Araki will serve as an illustration. He knew the whole of his Front by heart, and one day at mess I heard General

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Sakharov appeal to him for information about the exact topography of one particular sector. The Japanese officer was able to give it immediately. Moreover, being constantly with the Staff and enjoying its full confidence and making frequent visits to the front lines, he knew at first hand more about the situation of the Russian armies in the South-West than an occasional visitor could possibly enjoy.

As regards propaganda, he himself suggested that the army organ of the Front should publish my speeches to the troops. This was immediately done.

On my return to Petrograd I at once called upon Sir George Buchanan and gave him a full and circumstantial account of my journey.

I had long ago discussed the question of

Russian officers admiring the diamond-hilted sword of a General.

In conversation with General Ivanov I brought up the whole question of establishing proper contact between the Allied armies and developing propaganda. My idea was that there should be a regular system of exchanging officers, both Staff and regimental, for periods of a few months. He was quite favourable, and asked me to lay the matter before General Alexeiev. propaganda with the Ambassador and had always found him very keen to accept and support my proposals. During my absence he had been arranging for a visit of representative Russian writers to the British Front, and it fell to my lot to escort them from their homeland to this country and to our armies in France.

(Next month Mr. Wilton will describe his adventures with the Russian correspondents on the Western Front, and his thrilling experiences on his return to Russia.)

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THE GREATER DUTY.

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. SOPER.

Everyone has heard of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, that splendid body of men whose scattered units are the guardians of law and order throughout the wilder parts of Canada. Here is a story of the terrible predicament in which a Mounted Police corporal found himself, and the way out which he chose. The Author vouches for the authenticity of the narrative, but all names of persons and places concerned have been changed.

CORPORAL MORTON snapped close the last metal clasp on his hip-length bearskin coat, pulled his fur cap on a bit tighter, drew on his mitts, and, thus prepared against the cold of the Northern winter night, paused, eyeing regretfully the comfort of his quarters.

The big tin Arctic-heater, now tight-dampered, hummed softly; from its rounded black sides and low, conical top wave on wave of heat shimmered upward, tinged faintly golden under the play of the yellow rays from the kerosene lamp. The room was somnolently warm; the air still strong with the fragrant incense of fresh pipe-smoke. A rough table occupied the centre of the floor; on it lay a magazine, close to the zinc-ware lamp. Beside this stood the Corporal's just-vacated plain arm-chair, its harsh outlines almost completely hidden by overlaid coyote pelts and a big cushion of goose feathers, covered by coarse brown twill. Despite the roughness of the furniture, the log walls, and board bunk in the corner farthest from the stove, there was something attractive about the living-room, a certain indefinable air portraying more surely than words that its solitary occupant was a home-loving body.

"Gee! I wish the regulations would let me have him here with me," he voiced aloud, his eyes passing swiftly from object to object till finally they settled upon the magazine he had reluctantly put down the minute before, right in the middle of a most interesting story. "I wanted to finish that story," he went on, still aloud, after the fashion a man much alone falls into, "but I guess I'd better slip down to the settlement and see the kid's all right. Now, if I could only keep him here with me, I'd be able to keep an eye on him a little better." He shrugged his shoulders, tried to smile impatiently at his fears, and growled: "Getting to be a regular old woman, I am—a regular old woman."

But his face did not clear. Leaning over the table, he blew out the light, crossed the room, and stepped out into the early night, where the Northern Lights had just begun their weird dancing.

Yet the æsthetic soul of Corporal Tenner Morton—usually responsive to all things beautiful—refused now to thrill at the sight, often seen, and, until now, never fully without charm. To-night, however, his eyes travelled straight to where, two hundred yards away, the dozen cabins and three stores of Pelican Settlement lay dark against the snow.

Morton's cabin—known officially as Pelican Patrol Headquarters, one of the many lesser Mounted Police posts in Division "N"—lay on the side of a hog's back ridge, perhaps a hundred feet higher than the settlement snuggling in the valley below, giving him a bird's-eye view of the entire place.

From several of the cabin windows pin-points of light glowed through the soft dark, and out of every chimney the smoke, in slow, thick columns, climbed straight up, strangely like solemn snow-shrouded conifers painted there by some fantastic artistry of the frost. Seeing this, Morton knew how bitter was the cold, without needing to glance at the thermometer hanging beside the door.

A moment his gaze took in the whole scene; then his eyes came to rest upon the cabin nearest him, one lying back and a little apart from the rest. He eyed it frowningly.

For three years he had covered the four hundred odd square miles of his patrol, till now he knew every watercourse and trail, and the white and half-breed trappers and small farming "squatters," in ahead of the survey, that dwelt

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within the land. Yet it was only lately that worry had come with its wearing strain and rust to rasp his nerves.

This was not caused by trouble within his district—for Pelican Patrol was fairly quiet, no different from most of these northern ones—but through the coming, in the late fall some three months previously, of his brother Charlie, aged twenty-two.

Charlie, ten years his junior, had been shipped post-haste from the effete and distant East by frantic parents, after the boy, as assistant teller in the Merchants' Bank, had gambled away two thousand dollars that should have remained reposing in the safes of that institution. To make this good, Morton *père* had hastily placed a mortgage upon his corner grocery, thus saving Charlie from jail and the family name from public disgrace. Then, with that fanatic faith and hope common to all parents, they had shipped Charlie to his brother in the North, in the fond belief that a few years spent where no temptations could harass would bring him to the age of riper judgment, when he might once more safely return to the places of crowded things.

Corporal Tenner Morton, being a good son, and fonder of Charlie than brothers generally are, had accepted the burden almost happily. Being a general favourite with all the community, it had required little importuning upon his part to place Charlie as bookkeeper and general store assistant with "Ginger" Smith, a veteran trader of the Northland. Smith ran a string of small trading-posts throughout the surrounding territory, with a headquarters one at Pelican. Finding his new assistant competent, he had for the past two months left everything at Pelican in Charlie's hands, while he spent his time between the other points of his string where business was always brisk with the deepening of winter.

This, while highly gratifying to Corporal Morton, had only increased his worry, for once again Charlie was placed in control of a large sum of money; and Pelican Settlement, wilderness though it was, was yet perhaps a more dangerous spot than even a great city to one possessed of the gambling mania, for in the silent places time often hangs heavy on men's hands. Unable to obtain the many sane and natural pastimes of civilized centres, they fall the more easily into reckless drinking and high play, the better to break the monotony of their days.

In Pelican lived "Piano" Jack Munro, an "ex-professional gambler," and at the moment proprietor of the big cabin which Corporal Morton's eyes now rested upon. Within the cabin a card-game went on continually. Here, too, Piano Jack sold whisky, though it is forbidden north of fifty-three. Corporal Morton had thrice raided the place during the past year, but he had either come at the wrong time, or Piano's cache was too cunningly hidden, for never once had he found incriminating liquor upon the premises. As for the card-game, he was helpless; for regarding such things the Canadian law is intricate, and in its rulings goes rather to help the gambler than the upholders of the law. Thus, while Morton knew that within Piano Jack's cabin a card-game went on almost constantly—from which the proprietor derived a fat living in the form of "rake-off"—the Mounted Policeman was also aware that until such time as he could procure two competent witnesses to swear to the existence of this "rake-off," it was useless to proceed against Piano Jack. The mere fact that cards were played within the house did not constitute an offence against the law. The taking of a "rake-off" had to be proved by at least two witnesses, and so far Corporal Morton had been unable to find two men willing to enter Piano Jack's premises for such a purpose. This grieved him, for while he held no malice against the cabin's proprietor, Corporal Morton was a thorough policeman, holding duty first at all times. With Charlie's arrival, too, Piano Jack's place became a spot of new menace in the officer's eyes, offering as it did a continual temptation to the boy's gambling instincts.

As yet the Corporal had had no proof that his younger brother had ever entered Piano Jack's. Several times, late at night, he had dropped down unexpectedly to Smith's store, always finding Charlie at home in the little back room. Still, despite these evidences of good behaviour, the Corporal was worried, for as he was often away for days at a time upon patrol, Charlie had ample opportunities to frequent Piano Jack's without his knowledge.

So to-night—though only back a few hours before from a hard three-day trip—the Corporal was deserting the comfort of his warm room, book, and pipe to satisfy himself again that Charlie was all right.

Just as he made to step upon the trail, and while his eyes still lingered on the light shining from the cabin window of Piano Jack's, the beam disappeared. Almost simultaneously came the sound of a revolver shot—hollow, muffled, but still plainly audible in that frosty air.

Every instinct of police nature aroused, Morton broke into a run. With half the distance still to cover he saw the light flare out once more, but, the entrance door being on the side away from him, he could not see whether anyone left the building.

Fully conscious of the value even of seconds if a murder had been committed and the killer escaped, Morton ran his best, bringing up panting before the door. Not knowing what to expect he drew his "gun"; then, pulling the latch-string, he threw the door open and sprang into the room, covering its occupants as he did so.

It was all quite unnecessary; and, seeing this, Morton put away his pistol and crossed the room to a round card-table, near the farther side of which half-a-dozen "breeds" were standing staring stolidly at two white men kneeling over a still form upon the floor.

As Morton came forward they rose, giving him a full view of the fallen one. It was Piano Jack.

"Well?" said Morton, interrogatively, eyeing the two.

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Neither spoke for a moment, then "Dutch" Webber, an independent trader, said: "He's dead."

"Hang it, man, that's evident," the policeman snapped, angered at the fatuity of the remark; "but how'd it happen?"

Instead of replying, Webber turned his gaze upon his partner, Durant, in his eyes a queer, frightened look. Following his glance, the Corporal fastened his eyes upon Durant's face; but he too remained silent, dropping his head to avoid the look, and uneasily shuffling his feet.

Now thoroughly exasperated by this continued silence on the part of two men with whom he was upon the friendliest terms, the policeman roared: "If this is murder, and you're making time to let the murderer get away, I'll arrest you both as accessories, if you don't speak up."

But even this threat elicited no response.

Furious, Morton turned his attention to the half-breeds. "You, Johnny Boileau," he growled, pointing a menacing finger at a swarthy youth, the most intelligent of the group, "tell me who shot Piano Jack?"

A moment the boy hesitated, his eyes dropping as Durant's had done; then, suddenly brave, he blurted out: "Charlie kill heem; your brudair Charlie!"

"Good heavens!" Very low, very hoarse, his tone that of a stricken animal, Morton breathed the words. He shrank a step back, and in the pained hush that followed the announcement there came floating through the open doorway the momentary ecstatic yelping whine of "huskies" when first taking to the trail.

At that sound, Morton's official self leaped back into active being; the personal equation of brotherly love, all ordinary feeling that had swayed him for the moment, became secondary, without weight or power now to stem or stay his answer to the call of duty. He stood no longer individual, no longer as a distinct entity capable of controlling and guiding his actions along any personally-desired groove in the scheme of things, but as the Law incarnate, a mere flesh-and-blood cog in a vast organization that, like some perfect machine, moved relentlessly, though without fear or favour, demanding always from each and every part of its human mechanism unswerving loyalty, unquestioning obedience, and prompt and unfailing action against all those who offended against its tenets and decrees.

So, after a moment, turning once more directly to the two white men, Morton said: "Tell me about it, Durant—just as it happened."

"Well, all right," Durant replied, plunging into the story. "Charlie found Piano cheatin'. You see, the two of them had been playin' almost without a break for two days, with Piano winnin' steady." He waved his hand to the pile of bills littered on one side of the table, and went on rapidly: "Dutch and me wasn't in it. We'd only just dropped in a little while before from our store, being kinda interested in the game. You see, we was in it when it first started the night before; but them two, Piano and Charlie, was like two strange bulldogs, eternally goin' after each other. They never give Dutch or I a play when we got a hand—just seemed to wanta buck each other, so we naturally dropped out. Well, when we come in to-night, I guess Charlie was feelin' purty mean from the bad whisky he'd drunk, not sleepin' none and always losin'. They was sitting opposite each other, and the breeds was standin' a little back a-watchin'. They was playin' stud, you know. The two chairs Dutch and me'd set in the night before was still in their places, so we drops into them, figurin' maybe to take a hand after awhile if they was agreeable. But they went right ahead, never payin' us any attention.

"Purty soon after we comes in they gets into an awful big pot—it's there on the table yet; must be over two thousan', easy. With three cards showin', Charlie has a pair of kings an' a eight spot. Piano, he's got a four, a ace of hearts, an 'a queen. Well, with three cards showin' they raises backwards an' forwards right smart—first fifty, then a hundred at a clip. The reckless way Piano bets makes me think he's got a ace buried. I thought then maybe Charlie had two pair; but judgin' the play now, I guess Charlie'd been gettin' suspicious through the last few hours, an' right here sees a chance to satisfy hisself. Well, it's up to him again to bet, an' he sticks in every last nickel, a little over four hundred. Piano's dealin', an' I seen him kinda glance down at the cards, an' with his thumb he slips the top card back ever so little as though to make plumb certain what he expected was beneath it before he makes that last call. He did it awful smooth an' quick. I don't think Charlie seen it. Anyway, Piano calls, an' deals the last two cards—a deuce of spades to Charlie, an' a ace of clubs to hisself. Of course, Charlie havin' no more money, it's a show down. 'What you got?' says he. 'A pair a bulls,' says Piano, turnin' his hole card, a measly ten of spades." Durant stopped abruptly, eyed the Corporal searchingly as if to make sure of his hearer's understanding, then concluded with righteous ire: "Well, you or I, or any other man that plays stud poker, knows there isn't a man in the world that, with only ace high in his hand, is going to pay four hundred bucks fer a last card chance fer a ace when the other man's already showin' a pair, especially kings, with maybe another pair behind them. He might do it figurin' the other fellow fer only kings, an' with a chance to bluff it through afterward in case the last card wasn't his ace. But, with Charlie settin' in his last dime before that, the only thing Piano could get was a show down. All of which musta cinched Charlie's suspicion, that had been growin' maybe fer hours, that Piano knew the backs of them cards purty near as good as the fronts.

"'You win,' he says, very quiet; 'all I got's kings,' and he shoves back his chair. 'But you lose,' he adds, an' laughs kinda queer. I looked at him sharp, an' his face was strange, like a man gone mad fer a minute. Then his hand went down as he half rose up. Piano saw the move,

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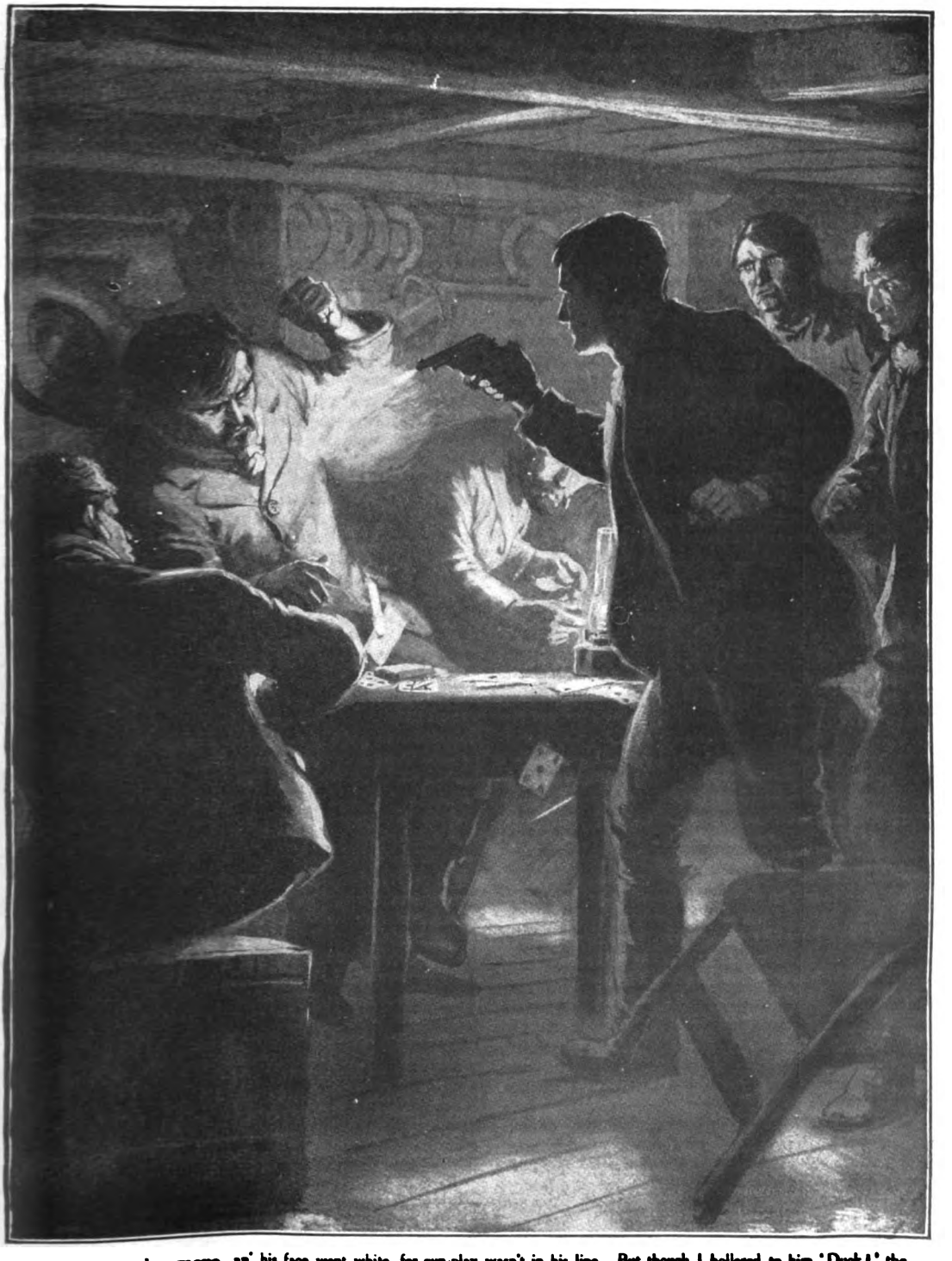

"Piano saw the move, an' his face went white, for gun-play wasn't in his line. But though I hollered to him 'Duck!' the fool got up, a-shovin' back his chair."

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an' his face went white, fer gun-play wasn't in his line. But though I hollered to him 'Duck!' the fool got up, a-shovin' back his chair. Just then Dutch—he was sittin' right next the big lamp—saw a chance yet to spoil the play, an' blows the glim. But the kid still shot, an' even the dark couldn't spoil his aim. Piano was plunked right through the heart, an'—well, you know the rest."

Durant caught his breath, then added, deprecatingly: "Of course, he oughtn'ta done it; but what with bein' full of bad whisky, an' mad wi' rage, there's some excuse. Piano wasn't much account, anyway, an' Charlie's such a kid. You gotta make allowances fer them, you know. We could make it suicide if you say so, couldn't we, Dutch?" he finished, winking humorously at his partner. Dutch nodded eager, vigorous assent. But Morton only shook his head, and, moving over to the table, quickly gathered up the scattered bills.

Methodically he counted them, and made a note of the amount in his book. Dropping them into his pocket, he turned once more to the waiting men. "You can bury the body," he said, shortly. "In the circumstances we'll dispense with an inquest."

Then he wheeled about sharply and went out into the night and toward his cabin beyond to prepare for the stern hardship of a winter chase.

Even an inexperienced man may travel in the Northland in winter provided he has food and proper clothes; but he will not cover ground so quickly as one learned in the ways of the trail and the superior handling of that most temperamental of beasts, the northern sleigh-dog.

Thus, early on the third afternoon after leaving Pelican, Corporal Morton, driving his three splendid police "huskies," judged from the trail he followed that Charlie was less than two hours ahead. What puzzled the policeman was the oddness of his brother's actions. Once out of Pelican, he had driven north straight down the river. Then, when half-way to Old House, some sixty miles farther on, he had left the ice and turned east for a day, then south—a direction that would bring him out to civilization near Northtown City, some three hundred miles away. Moreover, though Charlie drove five dogs, the Corporal had overtaken him even more rapidly than the boy's trail inexperience warranted. In fact, during the past two days the Corporal had noted many things that pointed to an entire lack of haste on the fleeing man's part; an action that led to only one conclusion—Charlie did not expect pursuit!

It was nearing five o'clock, and the early-falling dusk of the northern winter regions was fast turning to soft dark, when Corporal Morton brought his dogs to a halt upon the top of a fairly high ridge.

He was travelling through a rolling, lightly-timbered country. Now ahead, through the dark, the tiny flare of a fire twinkled up at him from the bottom of a little "draw" perhaps a quarter of a mile farther on, where another small coulée met the valley of the ridge upon which he now stood.

Quickly he turned the dogs loose, set the toboggan against a tree, hung the harness on a limb high out of their reach, and threw them their feed. Then he slipped off along the ridge-top toward where the flame of the camp-fire glowed like a tiny beacon through the gathering night.

The snowfall had been particularly light, and Morton moved quickly forward. Reaching a point on the ridge-top directly above the camp, he crept soundlessly down through the trees to within a dozen yards of it.

Charlie, his supper over, was lying on his sleeping bag before the fire, smoking, his back toward the approaching man. Foot by foot, feeling every step to avoid the snapping underfoot of hidden twigs, the policeman came on stealthily, at last swinging out from behind a tree not ten feet from where his brother lay.

"I've got you covered, Charlie," he called, sharply; "don't try to draw!"

His fears were needless, for, at the sound of his voice, the reclining youth turned over to face him with a look that, though startled, was wonderingly blank. Then, as the Corporal reached his side and stood staring down at him, he found his tongue to gasp, in strangely puzzled tone: "Why, what do you mean?"

"I've come to take you back to stand your trial for shooting Piano Jack."

"You've come to take me back?" He spoke as one suddenly hearing the unbelievable.

"Of course. What did you think?" This with sad grimness.

A grieved look came into the young man's eyes. He drew himself up to a sitting position, raised his effeminate face, a little rough now from five days' growth of beard, and gazing up with an almost petulant air, snapped out: "What did I expect? Why, that you'd hush it up. A perfectly natural feeling, wasn't it, considering our relationship?" He smiled tolerantly, and his weak face—that of the thoughtless, headstrong, and selfish boy—grew almost insolent from the sureness he felt of quickly changing the other's resolution.

But, to his astonishment, the Corporal shook his head. "I've got to do my duty," he said, very simply, and there was a queer huskiness now in his voice.

Like a rat at bay, the boy's whole demeanour changed. "Duty!" He hurled out the word with scornful bitterness. "Does your oath of office take the place of greater things? Would you sacrifice me to official tradition?" Under the sway of varied emotions of scorn and fear, his voice rose to a shrill treble.

With eyes unflinchingly steady the Corporal gave back his answer: "I've got to do my duty; it's greater than you or I!"

At this, the hope that still lingered in the boy's eyes went out; his features became distorted into the twisted mask of a raging child, mad with the sullen fury of disappointment at failure where an easy victory was expected. Then, all hope gone, and still true to the feminine streak in his queerly complex nature, he flung out, tauntingly:

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"I'd hate to be you! Nothing counts with you — ties of blood, family name, nothing. You'll even break your mother's heart!" He stopped short, startled, for at the words his brother recoiled, and his gun went down, while there came to his eyes a strange new light.

"I've come to take you back to stand your trial for shooting Piano Jack."

Always, from that first moment he had taken up the trail until now, the long-ruling official part of self had been uppermost. It had conquered his personal feelings; triumphed over his love for Charlie. Never once in all that time had his thoughts gone farther.

But now, with the boy's last sentence striking him like a blow in the face, all in a moment he was no longer the officer but a man fired with quick realization that upon him a greater duty lay.

Impulsively he threw his gun away. "Yes, boy, you're right," he said. "A mother's heart is too precious a thing to break, even for the sake of duty." He walked over to the fire, and stood for a long time thinking. At last he came back again to the boy, still seated on his sleeping-bag. "To-morrow you must be on your way to the outside, and go home. Surely *now* you'll be good!"

"And you?"

"I'm going back to turn in a report of the suicide of Piano Jack. The boys are pretty good friends of mine; they'll see me through on that. And then"—his voice grew suddenly listless—"then I'm going to resign, for I couldn't go on upholding the law when I'd *broken it myself!*"

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IN UNKNOWN BRITISH GUIANA.

By A. HYATT VERRILL.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is no exaggeration to say that British Guiana, a vast stretch of territory on the shoulders of the South American Continent, is one of the least-known portions of the globe. Here are great primeval forests, mighty rivers, huge waterfalls, extensive plateaus, and great mountain ranges, where dwell strange Indian tribes and quaint animal life of which virtually nothing is known. The Author, who has made it his business to penetrate into the unknown interior of this land, has specially written for "The Wide World Magazine" an account of his journeys and adventures, which will be found of absorbing interest. He discovered large rivers and mountains whose existence was unknown, and stumbled across primitive races who had never seen a white man before. His striking photographs give an added value to a fascinating narrative.

III.

F all British Guiana rivers the Demerara is commercially the most important. Its banks are cultivated for many miles above Georgetown; it is navigable for ocean-going vessels as far as Wismar, some sixty-five miles from the sea, and river steamboats make regular trips forty-five miles farther to Malali. And yet its upper reaches are almost unknown, and its source remained undiscovered until the head-waters were explored by the author in January, 1917.

This is the more remarkable inasmuch as the Demerara is a comparatively short river, its total length being little over two hundred miles in a direct line, and its source is scarcely thirty miles above Canister Falls, or about one hundred miles beyond Malali. The river beyond the falls has never been surveyed by the Government, and its course as indicated on the maps is purely guesswork. As a consequence, the maps are exceedingly inaccurate, the river following a very different course from that shown; numerous creeks that appear on the maps do not exist; others are many miles out of position, and large lakes and savannas are not indicated at all; while Canister Falls is miles out of its true location on the best maps.

My inquiries in regard to the Indians on the Demerara elicited no definite information, local knowledge of the aborigines proving even more vague and uncertain than knowledge of the river itself. By some I was assured that there were no uncivilized Indians on the river; others affirmed that there were, and no two people could agree as to the tribes to be met above Malali; while one man, who had walked across from the Essequibo to the Berbice, told of meeting Indians of an unknown tribe whose customs, decorations, and appearance were totally distinct from any Indians known to me.

Finally, however, I had the good fortune to meet an Indian who lived far above Great Falls and who proved to be a Makushi. He stated that there were "plenty much" Indians about the head-waters of the river; that many were still uncivilized, and that among them were individuals of numerous tribes. He had brought down a number of curios to sell, and among them several paddles, stirrers, and other articles of a type unlike anything I had found in British Guiana.

These he said were brought from "too far topside" (meaning an indefinite place) by Akawoia traders, but he could, or would, not furnish any information as to the identity or location of the people who made them. Moreover, he flatly refused to accompany me on an expedition into the unknown district, averring that the country was "peai" (or supernatural), that the river came from a "hole in the mountains," and that it was a district inhabited by weird savage monsters, half-man and half-jaguar.

Convinced that there was abundant and interesting material to be found in the unknown district, I determined to explore the head-waters of the Demerara, discover the source, and visit the Indians of the adjacent country.

But I soon found that the difficulties in the way of carrying out my plans were almost insurmountable. Even the civilized Indians about Wismar looked upon the unknown district with as much superstitious fear as my Makushi informant; while the fact that it was the holiday season, which the Bovianders were

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Akawoia village on the Demerara River.

Akawoia Indian in full dance costume.

fully occupied in celebrating by indulging in prolonged sprees, made it impossible to secure a boat-crew of these efficient coloured men. Luck favoured me, however, and by merest chance I found four young fellows who agreed to "take a walk topside," as they expressed it, the love of adventure proving more potent than the lure of good wages.

To be sure, I was woefully short-handed, four men being but half a crew, and only one of my men was a pure Indian—a civilized Akawoia—the others being of mixed Indian and negro blood. But they were all good men, young, light-hearted, happy-go-lucky, and tireless, and throughout the trip, which proved the hardest and most trying in all my experience in the tropics, they never grumbled and never failed.

I had been assured in Georgetown, and also at Wismar, that I should have no trouble in obtaining a boat or coorial at Malali; but upon reaching that little jumping-off place of civilization, my chagrin and disappointment may be imagined when I found that not a coorial, bateau, ballyhoo, or even a woodskin, was to be had for love or money, while the only craft available was a heavy river-boat belonging to the Consolidated Rubber Company, which had been sunk for months.

When this boat was at last raised and baled out it was found to be fairly serviceable, and

Full-dress costume of an Akawoia Indian.

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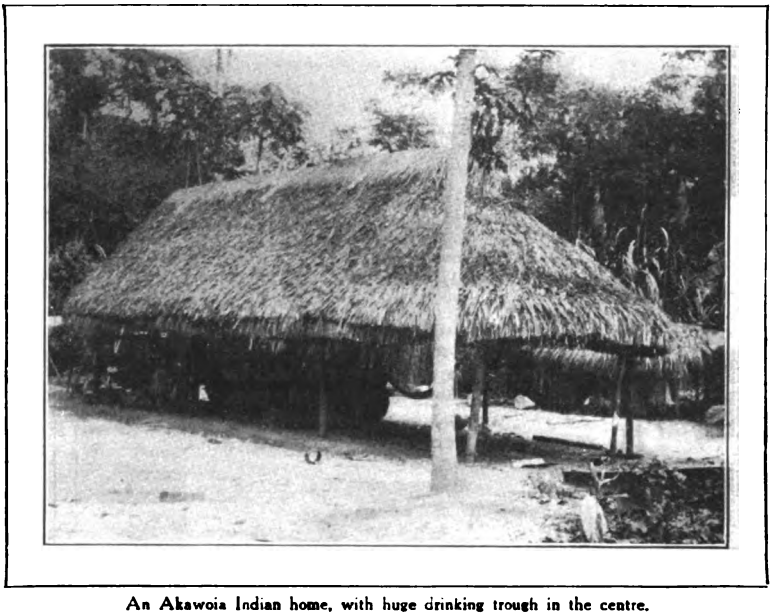
although it leaked like a sieve and was water logged and heavy, yet it was our only chance, and I was obliged to make the best of it. Paddles there were none, and we were compelled to fashion makeshift oars by lashing blades hewn from hard wood to saplings; clumsy, heavy, and unwieldy, to be sure, but capable of propelling the boat in still water: while for the rapids and in narrow stretches of river we depended upon push-poles.

Thus equipped we set forth at last, and having successfully won our way through the rapids at



An Akawoia Indian home, with huge drinking trough in the centre.

Malali we left the little frontier settlement astern and headed up the stream towards the head-waters and the unknown.

For many miles above Malali cultivated lands were scattered along the river-banks, and we constantly met coorials and woodskins filled with a motley array of Arowaks, Portuguese, Bovianders, and negroes. All were arrayed in their best and bent on merrymaking, and in nearly every craft were rude musical instruments of one sort or another, while the roistering occupants made the river resound with their noisy songs. Many villages and settlements of civilized Arowaks were also passed, and in all holiday revels were in full swing.

But by the third day we had left all these signs of civilization behind, and soon after noon reached a landing-place where several woodskins gave promise of a village in the neighbouring "bush." From the waterside a well-marked trail led inland, and following this we came to a clearing and a number of benabs, or native huts. The inhabitants were Akawoias, and the dirtiest, most slovenly, and unattractive lot of aborigines it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Both men and women were dressed in ragged, filthy European garments, and all were in the early stages of a paiwarrie spree, paiwarrie being the favourite alcoholic drink of the Indians.

But while outwardly civilized they were far more primitive in some respects than many of the more uncivilized Indians, and the women were elaborately painted and tattooed, while drums, dance-sticks, rattles, and other aboriginal utensils were everywhere in evidence.

I soon found this camp was merely an outlying portion, a sort of suburb, of the settlement, and the numerous hammocks, slung between trees in the surrounding woods, were of of many visitors to the village. The main camp consisted of about a dozen benabs, while in the centre of the village was a large oval structure, over sixty feet in length—the great-house of the village. The place swarmed with men, women, and children, for the feast was in full swing. It was a strange commingling of Christianity and paganism, for the Red men were celebrating Christmas and New Year's Day with aboriginal accompaniments, following the Parasara dances and Bimiti running in villages far up the river.

In the centre of the great-house was an enormous tree-trunk, hollowed out into a huge trough and with the two ends carved into grotesque semblances of human heads. This immense receptacle, which held about five hundred gallons, was completely filled with evil-smelling paiwarrie, and every man, woman, and child was trying his or her best to drain the trough to the dregs. As yet, however, few of the Indians were intoxicated, although they were boisterous, good-humoured, and jolly from the effects of the liquor, while many of the younger set were dancing and prancing about to the boom of drums, the shrill notes of reed and bone flutes and whistles, and the noise of rattle-sticks and "shake-shakes."

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Although it was nominally a village of the Akawoias, yet no fewer than six tribes were represented in the crowd, and Makushis, Wapisianas, Akawoias, Patamonas, Arekunas, and Arowaks drank, danced, and fraternized on the best of terms. Among this choice assortment I noticed a very old man, who was apparently recognized as the village "governor," and, hoping to secure information regarding the head-waters of the river and its inhabitants, I questioned him at length. He was unusually intelligent, but as superstitiously afraid of the mountainous district at the river's source as the other Indians.

Sketching an outline of the peculiar paddles I have already mentioned, I showed the drawing to the old chief, asking if he knew who made such paddles or could tell me whence they came.

At the first glance he replied "Akurias," and informed me that the tribe dwelt far to the south about the head-waters of the Berbice. He had been among them, he stated, and added that I might find a few beyond the head of the Demerara, as he thought there was a camp of the tribe in the bush in the unknown district.

I was highly elated at this, for while the information was most indefinite, yet I was convinced that if Akuria paddles could be brought down the river I could trace them up to the place of their origin. As there was little to be gained by remaining among these carousing Indians, I soon left the camp and pushed on up-stream, resting that night near the abandoned village site of Kenaimapoo. Camp was made a short distance above this spot, where, on a hill above the river, we found a solitary logi, or open-sided thatched hut, occupied by two Indian women and their several children. Soon after our arrival two bucks arrived in woodskins, one of whom I at once recognized as a Carib owing to the peculiar way in which his hair was trimmed and which is distinctive of the Carib tribe.

He was somewhat loath to admit his racial identity at first, but a few words of Caribi soon won his confidence. Later I discovered that, in common with the Makushis, Wapisianas, Arekunas, and other Indians (with the exception of the Akawoias and Arowaks), he was a fugitive or renegade from his own people. I also learned that for some inexplicable reason, known only to the Indians, the Demerara is considered a safe refuge for such fugitives, and while murders and feuds may occur among the denizens of the river, yet the district is a well-recognized taboo for avengers from other portions of the country. This, no doubt, explains in great measure the worthless character of the Indians on the upper Demerara and the contempt in which they are held by the Indians elsewhere.

My Carib renegade proved a fairly decent sort of rascal, and finding we were going beyond Great Falls, he offered to help us in portaging our goods around the cataract. He stated that he and his brother were the only Caribs on the river, that they lived back in the bush a number of miles above the Falls, and that he knew of several good-sized camps on the river; but he added that we should not find many people, as they were all absent at a Parasara dance farther up-stream.

As we poled slowly up-river the next day we were joined by several more woodskins filled with Indians, and when, early in the afternoon, we reached Great Falls we were surrounded by quite a little flotilla of these frail but buoyant craft. We had been told that we should find another submerged boat of the rubber company above the Falls, but I was somewhat doubtful, and at once sent some of my men ahead to ascertain if the boat was there.

In the meantime we discharged our belongings, while our Indian friends busied themselves in emptying their woodskins and then hauled their craft on to the rocks preparatory to transporting them overland to the head of the Falls. By the time our boat was unloaded the men returned and reported the finding of the other boat, but that its condition could not be learned as it was sunk in deep water. By the aid of the Indians the heavy boxes and bags were carried through the mile or more of forest between the foot and the head of the Falls and camp was made. The next morning, by the united efforts of all hands, the boat was dragged into shallow water and emptied, and was found to be in far better shape than the one in which we had journeyed from Malali.

During the first day above Great Falls we saw no signs of Indians or villages, but we passed several large lakes not on the maps, while the forest-growth which stretched away on every hand was the heaviest I had seen in British Guiana. The following day we found several small camps by the river. The only one inhabited was that belonging to the Carib, which was occupied by his brother and several women and children.

Soon after starting the next morning we passed a tacuba, or fallen tree, on which was suspended a palm-leaf mantle worn in the Parasara dance, and throughout the day we passed various portions of Parasara costumes hung upon the numerous tacubas in mid-stream. Sometimes it was a crown, in other cases a skirt, and then, again, a mantle, the total number of pieces representing over one hundred complete costumes.

The custom of suspending these dancing suits on the tacubas is an essential part of the Parasara dance, which is held annually, the Indians believing that the garments ward off the evil spirits and supernatural beings of the rivers and appease the water-sprites, thus safeguarding travellers. For similar reasons the suits are frequently hung on trees or stumps in the provision fields or clearings, and it is considered most dangerous, and a sacrilege as well, to remove or disturb the costumes. Anyone doing so commits a serious offence, and I was very doubtful as to the results which might follow when I collected several complete costumes from their resting-places on tacubas and concealed them under my baggage in the bottom of the boat.

The Parasara dance, in its true form, is more in the nature of a religious rite than a celebration, although among the civilized and semi-civilized

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Indians a so-called makeshift Parasara is held as an accompaniment to any spree. The true Parasara is confined to the men, who don elaborate and weird costumes, consisting of skirt, mantle, and crown of palm-leaves, and who dance to the barbaric music of drums, flutes, and rattles. Each dancer carries a shake-shake or a rattle-stick in one hand and a dance-trumpet in the other, and at the close of the dance these are broken and destroyed. For this reason they are very rare in collections, and I was exceedingly fortunate in being able to obtain a number of different forms.

There are two kinds of rattles used: one consisting of a calabash filled with pebbles and fastened to a wooden handle decorated with tufts and streamers of parrot feathers; the other is made by winding a belt-like string of "lucky seeds" on a short stick or staff, which is ornamented with a tuft of feathers at one end. The "trumpets" are sections of branches of the "Gunga-pump" tree painted with various designs in blue, pink, red, and purple, and with a rudely-carved figure of an animal, bird, or other object attached to one end.

During the dance the Indians produce a loud roaring noise by blowing into these, while others make shrill musical notes on "flutes" which closely resemble the trumpets in appearance, but which are provided with a whistling device cleverly constructed of balata gum. Each dancer is supposed to assume the character of the creature whose image decorates his trumpet or flute, while others represent the winds, thunder, or various other natural forces, and the noises, contortions, and actions of the dancers, while striving to interpret the characteristics of their various namesakes, are indescribably weird, grotesque, and ludicrous.

The strange dancing costume of an Akawoian Indian.

As soon as the Parasara dancing is over the Indians journey to another village to hold the Bimiti running. This is purely in the nature of sport and has no sacred significance. The Bimiti is in reality a curious form of foot-race with a supply of paiwarrie for the goal. A number of young men don feather mantles and are lined up at one end of the course, while at the other end is a trough of the native alcoholic drink. At a given signal the runners dash forward, each doing his utmost to gain the trough first, for the winner has the unenviable privilege of bathing in the liquor, and is looked upon as a great man. Along the course stand numerous girls and women armed with handfuls of pepper, which they throw at the faces and eyes of the runners other than the favourite each has selected. Half-blinded, the contestants trip and stumble, often rolling in a confused heap on the earth, and frequently gaining the trough in a struggling knot and all tumbling into the liquor together.

Soon after we passed the last of the Parasara suits upon the tacubas we sighted a landing where a number of woodskins were moored, and stepping ashore followed the muddy, well-trodden path into the bush. Long before we came to the village sounds of revelry reached our ears, and we gained the clearing with its benabs just in time to witness the Bimiti. Fortunately, only one contestant succeeded in reaching the paiwarrie well ahead of his competitors, for anyone visiting an Indian village during a spree must partake of their liquor or give serious offence, and I thanked my lucky stars that only one buck had plunged into the beverage served to us with liberal hospitality.

Here, as in the first village, we found individuals of several tribes, but very few of the men wore any clothing save their laps, and many were decked out in full festive regalia of gorgeous feather crowns, necklets of teeth, bobs of bird-skins, and capes of ibis, curassow, or macaw feathers, while several bore heavy "kenaima" clubs of hardwood decorated with cotton-strings, tassels, beads, and feathers.

In the midst of this display of savage finery and brilliant colour one individual stood out in sharp relief. He was even shorter than the short Akawoias, his skin was a pale reddish or pinkish hue, his hair was white, and a thin white moustache and straggling chin-beard adorned his face, which was wrinkled and seamed in a manner bespeaking great age. But even more striking than his appearance was his costume, for instead of the halo-like crown of the others he wore a magnificent head-dress of blue and scarlet macaw feathers standing upright above his forehead, from which long streamers of feathers hung down across shoulders and chest to below his waist.

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Instantly I realized that he was of a tribe unknown to me, and to my delight he informed me he was an Akuria, that his camp was near the head-waters of the river, and that I could easily find it if I followed the minute directions he gave me. Here, indeed, was good luck, for by merest chance I had stumbled upon the trail of an almost unknown, long-lost tribe, and had actually found an Akuria in full dancing costume. I did my best to induce the old fellow to accompany us, but the attractions of paiwarrie were too great for him, old as he was. He was a born trader, however, and a sharp bargainer to boot, and he readily parted with his various adornments and possessions in exchange for knives, powder, and other products of civilization.

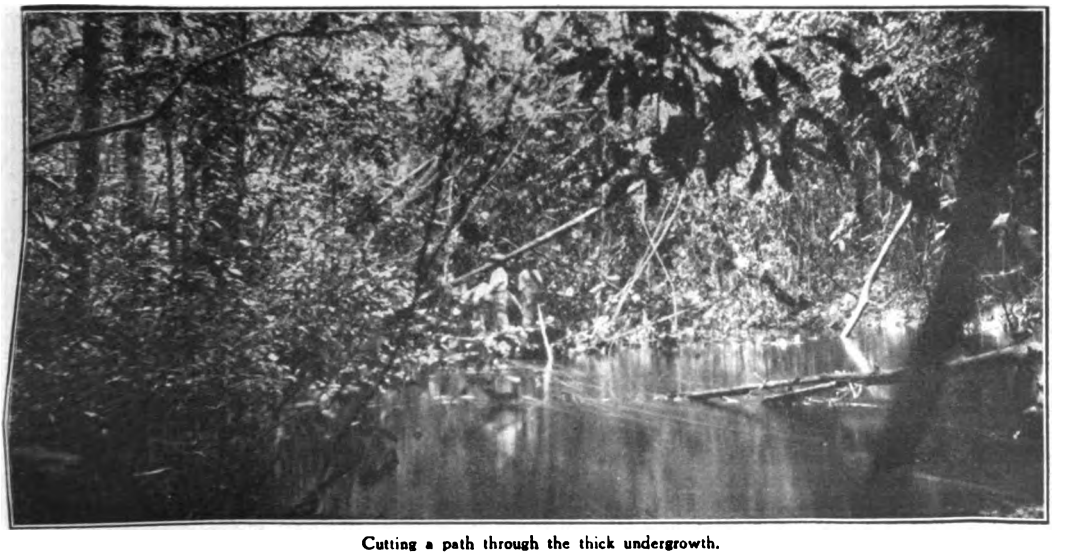
Although much interesting material was obtained at this village, an Indian camp during a paiwarrie spree is not a pleasant or attractive spot, and we soon left the settlement and resumed our journey up the river.

No camps or villages were seen on the first day, but the following morning we landed at the foot of a high sand-hill on which were several benabs. Some of these were of the circular savanna type, while others were square and neatly walled with slabs of bark, but the inhabitants were absent. Beyond here we found several ancient, abandoned village sites, whose extent proclaimed large numbers of Indians in days long past; but every vestige of human life and habitation had long since been destroyed by the swarms of "cushi" ants.

Little game could be found, but a couple of marudis (a kind of pheasant) were shot, and made a very acceptable change in our menu. Alligators were abundant, but were mainly of small or medium size, the largest we saw scarcely eight feet in length; and otters barked at us from a safe distance. Parrots and macaws were noticeably scarce, and toucans were seldom seen; but the beautiful Pompador cotingas, several species of hawks, bitterns and tiger-birds, herons, egrets, pigeons, and glossy ibis, as well as small birds, were very abundant. Several times, too, we caught glimpses of the magnificent harpy eagle, perched on dead trees or wheeling on ten-foot pinions far above the interminable forest. Sometimes troops of monkeys chattered at us from the verdure of the banks, and tapir and peccary tracks were seen whenever we landed, but no four-footed game ventured within sight.

We skirted several small savannas and a number of lakes, passing one morning a large savanna about ten miles long and five miles wide, which was not indicated on any map. The high forest had now been left behind, and the low, flat country was covered with a dense growth of shrub, stretching away for miles to the distant hills and mountains. Progress was slow and difficult, for the stream turned and twisted in short bends; it was choked by tacubas and sand-bars, and the men were compelled to follow a most erratic zigzag course to avoid obstacles in one spot and water too deep for their poles in another.

When the last of the savannas and ponds were passed the brush gave way to lofty trees, and once more we were in the heart of the forest. Here the river often narrowed to a few feet in width and many logs were seen, caught in the branches of trees twenty feet or more above our heads, evidences of the tremendous rise and irresistible force of the river during freshets, when the water backed up in the narrow reaches and overflowed the country for miles on every hand.



Cutting a path through the thick undergrowth.

In many places the banks had been undermined and immense trees had fallen across the river, and upon these a tangle of vines, creepers, lianas, and air-plants had grown, the whole forming a dense, impenetrable barrier across the

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stream. Only by hewing a way through these masses could we push on, and sometimes from early morning until late afternoon we laboured steadily, hacking, chopping, cutting, and prising away these accumulations of tacubas, and scarce progressing a yard an hour.

Hitherto we had been favoured with pleasant sunny weather, but now the rain came down in torrents, and for the next ten days and nights we were constantly soaked to the skin. It was impossible to keep anything dry, and difficult even to light fires or to cook any food. We were almost eaten alive by mosquitoes, and the minute flesh-coloured "Mabuli" ticks swarmed and buried themselves in our skins by hundreds whenever we ventured into the bush in search of game.

"The Indians were right when they said the river 'came forth from a hole in the mountains.' I had literally run the river to earth."

On the second day of this abominable weather we reached a district utterly forlorn and desolate, the area destroyed by the terrible forest fires of 1913, where as far as eye could see the dead and blackened trees stood like gaunt skeletons above the tangled growth of saw-grass, brush, and creepers which covered the earth with a breast-high, impassable jungle.

Then floating masses of yellow foam were met; we knew we were nearing our goal, and early in the afternoon we shoved the boat ashore at the foot of Canister Falls. At the summit of the high sandbank were the tumbledown, deserted buildings of the Bugle Company, and we lost no time in seeking the meagre shelter they afforded. Here at least we could build fires and dry our soaking clothes and sodden hammocks, and it seemed a veritable luxury to have a roof over our heads, albeit innumerable miniature cataracts and rivulets of water found their way through the holes in the rotten thatch.

Exhausted as we were, we had little time to linger here, for provisions were becoming woefully low owing to the lack of game and fish on which we had counted, and as soon as we had eaten and our garments and belongings were dry we set forth on foot towards the source of the river and the mysterious mountains.

For some distance we clambered up the Falls, the rocky bed of the river forming an easier pathway than the forest, and ever and anon we stopped to gaze in wonder and admiration at the weird, wild beauty of the spot. Titanic boulders of the multi-coloured conglomerate were scattered about, and the solid ledges were cut into canyons and gorges, among which the stream divided and split and formed a hundred tumbling cataracts and roaring cascades, often disappearing from sight in the chasms or spreading into miniature lakes over the ledges, which gleamed and glistened through the shallow water as though studded with millions of priceless gems.

Soon we were compelled to abandon the bed of the river and enter the woods. Here travelling was difficult indeed, for the forest which clothed the mountain-side, hid a chaotic mass of huge rocks and boulders, which formed the slopes. Over and under these slippery moss-grown masses we crawled, slid, slipped, and floundered, constantly plunging into or leaping across the innumerable rushing streams which issued from the crevices and caverns between the gigantic boulders. But a ducking was of no moment, for we were so thoroughly drenched that we scarcely knew when we were in the water or on the land.

At last we reached a fairly level stretch of forest upon the borders of a little tranquil lake above the head of the Falls. It was easy travelling now, and for mile after mile we tramped on, following numerous game trails, cutting a way through dense jungles, and at times proceeding along the narrow strip of shore bordering the river. Meanwhile, the ceaseless torrential downpour increased, the forest became a huge morass, and the tumbling streams from the mountain were transformed into roaring torrents. By an exhausting forced march, made indescribably difficult by the ceaseless rain, the mud, the

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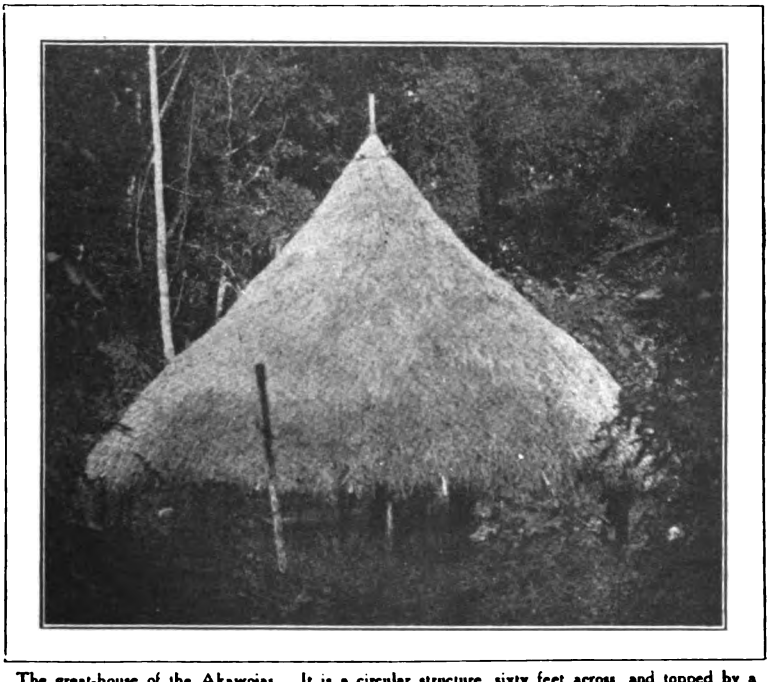
torturing ticks, the fallen trees, and the rough, broken country, I succeeded at last in reaching the foot of the mountains. For near two thousand feet they rose above the forest, towering, butte-like ramparts; their summits worn into grotesque forms, their lower slopes a mass of broken conglomerate covered with jungle, from which a myriad streams gushed forth to form the Demerara. Amid the moss-grown, fern-draped rocks, countless cascades tumbled through the greenery, all pouring their waters into the miniature lake from which the mighty river started on its long and tortuous journey to the distant sea. In one spot a water-worn ledge bordered the pond, and from dark caverns in its face water issued in bubbling springs. Truly the Indians were right when they said the river "came forth from a hole in the mountains"; I had found the source of the Demerara, I had literally run the river to earth.

It being impossible to ascend the mountains under such weather conditions, we sought for the trail leading to the Akuria village. It was a long time before we located it, and even then we had the greatest difficulty in following it, for it divided, forked, and disappeared time and time again. Several times we followed it for weary miles, only to find that it ended in an indefinite maze of game paths or an impassable jungle. Again and again we retraced our lagging steps, and at last found what appeared to be a fresh and oft-travelled path. Backwards and forwards through the dripping, sodden forest it wound; for hour after hour we trudged doggedly on; the path seemed interminable, and a dozen times we were on the point of turning back convinced that the trail led through to the Berbice or had no end. Then we caught the distant sound of a dog's bark and, encouraged, hurried forward. Presently we reached a large new clearing, and our spirits rose, for, hanging upon a stump, like the skeleton of a scarecrow, was a Parasara suit, and we knew that Indians were close at hand.

Rapidly we hurried forward, and a moment later came in full view of the Akuria village. In a small clearing, bare of vegetation, it stood, sharply outlined against the dark forest beyond, and thus hidden, here in the depths of the unknown bush, this tiny settlement of a disappearing race was picturesque to a degree, perfect in its setting, and fascinating to me for its strangeness, for it was totally different from any Indian camp I had ever seen.

In the centre stood an enormous circular house, some sixty feet in diameter, and with its steep conical roof of palm-thatch ending in a central post full fifty feet above the ground Clustered about this central structure, in more or less circular array, were a dozen or more smaller buildings, mostly square or rectangular, with peaked thatched roofs and open sides. Our approach had been noted, and from the great round benab a number of brown-skinned children and a man or two peered curiously forth, while with blows and sharp words they quieted and drove off the snarling, snapping curs which disputed our way.



The great-house of the Akawoias. It is a circular structure, sixty feet across, and topped by a central post fifty feet above the earth.

Stooping low we entered the building, leaving the sopping, rain-filled, dismal world behind, and

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An Indian woman in "full" dress. Most of the women were clothed only in bead aprons and smooth brown skins.

looked curiously about. Between the supporting posts were slung a score of hammocks, and every post was decorated with strange devices in black and red pigments, each the totem or family mark of the Indians who occupied that section of the building. On the rafters overhead were stored bows and arrows, blow-guns, and quivers of poisoned darts, a few ancient muzzle-loading guns, and some decorated drums. About the earthen floor were scattered calabashes, rough unglazed pots, cassava graters and sieves, baskets, and rudely-carved wooden stools, while in the thatch were tucked half-finished arrows, bunches of curassow and macaw feathers, skulls and teeth of animals, beautifully-carved stirrers, cotton spindles, and various small articles. Here and there a gorgeous feather head-dress, or a sheaf of bright-hued feathers, gave splashes of brilliant colour to the smoke-browned interior, and near each hammock a fire glowed brightly and filled the atmosphere with pungent, aromatic smoke and a most welcome warmth and dryness. Everything was wonderfully neat and clean, a marvellous contrast to the filthy, evil-smelling benabs of the drinking Akawoias down the river.

At first sight the big benab seemed deserted, for only one or two men, a couple of women, and a few children were visible, but the "hang" of the hammocks was suspicious, and an investigation disclosed a girl or woman shyly hiding herself in each cocoon-like refuge.

Oddly enough, some of these Akuria women wore garments of a sort; some a single, skirt-like frock suspended from one shoulder, others a petticoat-like skirt of scarlet cloth, while the majority were clad only in their beautifully-woven "queyus," or bead-aprons, and their smooth brown skins. The men wore naught save their laps or loin-cloths, of scarlet cloth, and men and women alike were undersized, heavily built, pot-bellied, and very homely—even for Indians. Most of the villagers, it transpired, were absent, tilling the fields or hunting, and at a word from one of the women several boys and girls scurried out into the rain to notify the other Akurias of our arrival.

Meanwhile, we carried on a conversation with those present in the Akawoia tongue, and gradually, curiosity overcoming their shyness, the occupants of the hammocks emerged from their chrysalides and drew near, and soon all were chatting and laughing over the presents I distributed.

Presently the men and women arrived from the fields, and the great-house was filled with a score of the Indians, a gathering of dwarfs seemingly, for many of the women were under five feet in height, and the men were little taller, the tallest man being five feet four and a half inches and the tallest woman five feet two inches, while the average height of the men proved to be five feet two inches and of the women five feet.

In colour the Akurias ranged from a clear

An Akurian chief whom the Author doctored.

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brownish-yellow to a pronounced red—the only really "red" Indians I have ever seen; but the predominant shade was a pinkish-brown or madder, very different from the other Guiana tribes. They were a wonderfully good-natured, light-hearted lot, despite their gnomish appearance, and while many were repulsively ugly owing to the disfiguring scars of smallpox, yet others, especially the younger members of the tribe, were beautifully built and remarkably good-looking bucks. But whatever their physical appearance, they were marvellously interesting as representatives of a tribe of which little or nothing is known and whose presence in British Guiana has not been suspected hitherto.

In some respects the Akurias are very distinct from all other tribes of Guiana. Thus they are communistic, the large benab in the centre of the village serving as a common meeting and living room for all, with the exception of those who are ill, newly-married couples, women about to bear or who have just borne children, and men confined to their hammocks through the curious custom of couvade. These occupy the small buildings scattered about the clearing, each of which belongs to a family, the single men and women having no benabs of their own. Fields, crops, and provisions are owned in common, and all members of the village take part in tilling the soil, hunting, felling trees, and building houses; but weapons, utensils, ornaments, etc., are the private property of individuals. In weapons, ornaments, accessories of dances, and physical characters, as well as in their customs and mode of life, the Akurias are distinct from every other Guiana tribe.

The old Peaiman, or chief of the village, was suffering tortures and was almost blind from ophthalmia, and after some time I succeeded in inducing him to submit to my treatment. A twenty per cent. solution of argerol was dropped into his eyes, and his improvement was so rapid and his relief so great that he was firmly convinced I used sorcery. His respect for my power and his appreciation of my services were so great—as he expressed it, my peai was stronger than his—that he presented me with his most sacred and cherished possession—his balata mask, although before so doing he went through a weird and mystical process of removing its magical power. Then, not satisfied that he had amply repaid or appeased me, he explained how the mask was used.

The "governor" appeared to command little respect from his subjects, and was evidently a ruler in name only. I was told that no Akuria had more than one wife—which did not surprise me when I looked upon the fat and far from attractive ladies of the village—and that there were no marriage or burial ceremonies. As far as I could learn, the people had no legends as to the origin of the tribe.

So interesting did the Akurias prove, and so much of value and novelty was obtained at their village, that all the hardships and sufferings of my trip were forgotten; but they came back to us with redoubled force when, bidding farewell to the Akurias, we again set forth on our way towards civilization. Of the return trip little need be said. It was a succession of nightmarish days, of deluging rain, of unspeakable hardships and discomforts, of pestilential insects, of poor and insufficient food, and of sleepless nights.

Never have I felt more thankful than when, at last, we reached Malali and for the first time in many weeks we could dry our clothes, could sleep in dry hammocks protected from constant drenchings, and could secure decent food. But the hardships, the swarms of Anopholes mosquitoes, and the long and constant exposure had won, and for days after my return I was down with a nearly fatal dose of malignant malaria, my first attack in fifteen years. But such things are all in the day's work of those who would wrest Nature's secrets from the depths of the vast tropical bush. I had accomplished my purpose; I had been where no other white man had trod, I had found an unknown tribe, I had been to the Demerara's head. The results were all that mattered, and I felt that the end justified the means.

The Akurian chief wearing his magic mask which he presented to the Author.

(Next month the Author will describe his journey through the wilderness to the little-known Kaietuerk Falls).

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Tales of the Service.

VII.—THE SACCHARINE SMUGGLERS.

By ALAN TEMPLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. H. ROBINSON.

The Author, a Custom-House officer, herein relates a thrilling experience he and another Service man had with a band of saccharine smugglers off the Irish Coast. "The story is perfectly true," he writes, "and will be recalled by many men in the Service."

A FEW years before the war, whilst stationed at Waterford, Ireland, I made the acquaintance of a Coastguard named Ben Leader. Having many interests in common, we soon became great friends. Often, when off duty, he would drop in at my bachelor rooms for a yarn and a smoke, and occasionally I would join him in a stroll along the coast. He was a big, bluff man, somewhere in the fifties, and had spent the greater part of his life in the Service. His father and grandfather before him had been Coastguards, and he had been brought up with the one idea that he also should become a Coastguard. His only complaint was that life in the Service was inclined to be tame, and that the good old gory days, of which his father used to tell, were gone for ever. The vigilance of the Coastguard Service made smuggling a game that was not worth the candle.

One night, however, he burst in on me in a state of great excitement, declaring that instructions had just come through from headquarters to the effect that we were to keep a sharp look-out, for it was believed that during the past few weeks a large quantity of saccharine had been smuggled through the district. If the statement were true, the chances were that further attempts would be made to smuggle more of this commodity into the country.

A few nights later, after supper, I strolled down to the watch-house and inquired for Ben. I was informed that he was out on his rounds, but was expected back soon, so I decided to wait. Of course, I knew all the Coastguards, and we became so engrossed in conversation that we failed to notice how the time was flying. Ben was by this time considerably overdue; but in this we saw no cause for alarm, as we supposed that, having completed his patrol, he had gone straight home.

It was a little later when I was preparing to depart that the door was suddenly thrown open, and into the room there staggered a dishevelled figure in uniform. We stared at the apparition in open-mouthed amazement. It was Ben! He was on the point of collapse, and for a moment stood swaying, supporting himself by the table. Then, before we could reach him, his body sagged and, strong man though he was, he fainted away. It was plain to see that he had been badly mauled; the blood still oozed from a nasty wound on the forehead. Now, thoroughly roused, we applied restoratives, and after a while brought him back to consciousness.

After he had recovered somewhat he told us his story. He had been patrolling a strip of coast known as South Bay, when he had noticed a small schooner standing close in-shore. As he watched he had seen a signal given, which was immediately answered from some distance down the shore. Deeming this suspicious, he made up his mind to investigate, and had crept cautiously towards the spot where the answering signal had been displayed, and where he could still see the faint glow of a lantern. Nearer and nearer he approached his goal, until he could faintly discern the forms of several men grouped about a lantern placed on the sand. Then suddenly he had been attacked from behind. He had put up a good fight; but, hearing the commotion, the men he had been watching joined in the fray and had overpowered him, leaving him senseless. When consciousness returned he was alone.

"But," he concluded, gazing ruefully at his damaged knuckles, "I marked some of them, and they seem to have marked me, too!"

It was, of course, evident that something serious was afoot. Men do not congregate on the shore at night, and signal to vessels, unless they are engaged on some underhand work, and from the way Leader had been treated it was apparent that they did not intend to have their game spoilt by spies.

We were, at first, somewhat at a loss to know what to do, but it struck me that the most essential thing was to discover the vessel that Leader had seen signalling. It would probably be a waste of time to attempt to trace the Coastguard's assailants. As regards the schooner, she could either have put in at Waterford or some other port, or have made out to sea.

It did not take me long to discover that a small French schooner, closely answering the description of the wanted vessel, had actually arrived at Waterford just after midnight; and I immediately instituted a thorough

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"He had put up a good fight."

rummage. The vessel was searched from stem to stern, but nothing in the way of contraband was discovered, and we had no option but to allow the vessel to clear. She was a regular trader, called the *Papillon*, making monthly voyages between Waterford and France, and we could do nothing but wait until she again returned to Ireland.

However, we determined to benefit by the enforced wait, and to make plans to ensure the capture of the smugglers when next they attempted to land a cargo of contraband. We had only a small force at our disposal, but by strategy we hoped to outweigh any superiority of numbers. Our party consisted of Ben Leader, three other Coastguards, and myself; whilst the smugglers were more or less an unknown quantity. By common consent I was elected commander of our party, and determined to stake all upon one throw. It would be more than useless to keep up a constant patrol of the coast, as the smugglers would be certain to keep a strict watch upon our movements, and so I laid my plans to put them off the scent. For this purpose I enlisted the services of Ben Leader's little lad, who was overjoyed at the proposal of helping his father, and to whose astuteness and fidelity we largely owed the ultimate success of our scheme.

It seemed to me most likely that the smugglers lived in Waterford, as probably they would think that the best hiding-place would be in a populous town, and accordingly I arranged that, when the time of the *Papillon's* return drew near, young Leader should be posted on the road from Waterford to South Bay. Should he see a number of men going towards the sea he was to inform us with all possible speed, when we would at once take steps to round them up.

At last the time drew near. Every evening, as soon as it began to grow dark, the little lad took up his position, and watched until we thought it advisable to call him off. He was a plucky youngster, without an atom of fear in his make-up, and he seemed to take the greatest delight in participating in what might turn out to be a dangerous game.

For several nights nothing happened, and we were beginning to fear that our quarry had taken alarm and would not show up, when one night our youthful assistant dashed into the watch-house with the news that he had seen a number of men going towards South Bay. The time for action had arrived, and we started for the shore. Ben and I carried revolvers, and the others were armed with stout blackthorns, which make useful weapons in a scrimmage.

It did not take us long to reach our goal. The sky was somewhat overcast, permitting only an occasional glimpse of moonlight. Having arrived, we took as much cover as possible, and gazed eagerly seawards. On the sand, near the water's edge, we descried a small group of men, and a burst of moonlight showed us that they had thrown out a picket of two men in the direction of Waterford. Controlling our excitement, we continued to watch, and presently perceived the lights of a small vessel that was making close in-shore.

Then came the signal-light, and the men on the shore flashed out a reply. A few minutes later a faint screeching of rowlocks told us that a boat was coming ashore, and we prepared to make a move. Spreading out so as to cut off the gang on the landward side, we rushed them, driving in the outposts as we went. We took them completely by surprise, and the men in the boat vainly endeavoured to push off, until the threat of our revolvers cowed them.

We were, however, surprised that they should

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submit to capture so quietly. We had expected a stiff fight, and they scarcely made a movement to resist. But we were soon to discover the reason. Full of excitement I searched the boat, only to realize that we had been duped. The boat was innocent of contraband!

Our prisoners seemed to enjoy the joke, laughing and chuckling amongst themselves at our discomfort. They deemed themselves secure, as legally we had no power to hold them. Mere suspicion counted for nothing. What was to be done? I had not the faintest doubt that their intention had been to smuggle a cargo ashore, but their ruse had been merely to draw us if we happened to be on the watch. Doubtless the contraband was still on board the schooner, and would now be dumped overboard before reaching port.

In the circumstances there was only one thing to be done, and that was to search the schooner, so, calling Ben aside, I told him what I proposed doing. The only drawback to the plan was that we should be compelled to divide our small force; but there was no help for it. We had to take the risk, or relinquish the whole project. Handing over our revolvers to those who were to remain and guard the prisoners, Ben and I commandeered the ship's boat, and pulled out to the schooner. So far, no alarm had reached those on board, and we hoped to effect a surprise. This we succeeded in doing, for we were standing on deck before it was discovered that we were not the two members of the crew who had gone ashore.

Now that we were actually standing on deck I did not like the look of things. We were unarmed save for the cudgels we had received in exchange for our revolvers; and the crew looked an ugly lot. Once or twice they tried to jostle us; but we managed to keep them at arm's-length. Without further beating about the bush, I demanded to search the vessel, and surlily enough, when satisfied with my credentials, the captain piped off a man to show us round. We had, however, no desire to be cornered below-decks, and so we quickly arranged that Ben should stand guard at the companion-way whilst I rummaged.

Keeping the sailor in front of me, I searched the vessel from deck to keel; but though I explored every corner and crevice, I failed to discover an ounce of contraband. Our plans had failed miserably, and I felt sick when I thought of the consequence. If the captain chose to complain of my high-handed action, I should be in for a warm time. Of course, if we had discovered any contraband, I should have been praised for my prompt action; but I had failed, and should be fortunate if I received no worse punishment than a severe reprimand for what would now be termed an unadvised excess of zeal.

Quite disheartened at our non-success, I joined Leader, and asked the captain to put us ashore. The man was in a fury, and in a torrent of French and English consigned us to a warmer climate. I attempted to conciliate him; but it was useless. As for putting us ashore, he remarked that we had not asked his permission to come aboard, and we might return as best we could. The boat, I perceived, had been towed to its usual place at the stern of the vessel. I was calculating what chances we should have of making a rush for it, when the sound of a pistol-shot and shouts from the shore attracted our attention. Things were growing worse and worse. Evidently our shore-party were having trouble with the prisoners, and, to add further to our anxiety, I noticed that the mood of the crew was becoming uglier every minute.

Suddenly, at a sign from the captain, they made a concerted attack upon us. We had feared something of the kind, and backing against the bulwark, we struck out with our blackthorns. I laid one of our assailants low, and Leader accounted for another; but we were hopelessly outnumbered, and in a moment we were in the midst of a *mêlée* where our weapons were useless. Kicking, biting, and scratching, the crew swarmed over us like a crowd of wild-cats, knocking us down, and trampling us under their feet. Then, helpless and almost senseless from the punishment I had received, I was hoisted up, and the next moment I hit the water with a resounding splash, with Ben close behind me. The leave-taking was more unceremonious than I cared for.

Fortunately, we were both good swimmers, and on coming to the surface we struck out for the shore. On reaching *terra firma* we were greeted by our crestfallen colleagues. Taking advantage of the division of our forces, the prisoners had overpowered them and escaped. At the time, I thought it was just as well that they had done so, as we could not have held them on suspicion alone.

I felt sick of the whole affair. All our carefully-laid plans had gone astray; we had been baffled at every turn, and yet, at the back of my mind, I felt that, in spite of appearances, we had been on the right track. I felt instinctively that the intention of the gang had been to smuggle contraband goods ashore. But what had become of them? Had they dumped them overboard? I could not bring myself to think this. After all, they had no reason to do so. The captain of the *Papillon* had no suspicion that anything had gone wrong with their plans until we were actually on board the vessel, and I knew positively that they had dumped nothing overboard whilst Leader and I had been there.

Then suddenly an idea flashed through my mind; and I began to wonder if, at last, I had discovered the smugglers' ruse. I had heard of the same trick before, and it seemed to fit this case exactly. If they had actually attempted to smuggle contraband under our very noses, I could see no other plan by which they might hope to effect their purpose.

Full of excitement, I turned to my companions.

"Boys!" I cried, "I believe I've hit it! Where's the exact spot where the boat was beached?"

No doubt they thought I had taken leave of my senses; but I did not mind that. Judging as near as possible the spot where the boat had

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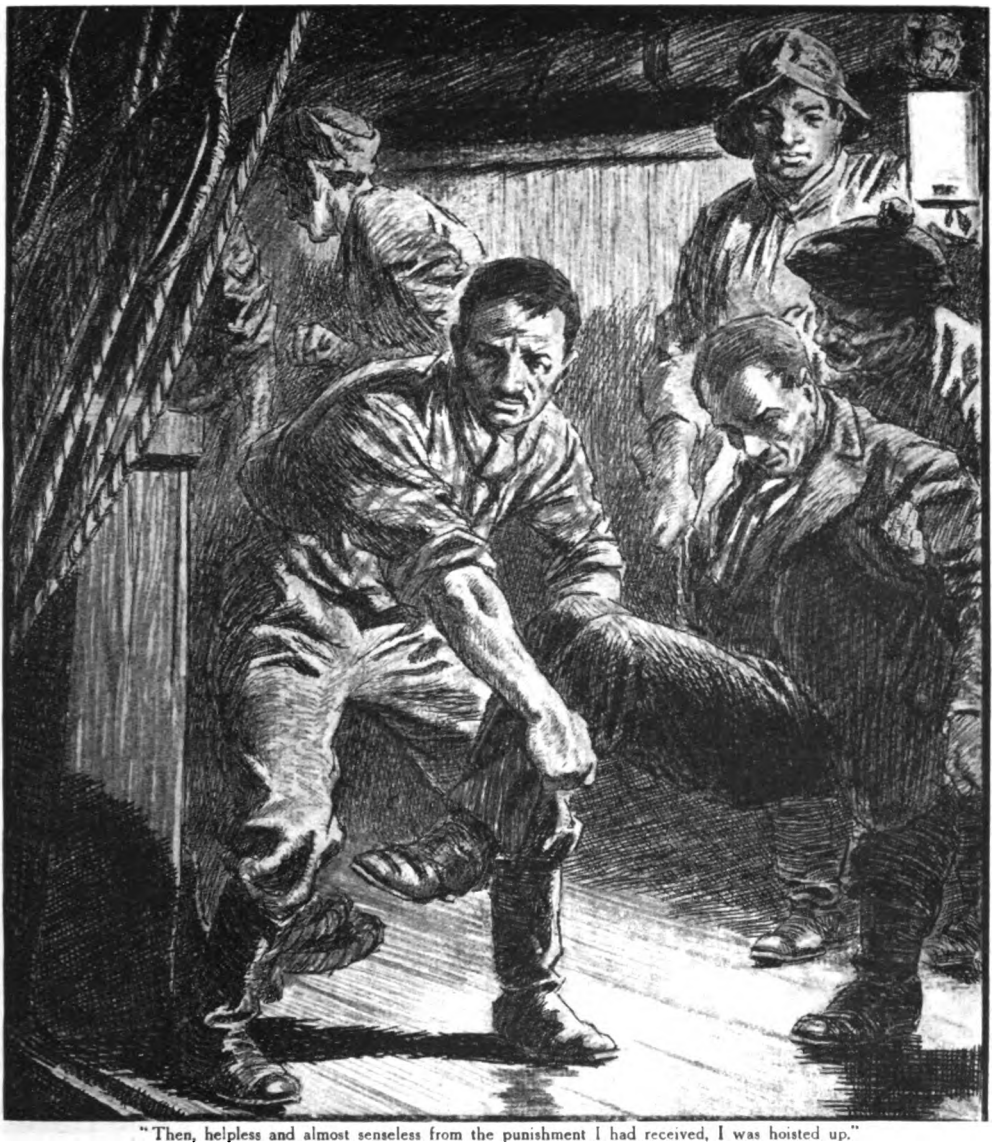

"Then, helpless and almost senseless from the punishment I had received, I was hoisted up."

been drawn up I dashed into the water, keeping as near as possible in the boat's course. The water was soon up to my knees, then to my waist; but with no result. I waded farther out. I was almost out of my depth when my feet became entangled and, losing my balance, I went under. Gasping and spluttering, half drowned by my unexpected immersion, I came to the surface. In my hand I held the rope that had entangled my feet. I started to pull upon it, crying to my companions for help.

"Come on, boys! Pull for all you're worth. We sha'n't go back empty-handed after all!"

With an effort we pulled our salvage clear of the water. Attached to one end of the rope was a heavy iron bar, and to the other end a dozen tair-sized tin kegs, each fitted with an air-tight cap. By this time the moonlight was sufficiently brilliant for us to see what we were about. As quickly as our trembling hands would permit, we unscrewed the caps. The tins contained a white glistening powder, packed so tightly as to almost form a solid block. A little on the tip of the tongue left a sickly, cloying sweetness in our mouths. It was saccharine! So, at the eleventh hour, we had turned failure into partial success. The smugglers' plan had been to leave their cargo hidden by the water until such time as they could remove it in safety. What better hiding-place could they have chosen?

Our only regret was that we had failed to hand the smugglers over to justice, but try as we might, we were unable to discover any trace of our late prisoners.

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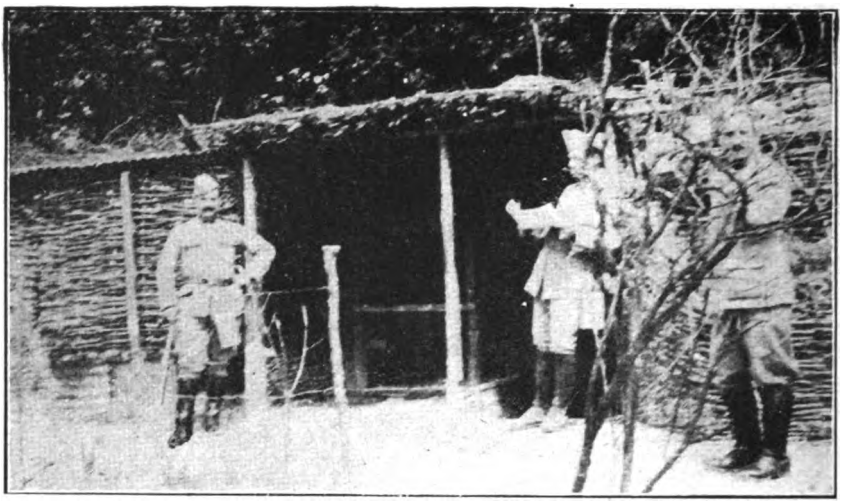


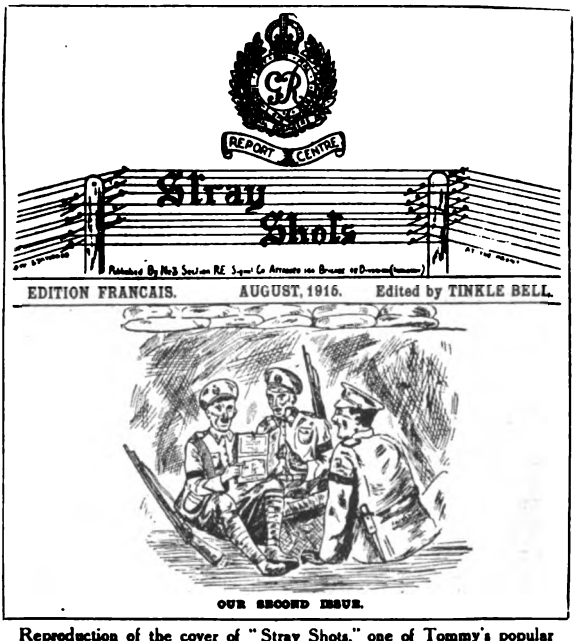
The home of a popular French trench newspaper. It is edited and produced in this shelter.

TRENCH JOURNALS.

By BERNARD ST. LAWRENCE.

What is the psychology of the men in the firing-line? Do they pull the long faces we sometimes see at home among the pessimists and grumblers? Or are they, amidst their untold dangers, light-hearted and bubbling over with fun and gaiety? The following pages, describing the irrepressible gaiety of French and English soldiers, as exemplified by some of their trench journals, will be found to answer these questions in a very satisfactory and amusing manner.

IN the trenches which wind from the North Sea to the Vosges, French, English, and American soldiers rival with each other in cracking jokes. Talk about traditional French gaiety—it is every bit as much in the blood of the British "Tommy" or American "Sammy" as in that of the French "Poilu." However hard the life of one or the other may be, however many shells may be coming from the Boches, there is always a smile on his lips and a good-natured or witty remark on the tip of his tongue. What a



Reproduction of the cover of "Stray Shots," one of Tommy's popular war journals.

contrast between his mental attitude and that of some of the grave individuals we see around us at home—to wit, the genus *homo pessimus*, who, on unfolding their daily papers in the morning, deluge us, at times, with a stream of lamentations and wholly spoil our tempers and our breakfasts. Even the cheerfulness of the most cheerful at home is not on a par with the spontaneous light-heartedness of the "Poilu" and his Allied friends; and a proof of this is to be found in the fact that the wit and humour of our home-made journals

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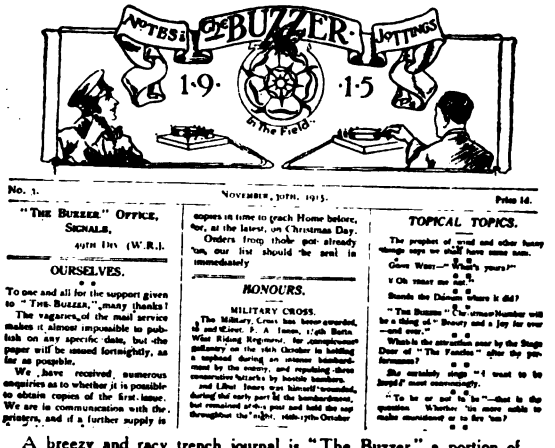
The First Surrey Rifles have a monthly magazine of their own, known as the "F.S.R."

have not wholly satisfied them; they had, perforce, to go in for journalism on their own account and supply just the sort of article, poem, or joke their psychology demands. This trench journalism is very revelatory of the character of our soldiers and will need a special chapter to itself when the great history of the war comes to be written.

Some of the periodicals which the soldiers print or reproduce by means of the cyclostyle, etc., within the zone of the Armies are already famous, and copies are eagerly sought for by collectors. Many of them, including the *Wipers Times*, contained so many good things that they have been reprinted in book form for the delectation of the civilian population. Others, equally excellent as regards the high spirits in which they are written, have not been so honoured, so I propose to give a few selections from them.



A breezy and racy trench journal is "The Buzzer," a portion of the front page of which is reproduced above.

Stray Shots, edited by Tinkle Bell for No. 3 Section of the Royal Engineers Signal Company, attached to the 144th Brigade of the 48th Infantry Division, gets in many a bull's-eye, whether it is criticizing the members of the Section or other people. Among the "Things We Want to Know," in a recent issue, are these:—

"Whether our worthy Editor would like to appear in town in the same attire as he was seen paddling in the trenches on Bank Holiday? (Marie Lloyd simply wasn't in it.)

"Who is running this war—the War Office or the *Daily Mail*?

"Is it true that the N.C.O. who recently went on leave had to ask his wife to put some grease and a few flies in his tea before he could drink it with any appreciable relish?

"And did he have great difficulty in eating his dinner from a plate, in fact had to finish up with a saucepan cover?"

In the *Gasper*, the unofficial organ of the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st (P.S.) Royal Fusiliers, there appeared, in the issue for March 15th, 1916, a neat little essay on "Gas," beginning: "There are many forms of gas, all bad, most of them poisonous, though, of course, some can be breathed longer than others. There is the gas of the N.C.O. when he tries to wake you up in the morning, which can be put up with by some men for quite a long time; the gas of the Sergeant-Instructor on a bayonet fighting or physical drill parade, which is really rather poisonous; and the gas of a 'Primus' stove, which is rather difficult to obtain, but the best of all gases when obtained."

Another contributor to this smart little

Reader (perusing letter from home): "We are always thinking of you out there in the blizzards and snowstorms, amidst the shot and shell!"

Listener: Yes! very nice: but I wish this sun wasn't so d—— hot."

Front page of "The Gasper," an unofficial organ of the Royal Fusiliers.

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The City of London Rifles have a paper of their own, "The Castironical."

journal contributed the following "liquid" Limerick, one of the best of that variety I have yet seen :—

"A Tommy went over to Arques
Beaucoup zigzag and out for a larques.
He said to ma'm'selle,
'Promenous-vous, ma Belle?'
But she smiled and said,
'Wait till it's darques.'"

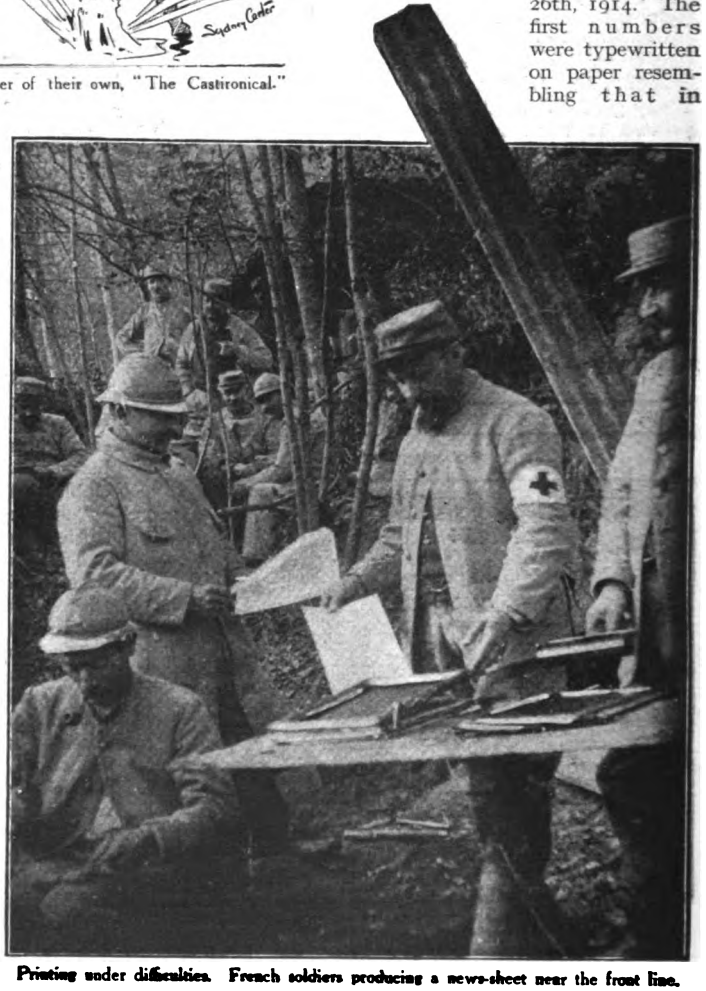
Jokes can often be squeezed out of the subject of beverage. Here is another from the columns of the *Gasper*, entitled "A Question of Size": Geordie (in an estaminet): "Two beers, miss, please." French Miss: "Oui, monsieur." Geordie: "Wee? No, not wee—big 'uns."

In the first number of the *Castironical*, the official organ of the 6th City of London Rifles, which first saw the light in March, 1916, I find it recorded by Canon Whitehouse, the *padre*, that a certain Bishop knew hardly more French than the thirsty Geordie.

"May the new-born magazine live and flourish as long as the great war lasts," writes the Canon, "and my personal wish to every man in the regiment is what one of our good Bishops meant, but certainly did not say, when, in addressing a battalion of French soldiers in what he fondly believed was their native tongue, he expressed the hope that they would be *blessés tous les jours*. Poor beggars. He might have given 'em one day off in the week."

Verily a little knowledge of the French language is a dangerous thing. That good Bishop must indeed have been a simple soul to imagine that the word "*blessés*" (wounded) meant "blessed."

Most, if not all, of these British trench journals were printed from the very beginning of their existence on excellent paper and with clear type. Not so the first numbers of the French journals, the oldest of which is the *Echo de l'Argonne*, which began publication on October 26th, 1914. The first numbers were typewritten on paper resembling that in



Printing under difficulties. French soldiers producing a news-sheet near the front line.

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Specimen page of the journal "Face à L'Est." The photograph on the preceding page shows how it was produced.

which butter used to be wrapped. Nevertheless, what a high literary standard is to be noted in the columns of this little paper! Even the ordinary "poilu" is able to express himself with elegance and wit—the natural characteristics of his race. There was a ballad inspired by an ox—"*La Ballade du Bœuf*"—in one of the first issues that would not have been out of place in such a high-class literary organ as *La Vie Parisienne*.

What tremendous difficulties some of these "poilus" had in bringing out their journals! Take, for instance, the case of the *Fanion*, the illustrated organ of the 154th Territorials, which was founded by a talented painter named Bonneton. He and his collaborators had the necessary paper and ink, but they lacked the

A French trench war paper that is always full of good articles, "Le Poilu St. Emilionnais."

Reproduction of the front page of "Marmita," a popular French war journal.

gelatine substance for making the copying machine. The country in the neighbourhood of their trench was searched far and wide, but in vain. At last, however, by sending to a distant town they got what was wanted and set to work to "pull" the first impression of one hundred copies. Just as they had finished a German 77mm. shell came and smashed everything up. Indefatigably they began again, and this time the alert little paper was properly launched. A rare journal that, containing excellent drawings of shattered villages, with such light-hearted descriptions

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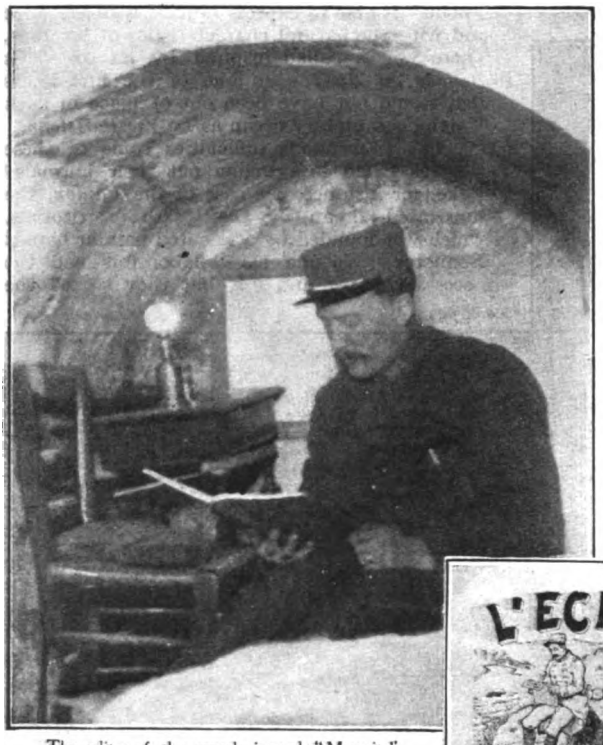

The editor of the trench journal "Marmita" in his den—a dug-out on the Front.

as the following: "Judging by the photographs sent to us, and reproduction of which we give below, our Editor must be in Italy, visiting the ruins caused by the recent earthquakes."

There is a very long list of these early trench journals, the majority of which have been collected by Mr. Charles de La Ronciere, who has deposited them at the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, for the benefit of the future historians of the war. They include *Le Petit Echo du 18e Régiment d'infanterie territoriale*, which was very artistically edited by Corporal Huhuet and autographed in many colours; *L'Echo des Tranchées*, the Editor of which was the famous short-story writer Paul Reboux, and which contained articles and poems by such writers as Poincaré and Rostand, Theodore Botrel and Henri de Regnier; and the *Echo du Ravin*, the organ of the 41st Chasseurs, which boasted of a private wire connecting the office with abroad—the barbed wire reaching right up the trenches of the Boches.

Face à l'Est, started in Argonne on August 1st, 1915, by the 91st Territorial Regiment, also deserves special mention. Its fourth number did not come out until October 10th, for the very good reason that the Boches kept its writers and artists busy almost day and night. But it was again a case of "*On ne passera pas*," and the day came when such writers as Dr. Moret could continue his caustic articles, under the heading "*Le Jardin du becheur*," on the officers of the regiment. Note that this journal—a reproduction of the first page of the first issue is given on the previous page—"appeared every Sunday, if shells do not interfere," and that the subscription "for the duration of the war" was only five francs.

Another paper with an "intermittent and reduced circulation" was *Le Poilu St. Emilionnais*, which was edited by the Abbé Bergey, the brave *curé* of St. Emilion and the *padre* of the 36th Division. This fine fellow has been many times named in army orders, and as much for his work in keeping up the spirits of the men by his writings as for personal bravery on the field of battle has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

L'ECHO DES GOURBIS

JOURNAL ANTI PÉRIODIQUE

DES TRANCHÉES ET BOYAUX

ORGANE DES TRAGLODYTES DU FRONT

N° 4 — JUIN 1915

ABONNEMENTS:

Le Numéro 5 c.

UNE CARTE DU PRÉSIDENT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE

UNE LETTRE DE MADAME POINCARÉ

aux Soldats, à leurs Familles, à l'Echo des Gourbis

CARTE

PRÉSIDENT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE

RAYMOND POINCARÉ

LETTRE

MADAME POINCARÉ

PALAIS DE L'ELYSÉE

HENRIETTE POINCARÉ

Although edited and printed near the firing-line, "L'Echo des Gourbis" often contains articles and messages from the leading people of the Republic.

Do not imagine for one moment that *Le Poilu St. Emilionnais* contained nothing but sermons and patriotic appeals. You can read therein such joyous "spoof" advertisements as the following:—

LOST

On the banks of the Marne an unfortunate

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German, answering to the name of "VICTORY." Has wandered whilst on his way to Paris. Anyone bringing him back to

MR. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN

will be handsomely rewarded.

There is a good deal of point, too, in the following "musical programme":—

STRIKING CONCERTS.

Every day, about 5 o'clock, there will be a Striking Concert given by the artists of the 36th Division, with the object of keeping up the *moral* of the troops in the field. Some of the items will be:—

THE JOYOUS CARTRIDGE.—A song by the tenor Defort, the well-known 75 of the European Concerts.

BOCHES? WHO REST WITH YOU?—An alarm song by Rimailho, the great bass of the Theatre of Operations.

UP, BLOCKHEADS!—A mystic song by Mr. Hundred and Twenty Long, the barytone of the Triple Entente.

BOCHE IN THE AIR.—A sentimental romance by the young Mr. Eighty de Montagne.

SILENCE! — YOU DISTRACT ME! — A comic Duo by Jack Johnson and Trench Bomb, of the Crown Prince and Von Kluck Concerts.

MOVE ON!—A final Chorus by all the artists. The couplets will be executed with fixed bayonets by Pitou de France (the French soldier).

Pianoforte accompaniment by the Misses Machine-gun and Lebel, whose praises need not be sung.

Entrance free.

NOTE.—The management does not hold itself responsible for accidents.

Like the journal of the Abbé Bergey, *Marmita*, the anecdotal and humorous

A LILLE

A typical joke from the pages of "Marmita." It reads:—
German Officer to French Lady (at whose house he is billeted): "If you wished to remain French, where would you go when Lille becomes German?"
Lady: "Oh! That's very easily answered. To Alsace."

paper of the 267th Regiment, which was born on the banks of the Aisne at the beginning of 1915, is beautifully printed. The printing office is in Paris, but the editorial sanctum sanctorum is a dug-out, as can be seen from one of our photographs. It is edited by the well-known Montmartre singer Courcel (known in the army as Adjutant Paul Clerouc), and he has grouped around him a number of clever writers and illustrators, including Professor A. Roux, the art-critic, and the engraver A. Deslignieres. Cartoons have been a great feature in *Marmita*. We reproduce a typical one criticizing the presumption of the enemy at Lille.

L'Echo des Gourbis, the first number of which was published in the summer of 1915, calls itself "the organ of the Troglodytes at the Front." No. 4—the front page of which we reproduce in facsimile—had the honour of receiving communications from M. Poincaré, the President of the Republic, and Mme. Poincaré.

All the Allies thus possess trench journals. The leading review on the Belgian Front bears the excellent title "*Le Périscope*." The proceeds from the sales are handed to the Belgian Red Cross. The very latest addition to trench journalism is *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force. As will be seen, it has all the appearance of an up-to-date United States journal. The first number came out in February of this year; it is sold for fifty centimes a copy, and it contains not only news of the movements of the American boys in France, but such admirable verses as the following, printed

The Belgian soldiers have a newspaper of their own, "Le Périscope," the cover of which is reproduced above.

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beneath the picture of a former base-ball player throwing a hand-grenade into the German trenches :—

The outfield is a-creepin' in to catch the Kaiser's pop,
And here's a southpaw twirler with a lot of vim and hop.

He's tossed the horsehide far away to plug the hand grenade ;
What matter if on muddy ground this game of war is played ?
He'll last through extra innings and he'll hit as well as pitch ;
His smoking Texas Leaguers'll make the Fritzies seek the ditch.

He's just about to groove it toward a ducking Fritzie's bean,
His cross fire is the puzzlingest that ever yet was seen,
His spitter is a deadly thing; his little inshoot curve
Will graze some Heinie's heaving ribs and make him lose his nerve.

Up in the air he never goes; he always cuts the plate,
No matter if the bleachers rise and start " The Hymn of Hate " ;
And pacifistic coaching never once has got his goat —
Just watch him heave across the top the latest Yankee note.

The Boches claim the Umpire is a-sidin' with their nine,
But we are not the boobs to fall for such a phony line ;
We know the game is fair and square, decisions on the level ;
The only boost the Kaiser gets is from his pal the Devil.

The series now is opened and the band begins to play,
The batteries are warming up ; the crowd shouts " Hip-Hurray."
The catcher is a-wingin' 'em to second, third, and first,
And if a Heinie tries to steal, he's sure to get the worst.

So watch the southpaw twirler in his uniform O.D.
Retire to the players' bench the Boches—one two, three.
He'll never walk a bloomin' one, nor let 'em hit it out—
Just watch him make 'em fan the air and put the Hun to rout.

What a difference between these bright and spontaneous British, French, and American trench journals and those brought out on the other side of " No Man's Land " ; and with this striking comparison I will conclude. With the Huns we find *Hurrah*, the *Deutsche Soldaten Post*, published at Briey, the *Bapaumer Zeitung*, and various similar sheets without the slightest originality. Clearly, the soldiers who are supposed to edit and write for these periodicals have very little say in the matter ; they are published under the auspices of the Boche military authorities and are merely impudent propaganda pamphlets. In brief, they contain faked photographs and lying articles intended to deceive the soldiers—to make them believe that the Allies are ready to crave for peace, that Malines was burnt by the Belgians, that we are on the verge of revolution, and that the war will soon be over if they will only fight on a few weeks longer.

The Stars and Stripes

The Official Newspaper of the A.E.F.

By and For the Soldiers of the A.E.F.

FRESH FROM TRENCHES TO DELIGHTS OF AIX

WORLD'S SERIES OPENED—BATTER UP!

NEW VALOR CROSS AND MEDAL FOR A.E.F.

"The Stars and Stripes" is the appropriate title of Sammy's journal at the Front.

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A SLOW REVENGE

By R. LANGDON.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. F. SHERIE.

How a sugar-planter in Zululand, whose brain had no doubt been affected by the heat, endeavoured to cure his young wife of her hatred of snakes, and its tragic sequel. "The story," writes the Author, "is perfectly true, and the incidents happened just as I have described them."

IF you look at a map of South Africa and run your finger up the East Coast past Natal, you will discover that Zululand lies next and nearer to the Equator. I mention this, for it will suggest to you something of the climate and heat; it was the heat perhaps that to some extent accounted for the strange change in my cousin Jack, and as I look back I like to think that it very largely made the difference in his character and accounted for the misery that he caused, finally ending in tragedy. I realize that I, too, at that time, must have altered, or I should never have planned the revenge that I did. I must not anticipate, but I will go back far enough to put you into touch with the circumstances that led up to the happenings during that nightmare of a year, seven years ago.

Jack and I were cousins, born and brought up in Maine, U.S.A.; life was not very eventful till we reached young manhood, when our uncle, of whom we had heard very little, wrote to ask us if we would join him in a sugar proposition that he had become interested in during one of his many wanderings. Zululand seemed a long way off, but I suppose that the spice of adventure and change of scene appealed to us. We knew nothing of the type of life that we were to go to, but we went.

We found the farm far up the coast near the Umfolosi River. It was a typical sugar farm; hot, very hot, just the steamy heat that the cane seems to love. There was plenty of malaria if one was careless enough to get in its way; the wise planter retired behind his mosquito-proof screens before sundown. All the manual work was done by the natives, and fine specimens of the Zulu race they were, like children in disposition, happy, and easy to manage. Our work was to supervise and generally keep an eye on things.

At the end of a year nothing would dissuade Jack from sending for Dorris. He had known her for years and there had been some sort of understanding between them, I believe. She came, they were quietly married at the coast, and soon after came to the little wood and iron house that had been built for them. It was no place to bring a woman, least of all a woman who had never been far from her parents' roof. I did not see very much of them for some months, for I had gone up the coast to Beira to attend to some of my uncle's business there. When I returned I at once saw a change. Jack was no longer the same old chum as of yore; he was morose, sullen, and moody; even the natives noticed the difference, and the old headman told me that the "Baas was tagati." This alarmed me, for tagati means bewitched.

The change that had been wrought in Dorris was painful; she seemed to be perpetually perplexed; she had lost all the old spring of step and spirit. I had known her when she was a schoolgirl, and did what I could to reassure her, but I fear that my efforts were feeble. My remonstrances with Jack were worse than useless, for he turned upon me in a frenzy and would have struck me, I believe, had I not at once left him.

His changed temper and his strange imperiousness caused a great deal of trouble with the native labourers, who were quick to resent his more than arbitrary attitude. If the slightest thing went wrong on the farm he was hasty in the use of the sjambok, a cruel whip made of rhinoceros hide, and only to be used in moderation on the most stubborn draught animal. Matters went on in this style for some time, and I did all that I could to cheer Dorris and to lift the spirit of evil—for such it seemed—from my cousin, but all to no effect. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad" seemed to be working itself out before my very eyes.

Early one morning Jack was riding round with me when his favourite dog failed to come at once to his call. I could hardly believe my eyes when he dismounted and, taking a knobkerrie from one of the "boys" who happened to be near, felled his favourite with a blow.

"I told the brute to come, and I will be obeyed," was his only remark. This observation was typical of his mental attitude to all around him. He would not brook the slightest act that ran counter to his inclination and whim.

About a week later I was on my way home, if a three-roomed house run by native servants can be called a home, when he called to me from the end of one of the fire-breaks in the cane, "Come and have a smoke and a chat." This was by now so unusual from him that I turned my horse and joined him. Coming to the foot of his veranda we dismounted and were greeted by an angry hiss. This was not a very uncommon experience, for every type of obnoxious reptile seems to revel in the warmth of the coast strip. A deft cut with Jack's sjambok put an end to

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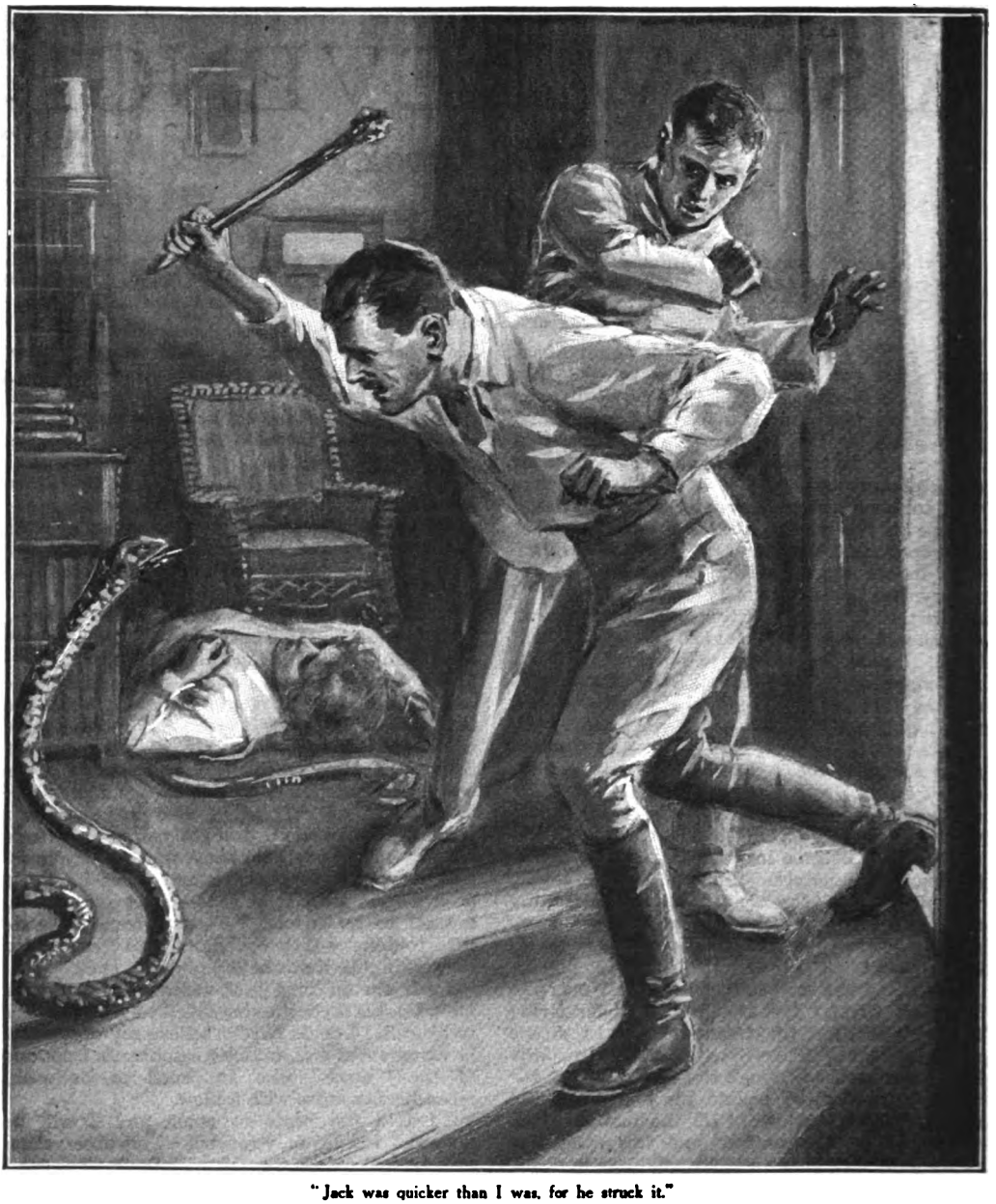

"Jack was quicker than I was, for he struck it."

any danger from that particular representative of the Mamba tribe of snakes. Personally, I hesitate to attack the mamba with anything but a gun, for they are incredibly swift in their movements and their bite is usually fatal within a few minutes. It is very seldom indeed that anyone recovers after a bite.

It was then that I think Jack must have become afflicted with another attack of what was wellnigh a madness. Dorris had all the instinctive hatred and loathing for snakes intensified. At times I know she would refuse to go on the shortest walk alone if the thought of the possibility of meeting a snake crossed her mind, and on more than one occasion she had roused Jack to one of his unreasoning attacks of fury by her refusal. He had more than once remarked that he would find out some method of curing her. What he believed to be an inspiration came to him as he saw the dead mamba.

He picked it up, holding it just behind the head. It was, of course, still writhing, as snakes will for some time after th y have been killed. Crossing the stoep he entered the room on the left

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and coiled it on the floor beside a small bookstack. There he left it and went into the room at the end of the passage that usually runs right through the houses; they are so constructed that they may take advantage of any small breeze that may be blowing. After a short while he made some excuse for sending his wife into the room where the snake lay coiled. He followed her up on tip-toe, and as soon as she entered he turned the key in the lock, remarking to me, "That will cure her if anything will."

Within a minute we heard a piercing shriek of, "The snake is biting me," followed by frantic appeals for help, and the sound of falling furniture. I rushed to open the door and to put an end to what seemed to me to be a cruel lesson. I knew that there was no real danger from the snake, for I was satisfied that it was dead. The madman barred my way. His eyes blazed fury, for I was attempting to thwart him as had done his dog. He grasped a knobkerrie, one of those native sticks with the weighted head, and dared me to pass. I attempted to argue with him, but all to no purpose. Meanwhile the cries were continued, but for some reason they grew weaker, and finally stopped with a low moan of, "Oh, Jack!"

When they ceased he quietly put the knobkerrie down with the remark: "By this time she has discovered that the brute is dead, and now perhaps I shall have no more of her folly in refusing to face a snake."

He turned and unlocked the door. I brushed past him and entered, to be met by a snake just inside the room. Jack was quicker than I was, for he struck it, leaning past me. To this day I can never arrange the events as they happened in that room during the next few minutes in their proper order. I can even now see before my eyes the body of Dorris stretched behind the bookstack, one arm, fearfully swollen, thrown above her head, and the bodies of two snakes, one still writhing and the other quite motionless. I at once realized what had happened. The mamba's mate had followed the trail of the one that Jack had killed, and when Dorris was appealing to him she was being bitten by the mate and not scared by the sight of the dead one.

The full horror of Dorris's death came upon me, and I realized at once what she must have suffered during those minutes when she was appealing to us, and I could conceive how she would stigmatize our brutality, for she would not have the time to appreciate that the only snake that she was intended to meet was a dead one. It was this, I think, as much as anything else, that turned my old affection for Jack into hatred and that prompted my next action. All my old love for him seemed to be turned into a vain tenderness towards the woman who lay there. I hated the sight of the man beside me. I do not suppose that any great hatred can be born in a moment; there must be a period during which it grows, and probably during the last few months, quite unknown to me, this change in my attitude to Jack had been taking place.

I seized him by the throat and shook him in my fury. Just what I said I do not recall, but I know that I promised him that just as he had for months tortured the dead girl before us, I too would torture him. I could not do it with the same refinement that he had been able to use, but by the promise of a death that should be delayed but inevitable, I was able to bring a look of fear into his eyes. As I relaxed my hold he quietly looked at me and remarked in a voice that was apparently quite calm: "I am really sorry. My lesson seems to have been far more drastic than I intended. It will not need to be repeated, will it?"

Of course, the man was mad, and I must have been mad too, or I should have realized the state of his mind. I flung him from me and left him with his dead. For days or weeks, I do not know which, I did not meet him. I do not even recall the funeral of the sweet woman who had been his wife, but I recall continually living over again those minutes during which I heard those terrible appeals for help. Many a time at night I found myself grappling with the madman in my attempt to reach that door, only to find that I was wrestling with one of the giant pythons that we meet in the cane. In the mornings I woke exhausted and with but one idea--how to avenge the death of Dorris. Twice I fired at Jack as he rode through the plantations. I had no idea of killing him then, for I wished to prolong the suspense. Once I bribed his Indian cook to give him enough poison to make him horribly ill. To be ill and alone on a sugar farm is about as near as one can get to a hell of isolation and desolation in this world.

Finally my madness culminated in a fixed determination to end his life. My mania suggested a poetic form of retribution. I managed to catch a night-adder—one of the small deadly snakes. I would introduce this into his bed, where the warmth would tempt it to remain till he disturbed it. I remember so well the lonely ride. I recall tying my horse up some distance from the house and then proceeding on foot for fear of disturbing him as he slept. It was a bright moonlight night, bright with the clarity of that wonderful Zululand night air. I had the adder in one of the small grass baskets made so well by the natives. I emerged from the patch of wattle-trees that grew round the south side of the house, and was preparing to stealthily cross the small patch of ground that had been coaxed by Dorris into the semblance of a garden, when I realized that someone was already walking there.

I watched, and to my astonishment it was Jack. He was busy doing something, and behind stood a native intently watching. I too stood and watched. He was carrying a large calabash that I had seen Dorris use so often when she tended her flowers, and with this he was carefully watering the bare ground, meanwhile talking in a gentle voice to himself. I waited till he passed the wattles behind which I had hastily stepped and there I listened. He was with Dorris, helping her to tend her garden as he did during the early happy days when first he brought her to this cursed land. He was using again the old terms of endearment and the old tender tones.

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I dropped the basket with its living instrument of death and leaned against a tree in an agony of spirit. My frame shook with the stress of long-sustained feelings and was torn by my old humanity reasserting itself. I must have stood there some time, for the native saw me and approached, and, drawing me on one side, told me that he, Jack's house-boy, had watched his master for many nights while he thus spent his time in the garden. He had never disturbed him, for he believed that the spirit of his late mistress walked with the " baas " at night.

"He was carefully watering the bare ground, meanwhile talking in a gentle voice to himself."

I must have made some noise, for I saw my cousin look around. I can still recall the look on his face in the light of the moon. It was the old Jack that I had known and loved; the old imperious hardness was gone; he was gentle as of old. He stood for some moments looking round, and then he spied me. What he did then accomplished what no words from him could have done. He held out his hand with the old glad gesture, forgetful of my hatred and threat, forgetful of all but his love for me, for he was living in the past. In that moment I became sane again, and I must have realized that love is more potent than hate. My hate was at once a thing of the past. All I saw was Jack, my cousin and old school-fellow, who needed someone to stand beside him. He had lost far more than I: he had suffered far more than I had.

I stepped forward and took his hand. More can be said in one grip of the hand than can be spoken in many hours. We knew and understood. We spent the rest of the night sitting on his stoep, smoking most of the time and saying very, very little. There was no need to talk; it needed a long silence to restore the old communion of bygone days. As day broke I rode over to my own bungalow tired, happy, and sane.

Within a month we had both disposed of our interests in the farms and were on the water for the old home. Jack was never the same again. He lived in the present, but I believe he walked with the spirit of the past. He lived for some years, but it was almost with a glad heart that I saw him pass away after a short severe illness, for though his body was with us, I believe that his spirit was often in that strange far-away land walking and talking again with the woman he loved.

He is at peace, and the love of the woman claimed his spirit as her own.

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The Romance of Fossil-Hunting

The jaws of a prehistoric shark. It had two hundred teeth, and is estimated to have had a length of eighty feet.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

During recent years our museums have been enriched with gigantic skeletons of prehistoric beasts. Here is an entertaining article describing how the fossilized bones of these monsters that once roamed this earth are discovered, excavated from the rocks, preserved and mounted—work that entails great hardships in the fields and no little skill in their final assembly. Indeed, hunting for these bones may be described as a new profession, brought about by the discovery of immense graveyards of these wonderful animals in the "Bad Lands" of the American Continent. Photographs by the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

THE recent discovery of the fossilized bones of a new crested Dinosaur, one of those giant land-animals that flourished millions of years ago, in Red Deer Canyon, in Alberta, Canada, calls attention to the work of the fossil-hunter.

During the last decade or so, these men, who make it their business to hunt for the remains of extinct animals, have over and over again astonished the scientific world by their remarkable finds. Our Natural History museums to-day boast of colossal skeletons of the huge beasts of the past, whose bones were discovered in remote parts of the earth by these enthusiastic hunters of this strange "game." They have unearthed huge lizards that weighed tons and measured eighty feet and more in length; monster rhinoceroses; strange horses that make the present-day creature look a mere pigmy; mammoth tigers and huge turtles, and giant flesh-eating birds, veritable monsters of the air, which have enabled the scientists to read the wonderful wild life of the days of long ago.

But fossil-hunting is much like gold-hunting. The explorer never knows when he will strike

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it rich. He may remain in the field a whole season, toiling daily under the scorching sun and enduring much privation, and at the end be able to show nothing for his labour. On the other hand, he may strike it rich, and startle the scientific world with a find that will upset the text-books and existing theories regarding the form and habits of certain prehistoric creatures. Then it is a vocation that calls for special qualifications; while the hunter after these fossilized bones must be prepared to rough it, he must also be something of a scholar. He has to bring geology and natural history to his aid, as otherwise he would never be able to decide whether the bones he had stumbled across were valuable or not. Then he must be something of an engineer, for these fossilized bones weigh perhaps a ton or more. They have to be raised out of the rocks without damaging them, and then transported many miles across wild and desolate country to the nearest railway.

It was Mr. Walter Granger, a scientist attached to the Museum of Natural History in New York, who stumbled across the greatest deposit that has so far been unearthed of the fossilized remains of extinct animals. Some few years ago he was going over a portion of the "Bad Lands" of Wyoming, with a party of adventurers. In a small valley, not far from the Medicine Bow River, they came upon the remains of a sheep-herder's cabin. The hut had stood on a slight eminence, and here the party proceeded to obtain a better survey of their surroundings.

Glancing casually down at the jumble of "stones" which had at one time formed the herder's cabin, Mr. Granger thought they looked strange. Picking one up, he carefully examined it.

"This is a fossilized bone," he declared to one of his companions; "and this," looking at another dingy-coloured object, "is the remains of a Brontosaurus."

Realizing that the bones the sheep-herder had thrown together to support his home had probably been taken from the ground near by, Mr. Granger procured a shovel and began digging up the earth.

After a few hours' work his spade struck against a hard substance which it could not penetrate. Working around it, he finally unearthed another piece—a single bone longer than

Excavating the skeleton of the new crested Dinosaur in Red Deer Canyon, Alberta, Canada.

On account of the immense weight of the bones—sometimes a ton and more—special derricks have to be built to lift them into the wagons.

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an ordinary man. It was a portion of the remains of a huge prehistoric lizard, a most valuable find.

The spot was then and there christened "Bone Cabin Quarry," and as such is known to scientists the world over. The locality forms a vast graveyard for the immense lizards, known as Dinosaurs, as well as strange horses, that lived in the days of long ago; crocodiles older than any that ever floated down the Nile, and mammoth turtles. It is by far the greatest hunting-ground for these huge animals of the past that has ever been discovered.

The following year, Professor Henry F. Osborn, of the American Museum, visited the region, and at Como Bluffs, some ten miles from the site of Bone Cabin Quarry, found almost complete skeletons of the Diplodocus and the Brontosaurus. The interest of the whole scientific world was aroused and the leading

Skull and jaw of a huge prehistoric lizard found in the "Bad Lands" of Nebraska.

museums of America and Europe dispatched expeditions to the region to search for the fossil remains of these great beasts of prehistoric days. As a result, a new vocation may be said to have been born—that of fossil-hunting. Whereas the men who made it their life's work to search for these bones in the desolate parts of the earth could almost be counted on the fingers of your hands, fossil-hunting became almost a craze and scores of men entered with zest into the calling, attracted by the high prices museums were willing to pay for complete skeletons. Some attached themselves to the museums and toiled for a regular wage and a bonus upon their finds, while not a few worked independently, selling their strange wares in the highest market. Every year the American Museum in New York sends out three or four of these exploring expeditions. Sometimes a party spends two or three seasons in the field before striking anything of value. The other day, for instance, one hit upon the remains of the Orohuppus (a mountain horse), one of the missing links in the horse evolution. That party had been in the field for four seasons before they stumbled across this treasure. It is largely a question of luck.

It took a gang of experienced men a whole season to excavate the massive skeleton which Mr. Granger had accidentally stumbled across. Not till then was it possible to obtain a correct idea of the immensity of the Brontosaurus. As the bones were taken out of the rocks they were packed in special crates and dispatched to the museum in New York.

Here the bones were sorted out, and preparations made for mounting them. Some idea of the length of time that work of this kind takes may be gathered from the fact that it took two men two years to restore the missing parts, and almost three years to mount them. The fact is, the collection, preparation, and mounting of this gigantic fossil proved a task of extraordinary difficulty. No museum had ever before attempted to mount so large a skeleton, and the great weight and fragile character of the bones made it necessary to devise special methods to give each bone a rigid and complete support, as otherwise it would soon break in pieces from its own weight. The proper articulating of the bones and posing of the limbs were equally difficult problems, for the scientists had nothing whatever to guide them. A powerful scaffolding, twenty-five feet high, with tackles and steel chains, had to be erected to lift the ponderous bones into position. This scaffolding was essential, the thigh bones, for instance, turning the scale at five hundred and seventy pounds. From the time the remains were found until they were on view in New York close upon six years elapsed.

This giant skeleton—the first of its kind to

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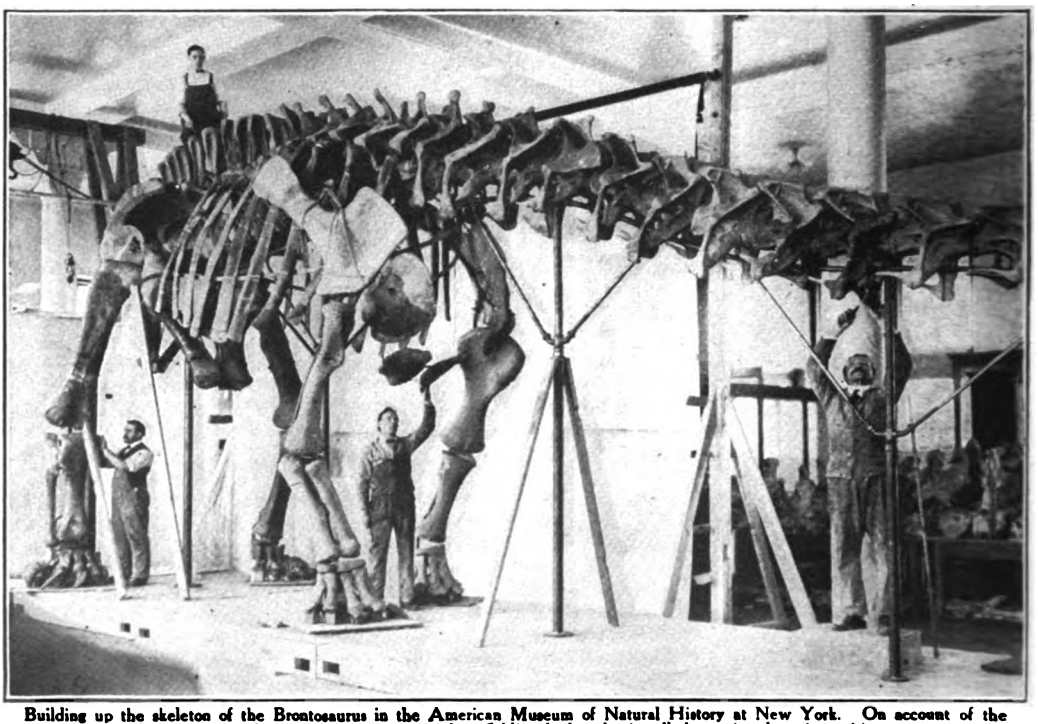
Excavating the bones of the Brontosaurus (a prehistoric lizard) in Bone Cabin Quarry, Wyoming.

be erected in any museum—measures no less than sixty-seven feet in length and towers over fifteen feet in height. It is computed that, when alive, the monster must have weighed sixty to eighty tons. Mr. Charles Knight, the famous American artist, has made a drawing of the Dinosaur Brontosaurus as it appeared when it stalked this earth. He has depicted the terrible creature with a long thick tail like a lizard, a long flexible neck like an ostrich, a thick, short, slab-sided body, and straight, massive, post-like limbs, suggesting the elephant. The animal was amphibious, living chiefly in shallow water, where it could wade about on the bottom, feeding on the abundant vegetation of the coastal swamps and marshes. Scientists estimate that such an animal consumed over seven hundred pounds weight of leaves or twigs or branches every day. It flourished



Building up the skeleton of the Brontosaurus in the American Museum of Natural History at New York. On account of the heavy weight of the various bones special scaffolding had to be installed to raise them in position.

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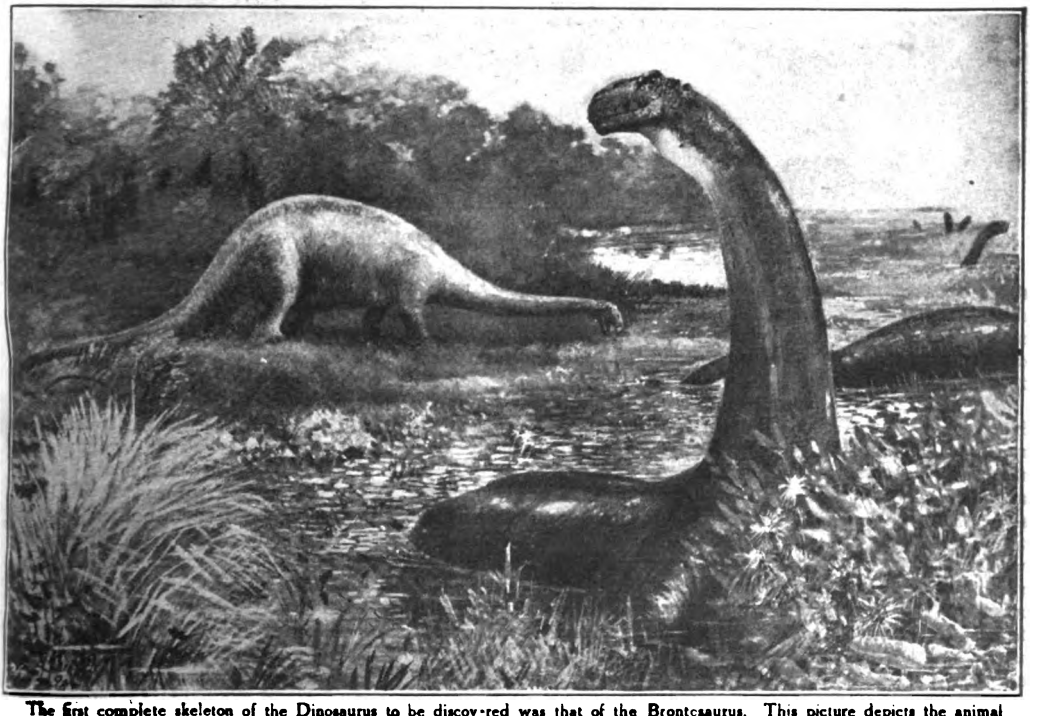
during the Jurassic or Middle Period of the Age of Reptiles, some eight million years ago by the modern estimate of geological time.

Although this was the first time that a complete skeleton of a Dinosaur had been unearthed, fossilized bones of these strange animals of the past had already been found in the Rocky Mountains by three well-known fossil-hunters —Mr. M. O. Lucas, Professor A. Lakes, and Mr. William Reed. Curiously enough, these three scientists hit upon valuable Dinosaur deposits in the Rocky Mountains simultaneously, although at that time each was working quite independently of the others. But to give a list of the men who have earned fame as fossil-hunters would be to quote many of the leading naturalists of the day and the curators of our

In the pursuit of his calling Mr. Sternberg has met with many remarkable adventures and over and over again has narrowly escaped with his life. For the most part fossil-bones are found in dried-up river-beds, rocky gorges, and in desert or sterile land devoid of vegetation and water. In the early days Mr. Sternberg ran considerable risk from the Red Indians, and found it almost impossible to obtain an assistant willing to share the perils of the fossil-beds with him for fear of being scalped. To camouflage his camp, his tent and wagon-sheet were made of brown duck. This blended with the colour of his surroundings and prevented his whereabouts from being discovered at any great distance even by the trained eye of an Indian. But despite these precautions he had several



The first complete skeleton of the Dinosaurus to be discovered was that of the Brontosaurus. This picture depicts the animal as it appeared when alive.

Natural History museums. They are all men animated by an intense love of the subject, and are ready to undergo great hardships and privations when on the track of some important extinct form.

A few, like Mr. Charles H. Sternberg, have spent a lifetime in the field hunting for these prized bones. Mr. Sternberg has raised up a race of fossil-hunters, for his sons now follow this strange vocation. In the "Bad Lands" of Kansas, Texas, Wyoming, and in other parts of America, he discovered and opened up many important fossil deposits, and in the museums of America and Europe there are huge skeletons and bones collected by him. To enumerate them all would occupy several pages of this magazine.

narrow shaves and on more than one occasion escaped with his life by hiding in caves.

Searching the ledges of the rocks for bones was also not without its risks. "One day," writes Mr. Sternberg, "while out collecting with Professor Pope in the 'Bad Lands' of Nebraska, he asked me to climb to a point near the summit of a lofty ridge, crowned by two massive ledges of sandstone, four feet thick, which projected over the slope like the window-sills of some Titanic building. These ledges, one above the other and separated by sixty feet of shale, had been swept clean for about three feet, so that I found an easy pathway for my feet, when after laborious climbing I reached the lower ledge. It was my duty to search every square inch of the dust-covered

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The difficulties of transporting the fossils may be gauged from this photograph, showing the hauling of the bones out of Red Deer Canyon, in Alberta, Canada.

slope between the ledges for fossil-bones. After much unsuccessful effort, I came to a place at the head of a gorge, where a perpendicular escarpment dropped downward for a thousand feet.

"I concluded that I should have no difficulty in crawling across the smooth place, for I reasoned that if I began to slip I could drive the sharp end of my pick into the soft rock and thus stop myself. So, climbing up the slope through the loose earth to the base of the upper ledge, I started to cross. When I was halfway over I began to slip, and, confidently raising my pick, struck the rock with all my might. God grant that I may never again feel such horror as I felt then, when the pick, upon which I depended for safety, rebounded as if it had been polished steel, as useless in my hands as a bit of straw. I struck frantically again and yet again, but all the time I was sliding down with ever-increasing rapidity toward the edge of the abyss, safety on either side and certain and awful death below. I remember that I gave up all hope of escape, and that after the first shock I felt no fear of death; but the few moments of my slide seemed hours, measured by the rapidity with which my mind worked. To this day I do not know how I escaped. I suddenly found myself lying on the ledge, on the side I had left a moment before. Probably some part of my clothing, covered with dust as it was, had acted as a brake upon the polished surface. I lay for an hour with trembling knees, too weak to make my way back to camp."

When the fossil-hunter has at last secured his treasure he has often to make a roadway to it so that the wagon can be brought up and the heavy bones loaded into it. In hilly and rough country this is often a tricky proposition and fraught with danger. The least miscalculation and horse and wagon are precipitated over the steep precipices. Mr. Sternberg thus related such an accident. "I saw the wagon slowly begin to tip, pulling the horses over sideways, and then the whole outfit, wagon and horses, began to roll down the steep slope. Whenever the wheels stuck up in the air, the horses drew in their feet to their bellies, and at the next turn stretched out their legs for another roll. My heart was in my mouth for fear that the driver would be killed in one of the turns, or that the wagon and all would roll over a thousand-foot precipice below, but after three complete turns they landed, the horses on their feet, the wagon on its wheels, on a level ledge of sandstone, and stood there as if nothing had happened."

Sudden storms, particularly if the collector is at work in a dried-up river bed, are dangerous. Tents and even wagons have been carried bodily away in these wash-outs, and the explorers have barely escaped with their lives, while months of laborious work have been ruined; but the fossil-hunter's greatest enemy is water.

In these parched lands fresh water is scarce, and that which is obtainable is often tainted with alkali. Drinking this has much the same effect upon the body as a dose of Epsom salts, and if taken two or three times a day is very weakening to the system. Add to this the scorching sun by day, the bitter cold at night, and the rough fare and general discomforts, and one is not surprised to learn that malarial fever is often the result. But it is very disheartening to an explorer, after he has discovered and

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worked perhaps for months upon a skeleton, which he knows many museums will take from him and pay a good price for it, to be obliged to return home broken down in health with the precious treasure only partially excavated from its rocky bed. True, he can return to the spot when he has regained his health, but he never knows what will happen to his prize in the meantime. He may find it damaged beyond repair by passing cattlemen, ignorant of its scientific value, or a rival may have removed it.

Sometimes the cattlemen object to the presence of these explorers, declaring that they are trespassing on their grounds. Whilst working in a ravine in the "Bad Lands" of Kansas, Mr. Sternberg was somewhat surprised to hear an old farmer shouting down to him :—

"What are you doing there ?"

"Digging up antediluvian relics," he answered back.

"Well, just get out of it," came the reply.

"All right," answered the collector, as he quietly went on with his work. He was at that very moment uncovering the skull of a prehistoric rhinoceros.

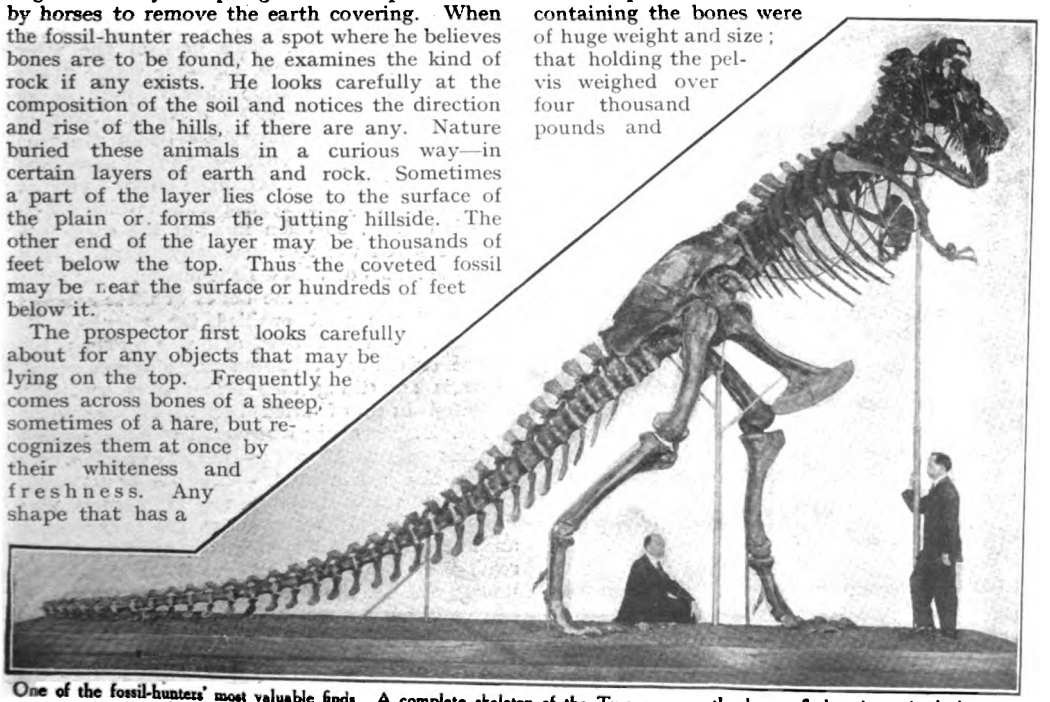
But the farmer hastened to a Justice of the Peace for a warrant to arrest the trespasser. It was lucky, perhaps, that he failed in his mission, for here was found one of the largest fossil-deposits in the country, known to-day as the Sternberg Quarry.

The way in which these hunters of extinct animals work is interesting. Their weapons are chiefly the pick, shovel, and spade, but some of the places containing the skeletons are so large that they use ploughs and scrapers drawn by horses to remove the earth covering. When the fossil-hunter reaches a spot where he believes bones are to be found, he examines the kind of rock if any exists. He looks carefully at the composition of the soil and notices the direction and rise of the hills, if there are any. Nature buried these animals in a curious way—in certain layers of earth and rock. Sometimes a part of the layer lies close to the surface of the plain or forms the jutting hillside. The other end of the layer may be thousands of feet below the top. Thus the coveted fossil may be near the surface or hundreds of feet below it.

The prospector first looks carefully about for any objects that may be lying on the top. Frequently he comes across bones of a sheep, sometimes of a hare, but recognizes them at once by their whiteness and freshness. Any shape that has a dull-brown appearance is closely studied, though it may not resemble a bone, for where anything has existed for millions of years time may have crumbled it away. If the prospector finds nothing, the shovel comes into service. He digs down here and there, making test holes. Perhaps he may go day after day in fruitless search, until the weeks have turned into months, and he has gone over miles of the region without making a find. Then, when he is about to give up in despair and depart to some more likely place, the shovel may reach a deposit, the grave of perhaps a dozen animals.

One of the most valuable of recent finds was the complete skeleton of the Tyrannosaurus, the largest flesh-eating animal that ever lived. It was discovered by Mr. Barnum Brown, of the American Museum, in the "Bad Lands" of Montana. The one aim of this beast when alive was to battle with every other animal that came in his way. He was the fighting animal of his age, the Hun of his day. When erect he stood eighteen feet high, possessed talons fit to hold an ox, and double-edged dagger-like teeth two and three inches long set in a mouth a yard wide in gape.

His skeleton was discovered in the sandstone hills. The area over which the bones were scattered and the almost vertical slope of the hill necessitated the removal of a vast amount of material. It took two seasons to dig out the bones and dynamite had to be used to blow away the rocks. The excavation necessary to remove this single skeleton resulted in a pit in the hillside thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Some of the sandstone blocks containing the bones were of huge weight and size; that holding the pelvis weighed over four thousand pounds and



One of the fossil-hunters' most valuable finds. A complete skeleton of the Tyrannosaurus, the largest flesh-eating animal that ever lived. It stood eighteen feet high and was the fighting animal of his age.

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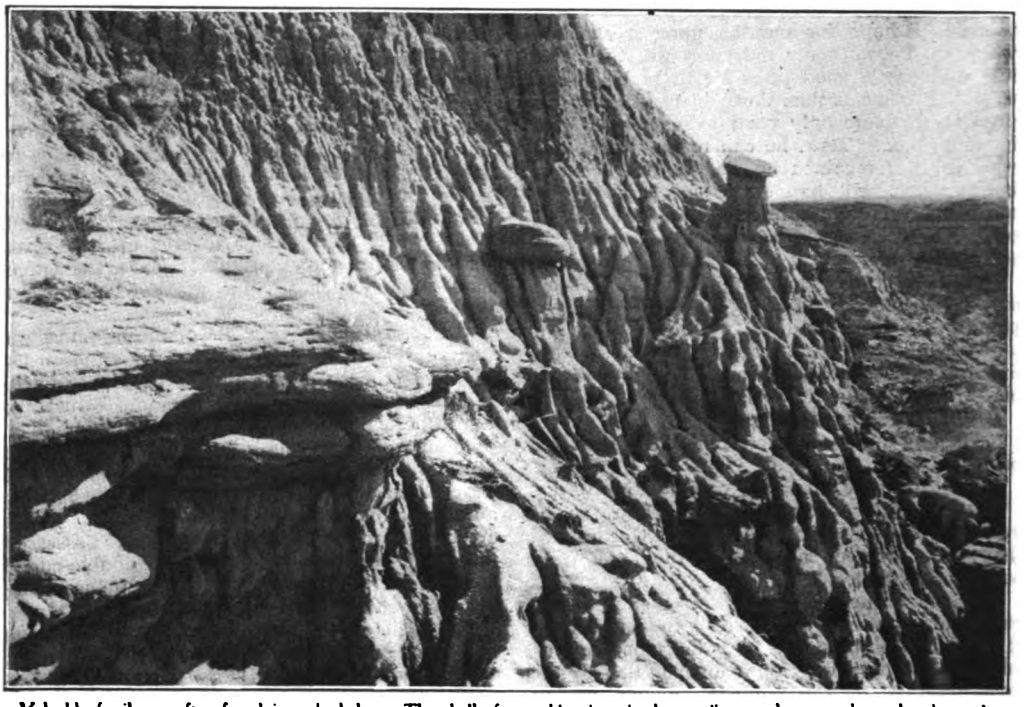

Valuable fossils are often found in rocky ledges. The skull of a prehistoric animal was discovered among the rocks above the excavator's pick, seen in the centre of this photograph.

required four horses to transport it to the railway.

The heaviest single specimen ever taken out of the rocks was the head of a Tricertops, a prehistoric rhinoceros. It was secured by Mr. J. B. Hatcher and weighed, when boxed, six thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds, or just over three tons. Complete skeletons of this extraordinary beast have now been found, and the rhinoceros of that early period was a veritable giant compared to his brother of to-day. He had a length of twenty-five feet and carried three horns upon his head, and a collar of spikes around his neck, while his body was encased in a thick coat of bony plates. But he needed such armour to protect him from the onslaughts of the giant lizards and huge flying-birds that flourished in his day. These ancient creatures were anything but a happy family and were continually at war.

When the hunter has successfully located a skeleton, the next step is to secure the bones. While some of the larger ones are unbroken, frequently the skeleton may be in a thousand pieces, some a hundred feet or so from the rest. To pick out the right ones and separate them from the others may mean weeks of patient toiling, day after day, in the burning sun. The hunter must also know how the bones were put together by Nature. As fast as he identifies the parts he numbers each one, then packs it for its long journey to the museum.

When the bone is fragile and cracked or broken, he fills in the crevices with liquid plaster, which hardens and thus cements the fragments together. Sometimes the surface of the bone is first covered with silk paper or thin cloth to protect it from the air. Then the whole piece is covered with plaster as a further protection before being placed in the box or crate in which it is to be sent to the museum. This part of the work requires not a little care, for some single pieces of skeletons are so large that they must be hoisted from their beds by derricks. Still, in spite of their great size, these bones must be uncovered very cautiously, though they have long since turned to stone. A single blow of pick or shovel may badly damage a specimen which otherwise is perfect, so when most of the earth has been removed the rest is usually scraped away with the hands or with a light broom.

The unearthing of the bones of these strange beasts of the past enabled the scientists to construct their skeletons, and was ample proof of the existence of these strange beasts. But there is something unreal and shadowy in a mounted heap of dried bones. Hence, when Mr. C. H. Sternberg discovered the mummified remains of a Dinosaur—the Trachodon, or "duck-billed Dinosaur"—the reality of this ancient world and its wonderful animals was brought home to us, even as the mummy of an ancient Egyptian brings home to us the reality of the world of the Pharaohs. The mummified Dinosaur was found sprawling on his back and covered with shrunken skin—a real specimen which told the exact form of the beast and what its skin was like. It was certainly a unique find and probably netted a fortune to the lucky prospector.

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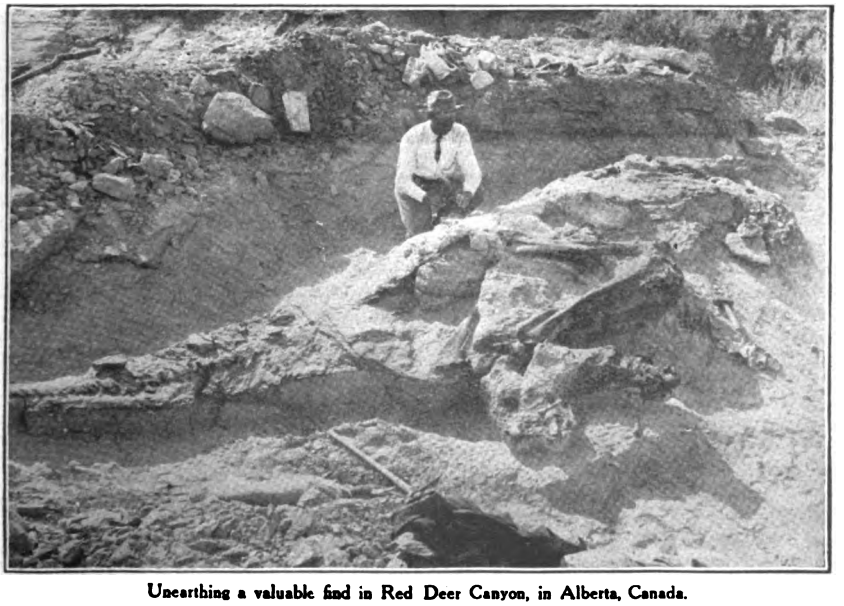
Fossil-hunters, netted against mosquitoes, about to start prospecting down the banks of Red Deer Canyon, in Alberta, Canada.

Another extraordinary find, though belonging to a somewhat different category, was the jaws of a prehistoric shark of the Eocene period in the phosphate beds of South Carolina. Some idea of the size of this creature's mouth may be gathered from the photograph which heads this article. It had two hundred teeth and the fish was estimated to have had a length of eighty feet, quite large enough to satisfy the most ambitious of tuna or tarpon fishers, and to have made bathing in the ocean unpopular.

As already stated, the latest fossil-deposits to be opened up are those of Red Deer Canyon, in Alberta, Canada. It was chance information that led to their discovery. A little while ago Mr. J. L. Wagner paid a visit to New York and went to the museum there to inspect its mineral collections. During a chat with the Curator of Mineralogy, he remarked that near his ranch in the Red Deer Canyon there were many large bones similar to those in the museum. Scenting the possibility of further valuable finds, a preliminary expedition was dispatched to this region. Chartering a scow and a couple of canoes the river banks were explored, and to the delight of the scientists many bones were



Unearthing a valuable find in Red Deer Canyon, in Alberta, Canada.

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discovered and there was evidence of the existence of extensive fossil-beds.

Without delay men were dispatched to the new fields, and one of their first finds was an almost complete skeleton of a new crested Dinosaur, the Monoclonius. It was certainly no mean creature, seeing that when in life it was seventeen feet in length, possessed an enormous head adorned with horns above the eyes and nose, a beak like a turtle's, and formidable rows of double-rooted teeth. Evidently this creature was continually renewing its teeth, so that as fast as one tooth was worn out it was replaced by another, a point wherein it had a decided advantage over ourselves.

The remains of many other extinct animals have been unearthed in Red Deer Canyon, the majority of them entirely new to science. In fact, it is a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground to the fossil-hunter. Years will probably elapse before it is thoroughly explored. Here it should be stated that skeletons are still being dug out of Bone Cabin Quarry and from the Como Bluffs in Wyoming, the first of the more important fossil-fields to be opened. Geologists say that this ground of prehistoric animals is nearly three hundred feet deep, and as yet the hunters have only dug a few feet down in it. Up to the present date, the whole or partial remains of no fewer than seventy-three different animals have been unearthed, the great majority of them absolutely new to science. When it is remembered that only a fleabite of this immense graveyard has been worked over, there is certainly every possibility of further wonderful finds being made.

The opening up of Alaska has resulted in the discovery there of tusks and the remains of the mammoth, though it should be added that this creature is of a much later date than the huge reptiles already described. He was probably the forerunner of the elephant. Many complete skeletons have now been found, and in the Zoological Museum at Petrograd there is a mounted specimen of one of these beasts. It was discovered by a Cossack named Jawlowsky, in the summer of 1910, on the banks of the Beresowka, an affluent of the Kolyma, in a remote part of North-Eastern Siberia. The find was reported to Petrograd, and Dr. Otto Herz, of the Imperial Museum, was dispatched to secure the body entire. To accomplish this he was given a company of Cossack troopers and fifty horses for transport.

Excavating a mammoth from its bed of ice in Siberia.

After a tremendous journey over trackless mountains and swamps, they reached the spot, but, says Dr. Herz, "We were at a loss to proceed further, for the maps of the district are not detailed, and we found ourselves in the midst of a vast district of exactly similar ice-mounds. Finally, however, my nostrils detected a strange odour, and it occurred to me that it might be the flesh of the monster we were seeking. By dint of walking in the direction whence the smell seemed to come, I finally located the mammoth. In my excitement I ran the last mile of the way against a fast-increasing stench. At the spot I found a faithful Cossack, who had for fifty

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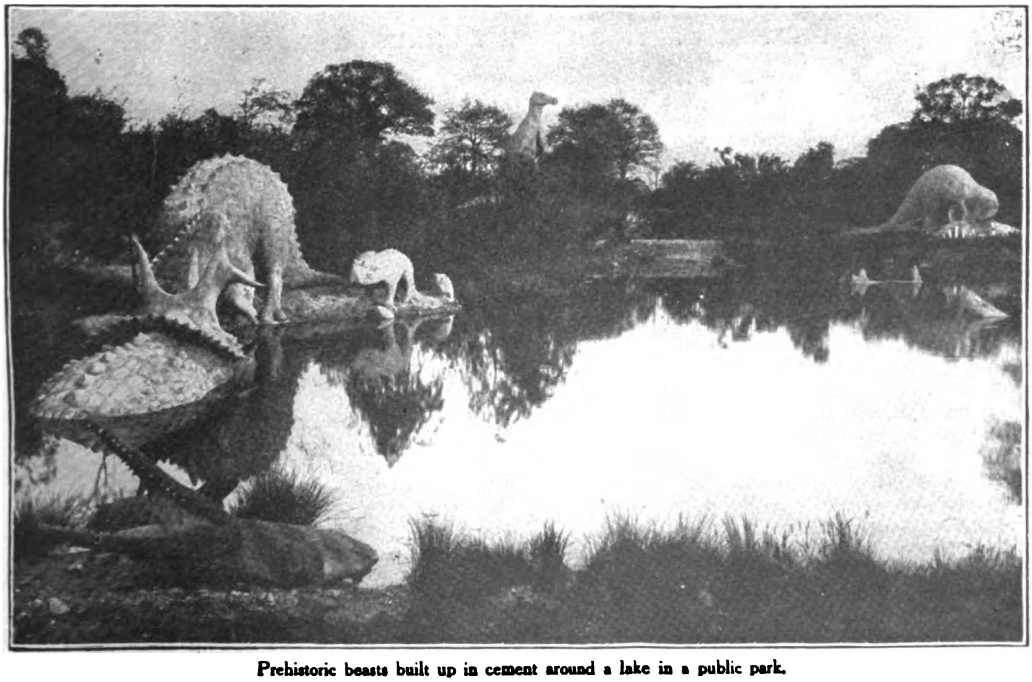
days stood guard over the carcass at the command of his superior officer. He had covered it entirely with dry soil to a depth of three feet, but even through this protection the smell made its way."

The mammoth had evidently fallen into a hole, his plunge having no doubt caused masses of neighbouring soil to loosen and cover him over completely. Water then poured into the grave and became frozen, thus preserving the great animal as if he were in a cold-storage chamber. In this way the enormous carcass was preserved, for how long no one knows—tens of thousands of years perhaps—until some years ago a movement of the earth spat forth the fossil mausoleum, leaving it exposed to the sun and wind; and gradually the ice crust wore off and revealed to the passing Cossack the long-hidden treasure.

Dr. Herz soon saw that the huge beast was in a remarkable state of preservation. The proboscis and other soft parts of the head had been eaten away by carnivorous animals, while only one tusk remained. With the exception of this the mammoth was absolutely complete. The most delicately soft parts of the animal had been wonderfully preserved, and considerable anxiety was experienced in preventing the tissues from putrefying when taken out. Dr. Herz thinks that the mammoth was quietly browsing on grassland which formed the thin covering of a glacier, that a crevasse in this ice was obscured by the soil, and that the heavy animal accidentally fell through.

The feat of removing the skin was no easy one. Huge quantities of disinfectants had to be poured over the animal to reduce the stench and make it possible for the doctor and his assistants to take measurements and superintend the work. At last this section of the undertaking was accomplished, when the flesh had to be cut away and all the bones removed, washed, cleaned, chemically treated, and carefully packed ready for transportation. It was also decided to preserve certain portions of the flesh, which was treated with arsenic, and then sewn up in huge cowhide bags in a frozen state. After this work was finished, the remains of the mammoth had to be dragged on sledges and floated on rafts for three thousand miles before the Siberian Railway was reached, whence train was taken to the Russian capital.

Arriving there, the great task of mounting the mammoth was commenced in earnest. It is mounted in the attitude in which it met its death. The skeleton has been preserved and mounted separately and is complete. The skin has lost much of its hair, but some of this has now been restored from other specimens in the museum. The hair of this giant has an average length of seven inches, while the yellow wool under it is from five to ten centimetres thick. The animal is a young male, and not remarkable, as far as the mammoth is concerned, for its size. It is nevertheless a very valuable acquisition to the world's natural history specimens. Remains of the mammoth have also been found in the Klondike. A fine pair of mammoth tusks were recently discovered in one of the mines there.



Prehistoric beasts built up in cement around a lake in a public park.

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Lough Derg, Ireland's "Mecca." Our photograph shows St. Mary's Church and the Prior's house.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

Where Irish Pilgrims Fast and Go Barefooted.

By GERTRUDE GAFFNEY.

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.

In the heart of Ulster there is a picturesque island, the resort every year of thousands of pilgrims. Here they undergo a three days' fast and perform strict penances in their bare feet. Our Author, who has visited the island on several occasions, gives a fascinating account of this little-known "Mecca" of the Emerald Isle.

IS there a country in the world that cannot boast a special "Mecca" of its own! France has her Lourdes, Italy her Loretto, England her St. Winifred's Well, all the scenes of the great national pilgrimages and for æons dear to the heart of Christians. Perhaps the most extraordinary, certainly the most romantic, and from an historical point of view the most interesting of all such places, is Ireland's National Pilgrimage, St. Patrick's Purgatory. Here, year after year, from June to the middle of August, many thousands of pilgrims—Irish, English, Scotch, and American—are coming and going in a continual stream.

For over fourteen centuries the little island in the heart of the Ulster mountains has been the silent witness of the scenes that are enacted there to-day. The three days' fast on one meal of bread and water or black tea a day, is just as strict, the penances just as severe now as they were fourteen hundred years ago. Except in the building of modern accommodation, which unfortunately covers an undue portion of the island's area of three roods and twenty-six perches, time has made no changes, and the stones that make the 1918 pilgrim wince are the same flags that millions of pilgrims from every corner of Europe have trod, for it is many centuries since Lough Derg first won continental fame through Henry of Saltry and Marie of France—since the knight Owen set out on the pilgrimage that Dante's "Divina Commedia" has made immortal.

"The lake of the cave" (the English translation of Lough Derg) has a peculiar fascination for all who visit it, and among those who frequent it there are many people who have made the pilgrimage annually for over twenty and some over forty years. The present Prior says he has known pilgrims to walk forty miles to take part in this yearly fast and perform the various penances. It is quite usual on the way to the lake to pass pedestrians who in accomplishing at least a part of the journey on foot show that the ancient spirit of the pilgrimage still prevails, though only a few remove their foot-wear before actually landing on the island.

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In spite of the numbers who visit the island retreat, it is easy to understand that the general public in Great Britain are unaware of its existence. Its remoteness from the ordinary tourist track and the fact that only genuine pilgrims prepared to face the stringency of the station are allowed on the island both help to ensure the solitude which is one of its greatest charms.

The pilgrims do not, as one might suppose from the nature of the pilgrimage, belong only to the poorer classes. The big annual influx brings a large majority of the educated classes, both men and women; the intermingling of veterans and children, poor and rich, as side by side they make the round of the Penal Beds in a companionship unknown outside the island, is a sight worth seeing.

The name of this picturesque sheet of water, the lake of the cave, explains the origin of the pilgrimage. It seems that on hearing from the natives of the district strange tidings of evil spirits who were supposed to haunt a cave on Station Island, St. Patrick, wishing to dispel their foolish terror, rowed across alone and spent forty days in prayer and fasting in this cave. It is told that the Saint during his vigil was favoured with a revelation of Purgatory, and partly on this account, and partly because of the severe penances performed there, it has since been known as St. Patrick's Purgatory.

The pilgrimage opens every summer on June 1st and closes on August 15th. Tickets from all parts of Ireland are obtainable at reduced fares during the season, and where a large party, or "pilgrimage," can be arranged an excursion train is run, and the minimum excursion rates charged. (In the present crisis probably this no longer holds good.) With such a party some discomfort in travelling is unavoidable, as it is generally a large one; but the interest derived from the company of such a motley crowd amply repays one for any inconvenience. On these annual excursions one catches the true spirit and fascination of the pilgrimage; so let us follow one.

There is unusual activity this July morning at the little provincial station of H——, a good-humoured, laughing, joking crowd throng the platform. There are men and women, boys and girls, nay even children; the men, perhaps, are in the majority. Every class is represented. Side by side with smartly dressed girls are shy, awkward farmers' daughters. There are wives of professional men and prosperous shopkeepers, and farmers' wives, with cumbersome figures encased in ill-fitting costumes, that strive desperately after a fashion long since gone, their glowing good-natured faces and eyes that twinkle with fun surmounted by flower and feather-bedecked hats, perched at an extremely precarious angle on the summit of coiffures sleeked and wetted into maddening order. There are smart young beaux and elderly professional men; ecclesiastical students, and medical and law students home for the summer vacation, shop assistants, farmers—in short, representatives of every art, trade, and

Pilgrims embarking to cross the lake to Lough Derg, seen in the distance.

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Scene at the ferry-house. Pilgrims waiting to be ferried across to Lough Derg. Notice the hospice recently erected.

profession that goes to make up the population of the little town of H—— and the surrounding districts. Not the least interesting member of this congregation is Biddy Hannigan; Biddy, with her silver hair smoothed back under the white frilled cap, with the face that is fresh and smooth as a girl's and eyes as bright, in spite of the eighty and odd summers that have passed before their vision—Biddy, with the "sharpest tongue in the North of Ireland," that has yet lost none of its edge.

Not a sign of damp spirits anywhere, though not one of the pilgrims has touched food since the previous night. Many of them have walked or driven five, seven, perhaps ten miles in the keen morning air to catch this nine o'clock train, yet they do not look a hungry crowd. Moreover, it will probably be four or five o'clock ere they partake of a breakfast consisting of black tea and dry bread.

When the train moves out of the station it is packed from end to end—over three hundred passengers, the young curate informs a curious onlooker. The railway wends its way through rich, undulating, but for Ireland unpicturesque country, only too infrequently variegated by patches of ripening grain. Nearing the lovely old-world Fermanagh town of Enniskillen, woods spring up on either side and dim glimpses of shady paths reward the hot and by this time dusty travellers. As the train leaves Enniskillen kaleidoscopic views of Lough Erne come flashing in the sunlight through the trees. Bundoran Junction passed, and in the misty distance one perceives the great wild rugged mountains of Southern Donegal.

"At last," comes in a tired girl-voice from the corner of a certain compartment—Biddy's compartment. "I am so sleepy, I suppose it's the want of my breakfast."

But Biddy is not sleeping! "Tired!" she exclaimed, in disgusted tones. "Well, I don't know what the young ones are comin' to; it's spoilt ye are with yer trains and conveniences! Tired!" and she grunts again. "When I was twice your age I walked every foot of the journey—me and me mother; and divil a boot to our feet; a full eighty mile there and another back, and glad we were to do it. Many's the man and woman we had for company that had left eighty year far behind. The likes o' ye ought to be ashamed of yourself. Glory be to God, here we are! Where's me parcel with me bits o' duds in it? Get it down for me, that's the boy!" and a minute later Biddy is sprinting along the platform.

The scene at Pettigo (the nearest railway station to Lough Derg) is all bustle and animation. Everyone seizes his own goods and chattels and makes a determined dash for the exit, for those who succeed in mounting the vehicles have every chance of reaching the ferry in time to board the first boat. In the station yard some five or six large wagonettes capable of holding from twenty-five to thirty people and twenty or so jaunting cars are waiting. There is no competition amongst the drivers, for every vehicle will be needed, so they work together, and collaring the fortunate pilgrims, stow them away as fast as they emerge from the platform. These drivers seemed to know everybody and the paternal interest they take in one is quite touching. A running, "Back again this year, Mr. ———," "And how are you, Mrs. ———; and where did yer leave the boss?" etc., is kept up, till with a simultaneous "Gee up" the procession rattles through the little village of Pettigo.

The first part of the drive is uninteresting except at one point, where some distance from the road lies the old grave-yard of Templecarne, rich in relics that date from the ninth century onwards! Gradually the way becomes narrower and hilly. On one side a wide stretch of bog intervenes between the road and the mountains, while on the other the slope begins almost at once. Hedges disappear and loosely-built stone walls encircle the patches of stunted crops or semi-bald fields. The ground is rocky and the soil poor. Human habitations are few, and these mostly mud cabins, very tiny and, like the soil, very poor. The inhabitants, a healthy, intelligent people, live mostly on potatoes and goats' milk and

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thrive on it as no city dwellers thrive on flesh meat. Solemn-faced, short-haired goats are tethered in the vicinity of the cabins, and in parts small mountain sheep are in fair numbers.

Coming to a heavy hill, the men passengers are requested to get down and walk, so as to relieve the horses, and the drivers collect the fare of ninepence. It seems that a char-a-banc was once tried on this road, but fortunately it broke down so often that the idea was abandoned, and the modern method of transport with its accompanying snort and smell has not yet come to desecrate this mountain pass.

Suddenly a bend in the road reveals a panorama that, after the first cry of welcome, inspires an awed silence. Away below lies Lough Derg, still, smooth, unfathomable. A shaft of sun makes a silver streak on its dark surface, and one watches spellbound, as a tiny row-boat enters it; rower and boat become bathed in the gleaming haze and emerge again into dimness thrice dim. Islets numerous, verdant, wooded, barren, rocky, ride coquettishly on its severe bosom; but they draw but a passing glance, for in their midst, towering above them with the dignity of a queen, floats Station Island, St. Patrick's Purgatory. The white walls of the huge hospice, with its myriads of twinkling windows shining in the sun, rides lightly on the water. The grey lines of a church and other small buildings are only just perceptible in the distance. And on every side, great silent impassable keepers, rise the Donegal mountains, their summits peaking into the sky; merging from green to brown, from brown to deepest blue as they mount heavenwards. Over all the big, overpowering silence, not broken but emphasized by the horses' hoofs, the clank of the wheels rattling over the stones, and the voices of the pilgrims.

The next bend in the now wooded road leads to the lake. At the ferry-house, which tops a short steep incline to the water's edge, the cars pull up. The boats are waiting, for an outgoing party have just landed and are already mounting the cars for the return journey. The tickets for the ferry are issued through the quaint little old windows of the ferry-house. Down on the rough stone landing-stage the boatmen, with even more paternal-interest than the Jehu, assist the pilgrims into the big row-boats—the *St. Patrick*, the *St. Brigid*, and the *St. Columba*. The first-mentioned carries about sixty passengers. There are many hearty greetings and inquiries as to how many pilgrims there are on the island; "had they a good year?" and "how is the Canon?" There is much reassuring of the timid spirits whose first water journey it is, and whose emphatic "God bless us and take care of us!" as the sturdy oarsmen pull off, provokes a general smile.

The island is nearly a mile from the mainland, and the crossing takes ten minutes. It is a dangerous one for all but those with a thorough knowledge of the lake, as hidden rocks lurk very near its calm surface. As the boat approaches the island, it appears to be literally covered with people, sitting on seats and on the low wall that protects it on one side from the water, or grouped round the landing-stage on the look-out for friends or acquaintances among the new arrivals. Everybody is barefooted and practically all are bare-headed except perhaps a few of the women, who wear a hat or scarf to keep their hair in order. The sight of the hundreds of bare feet of every size, shape, and description causes much amusement among those in the boats whose first pilgrimage it is, and the "old hands" laughingly

Pilgrims outside the men's hospice on the island.

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Monuments and relics on Lough Derg. The woman on the left is seen standing by St. Patrick's Cross, of which the fluted shaft only now remains.

remind them that "He who laughs first . . ." The Prior of the island, Archdeacon Keown, V.G., parish priest of Enniskillen, is there to greet the newcomers. Many of them are old friends and he is soon surrounded.

He is a man of remarkable personality, this present Prior. Of medium height, dark complexion, and square jaw, his keen grey eyes give one the rather disconcerting impression of being summed up very correctly, but, on becoming kind and quizzical, immediately restore one's ease. Deeply learned and with a mind so broad that it understands every human weakness, he inspires both love and intense respect. To him in a great measure is due the preservation of the rigid observances of the old-time pilgrimage that makes for the outsider as well as the pilgrim not a little of the fascination and charm of the Lough Derg of to-day. He has two assistant priests and sometimes three, and on a very large pilgrimage the accompanying priest often helps in ministering to the spiritual needs of his fellow-pilgrims.

From the boats the pilgrims proceed to the hospices and the three or four cabins which also provide accommodation. Those whose first pilgrimage it is purchase at the little glass-sided stall a leaflet on which a e set out the exercises for the three days. The large new hospice is given over to the women pilgrims, while that which until recently was in two sections is for the men. The former contains huge dormitories divided into cubicles; the latter has separate cells and also one or two dormitories. The matron of each hospice receives the newcomers and assigns to each a cubicle or cell. They divest themselves of elaborate garments and don tweeds or old clothes. Shoes and stockings are discarded in the boot-rooms and, shrinking from the chill of the stones under their bare feet, the pilgrims make their way outside to start the first station.

The strange penitential beds. The pilgrims, praying the while, make three circuits inside and three circuits outside of the these beds.

It commences with a visit to St. Patrick's Church (which can be seen in the pictures just opposite the large hospice),

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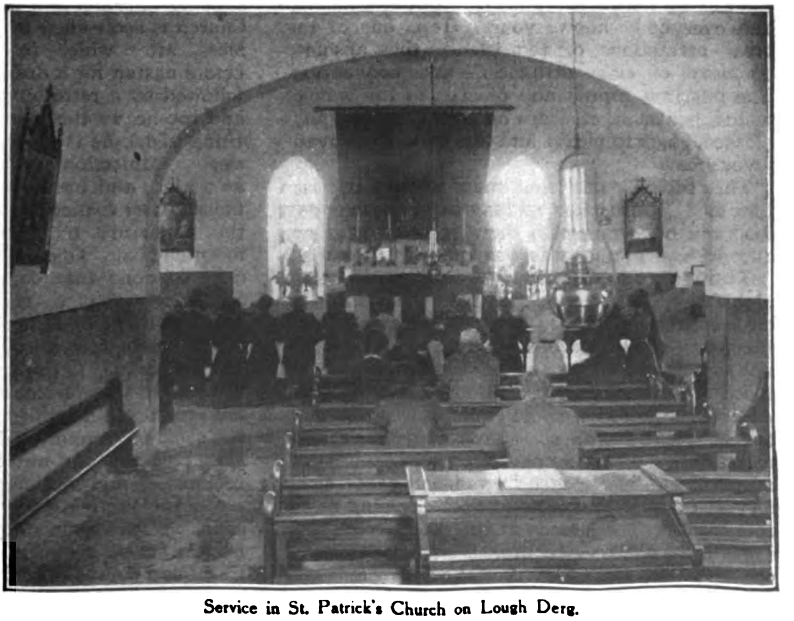
Pilgrims praying at the water's edge. It will be noticed they are minus boots and stockings.

whence they proceed to "St. Patrick's Cross," where, kneeling, certain prayers are repeated. Proceeding round the back of the church along the water's edge with a superb view of mountain and lake in the background (which, however, the newcomers do not find time to admire, the distractions of sharp protrusions of rock and scattered pebbles innumerable requiring an all-absorbing dodging), they come to "St. Bridget's Cross," and standing with outstretched arms, in turn renounce the Devil, the World, and the Flesh. After this seven circuits of the church are made, a decade of the rosary being repeated during each circuit. As the ground is very rough and the pilgrim seeks to avoid stepping on sharp places more than he can help, this portion of the station is a long one, though later, when the feet become somewhat hardened and each has mapped out by instinct his own route, and marked in his mind's eye certain nice, smooth, flat stones, it becomes one of the easiest and most straightforward.

The seventh circuit completed, the pilgrims proceed to the penitential beds. These are in the centre of the island, beginning near the top of the mound, on which stands the campanile, and covering the slope, the largest being on the flat. They are circular and rocky, about five feet in diameter, with a cross in the centre and surrounded by low stone walls. Indeed, one could hardly call them walls, except that of the large bed; they are now only uneven stone boundaries. These beds are said to be the remains of tiny oratories built by the monks who resided on the neighbouring Saint's Island in the early days of the pilgrimage.

The pilgrims, praying the while, make three circuits inside and three circuits outside St. Bridget's, St. Brendan's, St. Catharine's, and St. Columba's beds, kneeling in prayer in the centre and at the outside entrance of each. The six outer circuits of the large penitential beds are even more tiring than any of the preceding beds, as large flat stones are few, and at one part the climbing over a number of big stones—off which one's foot is apt to slip on to sharp points and into lurking crevices—necessitates quite an



Service in St. Patrick's Church on Lough Derg.

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acrobatic feat. It is with sighs of relief that the pilgrims enter the shady though stony interior, which is divided into two beds. Here they kneel beneath the spreading branches of the island's only tree, with the peaceful feeling of good work accomplished, for the first station is nearly finished. Down to the water's edge, picking their steps over the small sharp stones washed in by the tide, the pilgrims first stand, then kneel in prayer, gazing out over the expanse of lake dotted with islands, away to where the mountains rise to the sky. All is silence, peace, repose. It is another world from the busy life that already seems so far behind, and turning away they become aware of each other for the first time since the station commenced, and wend their way to the chapel and thence towards the hospices for breakfast.

The matron of the women's hospice is a person of importance on the island. Her charm of manner and the ready wit of her race endear her to the hundreds of pilgrims who day after day come under her care.

"It is hard to please everyone," she is wont to say, when a fastidious individual who thinks the hospice ought to be conducted on the lines of a Riviera hotel becomes unusually worrying. But Miss Bannon "has a way with her," that soothes the most difficult. She knows and is known by all, and the black tea and dry bread or toast served at the big refectory table, under her supervision, becomes a merry affair, for her jokes and yarns are irresistible. Everybody is hungry, even the most fragile-looking girls consume quite an enormous quantity of that same dry bread, though all do not take kindly to the black tea, some preferring the boiled lake water, which from its peculiarly agreeable taste is known as Lough Derg wine. At this meal everybody talks to everybody else, and in less than five minutes you know everybody's history and everybody knows yours. It is one of the great attractions of the island, this absolute dismissal of class distinction and convention. The pilgrims, priests, and officials in the way of maids, boatmen, etc., are one big happy family, pleased, eager to please, and filled with a buoyant joyousness.

This the pilgrims' first meal is also the last that day. Until after midday the following day food will not again pass their lips, but they are allowed to drink hot water as often as they wish.

Two more stations have yet to be done before nightfall (it takes about an hour and a half to do a station), and soon they are again wending their way round the beds. Some of them have not yet finished when at six o'clock the bell is tolled for evening prayer, sermon, and benediction. Afterwards those who had not quite completed the last station do so. Now comes a general relaxation; some lounge about on the grass, others sit on the cement promenade that skirts one side of the island, their feet dangling in the cool water. The silence of the place seems more acute than ever, when broken by the lap of the water and the murmur of voices and low laughter. Sunset on Lough Derg is a wonder of loveliness. When the red glow that envelops the mountains is reflected in the water below, and the water-fowl with hushed chirruping skim across this pool of molten gold to the refuge of a ghostly island, rippling the surface into music with the dip of their wings, Nature is very near her best.

In the fading light a boat puts out from the mainland, and all eyes are on it as it draws near. It brings the pilgrims who have not come fasting, and who will spend the night in the "Guest House," and begin the station on the morrow. Many find it easier to do this than come from home fasting, though it means an extra day, and if they do not wish to leave the island fasting, an extra night as well. At nine o'clock all repair to St. Patrick's Church for the "Way of the Cross." The devotion with which the pilgrims follow this service is marvellous, and the rise and fall of the voices from the throng that fills to overflowing the dimly-lighted church echoes through the tiny island and out over the water.

The "Way of the Cross" over, the pilgrims whose second day it is retire to rest, while those of that day's arrival enter "Prison," as the night passed in vigil in the church is termed. The first part of the night is spent in prayer and singing of hymns. At midnight the three stations for the next day commence, but instead of doing them in the open, one of the pilgrims repeats the prayers aloud and the others answer,

During the intervals between the prayers many of the pilgrims repair outside for a few minutes to breathe the cool night air and to try to chase sleep away. Weary are the eyes that watch the first streak of dawn rest on the high windows, and cramped limbs relax and cold feet hasten outside to see what is a sight of surpassing beauty—dawn on Lough Derg and the hills of Donegal.

At 5.30 a.m. the bell for rising arouses the sleeping pilgrims and officials, and St. Patrick's Church is soon filled to the doors for six o'clock Mass, after which the watchers of the night before hasten for a draught of Lough Derg wine, followed by a refreshing toilet. However weary and top-heavy the individual after the long and tiring night, he is not supposed to wilfully court sleep. Confessions start in St. Mary's Church at 7 a.m., and by ten or eleven o'clock all have finished and gather at the landing-stage to watch the departure of a preceding party by the morning boat. One of the stations for the morrow may be done that day, and many people take advantage of it to make of their own accord three, four, or even more extra stations, but it is a very long, leisurely day and one has plenty of time to think. A few like to day-dream on the roof of the big hospice. Away up there on a level as it seems with the mountain tops, with no sign of human habitation anywhere, only skies and hills and water and wild life, the awful remoteness and loneliness of it all steals over one. Even the figures down below do not break the spell, for the sound of their voices is drowned in the space between. One becomes oblivious of human companionship, and the propinquity of human beings has no meaning. Yet the loneliness does not appal, it fascinates, enthralls, and

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it is with a quick indrawn breath that the thought of leaving it is hailed.

Midday brings in its train the longed-for breakfast hour, and a hungry crowd do justice to a second meal of black tea and dry bread. In the little thatched cabins, whose cramped quarters are to the poorer people preferable to the big "new-fangled" hospices, oat cake, made from oaten meal and water, the original fare of the pilgrimage, goes to supplement the dry bread. During the day the young ones steal in now and again to sit on "creepy" stools at the blazing "hearth" fires and listen to the yarns of the old country folk, who made the pilgrimage before they were born.

In the afternoon there is an hour's pleasure trip to Saint's Island, one of the largest islands in the lake (Station Island coming eleventh). On landing, a walk right across the island to the far side follows to where in the shallow water stands a huge stone with a depression that likens it to an armchair. This the young people are pleased to call the wishing-chair, and with much laughter and joking the party in turn occupy the chair and wish.

During the day frequent visits were made to St. Patrick's Church, nd groups of people making the stations of the Cross or praying aloud together in the Irish tongue are to be found there at all hours. The order of the services is the same every day, and after the nine o'clock "Way of the Cross" the pilgrims retire to their longed-for rest, and are lulled by the lap of the waves against the hospice walls into a sound sleep, till the boom of the rising bell at 5.30. After Mass and Communion, the two last stations are performed, and by ten o'clock foot-baths are the order of the day, and witness also to desperate struggles to squeeze into normal foot-gear feet that seem to have grown enormous, and in some cases extremely painful. There is the general leave-taking, with the accompanying "See you again next year, please God," and settling of bills, which come to half a crown per person for the three days. This modest charge, combined with the reduced railway fare, enables even those within three or four hours' train-journey of Pettigo to make the pilgrimage with only an outlay of about twelve shillings.

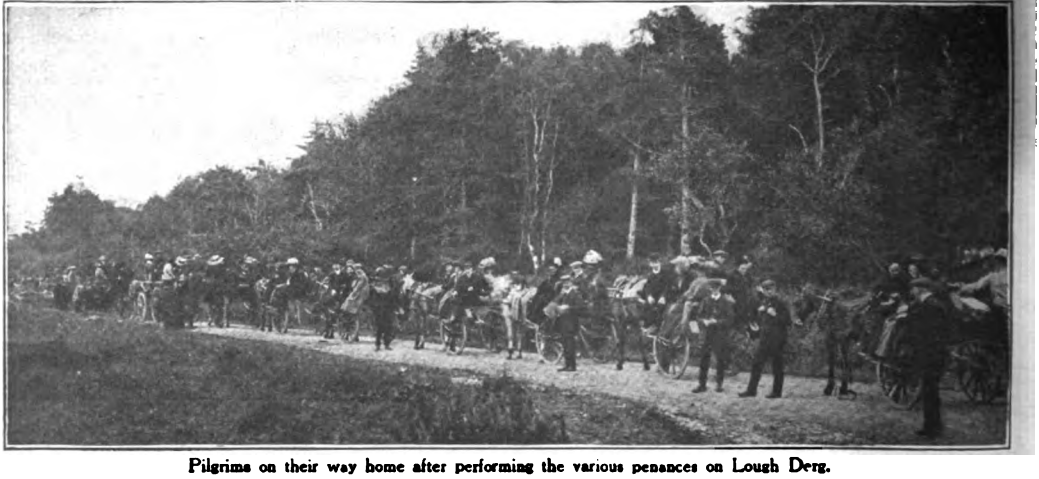
The extraordinary part of Lough Derg is that, though the exercises are so very severe and the fast so strict, even the most delicate rarely feel any bad effects. In fact, doctors say that the effects are most salutary, and the clear mountain air intermingled with the invigorating Atlantic breezes has a brightening influence on both mind and body.

The majority of the pilgrims decide to wait and break that day's fast at home instead of on the journey; the regulation black tea and dry bread hold good till after midnight, and the rules of the pilgrimage are broken if rest in bed is sought before the retiring hour of half-past nine.

So among the three hundred who throng the tiny landing-stage when the trumpet calls forth at ten o'clock a.m. there are a few who feel exhausted enough to resolve never to return again, but when the sentiment is voiced it is received with a smile. "Everybody feels like that some time during the three days, but wait till next year—you won't be able to resist." And it is true. The longing for the mountain lake, Station Island, and the hundreds of strangers that in three days become friends, is too big to overcome. The spell once cast is seldom broken.

The Prior as a rule accompanies the pilgrims to the mainland, and to the splash of the oars, hundreds of voices, many of them very beautiful voices, make the mountains ring and echo with their farewell hymn :—

"So fare you well, Lough Derg;
Shall I ever see you more?
My heart is filled with sorrow
To leave thy sainted shore.
Until Life's days have passed away,
With pleasure shall I dwell
On the happy days I spent with you;
Lough Derg, fare thee well."



Pilgrims on their way home after performing the various penances on Lough Derg.

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To Err Is Human and to Correct These Errors Is Manly

The man who admits he has physical defects has taken his first step toward manhood and honesty but he must not stop there; he must see to it that he gets good competent advice and attention, and to do this he must go to the one who can prove by his own physical condition, that he is ABLE to REALLY give him THAT HEALTH, STRENGTH and PHYSIQUE he desires—GO TO A MAN who practices what he preaches—I AM THAT MAN; I built myself up first. I experimented with my own body, until I made myself what I am today, what those competent to judge say I am, "The living illustration of the perfection of the human form, according to the highest standard." I don't care a rap what has caused your present unfitness, whether you have been brought to your rundown physically unfit condition by your own indiscretions, your own folly, or whether it has been caused by circumstances which you have no control. I WILL REBUILD YOU. I WILL MAKE A MAN OF YOU, NOT A 50% MAN, but a MAN—a 100% MAN. I accomplish all this in Nature's own way. NO DRUGGING, NO MEDICINES, NO FADS OF ANY KIND. Simple scientific instructions added to the proper method of living, and what's more, I care not who your physician has been, for I guarantee you that I will accomplish all I undertake, and I won't undertake what I cannot accomplish.

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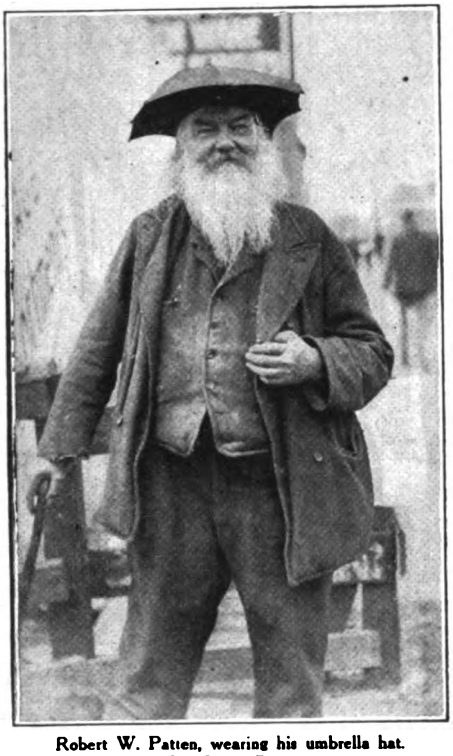
ODDS AND ENDS.

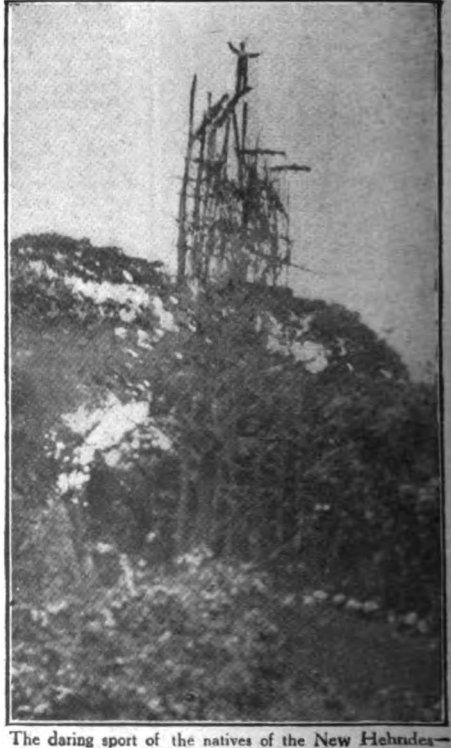
The Umbrella Hat—Leaping from Trees.



Robert W. Patten, wearing his umbrella hat.
Photo. by H. E. Zimmerman.

ROBERT W. PATTEN, the subject of the above photograph, has been one of the best-known figures on the streets of Seattle. He was an old Indian scout under Kit Carson, and claimed to have killed the famous Indian chief, Black Hawk, seventy years ago. The umbrella hat he invented while mining in Mexico. The mosquitoes were troublesome and he devised this headgear as a method of protection. Over it went netting, which was tucked around the neck. It could be adjusted at any angle.

"It may interest your readers," writes a contributor in the New Hebrides, in the South Pacific, "to see the accompanying photograph of an exhibition rarely if ever seen before by whites, and certainly not photographed. The natives of the Island of Pentecost, one of the Hebrides group, at their sing-sings, indulge in the very hazardous pastime of leaping from trees, fifty to sixty feet or more in height. The accounts of these feats given by the natives seemed incredible, but recently several natives from the island named gave an exhibition of this strange pastime at Epi, when I managed to secure a snapshot. A large tree was selected, upon the higher branches of which an elaborate network of stagings was built up. All the boughs and projecting limbs below were then cut off. While a number of the natives were performing the ceremony below, consisting of the clapping of hands, swaying of the bodies, and dancing, a boy mounted to the upper staging, where he stood poised almost in mid-air. Each of his legs was then tied above the ankle with a green rope or vine. This was made fast to the platform on which the boy stood, the loop of rope hanging nearly half-way to the ground. When all was ready the boy stood for a moment or two clapping his hands, and then dived. It was certainly a thrilling moment, as it looked nothing more than a leap to death. The platforms are made sufficiently strong to bear a man's weight, but when he jumps off and the rope straightens out, the jerk is enough to loosen them. This is what happened in this case. When the boy was within a few feet of the ground, he was suddenly brought up with a jerk, thus breaking the fall. All the same, the feat looked decidedly dangerous. We saw one boy jump off three times, another twice, and others once. All were pulled up just clear of the ground. In case of accident the soil underneath the tree is well broken up. The traditional origin of the sing-sing, as it is called, is that a woman fleeing from her husband climbed into a tree to escape from him. Tying her legs to the branches, she jumped just as the man was about to seize her. He, not noticing this precaution, jumped also—to his death. The men, not to be shamed by what a woman can do, perform this feat as a sort of bravado."



The daring sport of the natives of the New Hebrides—leaping from a tree.

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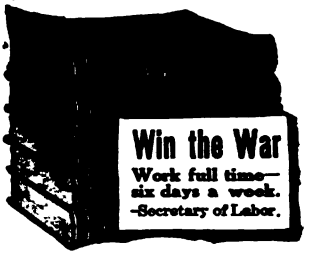

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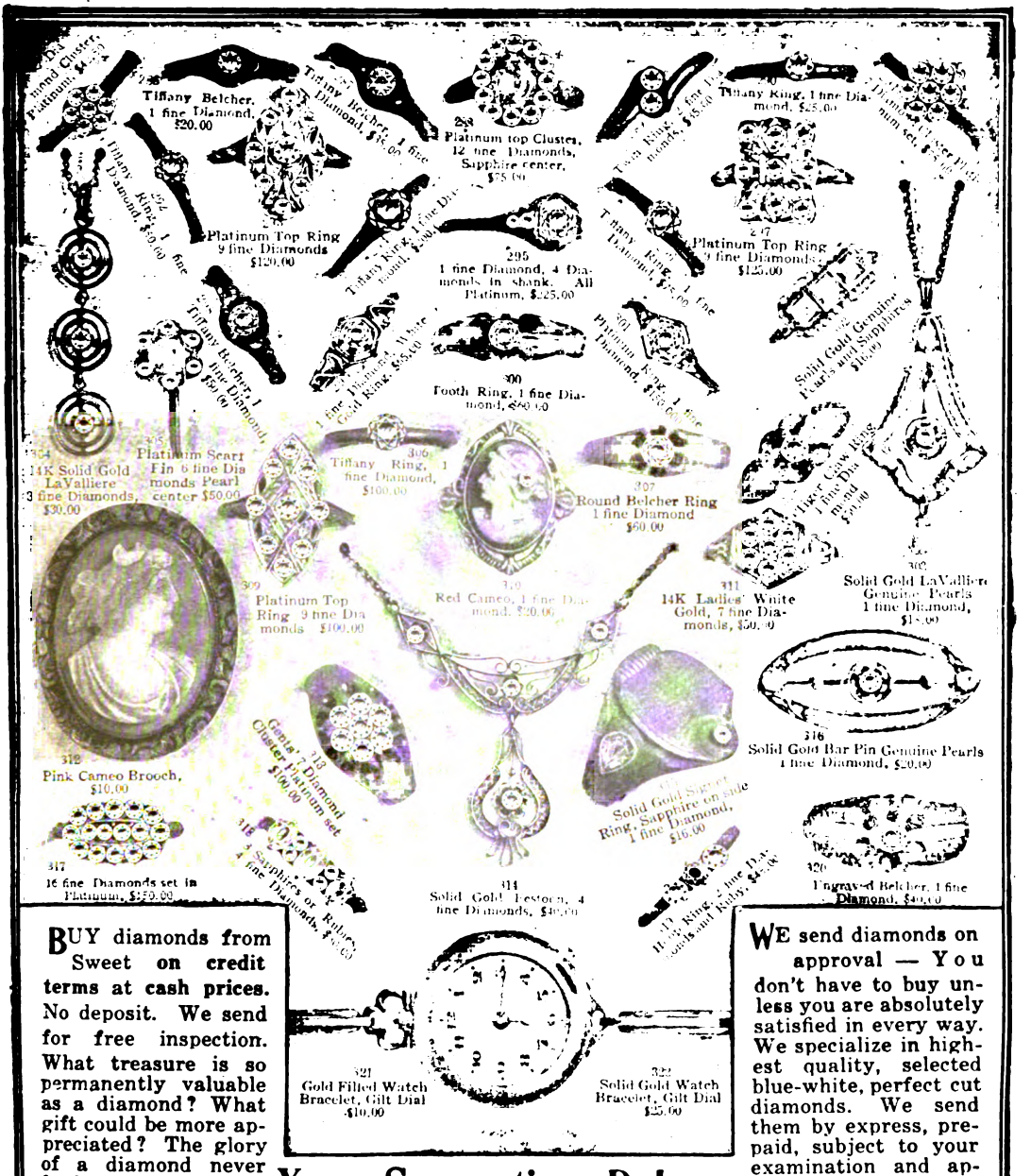

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

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The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

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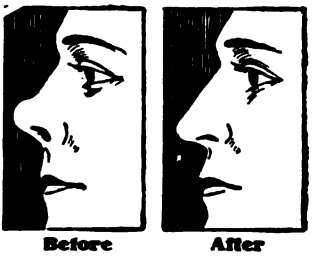

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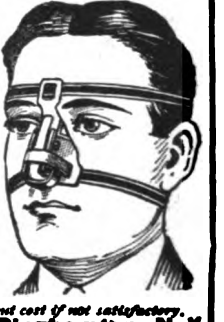

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests had given him in rapid order.

* * * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big search-light on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publisher of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON.

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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Wide World 11-18

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"THE SOLDIERS WERE COMING DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS. I CLUTCHED A WINE-BOTTLE IN EACH HAND AND WAITED WITH BATED BREATH."

(SEE PAGE 96.)

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE
ADVENTURE ~ TRAVEL ~ SPORT
Vol. XLII. DECEMBER, 1918 No. 248.

MY FALL INTO GERMANY FROM AN AEROPLANE.

How I dropped 8,000 feet getting in—and crawled 400 miles getting out.

By LIEUT. *PAT O'BRIEN, R.F.C.*

ILLUSTRATED BY G. HENRY EVISON.

The Author of the following stirring narrative is an Irish-American. Joining the R.F.C. in the early days of the war he soon found himself on the Western Front. After many daring fights in the air his machine was shot down and he was captured by the Germans. His subsequent escape from the train that was carrying him to a prison camp in Hunland, and his long tramp through Germany, Luxemburg, and Belgium, is one of the most sensational episodes of the war. He was seventy-two days travelling four hundred miles, and for thirty-five consecutive days he did not speak to a human being. When he finally reached London His Majesty the King sent for him and congratulated him on his marvellous escape. Lieutenant O'Brien has now written a book describing his remarkable adventures. It is entitled "Outwitting the Hun," and is published by Messrs. Heinemann at 6s. The following entertaining account of this pilot's thrilling experiences are reproduced from the book by permission of the publishers.

II.

N last month's WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE I narrated my adventures while crossing Germany into Luxemburg, and told how, when I got into Belgium, I had knocked up a Belgian and begged him for food. When I discovered he had guessed my identity I must confess I felt a little frightened, but there was a smile on his face and a friendly attitude about him that told me instinctively he could be trusted.

"You have guessed right," I replied; "only I am an American, not an Englishman."

I told him some of the experiences I had gone through and outlined my plans for the future.

"You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without a passport. The nearer you get to the frontier the more German soldiers you will encounter, and without a passport you will be a marked man."

I asked him to suggest a way by which I could overcome this difficulty, and after some little persuasion he did so.

"If you will call on this man," mentioning the name of a Belgian in ——, a city through which I had to pass, "you will be able to make arrangements with him to secure a passport, and he will do everything he can to get you out of Belgium."

I thanked him a thousand times and then left him to continue my way.

That evening I came to a river perhaps seventy-five yards wide. I was getting ready to swim

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it when I noticed a boat, the first I had seen in all my travels. It was firmly chained, but as the stakes were sunk in the soft bank it was not much of a job to pull them out. I got in, drank to my heart's content, shoved over to the other side, got out, drove a stake into the ground, and moored the craft. I made several miles that night, and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding-place I could see through the bushes a thick wood only a short distance away. Thinking it would afford me cover I decided to start earlier than usual.

About three o'clock that afternoon I emerged from my hiding-place and hurried into the wood. I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house, and in the distance an old man working in a garden. I decided to enter the house and ask for food. An old woman came to the door in response to my knock. She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, but I made her understand I wanted something to eat. She called to her husband and the old man came from his garden, and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry, and they gave me a piece of bread—a very small piece—which was quite a treat.

I made the couple understand that I would like to stay in their house all night, but the old man shook his head. I bade them good-bye and disappeared into the woods, leaving them to speculate as to the strange foreigner they had entertained.

From the greater density of the population in the section through which I was now passing I realized that I must be in the outskirts of the big city which the Belgian had mentioned, and where I was to procure my passport.

Village after village intercepted me, and although I tried to skirt them wherever possible, I realized that I should never make much progress if I continued that course. To gain a mile I would sometimes have to make a *détour* of two or three. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I came to.

About nine o'clock that evening I came to a point where ahead of me on the right was a Belgian police-station—I knew it from its red lights—and on the other side of the street were two German soldiers in uniform leaning against a bicycle.

Here was a problem which called for instant decision. If I turned back the suspicion of the soldiers would be instantly aroused, and if I crossed the road so as not to pass so closely to them they might be equally suspicious. I decided to march bravely by the Huns, bluff my way through, and trust to Providence. If anybody imagines, however, that I was at all comfortable as I approached those soldiers he must think that I am a much braver man than I claim to be. My heart beat so loud that I was afraid they would hear it. Every step I took brought me so much nearer to what might prove to be the end of all my hopes. It was a nerve-racking ordeal. I was now within a few feet of them. Another step and I passed right by them. The incident gave me a world of confidence.

In about an hour I came to another little village, and I walked boldly through the main street without any feeling of alarm. I had proceeded perhaps a mile along the main street when I noticed ahead of me three German soldiers standing at the kerb. I got to within fifteen feet of the soldiers when one of them stepped on to the sidewalk and shouted :—

"Halt!"

My heart almost stopped beating. I can't attempt to describe my feelings. The thought that the game was up, that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, mingled with the feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me. I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and as the Hun advanced to search me I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other, so that he could see that was all I had.

He slowly advanced towards me, ran his hand down the outside of my clothes, and then motioned me away. Needless to add, I did not require a second bidding. Half turning round, I saw the same soldier stop two more peasants and search them. Then it suddenly occurred to me that he was hunting for smuggled potatoes!

Late the following night I found myself in the city where lived the man whose name the Belgian had given me. After walking the streets for about half an hour I came to his house. For obvious reasons I cannot describe him, nor the house in which he lived. Huyliger, as I will call him, was very kind to me on that memorable night when I aroused him from his sleep and in a few words of explanation told him of my plight. He could speak English fluently. He invited me inside, prepared some food for me, and, putting on a dressing-gown, came and sat by me while I ate, listening with the greatest interest to the short account I gave him of my adventures.

"O'Brien," he said, after I had concluded my story, "I am going to help you. It may take several days—perhaps as long as two weeks—but eventually we will provide the means to enable you to get into Holland!"

I thanked him a thousand times and told him that I didn't know how I could possibly repay him.

"Don't think of that," he replied; "the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided in placing one more victim of the Huns beyond their power to harm him will more than repay me for all the risk I shall run in helping you. You'd better turn in now, and in the morning I'll tell you what I plan to do."

He showed me to a small room on the second floor, shook hands with me, and left me to prepare for the first real night's rest I had been able to take for nearly two months.

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"I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other, so that he could see that was all I had."

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As I removed my clothes and noticed that my knees were still swollen to twice their normal size, that my left ankle was black and blue from the wrench I had given it when I jumped from the train, and that my ribs showed through my skin, I realized what I had gone through. I lost no time in getting into bed, and still less in getting to sleep.

Early next morning my host appeared with a tray containing my breakfast. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that meal. It consisted of a cup of real coffee, several slices of bread, some hot potatoes, and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Huyliger outlined the plans he had made for my escape. In brief, the scheme was to conceal me in a convent until conditions were ripe for me to make my way to the border. In the meanwhile I was to be dressed in the garb of a priest, and when the time came for me to leave the city I was to pretend that I was a Spanish sailor, because I could speak a little Spanish, which I had picked up on the coast. To attempt to play the part of a Belgian would become increasingly difficult, he pointed out, and would bring inevitable disaster in the event of my being called upon to speak.

The first thing to do was to prepare a passport. My host had a blank one, and it was comparatively a simple matter to fill in the spaces, and then sign it by imitating the handwriting of the passport clerk. My occupation was entered as that of a sailor. My birthplace was given as Spain and my age as thirty. Huyliger procured a camera and took a photograph of me to paste on the passport in the place provided for that purpose, and in two days we had a document which was entirely satisfactory to both of us and would, we hoped, prove equally satisfactory to our friends the Huns.

Huyliger now informed me that he had changed his plans about the convent, and took me to an empty house in a fashionable part of the city. As soon as my friend had gone I explored the place from top to bottom. It was a large house containing some twenty rooms, and although elaborately furnished there was not a bed in the place nor an ounce of food. In the wine-cellar, however, there were hundreds of bottles of the choicest brands. In the morning Huyliger appeared and brought me some breakfast, and after I had eaten it he asked me what connections I had in France or England from whom I could obtain money. I told him that I banked with Cox and Co., London, and that if he needed any money I would do anything I could to get it for him, although I did not know just how such things could be arranged.

"Don't worry about that, O'Brien," he replied. "We'll find a way of getting at it all right. What I want to know is how far you are prepared to go to compensate me for the risks I am taking and for the service I am rendering you."

The change in the man's attitude stunned me. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Of course, I shall pay you as well as I can for what you have done, Huyliger," I replied. After much further argument I then asked him what compensation he required, telling him I was willing to do anything that was reasonable.

"I want —— pounds!" he answered, naming a figure that staggered me. If I had been General Haig himself instead of just an ordinary lieutenant in the R.F.C., he could hardly have asked a larger sum.

"Why, my dear man," I said, smilingly, thinking that perhaps he was joking, "you don't really mean that, do you?"

"I certainly do, O'Brien, and what is more I intend to get every cent I have asked, and you are going to help me to get it!"

He pulled out an order calling for the payment to him of the amount he had mentioned and demanded that I should sign it.

I waved it aside.

"Huyliger," I said, "you have helped me out so far, and perhaps you have the power to help me further. I appreciate what you have done for me, although now I think I see what your motive was, but I certainly don't intend to be blackmailed, and I tell you that I won't stand it!"

"Very well," he said. "It is just as you wish. But before you make up your mind so obstinately I would advise you to think it over. I'll be back this evening."

At the beginning of my dealings with Huyliger I had turned over to him some pictures, papers, and other things that I had on me when I entered his house, including my identification disc, and I was rather afraid that he might refuse to return them to me.

All day long I remained in the house without a particle of food other than the breakfast my friend had brought to me.

That night he appeared, as he had promised.

"Well, O'Brien," he asked, as he entered the room where I was awaiting him, "what do you say? Will you sign the order or not?"

"No, Huyliger," I replied. "I have decided to get along as best I can without any further assistance from you. I shall see that you are reasonably paid for what you have done, but I will not accept any further assistance from you at any price, and, what is more, I want you to return to me at once all the photographs and other papers and belongings of mine which I turned over to you!"

"I'm sorry, O'Brien," he retorted, "but that is something I cannot do, as they have been sent out of the country."

Something told me that the man was lying.

"See here, Huyliger," I threatened, advancing toward him, putting my hand on his shoulder, and looking him straight in the eye. "I want those papers, and I want them here before midnight to-night. If I don't get them, I shall go to the German authorities, give myself up, show them the passport that you fixed up for me, tell them how I got it, and explain everything!"

Huyliger paled. He turned on his heels and started to go down the stairs.

"Mind," I called after him, "I shall wait

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for you till the city clock strikes twelve, and if you don't show up with those papers by that time, the next time you will see me is when you confront me before the German authorities! I am a desperate man, Huyliger, and I mean every word I say!"

Two hours later Huyliger returned.

"I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had, O'Brien," he said, softly; "the rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession."

I looked through the little bunch he handed me. It included my identification disc, most of the papers I valued, and perhaps half the photographs.

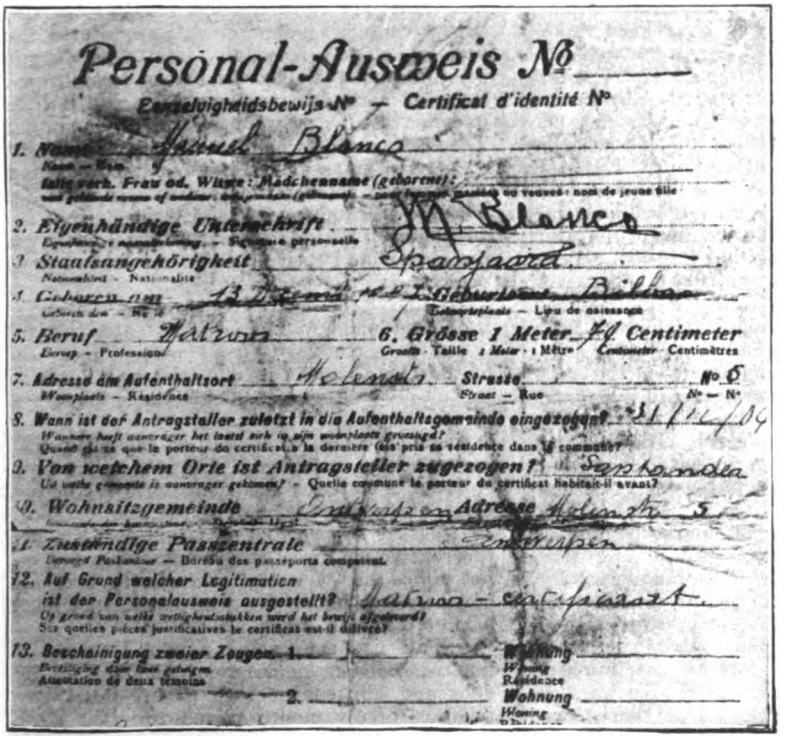
"I hate to leave you to your own resources," said Huyliger, as he was preparing to go, "and I'm going to make one more suggestion to you for your own good. I have another plan to get you into Holland, and if you will go with me to another house I will introduce you to a man who I think will be in a position to help you."

"How many millions of pounds will he want for his trouble?" I asked, sarcastically.

"You can arrange that when you see him. Will you go?"

I suspected there was something fishy about the proposition, but I felt that I could take care of myself, and decided to see the thing through. I knew Huyliger would not dare to deliver me to the authorities because of the fact that I had the tell-tale passport, which would be his death-knell as well as my own.

Accordingly I accompanied him the following evening to another empty house not very far from the one in which I had been staying and not unlike it in appearance. Here I was introduced to two men. One, I could readily see by the resemblance, was Huyliger's own brother. The other was a stranger. Very briefly they explained that they had procured another passport—a genuine one—which would prove far more effective in helping me to get to the frontier than the counterfeit one I had.


Personal-Ausweis №

Persoonsbewijs № — Certificat d'identité №

1. Name: Samuel Blanco

2. Eigenhändige Unterschrift: M. Blanco

3. Staatsangehörigkeit: Spanjaard

4. Geboren am: 13 [illegible] in Gebortsort: Bilbao

5. Beruf: Matroos

6. Grösse 1 Meter 74 Centimeter

7. Adresse des Aufenthaltsorts: Molenstr. Strasse: [illegible] No 6

8. Wann ist der Antragsteller zuletzt in die Aufenthaltsgemeinde eingezogen? 21/12/04

9. Von welchem Orte ist Antragsteller zugezogen? Santander

10. Wohnsitzgemeinde: Amsterdam Adresse: Molenstr. 5

11. Zuständige Passzentrale: Amsterdam

12. Auf Grund welcher Legitimation ist der Personalausweis ausgestellt? Matroos-certificaat

13. Bescheinigung zweier Zeugen 1. [illegible] Wohnung

2. [illegible] Wohnung

The Author's forged passport, prepared for him by a Belgian.

"Of course, you will have to return to us the passport we gave you before we can give you the real one," said Huyliger's brother.

"I haven't the slightest objection," I replied, "if the new passport is all you claim for it. Will you let me see it?"

"I don't think that's necessary, Mr. O'Brien," said Huyliger's brother. "You give us the old passport and we will be very glad to give you the new one for it."

I saw through their little game at once.

"I have the passport here," I declared, patting my coat-pocket, "and if you gentlemen think you can take it from me you are welcome to try!"

Apparently they realized that I meant business, and they immediately began to expostulate at the attitude I was taking.

"My dear fellow," said the spokesman, "it is not that we want to deprive you of the passport, but for your own protection you owe it to us to proceed on your journey as best you can without it, because as long as you have it in your possession you jeopardize our lives too. Don't you think it fairer that you should risk your own safety rather than place the lives of three innocent men in danger?"

"That may be as it is, my friends," I retorted, as I made my way to the door, "and I am glad you realize your danger. Should any of you ever feel inclined to notify the German authorities that I am in this part of the country, remember that if the Germans get me they get the passport too, and if they get the passport your lives won't be worth much! When I tell the history of that clever little piece of pasteboard I will

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implicate all three of you, and whoever else is working with you, and as I am an officer I rather think my word will be taken before yours. Good night!"

I spent five days in the empty house I was first taken to, and during that time I had very little to eat. Not being able to speak Flemish or German, I could not go out and buy food. At night, however, after it was dark, I would steal quietly out of the house to see what I could pick up in the way of eatables. By that time, of course, the stores were closed, but I scoured the streets, the alleys, and the byways for scraps of food, and occasionally got up courage enough to appeal to Belgian peasants whom I met in the streets, and in that way I managed to keep body and soul together.

One day a squad of German infantry accompanied by a military truck stopped in front of the house. A few moments later the door opened. I flew down the stairs to the basement and hid in the wine-cellar. I felt sure they were searching for me. The smashing and crashing going on upstairs was terrific. Evidently the soldiers imagined I was hiding in the walls, and they were tearing off the wainscoting. Before very long they would finish their search upstairs and would come down to the basement. Perhaps it was twenty minutes before I heard what sounded to me like my death-knell.

The soldiers were coming down the cellar steps. I clutched a wine-bottle in each hand and waited with bated breath. I was fully prepared to sell my life dearly. The measured tread came nearer and then I heard the command, "Halt!" Again an order was given, in German. I could hardly believe my ears. The men were marching up the stairs again, and a few minutes later I heard the front door slam.

Was the whole thing a German ruse? I remained in the cellar for nearly an hour, and then, taking off my shoes, crept softly up the cellar steps. The sight that met my eyes as I glanced into the kitchen told me that my fears that the Huns were searching for me were unfounded. The water faucets had been ripped from the sinks and the water-pipes torn from the walls. Everything of brass or copper, the gas fixtures, cooking utensils, and anything else which contained even only a small proportion of the metals the Germans so badly needed, had been taken from the house.

After the visit of the soldiers, which left the house in a wrecked condition, I decided that I would continue my journey toward the frontier, particularly as I had got all I could out of Huyliger, or, rather, he had got all he was going to get out of me.

I marched out of the city early one morning, passed the guards without being stopped, and was soon out in the open country. The first Belgian I came to I approached for food. He gave me half his lunch, and we sat down on the side of the road to eat it. Of course, he tried to talk to me, but I used the old ruse of pretending I was deaf and dumb, and he was quite convinced that it was so. He made various efforts to talk to me in pantomime, but I could not make out what he was getting at, and I think he must have concluded that I was not only half-starved, deaf, and dumb, but "luny" into the bargain.

I knew I was only a short distance from the frontier, but how was I to get through the heavily-guarded, barbed, and electrically-charged barrier? I spent hours devising various plans. It had occurred to me that it would not be such a difficult matter to vault over the electric fence, which was only nine feet high. But on either side of the electric fence, six feet from it, was a six-foot barbed-wire barrier. To vault safely over a nine-foot electrically-charged fence was one thing, but to combine it with a twelve-foot broad vault was another. Another plan that seemed half-way reasonable was to build a pair of stilts about twelve or fourteen feet high and walk over the barriers one by one. But the question was, where were the stilts coming from? Then I thought I would steal a bicycle and with the tyres make gloves and insulated coverings for my feet, in case it was necessary for me to attempt to climb over the electric fence bodily. In the end I decided to wait until I arrived at the barrier and then make up my mind how to proceed.

To find a decent place to sleep that night I crawled under a barbed-wire fence, thinking it led to some field. As I passed under one of the barbs caught in my coat, and in trying to pull myself free I shook the fence for several yards.

Instantly there came out of the night that nerve-racking command, "Halt!"

Again I feared I was done for. I crouched close down on the ground in the darkness. Fortunately it was foggy as well as dark, and the sentry, who was only a few feet away, did not notice me. I waited five minutes and then crept quietly under the wire again, and made off in a different direction.

After I had gone about a mile I came to a humble Belgian house, and knocked at the door and applied for food in my usual way, pointing to my mouth to indicate that I was hungry, and to my ears and mouth to imply that I was deaf and dumb. The Belgian woman who lived in the house brought me a piece of bread and two cold potatoes, and as I sat there eating them she eyed me very keenly.

I haven't the slightest doubt that she realized that I was a fugitive, and my theory was confirmed a moment later when, as I made ready to go, she touched me on the arm and indicated that I was to wait a moment. She went to a bureau and brought out two pieces of fancy Belgian lace, which she insisted upon my taking away, although at that particular moment I had as much use for Belgian lace as an elephant has for a safety-razor, but I was touched with her thoughtfulness and pressed her hand to show my gratitude. She would not accept the money I offered her. I carried that lace through my subsequent experiences, feeling that it would be a fine souvenir for my mother.

The following night found me right on the frontier of Holland. Waiting until it was quite

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"Just as I took the next rung the ladder slipped, came in contact with the live wire, and the current passed through the wet sticks into my body."

dark, I made my way carefully through a field and eventually came to the much-dreaded barrier. It was all that I had heard about it. Every foot of the border-line between Belgium and Holland is protected in precisely the same manner. It is here to serve three purposes: first, to keep the Belgians from escaping into Holland; second, to keep enemies like myself from making their way to freedom; and third, to prevent desertions on the part of the Germans themselves. One look at it was enough to convince anyone that it probably accomplished all three objects about as well as any contrivance could, and one look was all I got of it that night, for while I lay on my stomach gazing at the forbidding structure I heard the measured stride of a German sentry advancing toward me, and I crawled away as fast as I possibly could, determined to spend the night somewhere in the fields and make another and more careful survey the following evening. The view I had obtained, however, was sufficient to convince me that the pole-vault idea was out of the question, as well as the plan of escaping by means of stilts.

The section of the country in which I was now wandering was very heavily wooded, and it occurred to me that I might make a simple ladder and with its aid climb over the electrically-charged fence. The rungs consisted of small branches of trees tied to two poles with grass and strips from my handkerchief and shirt. It was not a very workmanlike ladder, and when I placed it against a tree to test it, it wobbled considerably. I strengthened it here and there, and when night came I made for the barrier. I waited until I heard the sentry pass and then pushed my ladder under the barbed wire and endeavoured to follow it. My clothing caught in the wire, but I wrenched myself free and crawled to the electric barrier.

My plan was to place the ladder against one of the posts on which the electric wires were strung, climb up to the top, and then jump. There would be a fall of nine or ten feet, and I might possibly sprain my ankle or break my leg, but if that was all that stood between me and freedom I wasn't going to stop to consider it.

I put my ear to the ground to listen for the coming of the sentry. There was not a sound. Eagerly, but carefully, I placed the ladder against the post and started up. Only a few feet separated me from liberty, and my heart beat fast.

I had climbed perhaps three rungs of my ladder when I became aware of an unlooked-for difficulty.

The ladder was slipping!

Just as I took the next rung the ladder slipped, came in contact with the live wire, and the current passed through the wet sticks into my body. There was a blue flash, my hold on the ladder relaxed, and I fell heavily to the ground, unconscious!

Of course I had not received the full force of the current or I should not now be writing this story. I must have remained unconscious

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for a few moments, but I came to just in time to hear the German guard coming, and the thought came to me that if I didn't get that ladder concealed at once he would see it even though, fortunately for me, it was an unusually dark night.

I pulled the ladder out of his path and lay flat on the ground, not seven feet away from his beat. He passed so close that I could have pushed the ladder out and tripped him up.

The mishap with the ladder had convinced me that escape in that way was not feasible. The shock that I had received had unnerved me; but if I couldn't get over, what was the matter with getting under it? The bottom wire was only two inches from the ground, and of course I couldn't touch it, but what was to prevent my digging underneath it and then crawling through the hole in the ground? I had only my hands to dig with, but I went at it with a will, and fortunately the ground was not very hard.

When I had dug about six inches, making a distance in all of eight inches from the lowest electric wire, I came to an underground wire. I knew enough about electricity to realize that this wire could not be charged, as it was in contact with the ground, but still there was not sufficient room between the live wire and this underground wire for me to crawl through, and I either had to go on digging deep enough under this wire to crawl under it or else pull it up.

This underground wire was about as big round as a lead-pencil, and there was no chance of breaking it. I went on digging for a little while and then took hold of the wire and pulled on it with all my strength. It wouldn't budge. It was stretched taut across the narrow ditch I had dug—about fourteen inches wide—and all my tugging didn't serve to loosen it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. This enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a little, and I renewed my efforts. After a moment or two of pulling as I had never pulled in my life before, a staple on the next post gave way, and my work became easier. I had more leeway now, and pulled and pulled again until in all eight staples gave way. Every time a staple gave way it sounded to me like the report of a gun, and I put my ear to the ground to listen for the guard, but not hearing him, went on with my work.

Having loosened the wire I resumed my digging. The deeper I went the harder became the work, because by this time my finger-nails were broken and I was nervous—afraid every moment that I would touch the charged wire. I kept at it, however, with my mind constantly on the hole I was digging and the liberty which was almost within my reach. Finally I had enough space to crawl through and still leave a couple of inches between my back and the live wire.

Before I went under that wire I noticed that the lace which the Belgian woman had given me as a souvenir made my pocket bulge, and lest it might be the innocent means of electrocuting me by touching the live wire, I took it out, rolled it up, and threw it over the barrier.

Then I lay down on my stomach and crawled, or rather writhed, under the wire like a snake, with my feet first, and there wasn't any question of my hugging Mother Earth as closely as possible, because I realized that even to touch the wire above me with my back meant instant death.

Anxious as I was to get on the other side, I didn't hurry this operation. I feared there might be some little detail that I had overlooked, and I exercised the greatest possible care in going under, taking nothing for granted.

When I finally got through I breathed a prayer of thankfulness. Then I crawled under the barbed-wire fence into the free air of Holland! I had no clear idea just where I was, and I didn't much care. I was out of the power of the Germans, and that was enough. I had walked perhaps a hundred yards when I remembered the lace I had thrown over the barrier, and, dangerous as I realized the undertaking to be, I determined to walk back and get it.

When I came to the spot at which I had made my way under the barbed wire I put my ear to the ground and listened for the sentry. I heard him coming and lay prone on the ground till he had passed. Then I went under the barbed wire again and retrieved the lace, and once again made my way to Dutch territory.

It does not take long to describe the events just referred to, but the incidents themselves consumed several hours in all. To dig the hole must have taken me more than two hours, and I had to stop frequently to hide while the sentry passed. Many times, indeed, I thought I heard him coming and stopped my work, and then discovered it was only my imagination. I certainly suffered enough that night to last me a lifetime. With a German guard on one side, death from electrocution on the other, and starvation staring me in the face, my plight was anything but a comfortable one.

It was November 19th, 1917, when I got through the wires. I had made my leap from the train on September 9th. All through, therefore, just seventy-two days had elapsed since I escaped from the Huns. If I live to be as old as Methuselah, I never expect to live through another seventy-two days so crammed full of incident and hazard and lucky escapes.

Little remains now to be told. Once in Holland I made my way to Rotterdam, where the British Consul did everything possible for me and sent me on to London, and on December 7th I was very graciously received by His Majesty the King. I must confess I felt decidedly nervous at the idea of meeting the King, but His Majesty quickly put me at my ease and we chatted together for nearly an hour.

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QUEER FIXES.

MY FIGHT WITH AN OSTRICH.

By C. E. J. WALKEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARCH. WEBB.

How a schoolmaster while passing an ostrich camp was suddenly attacked by an enraged cock bird and the narrow escape he had from a terrible death.

ALTHOUGH it was some years ago now that it happened, I can remember it as if it only occurred yesterday. Having earned local fame for my sketching proclivities, Lawyer Hoyle, who had just pulled off an important feather case and had raked in much money, commissioned me to paint him a view of Oudtshoorn from the racecourse, for which he agreed to pay me twenty pounds—a sum not to be sneezed at by a struggling young Colonial schoolmaster.

So on the first day I could spare the time—a nice warm day with the thermometer at about one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit in the shade—I took my paints and block and sallied forth to commit to paper my *magnum opus*. I carried no easel, which was unfortunate, as it might have come in handy. I walked down the river until I came to Fourie's Drift, and then, manfully stemming a torrent at least three inches deep between rocks, I crossed my Rubicon, climbed up between a barbed-wire fence on the left and a very high quince hedge on the right, and emerged on the veldt of the Southern Karroo.

Immediately above the hedge was the corner of a very big ostrich camp, running right away north for miles and containing something near a thousand birds. As usual with these "camps," the wires were old and rusty, the posts ancient and rotten; but anything almost in the shape of a wire will keep Master Ostrich within, if he does not happen to be "quaai." Unfortunately mine was!

As I passed that corner a very big male bird came and looked at me, walked along inside the fence abreast of me, gazed sulkily, as I thought; but with twenty pounds a mile ahead I put him from me and my best leg forward, so as not to miss the sun.

I had not gone a mile, barely a third of that distance, when I thought I heard a scuffling sound over my right shoulder. I turned, and there, close to me, coming at tremendous speed, was, to my distorted imagination, the most monstrous ostrich ever seen upon earth. His eye was as big as a duck-pond, his head as a six-acre field, his neck as long as the sea-serpent's. Whop! That was my head hitting against Mother Earth or, more probably, a pebble. Bang! My poor body followed and—oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back star-gazing. We are told that stars can be seen at midday if one gazes long enough straight up to heaven. They can. I have seen them. Anyhow, there was I, knocked out of time by a beastly ostrich. Mind you, it was sheer temper on his part. I had not even smiled at him in passing. The silly goat! There was I, flat on my back. Thank goodness my coat was buttoned up, and that terror of a bird was calmly walking over my body! I can see that foot now if I shut my eyes. It looked large enough to crush an elephant.

I can remember plainly the thought that if his awful toe-nail came down on my face it would kill me. There's small doubt that it would have done, for a full-grown cock ostrich weighs well over two hundred pounds at fighting weight, so every time the toe descended I moved my head sideways and dodged the awful weapon. Yet I was not the least bit frightened. My only real thought was how I could get up and kill him. At last I struggled to my feet. Exactly how I managed it I do not know. I wanted to know the time, but my watch, which was in my waistcoat-pocket, was out of reach. When I had passed the quince hedge it was one o'clock. I remember only that I was up, that I had hold of the ostrich round the knees and did my best to throw him; but down I went once more, and again lost consciousness.

When next I woke my coat and trousers were in ribbons; my paint-box, lying open, had shed all its contents. My block I could see about five yards away, and that hideous bird was still doing the goose-step over my prostrate body. But I got up again, and this time tripped or threw him, sat upon the mountain of his carcass, bent his head round towards his tail, and held on to both with all my might. Looking across the veldt I saw a small white house. I yelled with all the power of my lungs, again and yet again, and at last saw a man emerge. He came running in my direction, carrying a great pole. As he ran I yelled. The bird lay

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"I turned, and there, close to me, coming at tremendous speed, was, to my distorted imagination, the most monstrous ostrich ever seen upon earth."

dead-still. At last the man arrived: a small, inexpressibly dirty Dutchman, but to me as welcome as an archangel.

He jabbered at me in the lingo of which I knew perhaps three words. I nodded with no understanding whatsoever beyond the fact that two of us could give the ostrich the *coup de grâce*. Slowly I stood up, feeling very sick. Carefully we lifted the foe, pumped, but otherwise seemingly uninjured; picked up my scattered paints

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and brushes, crossed hands over the bird's great back, holding each the opposite wing, and slowly moved across the veldt. Then, with great care that I might not lose hold of mine enemy, I looked at my watch. It was five-and-twenty past one! The encounter, then, had lasted twenty-five minutes. To me it seemed hours.

We took the bird to the camp, undid the slip bars—the upper two, that is—and threw him in. He went down and stayed down, and, so I'm told, did not get up for a week.

The Boer took me to his house, put me on a great double bed, and fetched his *vroouw;* brought me also a tumbler full of what I took to be water, and having drank it at a gulp asked for more. I must have been pretty well knocked out, for it was raw "dorp" brandy, Heaven knows what over-proof! Beyond whetting my whistle it had no effect on me at all. Then they inspanned the horses and drove me back to the village. The next morning I went to school as usual. I was second master in the public school there at that time, but fainted in the middle of prayers and had to go home to bed.

A week later my encounter with the ostrich was in all the local papers. I've no idea who put it in, and for twenty-four hours I was the most celebrated man in South Africa. There are very few cases on record of any man having fought a full-grown cock ostrich without any weapon beyond his two hands. Whether it was luck or Providence that the bird knocked me down with his chest instead of using his foot, I do not know, but it is almost certain death to be struck by an ostrich's foot with that appalling toe-nail. I have a hazy recollection of knowing this and having jumped for his head, but am not very clear about it.

HEMMED IN BY ALLIGATORS.

By C. H. ROBINSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT, R.I.

Going to the rescue of a pet dog in a river, the Author suddenly found his way barred by alligators, and herein relates how he escaped from this terrible predicament.

ALL the trenches, lagoons, and ponds in the Colony of Demerara, British Guiana, swarm with small alligators, which are regarded as harmless to human beings—indeed, I had never previously heard of a man being attacked by these creatures, though most of the labourers—men, women, and children—on the estate, after the finish of their day's work, are in the habit of jumping into the irrigation trenches for a wash, and I myself, in common with other overseers, had frequently bathed in a pool well known to be infested with alligators.

These horrible creatures, however, will seize a duck swimming, or snatch a small pig venturing too close to the water-side; and they are particularly partial to dogs—so much so, in fact, that when we desired to shoot these reptiles all we had to do was to take a dog down to the bank, shortly before sunset, and pinch his tail until he yelped, when within a few minutes half-a-dozen of the ugly heads would appear above the surface of the muddy water close by and offer grand targets for our guns.

In fact, by some strange intuition Colonial-bred dogs are aware of the danger lurking in the depths and cannot be induced to enter the water.

As I wended my way homeward one afternoon I little thought that within twenty-four hours I myself would be placed in a terrible predicament by these same alligators.

The following afternoon I had returned from the field and was about to indulge in a siesta in my hammock during the interval preceding the dinner hour, when my boy, Barclay, a strapping young negro of about sixteen years of age, came running excitedly into my room with the intelligence that a flock of ducks had alighted on the lagoon on the front lands of the estate, about half a mile distant.

Hurriedly snatching up my gun and cartridge-belt I made for the spot indicated, accompanied by the boy, and had proceeded some distance when I became aware that a small dog named "Dally," a pretty Swedish terrier, was following me. Now Dally belonged to a fellow-overseer by whom he was much prized, and indeed he was a great pet with the whole household.

I did not wish him to accompany me on this occasion, however, as I feared he would scare the birds prematurely, and I tried to drive him back again, but he was not to be denied; so ultimately I abandoned the attempt and allowed him to follow. Upon this circumstance hangs the ensuing narrative.

I reached the piece of water where the ducks were disporting themselves and, after a little stalking, managed to shoot two—one was killed outright and falling close to the bank was easily secured, but the other was only wounded, and fluttered away some twenty yards or so, where it floated and struggled in an endeavour to reach the cover of a patch of reeds and water-lilies.

At this moment Dally, who had been an

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"With a loud hiss and a great swirl the brute sank out of sight, leaving a stain of blood on the surface of the water."

excited spectator of the proceedings, and was not Colonial-bred, jumped into the water and swam toward the disabled duck The brave little dog had reached it and was returning with it when Barclay suddenly yelled out :—

"Look, baas! a 'gator! Going for Dally," and sure enough about fifty feet away was an alligator swimming rapidly in the direction of the dog.

"Quick, Barclay!" I said; "jump in and frighten the brute away."

But Barclay objected. "No, baas, I 'fraid," he said, resolutely.

There was no time to be lost in argument.

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The reptile was approaching the game little dog, which, burdened by the flapping duck, nearly as large as himself, was making but slow progress. Dropping my gun I jumped into the water and, half wading, half swimming, had soon reached the dog, and then placing him, duck and all, under my arm I started to return to shore.

The alligator had stopped for a moment as I splashed through the water, but did not disappear as they usually do on hearing any strange noise. The creature presently recommenced swimming, but made a swerve to the right, thus bringing himself between me and the bank, where he remained stationary, his cold malignant eye fixed steadily upon the dog in my arms.

The only point on the bank at which I could land for some distance round the lagoon was immediately behind the evil-looking brute, so I splashed the water and shouted at him without effect. There he continued to keep watch and ward, and it dawned upon me that he intended to make a dash for the dog if I ventured to approach him.

Poor Dally had by now perceived his enemy and was evidently terrified, for he set up a piteous howl. I am bound to confess that I was beginning to feel somewhat apprehensive myself, for I had never known an alligator to act with such boldness before, and my uneasiness was increased when the boy on the bank shouted :—

"Take care, master, whole lot 'gators dere behind."

I glanced round and saw at least four or five of the uncanny reptiles swimming in my direction, doubtless attracted by the howling of the dog.

My way to shore was still barred by the first alligator. He was of a larger size than any I had seen before in those parts ; and although I advanced slowly, making as much disturbance in the water as possible, he took no notice of my movements, but kept his wicked eye steadily fixed upon the little dog.

For the first time I was thoroughly scared, and am ashamed to say that for a moment I entertained the thought of flinging Dally to the horrid brute and securing my own safety. For by this time the other alligators were coming up slowly, and visions of being dragged under by the brutes passed swiftly through my mind.

Alligators, as a rule, do not devour their prey at once, but drag it beneath the water and drown it, and then poke it into a hole under some bank, where they nose it and turn it about with their horrid paws until it arrives at that state of putrefaction which is acceptable to their palate.

When, however, several attack a victim at the same time the latter is quickly torn to pieces in the *mêlée*. In either case the idea was too horrible to contemplate. But I was at a perfect loss to know how to act in the circumstances. My thoughts were dazed and incapable of concentration owing to the sudden and unexpected nature of the predicament in which I found myself.

Barclay, however, who had been up to now gazing open-mouthed and inactive at the scene, suddenly pulled himself together and, seizing my gun and ramming in two cartridges, let drive both barrels at the eye of the sentinel alligator, which was turned in his direction.

The result was instantaneous and effectual. With a loud hiss and a great swirl the brute sank out of sight, leaving a stain of blood on the surface of the water.

Making a slight detour, so as not to come in contact with his body, I made a dash for the bank, and to my inexpressible relief scrambled into safety.

Dropping the dog, I took the gun from the boy and, reloading it, waited for the alligator to reappear. The others had vanished when they heard the shots ; but I was not disappointed. In about half a minute the alligator came up, evidently much enraged, and doubtless suffering great pain, for his right eye was completely destroyed, and the same side of his head reduced to a pulp by the two discharges of duck-shot fired at short range.

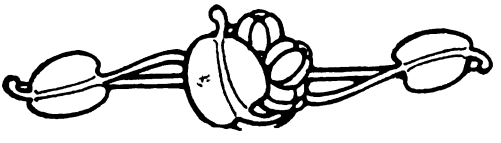
But he was not yet totally disabled, for he circled round and round, searching for his lost prey, hissing viciously the while, and churning the water into a muddy froth by his furious movements.

Waiting my opportunity, I let him have both barrels in his sound eye, and again he sank with a violent commotion of the water ; and fresh evidence of blood on the surface showed that my shots had gone home.

For some minutes after he had disappeared the water remained undisturbed, and then slowly the brute came to the surface once more and, turning belly upward, lay motionless, stone dead.

We lugged his carcass ashore and found that both eyes had been destroyed, and some of the shot must have reached the brain through the sockets.

He measured six feet odd from snout to tip of tail, and was, I was informed, the largest specimen ever seen on the estate.



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A monster rhinoceros shot by the Author.

Sport and War in Central Africa.

By EDWARD F. HOLLAND.

Many stories have been written of big-game hunting in Central Africa. Rich men go there and do the trip in grand style, with huge ox-wagons and crowds of porters and guns of every calibre. Here is just a simple account of how two young Englishmen, working on a plantation in Northern Rhodesia, tried to serve their country when war broke out and afterwards went on a hunting expedition, which, unfortunately, had a sad ending.

IT was about the middle of August, 1914, when I heard the great news—that England had declared war upon Germany. At that time I was working with my brother Dick on a plantation at Stonelands, some seven miles from Fort Jameson, in Northern Rhodesia. We had gone to Fort Jameson for stores when the thunderbolt burst upon us.

Volunteers were at once called for to defend the Rhodesian border, and my brother and I had the honour of entering our names at the top of the list. However, it was not till four months later that we were called up for service. There were about sixty Europeans in Fort Jameson, counting women and children. As news of the war filtered through, some of our men went straight to England, but we mustered fifteen strong for the march to the border. We marched five hundred and forty miles over high plateaux, through all kinds of scrub and long grasses, and by swampy river beds, guided only by native

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paths. Our destination was Saissy, about twenty-five miles from Abercorn; but we could not go straight there as we had to join another contingent at Kasama.

I was bugler to our little company, and when kicked out of bed by a heartless corporal sounded the réveillé at six a.m., but my bugling was not exactly appreciated—being a bit too amateurish! Having aroused everybody by my bellowings, the company got up, pulled on their boots, and we all made our way to the nearest stream to have a wash. After our ablutions (during which time the natives rolled up our bivies and kit) we started marching. All had bicycles, but the paths were often unrideable. We would stop at some stream or pool after about a five-mile ride; then we had breakfast, which generally consisted of cold chicken, tea, bread, and jam. Milk and butter were out of the question, as we were passing through tsetse-fly country, in which cattle cannot live. After breakfast we set out on the march again, whilst two men were told off as an advanced guard to see that the porters did not run away with our kit, and two of us in the rear to see there were no laggards. As dinner-time (two-thirty) approached, the marching became irksome and slow, as it was the hottest part of the day. The temperature was often ninety in the shade, and the porters were continually having to rest because of the heat of the ground, which seemed to be trying to their feet when carrying their sixty-pound loads. Our dinner was just a repetition of the breakfast. This finished, the porters would fix up our bivies, and then make fires all round to keep off lions, and to prevent mischievous hyenas from stealing our food.

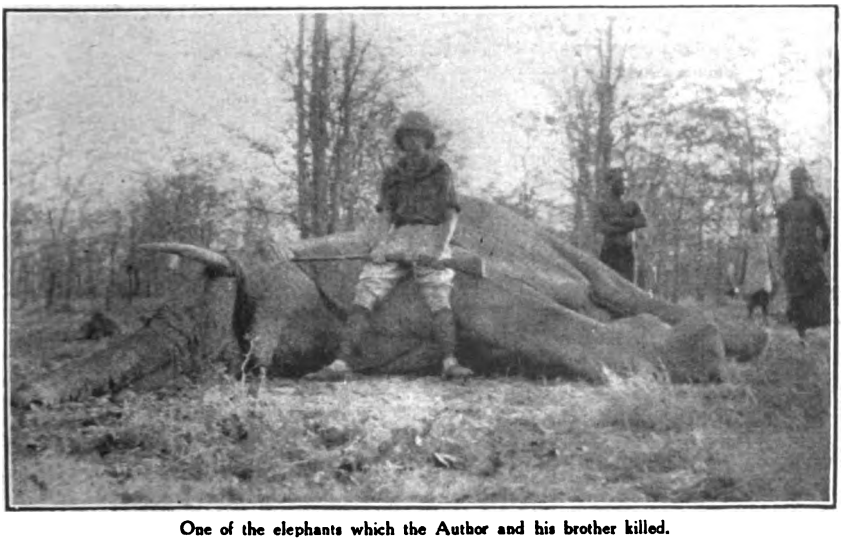
If there were game in our neighbourhood some of us would go shooting in the evening. It was too tempting to pass through the country without a shot at any big game, so we agreed that if we came across elephants the ivory should all go to the Prince of Wales's Fund, and on the sixth day out Dick had the luck to shoot a small bull elephant.

We were a very happy-go-lucky little party—just the fifteen of us—but when we arrived at Kasama we were joined by a hundred and ten men from Southern Rhodesia, and were soon kept in strict discipline. Kasama is the headquarters of the Northern Rhodesian Police, and is a small European settlement, where the District Magistrate lives, and boasts of about a dozen brick houses, the usual stores, and perhaps a hundred or so native huts.

We were commanded now by a major, and were called the Northern Rhodesian Rifles. Our one idea was to push on and attack and oust the Germans from German East Africa, so imagine our disappointment when, arriving at Saissy, we found ourselves incorporated with the Northern Rhodesian Police and told off for garrison duty.

For four and a half months we had practically nothing to do, except occasional patrols into German East. We would penetrate as far as thirty miles into enemy territory without any opposition; but one day, not far from the border, one of our patrols was ambushed and we lost two men. One of these unfortunates was a man who had often entertained us with extraordinary stories. He was of gipsy blood, and had travelled in many strange places. On another occasion Dick and a sergeant were sent into the enemy's country to try to discover a certain native village; they penetrated twenty-five miles into the interior, but never discovered the village. However, they arrived safe back in camp that night, and I believe that was a record patrol, fifty miles for two men alone.

On another day we got a report that Germans had been seen in a small native village near the border. Volunteers were called for to go and search the village, and Dick and I were



One of the elephants which the Author and his brother killed.

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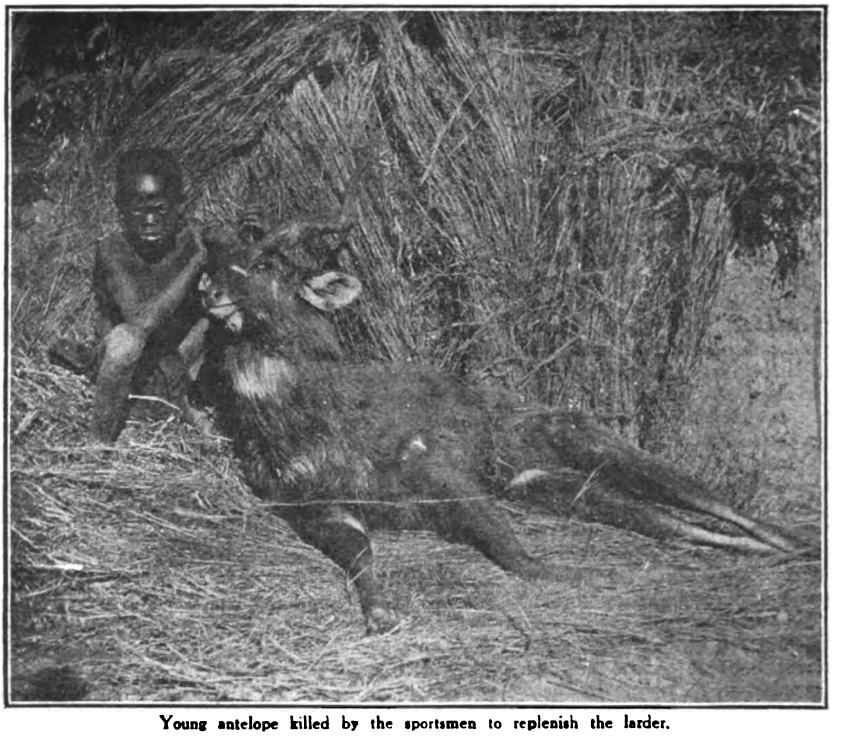

Young antelope killed by the sportsmen to replenish the larder.

accepted, as well as six Northern Rhodesian Police natives. Dick posted the natives round the village; then with fixed bayonets he and I charged down the village street—but no sign of a German was to be seen. There were just a few women pounding away at some corn. They went on calmly with their work, taking no notice of us, but not so the old chief, who sat cowering and trembling in a corner. We asked him how long it was since the German white men had passed through, and he replied at first forty-eight hours ago, but we soon discovered from their camping-place that it was only two or three hours since they were there. We went back and gave our report, and soon several of us were following the Germans into their own country.

It is very difficult to make the natives believe this is a white man's war, and several chiefs came up to offer help; there is little doubt we could easily have got a force of ten thousand natives. However, once when we were short of meat and a chief we had just seen offered to raid a village in German East, we allowed him to go, and he secured eighty head of cattle. Alas, we were not allowed to touch them and they were all put in quarantine, because of the rinderpest which was then raging in German territory.

Many of the native villages were demolished on the border. When a native tribe moves to new quarters they always burn their village (of grass and mud huts), and the natives had fled from that part of the country, evidently in terror of being made to enlist in the German forces and to wear their hot and heavy uniforms.

This did not help the food question, and there were difficulties about getting supplies up. We were soon out of sugar and jam, but worst of all was the absence of quinine, as there were several cases of sickness. All our men got more and more discontented, and so at last our commanders decided to give us the chance of disbanding. Some returned to their farms, others tried for "assisted" passages to England, whilst some remained with the North Rhodesian Police.

Dick and I, however, decided to try our luck by going to the Belgian Congo. The Belgian officers at Saissy told us we would be sure to get commissions there. We returned to Kasama for the necessary stores and porters, and there managed to get eight boys—one boy each to carry our bivouacs (which when rolled up in the morning wet with the heavy dew weighed about sixty pounds), another to carry the two deck-chairs and table, and the rest the box of cooking utensils, our blankets and extra clothing, and our stores of flour, tea, etc.

When all was ready we made straight for Mpweto, the little town on the Belgian side of Lake Mweru. As we drew near the lake we passed—literally—miles of lovely flowers. Arriving at Mpweto we asked at once for the Belgian commander, to find out if he would employ us. He spoke English and was quite civil, but, alas, he could not do so, as he already had enough white men as officers, and since the Belgians do not employ white non-commissioned officers, we found we had had all our trouble for nothing.

We then decided to work our way back to Fort Jameson, shooting elephants to procure what ivory we could to help pay our passages home. The food question was rather a problem, as necessary stores were a fearful price. Cartridges and our shot-gun were, of course, our most valuable assets, as with the game we shot we were able to exchange this meat with the natives for chickens, eggs, sweet-potatoes, maize-flour, and occasionally onions. Bread we made *en route* with tinned hops in the following way. We put half a teaspoonful of sugar, half a tea-

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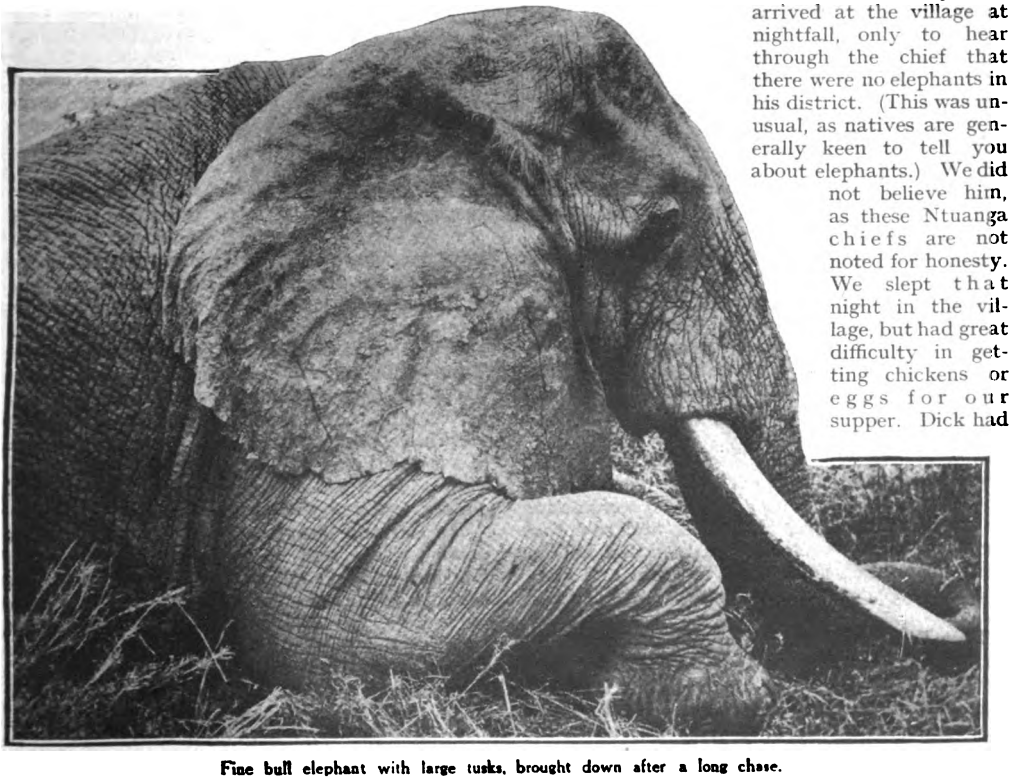
spoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of hops, and one pint of water into a saucepan and placed it on the fire to heat, after which we poured it into an old whisky bottle with a maize cob as a cork. The bottle was then put out in the sun, or carried at the top of one of the loads where the sun could reach it, for twenty-four hours. Half of this home-made yeast was sufficient to turn about six pounds of flour into bread. It was mixed up with the necessary amount of water, then the dough was put in the sun or near a fire to rise, and finally dumped into a hole in the ground, where a fire had just been, to bake.

Our only drink was "lemon-à-la-miel"! In the villages where the natives cultivate them emons grow in abundance, whilst the ground beneath the trees was yellow with fallen fruit. We would mix our lemons with liquid honey, which was always very plentiful. In case anyone wonders how we procured it, I must tell how one of the feathered world assisted us. There is a little bird called (by the natives) "msoro," meaning "honey-bird." The chirping of the "msoro" is easy to imitate, and by doing this the "msoro" will lead one from tree to tree till it settles on the one where the bees live. We smoke the bees out by blocking up one entrance, and the natives pull the honey out, apparently indifferent to the stings they get, as you see them calmly pulling the stings out, one by one, from their hands. The honeycomb is put in a cloth and the juice squeezed through into any vessel we have at hand.

So we left Mpweto and made our way to Port Chiengi, on the English side of the lake. It was slow travelling, as the bush round the borders of the lake was so thick. Often it was easier to wade through the shallow water. At Chiengi we got our licences for permission to shoot elephants. We heard elephants were about near the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika, so thither we made our way, skirting the Mweru Game Reserve. A few days' journey short of Tanganyika we came across a fellow hunter, living in a hut on the banks of a stream. As I was not very well Dick and he went on together and left me at the hut with three natives. They were absent fifteen days. They reached Tanganyika, where they saw the terraces that border that deep lake, but it was a bad district on account of the tsetse-fly. There they bagged a very large elephant, one tusk weighing seventy-two pounds, but this only made Dick's third since leaving the Reserve. I was very thankful when Dick and his friend at last arrived, as I had practically only had rice to live on all the time they were away.

We spent a couple of months in the country between the Mweru Reserve and Lake Tanganyika. The first elephant Dick shot he felled with one bullet through the brain, but such good luck was rare, as the following account of one of our shoots will prove.

At a certain village near the Reserve we were directed to an important chief, thirty miles away, who we understood could put us on the track of elephants. Making an early start we covered the distance in a day. We arrived at the village at nightfall, only to hear through the chief that there were no elephants in his district. (This was unusual, as natives are generally keen to tell you about elephants.) We did not believe him, as these Ntuanga chiefs are not noted for honesty. We slept that night in the village, but had great difficulty in getting chickens or eggs for our supper. Dick had



Fine bull elephant with large tusks, brought down after a long chase.

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a good "capito" over the porters, named Nyo-nyo. He carried Dick's rifle, and was a useful man in tracking elephants.

Early next morning Nyo-nyo came to us, saying he had seen fresh spoor in the gardens (elephants are particularly fond of garden vegetables), and then we knew the chief had lied to us. We made a hasty breakfast and started off to track them, taking three of our porters, two to carry water and the other to carry sweet-potatoes, and two natives from the chief, who knew the surrounding country. Our way at first was through thick, long, and very dry grass, and we soon lost the spoor, but after a little while Nyo-nyo picked it up again—going up-hill, and we quickly followed him.

One of the Author's carriers with a freshly-killed reedbuck.

Arriving at the top we saw an elephant feeding about a mile away on the hill opposite. A little stream lay between us which the animal must have crossed. As we had now seen one elephant there were probably others not far off. It was, therefore, unnecessary to follow any spoor, but to go straight towards them. The wind was blowing from the elephants to us, so there was no fear of their winding us. Crossing the stream we got to the spot where the elephant had stood, but it had disappeared, so we cautiously moved very slowly forward, when, suddenly, Nyo-nyo, who was ahead of us, lay down flat on his chest, and pointing towards the right cried: "Bwana, Bwana" (Master, Master), "ali ku fika kuna" (it is coming here).

Dick and I immediately beckoned to the other boys behind us to lie down; then we took our rifles from the two village boys who were acting as gun-bearers, tested the sights, and saw that our magazines were full of hard-nosed bullets. Presently we heard the crash of a tree and knew that the elephant was feeding and had not smelt us.

Then Dick and I went slowly forward to where we heard the crash, and there saw to our great joy that it was a big bull elephant, one that had roamed from the rest of the herd. We were now about eighty yards from the elephant, and as it was broadside on I suggested that we should fire at once in case we lost the chance of such a good position. As, however, there was a small tree about forty-five yards from the elephant we crawled up to just behind it.

We arranged that Dick should aim for the head and I for the heart, and we slowly got up and put our rifles to our shoulders and were just about to fire when the elephant began to turn towards us; its suspicions must have been aroused, as it threw its trunk up and started smelling the air! Fearing that it might suddenly get our wind, we both fired simultaneously, and the elephant turned away from us and went crashing through the jungle.

We quickly went after it, and saw by the frothy blood in its spoor that my bullet must have entered its lungs. We fired four more shots, all at its head—every one of which reached its mark, for we distinctly heard them strike, but it still went on for about two hundred yards, with its head drooping; then it suddenly stopped and turned round and faced us with its trunk in the air.

Dick fired one more shot into its head and I got two into its chest, but it turned off again and retreated for another few hundred yards, when it stopped and faced us for a second time. The infuriated beast was just about to charge when a well-directed shot from Dick entered its brain. Thus ended its noble career, and it fell, tearing down the trees and shrubs around as it crashed to the ground. I ran up to it, fearing it might only have been stunned, and putting the barrel of my rifle behind its ear fired two shots into its brain. We then went up and examined it closely, and saw what beautiful ivory it had.

By this time we were both very tired, so sat down by the side of the elephant for a rest. Our porters had gone, and not knowing what had become of them we both called out at the top of our voices, but got no answer. The agonies of thirst commenced, so we looked round for any sign of green (indicating water), but the whole surrounding country was nothing but dried-up shrub and coarse, long, and very dry grass. There was nothing else to do but set alight to the grass to let the natives know our whereabouts.

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Soon after the flames began soaring skywards we heard our boys calling. We answered and they came towards us, saying they had seen our wounded elephant walking slowly away half a mile behind. As soon as they came near enough they saw, to their great delight, the huge beast stretched dead at our feet. The elephant they had seen must have been another from the same herd.

We were glad of our meal, even though it only consisted of water and sweet-potatoes. While we were partaking of it we sent the two boys back to their village to get the men and women to come and cut the elephant up and to get out the tusks. In a wonderfully short time about two hundred women with their squalling and squeaking kids arrived on the scene armed with knives and spears of all descriptions. They soon set to work, cutting the skin from the stomach first, as the best part of the elephant (so the native considers) is its entrails. But it was a disgusting sight seeing these women smeared with blood—fighting over the best parts. In about five hours' time the whole carcass was cut up and borne away on their heads, whilst the two village boys each carried a tusk, and we all trekked back to the village, arriving late and very tired. Dick and I proceeded straight to the river for a bathe, and when we returned there was the old chief sitting outside our tent with any amount of eggs, chickens, and tomatoes! We dined well that night!

After Dick's short trip to Tanganyika we trekked due south, and after about a hundred and fifty miles, during which we bagged various kinds of buck, one or two hippos, and a good many elephants, we came to the Kilanga Falls. Fifty years ago, before any missionaries came to this part of the country, the natives held their trials, or courts of justice, here, on the banks of the falls. The natives who were disobedient to their chief were thrown over into the whirling waters, whence they were quickly carried over the falls and soon dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. The huts where their meetings were held are still here. From this high position you get a magnificent view of the surrounding country, and a glimpse of the mission buildings of the French Fathers, which are situated about five miles away on the banks of the Chintambo River.

We made for the mission, following the course of the river, as Dick had a touch of Kufi fever. When we arrived there we left our porters in the compound and went ourselves into the courtyard looking for one of the missionaries, and there saw ten white-robed and long-bearded figures issuing from their chapel. We went forward to meet them, and as neither of us could speak French, I said to the first one, "Parlez-vous Anglais, monsieur?"—being the limit of my knowledge of that language. But none of them took the slightest notice of us, and we felt we were intruders. I did not know what to do, as Dick was feverish and ought to have been in bed. I called one of the mission boys and asked him if any of the white men could speak English, but as he was a Swahili boy he did not understand the Chinyanga lingo I had tried upon him.

So we started to clear off when one of the missionaries came towards us and explained how they were in Retreat and were forbidden to talk. But he beckoned us to follow him and led us to a small schoolroom, where he motioned us to sit down beside the altar, from which he proceeded to take away the cross and the flowers. After putting a white cloth over the table he went out and left us. Whilst we were wondering what was going to be the next item on the programme, three very clean boys in nice white coats came in and served us with a most delicious lunch, which I did full justice to, but not Dick, as he was too seedy. When we had finished our meal we went out into the courtyard and there the same missionary met us and this time handed us big baskets of oranges, for which we paid him two shillings. I thanked him in a mixture of French and Chinyanga! Bidding him good-bye, we fetched our boys from the compound and went off down to the river, and choosing a shady spot soon had our tents pitched. We remained on that same spot for three days, till Dick lost his fever, but during that time we saw no sign of the French Fathers who had so kindly befriended us.

Dick was still very weak when we started on the march again, so we improvised a machila, made of two poles and a bit of canvas, so that he could be carried when too tired to walk. In this way our progress was slow and our stores were getting low. I had often supplied our larder with buck and guinea-fowl (which were in great abundance), but what we missed very much was milk, butter, and properly-made bread, which we had not seen for weeks.

About this time we passed the village where poor Davis, of the Public Works Department, was eaten by a lion. He was carried off by the brute as he was sitting in his tent, his wife being quite near him. But she, poor creature, was powerless with fright, and her husband was devoured within fifteen yards of their tent. On these occasions the natives always flee away—generally going up the nearest tree.

At last we arrived at Kasama, and there Captain Cousans, head of the Northern Rhodesian Police, was most kind to us, inviting us to his house and putting us up for a week. At these small settlements there is generally a store, where one can buy most of the necessities of life. And in this part of Africa the store is nearly always run by the African Lakes Corporation. We sold most of our ivory to them at six shillings and eightpence a pound. Then we bought a few necessities (not many, as the prices were so high), such as sauce, paste, and salt, and that little lot cost us three pounds. Sauce sounds absurd as a necessity, but it really is in Central Africa, as one gets so sick of the taste of buck for weeks on end that the only way is to drown it occasionally in Lea and Perrins' sauce!

After a week's rest at Kasama we pushed on to Fort Jameson. Dick was picking up his strength again with the help of quinine, and we could get along much quicker. For two or three

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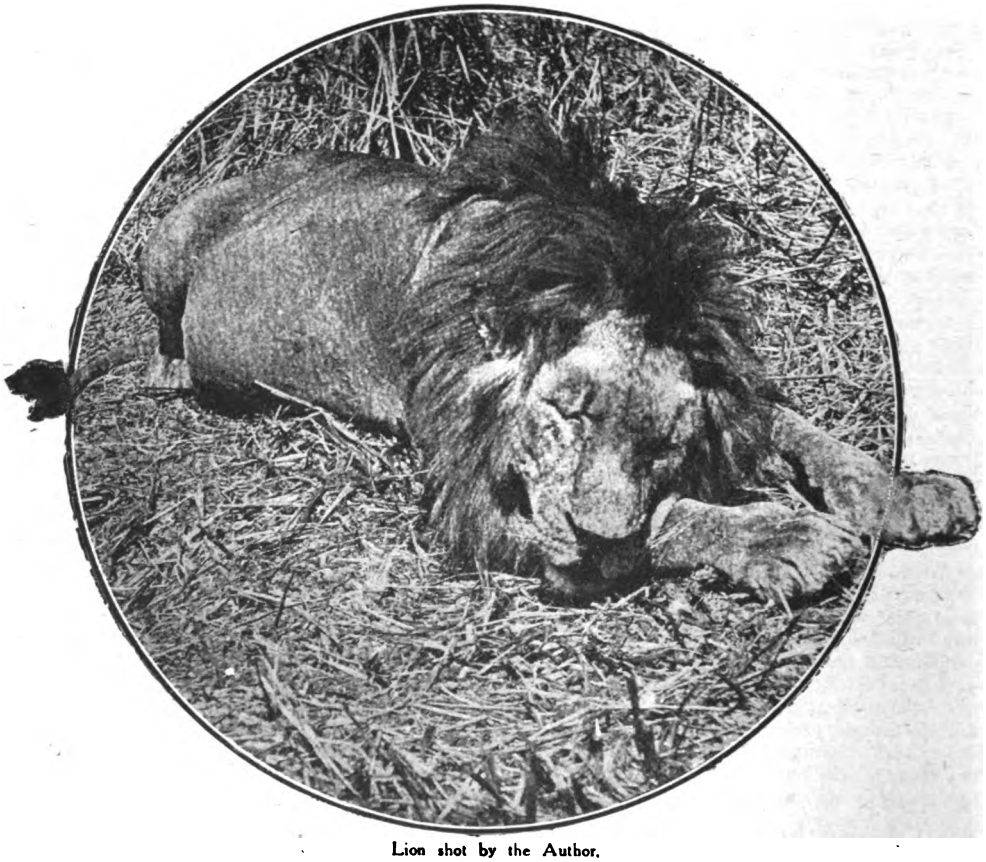
weeks in succession as we journeyed south we constantly heard lions grunting at night, and as their growls sounded nearer and more persistent we decided to do our best to bag one. We had not long to wait, as the very next day my brother came across fourteen lions all lying under a big shady tree; he shot one only fifty yards away, but the other thirteen made off.

The following day Dick had a fairly exciting experience with an old lioness. He had started out early in the evening to shoot a small buck for our breakfast next morning when he came across a herd of mpala about a hundred strong. She bounded off into the long grass, growling furiously. Dick advanced very slowly with his rifle pointing to the swaying grass where the lioness was moving about, when suddenly, from only about fifty yards distance, she bounded off into the long grass, and in two great leaps she got to within almost ten yards of him. It would have been all over with my brother had not the lioness, for some inexplicable reason, stopped dead for a few seconds staring at Dick with open mouth, which just gave him time to fire into her gaping jaws. The bullet entered her mouth and came out at the back of her neck.



Lion shot by the Author.

He immediately began to stalk them, but whenever he got within shooting distance they made off; several times he tried to get up to them, but each time they retreated before he could get near enough. This puzzled him until Nyo-nyo said: "Why do you try and get up to the herd when there is a big male quite near?"

But what Dick saw was very different from what the "capito" imagined, as looking in the direction indicated he saw a huge lioness with her tail towards him, and *she* was evidently stalking the buck!

The lioness was only a hundred yards away, so Dick at once fired, hitting her behind the shoulder. She bounded off to the left, but before she had time to go many yards Dick finished her off with a shot that broke her spine. The natives then cut down a branch of a tree, tied the lioness on it, and started off, bearing it triumphantly to the village, singing their war song (which a white man seldom hears, as they only sing it when an enemy is killed). In the village we skinned the carcass and the body of the lioness was thrown away about fifty yards from the village. That night we heard a pack of hyenas making an awful din over the carcass!

As we went south we were trekking most of the time by the banks of the Luanga River. It is a

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sandy and fairly slow-running river, infested with crocodiles and a fair number of hippos. The Luanga changes its course almost every rainy season, and when in flood becomes choked with trees that get washed down-stream. In some parts the reeds are very thick and high, so that it is difficult to see where the actual river is.

By this time we were well in the tsetse-fly district, and naturally it was only sparsely populated. These tsetse-flies are a great nuisance during the daytime, never leaving a man alone, and as one is dressed only in shorts with no gaiters or puttees on, they are continually settling on the legs. For attack they choose, too, the shaded parts of the body, such as behind the ear or under the knee. To cover every bit of the body would be of no avail, as tsetse-fly has been known to bite through puttees. We each carried with us the tail of a zebra tied on to a stick, and were continually switching ourselves with them. But in spite of this we got bitten twenty to thirty times a day. The bite is like the quick insertion of a hot needle, but no irritation ensues. Fortunately, only one fly in ten thousand produces the dreaded trypanosimisis (though some say it is one in five hundred on the high lands). And it was on this higher part, and when crossing the Naiwale, a tributary of the Luanga, that I must have received a poisonous bite.

Our original plan was to hunt elephants in this neighbourhood, but as we were only about six days' journey from Fort Jameson we sent two of our boys on to get our mails. Thus at last we got news of the war, which we had been without for three and a half months, and letters from home decided us to cease our hunting and get back to England as soon as possible to join up. We hastened to Fort Jameson with all speed and at once began to arrange for our journey home, selling our rifles and useless kit.

But I was feeling weak at the time and soon discovered that I had a high temperature, so went into the little hospital in Fort Jameson, the staff of which consisted only of the resident doctor and one nurse. My brother went through an awful week of anxiety while the doctor was testing my blood to find out what was the matter with me. But, alas, the doctor soon discovered that Dick's fears were well founded and that I had the dreaded disease of "sleeping sickness." The great thing now was to get me home as quickly as possible. As one of our friends at Fort Jameson offered to take me as far as Blantyre in his side-car, they packed me in, and Dick riding his own motor-cycle we did the three hundred and sixty miles to Blantyre in three days. From there Dick and I trained to Chindio, and boarding a shallow river steamer we were at the port of Chinde in four days. Half-way down the river we passed the Sena Sugar Factory, where our brother Simon—who was also proceeding home to enlist—joined us. At Chinde we had a weary five days' wait, but after that we only took a week to get by steamer to Cape Town, and in another seventeen days we were in Plymouth. We had steamed home on the *Kenilworth Castle*, a troopship that had nearly a thousand men on board her. I am happy to state that as a result of careful treatment I have recovered, and am told that mine is the first case of Rhodesian "sleeping sickness" to be cured.

The Author and the hippopotamus he killed in the Luanga River.

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The Diamond Searchers

By FRANK ROSE.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. SOPER.

How a disappointed diamond-hunter threw a bag of these valuable gems into the River Thames, where they are probably still lying. "This story of lost treasure," writes the Author, "is founded upon absolute facts. The names have of course been changed, although in that of Robinson the initials, for obvious reasons, have been preserved. The main facts have been related as they really happened, however strange and almost incredible some of them may appear."

ONE is generally inclined to brand as mere fiction all stories relating to buried or hidden treasure. It will therefore surprise the reader to know that the many thousands who daily cross over one of London's principal bridges, pass within a few score yards of where a treasure of very great value lies concealed by Thames water and, doubtless, a goodly thickness of Thames mud.

Such, however, is the case.

It is, of course, quite impossible for me to vouch that this treasure still remains undiscovered. I *can*, however, assure the reader that I can find no record whatsoever of its discovery; in fact, nothing apparently is known of the matter since late in November of the year 1901.

It may just as well be mentioned here as farther on in this record of actual happenings that the treasure referred to is in the form of a number, a very considerable number, of rough uncut diamonds, including one fine stone already partly cut, all of them of quite appreciable size.

These precious stones when last heard of were—with the exception of the partially cut stone and eleven others, which were loose—tied up in ten strong little canvas bags, such as are used in banks, fastened tightly with stout cord at their mouths.

All these canvas bags and the dozen loose stones were packed within a small black valise of Russian leather, bearing the initials "C. J. R." deeply stamped in gilt letters upon one side only.

The travelling-bag, fixed with the customary brass clasps, was locked when last seen.

Let me now proceed to explain in what curious circumstances this valuable collection of stones came to be lying in the position which, for all that is known to the contrary, it has occupied during all these intervening years and for that matter still occupies.

So I here set down, that all may read, occurrences which I know as facts, having myself been one of the protagonists therein.

In the Café Imperial, Iquique, Chile, towards the end of June, 1901, two young Englishmen, Charlie J. Robinson and myself, were seated at a little round table in a quiet corner, with a couple of "whisky-sours" in front of us.

Robinson, a stout, boyish-faced man of some thirty-four years, was doing most of the talking, and to judge by his suppressed excitement something rather important was under discussion.

"I tell you, Rose," he was saying in a very emphatic manner to me, his *vis-à-vis*, at that period a bronzed, alert, young adventure-seeker, some years his junior, "I've got a mighty good thing. The Regent Street jewellers were very much interested and tried hard to find out all about it. The report from Amsterdam read, 'a fine, flawless stone of purest water,' and they asked the London people what part of South America it came from. They said they'd never seen anything better from Brazil. I saw their letter.

"Now, look here, Rose," continued my chum, confidentially, "we've got to go into this thing together and do it properly."

"Well, what's your scheme?" I inquired.

"Can you break your coast trip at Antofagasta, and run up-country with me to the section where I found this? Two months up there ought to be sufficient, at the outside."

"Yes, I could fix it up to go up with you, Charlie, if there were any strong inducement," I assured him.

"That's the style, old man. We will collect all the stones we can find, get them home, and sell them. Terms between us to be fifty-fifty."

"It sounds right enough, if we *can* find such stones," I returned, with a caution inherited from my ancestors of Nairn.

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"Are you in it with me, then?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, I'm in all right," I answered, feeling there was no harm in thus far acquiescing.

Then, opening a much-worn letter-case, Charlie extracted a rather soiled map of Bolivia, which he spread on the table before us.

"You see this line I've drawn in an almost straight easterly direction from Cochabamba to Santa Cruz," said he, tracing the course indicated. "Well, I had been riding for four days and had just reached about half-way between Tambillo and San Mateito and had had a devil of a time crossing those hills near Hornillo, when a terrific storm came on.

"My *mozos*—I had two of them on that trip, a guide and a cook—assured me that we could not make further progress that day, so we looked for shelter.

"We had to go some little way on the southerly road toward Pojo, and I was wet through despite my rain-coat, when at last we found a sort of place to stay the night.

"It was a cluster of Indian shacks, none too clean, honoured by the name of Santa Rosalia. I was glad to change my clothes, and meanwhile my *pongo*-cook prepared me quite a fair meal of *asado* or roast meat and *yerba-maté*.

"It was just getting dark, the storm being if anything worse than before, when four Yuracare Indians—two men, a woman, and a child—begged for shelter at the same hovel where I was, and were reluctantly admitted. These Yuracares are terribly dirty people; it is said they never wash their bodies. They told me they had originally come from Cururi way, which is on the Mamore River.

"As I looked at the dirty little beggar of a kid they had with them I felt quite sorry for her; she was a girl of some seven years I suppose, quite a pretty little thing. The poor little mite was soaked, and she shivered so that I thought she'd shake the teeth out of her head. I couldn't stand it, and so dug out a large dry blanket for her to wear whilst her people dried her poor rags at the fire. I made her father give her a good rubbing down, and when she was warmly wrapped up I made her drink some hot coffee, and you should have seen the little beggar's delight. The storm kept up all night, but the morning broke clear.

"We made an early start, were on our way before five, but my little Yuracare maid and her lank-haired companions were up before us and just about to start.

"As they passed from the corral the old Indian called the girl to him. He unrolled his *poncho* and pulled out a small bundle, which he carefully unwrapped and extracted some small object from amongst others.

"This he handed to the girl with a few words and a sign that she should bring it to me.

"With a smile which showed her pearly teeth she placed in my hand—this—and ran away."

Robinson pointed to the magnificent diamond ring which he wore on the little finger of his left hand, a fine large stone, a regular sparkler.

"Yes, but it wasn't in its present state, was it?" I asked, curiously.

"No, it looked to me then like a grimy piece of ordinary pebble, and I had a mind to throw it away. Something, however, in its very form and weight, and the fact that the old Indian had evidently regarded it highly to have thus carried it about, caused me to hesitate.

"Then I showed it to my guide, Tomas. He examined it carefully and said he thought it might be valuable, as he had heard that about here diamonds had at times been seen, hoarded by the Indians, who were supposed to bring them from the Matto Grosso district, which is just over the frontier in Brazil.

"Shortly after this we were also on the march, and I was glad when we, being mounted, overtook the little group of Yuracares, who, though bound Cochabamba way, had to take the same path as ours for the first mile or so.

"Riding up to the old fellow who had sent me the pebble, or whatever it was, I thanked him for it and asked him what it was and why he had given it to me.

"Knowing snatches of the Yuracare dialect, I was able to make out his reply, which was simply, 'You were kind to my child. I am grateful. Keep the stone. It is worth much.'

"I started to question him as to whence such stones originally emanated, but he pretended not to understand me. I tried all ways, but you know how obstinate these fellows are when they don't wish to understand. Well, I could get nothing more out of him. Just then we came to the track and separated.

"I showed the stone to the people at Santa Cruz, but most of them said they didn't think it was of any value. At La Paz, a month later, some of the folk were interested—much too interested, in fact, so I told them nothing about how I'd picked it up.

"Some three months later, when I'd finished that trip and was in London, I suddenly remembered again about the stone. I'd shown it to an old fellow, a retired watch-dealer, on board the *Oropesa*, and he laughed outright in my face for carrying about 'a worthless chunk of glass,' as he called it. After this I'd thrown the thing back into my bag, and there it still was.

"However, as I now had nothing special to do, I took it to the West-end and showed it to an expert in Regent Street. He examined it closely, and asked me where it came from. I told him briefly 'South America,' but would give no further details.

"At last he rather reluctantly assured me he believed it to be a genuine diamond, but said that before judging its value it would have to be cut and polished.

"I had implicit faith in the old fellow; it's one of the best concerns in the country and quite trustworthy and all that, so I left it with him to send to Amsterdam to be properly fixed up.

"Some weeks later I had a note from him asking me to call

"When I entered the shop the old jeweller went to his safe, and quietly handed me a tasty-looking ring-case. Opening it, I saw this

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ring. The jeweller said he had taken the liberty of having it mounted for my approval.

"Of course, I took it just as you see it now, paying him for cost of cutting and mounting.

"Before leaving I asked him to value it. The old beggar hummed and hawed, and at last said, 'I should not like to have to supply one like it for five hundred pounds. Its beauty and value consist in its flawless condition and perfect colour,' he added.

"Immediately I saw visions of vast wealth. You've heard of fellows catching the gold-fever? Well, I caught 'diamonditis' in its severest form.

"I could hardly eat a meal, so nervous did I become, and anxious lest someone else should get on to my secret and come out here before me. I had wild ideas of throwing up all my agencies and coming out to collect diamonds only.

"After a time, however, I calmed down and became a rational human being once more. I cleared up all pending matters at home with my firms, telling them I was anxious to be at work again, caught the first boat out, and here I am on my way down from Panama.

"I shouldn't have stopped here had it not been for this Rodriguez failure, which I'd promised my firm to investigate. Now that's finished I'm ready to continue south by the next boat to Antofagasta, and thence up-country to the Santa Cruz district as fast as I can.

"So now, old man, will you be ready for the next steamer south, on Saturday?"

"I'll be with you, Charlie," I said, for I must admit his narrative had gripped me, and I was quite prepared to follow the matter up with him.

"Right-o!" he said, and with a hearty handshake we two friends, now partners, separated.

It would hardly be expedient to give details of the journey which we made down that strip of forbidding coast, on our right the boundless blue Pacific, on our left the burning, brown hills which fringe the Andean backbone of South America, until Antofagasta was reached.

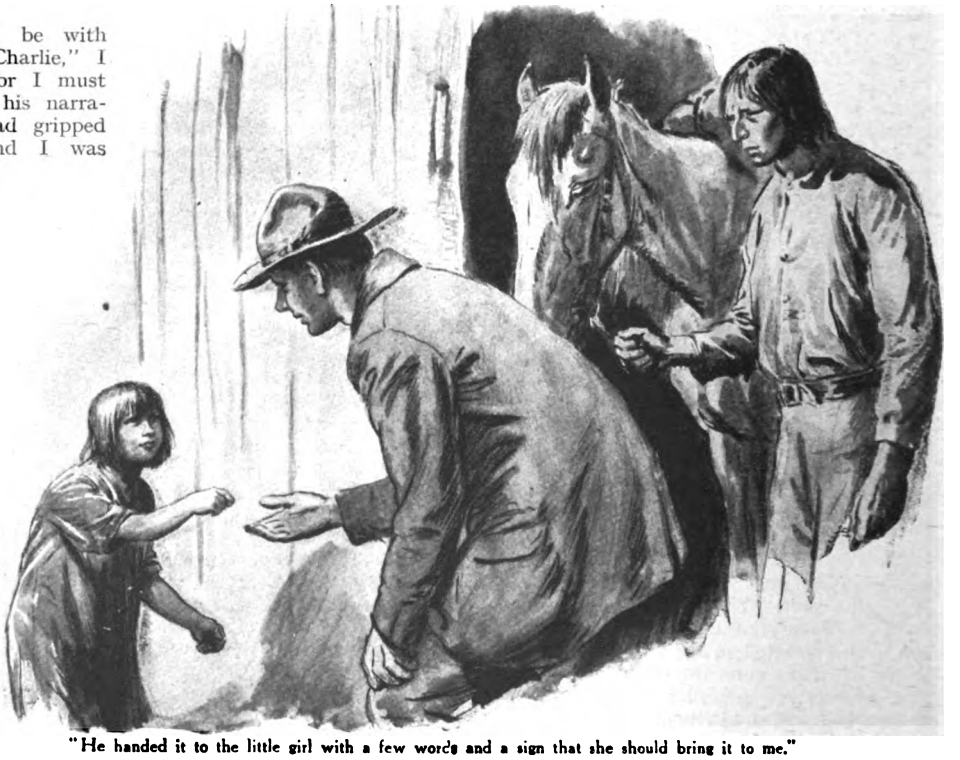
After a couple of days in this rich nitrate port, where we both had financial matters to arrange, we took train to Oruro, at that time the terminus of the railway, which occupied just three whole days, the two intervening nights being spent in Calama and Uyuni.

During this long train-ride we travelled over a dazzling plateau of glistening salt and borax, climbing up to fourteen thousand feet above the level of the calm Pacific.

Here we were in Bolivia, and it was cold and bleak, and the atmosphere rarefied, difficult to breathe.

At Oruro we had to spend several days making our preparations, for it was here we had decided to purchase mules, as being more convenient than hiring them.

Robinson was lucky in finding his former Cochabamba guide, Tomas, here in Oruro, to which town the lad had just come with a mining party, and he was at once re-engaged. It took us longer to find a *pongo*-cook. Then there was the laying-in of some necessary tools. With



"He handed it to the little girl with a few words and a sign that she should bring it to me."

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regard to arms, we each had a good Winchester rifle, a heavy Army Colt, and a fowling-piece.

A stock of provisions also had to be taken. But both of us were well versed in all these details.

Six good mules had meantime been secured, as it was decided that the servants should also ride, and two beasts were necessary for our baggage and odd equipment.

Within five days of our arrival in Oruro we left this dull, mud-coloured town fully prepared. Three days later we were in Cochabamba, where one day's stay sufficed.

From the old city of Cochabamba, with its *adobe* buildings and ancient churches, we struck due east in the direction of Santa Cruz, and here it may be said our exploration for the source of the precious pebbles really began.

It would hardly interest the reader to have a detailed account of the long search which we instituted amongst those vari-coloured mountains streaked with multi-mineralled strata of still-hidden wealth which the ages may in time reveal.

Suffice it to say that for the next few months we followed anything in the form of a clue. We explored all about Pojo, Tambillo, and San Mateito, and also followed the chain of dreary mountains farther south.

Day followed day and we appeared to be no nearer the object of our quest.

I was beginning to feel that I ought to get back to the coast, to attend to other matters. We had been following the course of the Turillas River, down south through the mountain range, and had then doubled back west towards Oruro, almost despairing of success, when one noon we stopped at a mountain shelter to cook a meal out of reach of the chill blasts which whistle around this hilly section.

We were about to mount again when Tomas, who had been chatting with an Indian boy, shouted to us that he had made a discovery. The lad, who was about twelve, said he was of the Siriono tribe, though in appearance he greatly resembled the Yuracare Indians.

In reply to Tomas's usual inquiries as to diamonds, he said he thought he could procure some, but for quite a time would not say where. He said if we would wait there, he would bring some on the morrow, but this we would not hear of, telling the lad he must guide us to where they could be found and offering him a fine new clasp-knife as reward.

At this the boy consented, saying he would point out the house where some such stones were concealed. For some hours we rode with the little fellow trudging bravely beside us on foot.

In the late afternoon we came to where a cluster of small hovels could be seen not far off.

The lad pointed to one of them, assuring us that the "folk in there" had some of the stones we sought. Charlie handed him the promised reward, and, leaving the lad in a state of high glee, we diamond searchers rode down the hill and up to the hut indicated.

The door was opened by a very old man, who, a moment later, was joined by an equally aged woman. Robinson and I went straight to the point, and said we were in search of certain rough stones, found near here.

The old couple exchanged crafty glances and mumbled something in their own lingo. Then the old man replied that they had heard of such stones but had no idea where they could be obtained. We insisted, but the old couple were stubborn. Charlie became exasperated—he was ever a rather impetuous fellows—so I, laying claim to some measure of diplomacy, tried my hand at persuading the old couple. However, it was all to no purpose.

Tomas had been standing by, taking in all that was said. At last he remarked, "Will you let me talk with them a little, *patron?*" I told him to go ahead.

And the lad certainly went for the old Indians vigorously. Apparently he was using some sort of threat, but of what nature we Britishers, with our slight knowledge of this Indian language, could not make out.

But we could see that in the end the couple gave in; the man mumbled something angrily to his mate, who hobbled off, and, from a dark corner, brought out an old tin from which she rummaged a handful of rough-looking stones.

Charlie could not restrain a cry of delight as he counted out quite fifteen large-sized specimens, but I kept myself in better than my rather excitable companion.

"We must have more," I said, curtly; "you have others."

"*No mas* (no more)," protested the two vehemently.

"Then you must get us more at once," I commanded, sternly, following Tomas's lead; "we must have many, thus," and I made signs with my hands, indicating a good-sized package.

"Pay them for these, Charlie," I said to my partner.

Robinson quietly went to the pack, returning with thirty *bolivianos*, which he gravely counted out to the couple, whose eyes sparkled at sight of so many pieces of fifty cents each.

"No, not that way," I said. "Pay them stone by stone; they can't multiply."

So Charlie very deliberately made little piles of four silver pieces with a pebble on top. In this manner, one by one, the fifteen rough stones were purchased.

This transaction quite changed the attitude of the Indians. They now begged us "searchers" to stay a day or two until they could obtain a further supply, which, of course, we were glad to do.

Next day, more than a score of stones were added to our stock, and promptly paid for. The word had gone around that we strangers were paying a good price for these rough stones, and each day mysterious figures came to the little settlement, left their contribution, and went away happy in the possession of the shining discs of silver.

By the end of a week our stock of coin, large as we had thought it to be, was quite exhausted.

We had in reserve some bank-notes for our expenses back.

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Try as we would we simply could not discover whence this supply of stones emanated.

"I think the beggars must have worked for a season in some Brazilian diamond mine, stolen the largest specimens, and then feared to dispose of them," I ventured as a possible explanation.

"Yes, but why do they sell to us?" queried Charlie.

"Because we pay so handsomely," I answered, smiling at the idea of our paying two *bolivianos* (about three shillings) for each large stone, which might well be worth several hundred pounds!

At the finish we bartered one of our fowling-pieces for a handful of gems, a hammer brought forth two, a chisel another fine large specimen, and so on until we had nothing left with which to barter.

"Let's dispense with the little mule," suggested Charlie; "we can do without him now."

So this was done, and we received many stones in exchange.

It was now time for us to leave the place. So very early one morning we rode away without a word to the old couple as to which direction we were taking, and a few hours later, having left the regular track, were over the hills and headed in a south-westerly direction for Oruro.

As we pressed on I called Tomas and asked him what it was he had said to the old Indians to cause them to dig out the stones which they had hoarded.

"Oh!" remarked the faithful lad, nonchalantly. "I just told them that you two *caballeros* were high-up Government officials, and that if they did not deliver the stones without trouble you would send soldiers to get them by force."

In due course we reached Mollendo, on the coast, taking steamer from there to Callao; and it was in the Hotel Maury, at Lima, that our future movements were decided upon.

It was arranged that Robinson should carry the stones to England, by way of Panama, some to be kept in a sealed travelling-bag of his, and deposited on board with the purser for safe keeping. There were two hundred and sixty-five stones in all, and they were tied up in ten strong canvas cash-bags obtained from the manager of a Lima bank, a friend of mine.

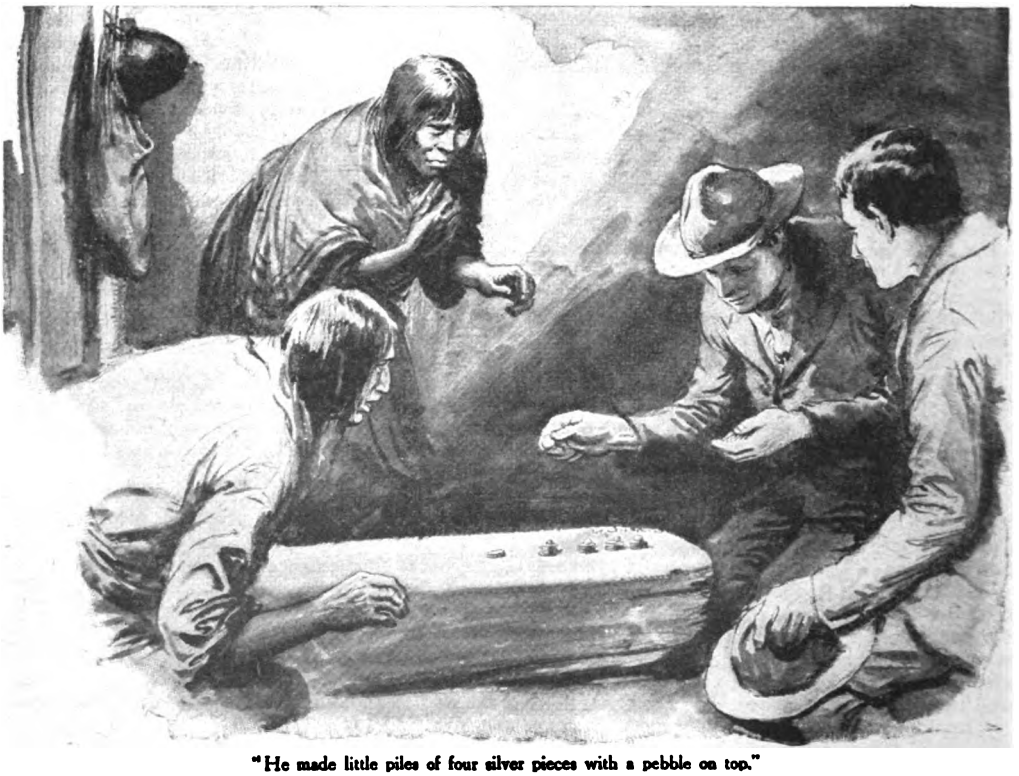
Charlie was to sail in a day or two. I had decided to remain on the coast. Robinson promised to be very careful; he would have only a few stones cut at first, selecting a dozen of average size, and if these were handled satisfactorily, he would continue to send a dozen at a time to Amsterdam, and sell in London lot by lot.

"Don't fail to cable me the result," I said, as I bade him farewell on the deck of s.s. *Peru*, bound for the Isthmus.

"Don't worry," he replied; "I'll keep you well advised, never fear."

And he certainly did.

Two cablegrams and two letters complete this story.



"He made little piles of four silver pieces with a pebble on top."

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The first cable reached me a month later. De-coded, it briefly said :—

" London, Nov. 1st, 1901.

" Arrived safely last week; dispatched first shipment to Amsterdam.—CHARLIE."

The second cable was forwarded to me at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where I found it upon my arrival there. It ran : —

" London, Nov. 24th, 1901.

" Goods absolutely worthless. Am writing full details.—ROBINSON."

My feelings can be better imagined than described when I received this veritable thunderbolt.

" Absolutely worthless ! " I muttered, as I read the fatal message again and again. So this was to be the end of our long search, loss of time, and heavy expenses !

I had been some weeks in the interior of Ecuador, when, upon my return to fever-stricken Guayaquil, I received the expected letter headed " Charing Cross Station Hotel, London, Nov. 25th, 1901."

The following extract will suffice :—

" . . . After they'd had the sample stones some weeks I received a message from the Regent Street jewellers to please call at once. The old expert handed me a letter from their Amsterdam people, which briefly stated that upon cutting into one of the samples they found it to be an absolutely worthless pebble, and had therefore not troubled to finish cutting it, or the others. They added : ' Your client has evidently been sadly imposed upon, as the specimens sent are not anything like the genuine diamond we cut for him some six months ago.'

" You can imagine how I felt, just as *you* would feel on receipt of my cable. Somehow or other I got back to the hotel, and I tell you I felt rotten and mean when I thought of the way in which I had caused you to lose time and money.

" I stayed for some hours in my room, smoking and thinking a good deal. Every time I looked around me I saw that infernal bag of worthless stones. It appeared to mock me.

" I went down and dined, and I admit I probably had a little too much to drink.

" Going back to my room for my umbrella, for it was now raining, I tripped over that thrice-accursed bag. In a fury I picked it up ; all the stones were inside, including the half-cut one, and the others returned from Holland, and I determined never to set eyes upon the beastly things again. Off I went for a tramp, carrying the bag with me.

" I stamped out of the hotel, along the Strand, down Wellington Street, and over Waterloo Bridge.

" When about at the middle, I looked around.

" It was a pitch-dark night, but the lamps threw a fitful glare. Very few people were about, for it was now late and raining hard.

" I flung that bag as far as I could over the parapet, and heard it strike the water with a splash, and sink for ever. . . .

" So-long, old man ! Good luck to you, and try to forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you.

" Your sincere friend and ex-partner,

" CHARLIE J. ROBINSON."

Fully two months had elapsed. I was in Barranquilla, Colombia, and the bitterness of my disappointment had blunted somewhat, when the other letter reached me.

" Junior Conservative Club, London,

" January 17th, 1902.

" MY DEAR ROSE " (it ran in Charlie's well-known scrawl),—I feel miserable and almost too mad to write, but you have acted like a true chum, and I simply must tell you what I have just heard to-night, however disagreeable it may be to do it.

" You have a right to know what a silly idiot your ex-partner has been.

" This afternoon I met old Parkins at this club. You may have heard of him ; he is connected with one of the principal South African diamond concerns.

" He introduced me to a chap named Wolfkin, one of their Johannesburg head men, and we three dined together here.

" The talk veered round to diamonds, and nothing would do but I must blurt out my yarn—*our* yarn, let us say. Parkins and Wolfkin listened in rapt silence and with growing interest. At the end they exchanged glances. Said Wolfkin, ' Shall I tell him about it ? '

" ' Go ahead,' urged the other ; ' I bet he's about cured of the diamond fever by now ! '

" So Wolfkin told me, briefly, as follows :—

" ' South Africa has always been jealous of South American competition. When your first sample stone was cut, Mr. Robinson, the Amsterdam people duly reported to us about it, saying that if any appreciable number of such perfect stones were going to be sent, we in South Africa had better be on the *qui vive*, or the control of the diamond market might pass out of our hands and go to South America. We people down there got busy. We arranged to have a special agent go across from London to " fix " the Dutch cutters. In due course your batch of stones reached them. They half-cut one, just to discourage you the more, and sent them back with their report that all were worthless.

" ' As you have dumped the lot into the Thames, there is no harm in my telling you that those stones you sent were all fine diamonds, every bit as genuine and valuable as the one you are wearing.'

" I broke away, and here I am writing you this without losing a moment. So now you know the whole miserable truth, and will be cursing me as I continue to curse my own gross stupidity and impetuosity.

" CHARLIE J. ROBINSON."

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IN UNKNOWN BRITISH GUIANA.

By A. HYATT VERRILL.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is no exaggeration to say that British Guiana, a vast stretch of territory on the shoulders of the South American Continent, is one of the least-known portions of the globe. Here are great primeval forests, mighty rivers, huge waterfalls, extensive plateaus, and great mountain ranges, where dwell strange Indian tribes and quaint animal life of which virtually nothing is known. The Author, who has made it his business to penetrate into the unknown interior of this land, has specially written for "The Wide World Magazine" an account of his journeys and adventures, which will be found of absorbing interest. He discovered large rivers and mountains whose existence was unknown, and stumbled across primitive races who had never seen a white man before. His striking photographs give an added value to a fascinating narrative.

IV.

HIDDEN in the heart of British Guiana—almost unknown to the outside world and yet within comparatively easy reach of Georgetown, the busy, attractive, up-to-date capital of the colony—is Kaietuerk, the cataract incomparable, a stupendous waterfall five times the size of Niagara and in a tropic setting whose beauty cannot be excelled in all the world.

To visit Kaietuerk is by no means difficult, and the round trip may be made from Georgetown in less than ten days and at a total expense of less than two hundred dollars, or forty pounds sterling. It seems incredible that in these days of progress a country should possess such a world wonder as Kaietuerk Falls and should be so short-sighted, or apathetic, as to leave it unexploited and relatively inaccessible. In a straight line Kaietuerk is scarcely one hundred and fifty miles from Georgetown, and yet one must travel for five days by steamer, railway, and small boat in order to reach the cataract.

For a comparatively small outlay the falls could be brought within two days' travel of the capital, but in a way it is fortunate that it is unexploited, for the very wildness of its surroundings, its untouched, unspoiled beauty, its solitude, and its freedom from crowds of visitors are among its greatest attractions. Here, in the presence of Kaietuerk, with civilization left miles behind, with only Indian guides as one's companions, and with the vast interminable forest stretching to the very heart of South America, one feels as if he were the first human being to gaze upon the marvellous sight.

There are two ways of reaching Kaietuerk: the first by steamer and rail to Rockstone, the other by boat up the Essequibo from Bartica and through the rapids to Rockstone.

If one be in hurry, or desire comfort and ease, by all means take the first route; but if you would really see the "bush," with its wealth of wild life and its vegetable wonders, and would taste the thrill of adventure, the spell of the wilderness, and the excitement of a journey through the jungle, then travel up the Essequibo.

Although the falls and rapids which stretch between Bartica and Rockstone are considered among the most dangerous in the colony, yet in the dry season, and with a good crew of six men, a captain, and a bowman, there is no danger, for the greatest peril is in running *down* the rapids; there is nothing to worry over when going up, although there is plenty of excitement and thrills. Bartica is a tiny frontier settlement at the head of steamer navigation on the Essequibo, and here one may always secure a boat and crew. The prime necessity is a competent captain and bowman, and with these engaged all other details may be left in their hands.

Propelled by the powerful strokes of the eight paddlers, the craft sweeps swiftly up the tranquil river and soon leaves the last outlying houses of Bartica astern. Low in the east the sun is painting the sky in gorgeous crimson and gold; above the league-wide river hangs a curtain of gossamer mist; parrots wing screaming overhead, macaws screech and toucans clatter and yelp from the tree-tops, and from the forest depths issue the countless songs, notes, and cries of awakening life. Then the clearings and lime orchards of Agatash are passed, and nought but the untamed wilderness stretches ahead for forty miles along the river's banks. Close

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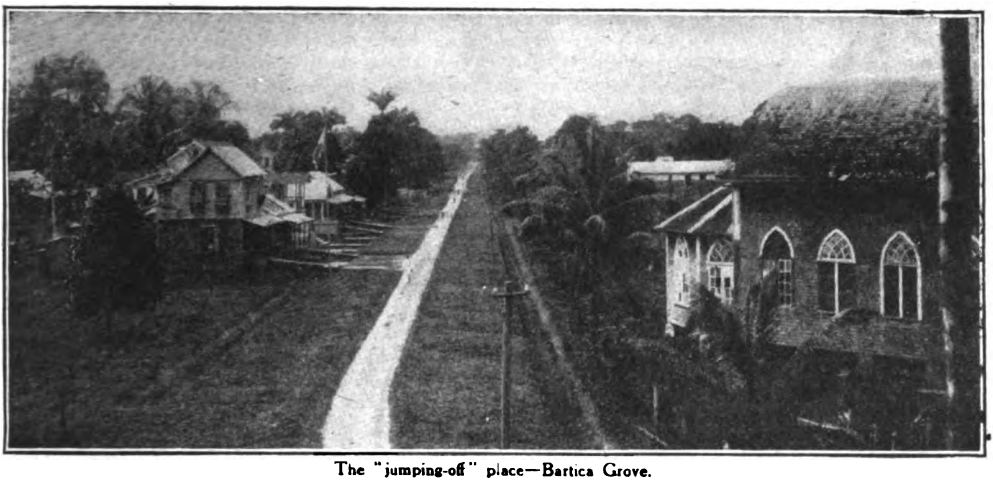

The "jumping-off" place—Bartica Grove.

to the shore the boat skirts the rank green jungle with its dark, mysterious shadows and giant trees, while strange birds and great sky-blue butterflies flit amid the labyrinth of roots, vines, palms, and foliage—an impenetrable barrier, a living wall, through which one cannot move a yard without hewing a way.

Just before sundown the boat is run upon the sandy beach of a wooded island and the men bustle about preparing camp. While some "catch" a fire, others are busy clearing a small opening in the brush, and others again are cutting poles and stakes, and in a wonderfully short time the big tarpaulin, which forms a part of every outfit in the bush, is stretched across a pole between two trees and in its shelter the hammocks are slung. As the velvet-black night descends upon river and forest a wonderful picture is presented, a scene beyond the power of brush to paint or pen to describe. Against the background of the giant trees glow the camp-fires, touching the great trunks with ruddy lights, filling the air with the pungent odour of smoke, and transforming the old tarpaulin to a canopy of gold. Squatting on their haunches, leaning against the trees, or lolling in their hammocks are the men, their brawny limbs and half-savage features gleaming like polished bronze in the fitful light, while all about the giant lantern-flies twinkle and flash like animated incandescent lights. Borne down the river on the cool night wind comes the distant roar of the falls; from afar in the forest echoes the weird scream of a jaguar; a soft-winged goatsucker cries querulously, complainingly, as it flits by, and from every side issue the countless croaks, trills, whistles, and booming notes of innumerable frogs. Then a sudden shower rattles like hail upon the canvas roof and quenches the glowing embers of the fire, the forest voices are hushed, and silence falls like a curtain over the wilderness.

Long ere the sun has risen, everything is again stowed in the boat and is covered with tightly-lashed tarpaulin, and once more the flashing paddles are urging the boat upstream.

Within half a mile of camp are the first falls, in reality a rapid with the brown water churned to amber foam where it swirls and eddies over hidden rocks and between jutting fangs of granite. At the foot of the falls the boat is paddled alongside a mass of rocks and the passenger steps ashore, while the men uncoil long bow and stern lines and prepare to haul the craft through the boiling waters.

Waist-deep in the rushing flood, they struggle up against the current, securing precarious footholds on slippery submerged rocks, and bending their backs to the strain of the rope. Others, holding the stern line, brace themselves for the supreme effort; the captain, huge paddle in hand, stands erect in the stern, directing, encouraging, and guiding, while the gigantic bowman, submerged save for head and shoulders, exerts the mighty strength of his back against the bow—a human buffer between the boat and the jagged rocks. Slowly the boat forges ahead to the irresistible drag of six pairs of knotted muscular arms; the water dashes and roars high above the bow; the stern is swung deftly by line and paddle, and a minute later the heavy craft emerges from the turmoil and floats quietly on a smooth back-water above the falls.

Within ten minutes after re-embarking above the first rapids you are compelled to disembark again as another series of rapids is reached, and throughout the day the traveller does little else than clamber in and out of the boat as one rapid follows another. But even if one loses interest in watching the men, there is still much to occupy one's attention. On every side are thousands of rocks and ledges surrounded by water rushing and roaring like a mill-race, and every rock and boulder bears its own crown of vegetation and its quota of life. Everywhere the rocks appear as if covered with a stubbly beard, and a closer examination reveals the fact that this is a curious, sedge-like plant with delicate pink blooms which somehow finds roothold and sustenance on the smooth, bare surface of these water-washed rocks.

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But *blasé* indeed must be he whose attention is not riveted on the toiling men, or whose pulses do not quicken at their constant perils, escaped by almost superhuman efforts. In places the raging waters tear between rocky barriers scarce wide enough to permit the passage of the boat; in other places the waters above the falls run black, deep, and ominous, and the men are forced to swim ahead with towlines grasped in their teeth in order to reach a foothold from which to haul their craft upstream. Now and again the water roars in cataracts over dam-like dykes where the boat cannot float, and by herculean efforts the sweating, toiling men actually lift their craft and drag her to deeper water by main strength.

But they never hesitate, never grumble, never shirk. Their lives and yours are at stake, and though the waters are infested with the dreaded Perai fish, though the cry of "Cayman!" often causes the crew to glance apprehensively about, and though ever and again some man loses his footing and is swept from the line, they take it all in the light of a frolic and laugh heartily at one another's mishaps.

It is thrilling enough as one watches their progress from the safe, dry vantage-point of the rocks, but the real excitement comes when, in certain spots, the traveller remains in the boat while the rapids are conquered.

Perchance, when paddling furiously to stem a series of small rapids, the boat may be caught by an unseen cross-current, and, despite the frantic efforts of the men, it is dashed full upon a submerged rock.

With a blow that all but throws you from your seat, the heavy craft crashes against the reef, rides half its length over it, swings as on a pivot, and tips perilously. But ere it can capsize or fill, the men leap overboard, some breast deep, others buried in the torrent to their mouths, and others swimming, and by dint of sheer strength they lift the boat and push it into deep water. Then, with the agility of monkeys, they clamber over the gunwales, grasp paddles once more, and drive the boat through the rapids to safety. It is a marvellous exhibition of skill, pluck, and concerted instantaneous action. If they hesitate, if one fails at the critical moment, nothing can prevent a capsize or a washout with loss of provisions and possible loss of life.

Sometimes, too, there are huge treacherous whirlpools to be passed, great swirling oval spaces below or above the falls. With every ounce of their strength the eight men ply their paddles, the boat hangs motionless for one instant, the bow quivers and vibrates to the drag of the water, and then the craft darts forward. High above the gunwales boils the maelstrom as the centre of the pool is reached; the boat seems actually to rear on end; it slides up a hill of racing water, and ere you have time to realize it is accomplished, the boat is beyond the danger-point and is safe in a narrow, swift-flowing channel. It is no place for the timid, no trip for the nervous; but exhilarating, exciting, stirring beyond compare for those who love a spice of danger and a novel experience.

But while falls and rapids innumerable are passed through, the river is by no means all broken water. Between the various falls the stream stretches for miles, broad, unbroken, tranquil, placid as an inland lake, and walled by primeval bush which is reflected in the oil-like water as on a polished mirror. No sign of man or of his handicraft is visible; one can scarce believe that fellow-men have ever passed this way, and the traveller feels as if he were in the very heart of the wilderness, in a land untamed, untouched, and all but unknown.

On every hand rises the vast forest, the enormous trees towering for near two hundred feet above the river banks, and so bound together

Hauling the boat through a whirlpool on the Essequibo.

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with lianas, so densely foliaged, so overgrown and covered with vines and creepers that the forest appears like a stupendous curtain of green velvet draped in graceful folds above the quiet river.

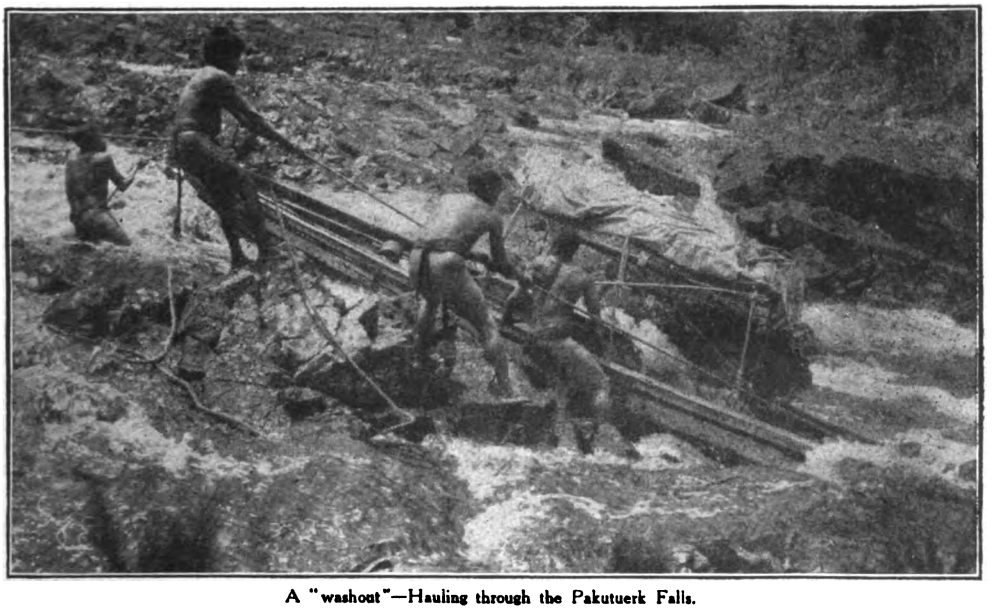
Overhead toucans, parrots, macaws, and many smaller birds wing their noisy way from shore to shore; crested eagles and great white-headed hawks soar majestically in vast circles; great-billed terns and pied skimmers preen their plumage on golden sand-bars, and thousands of steel-blue dainty swallows rise in vast clouds from their resting-places on the ledges. And as the boat skirts the forest's edge, hosts of vicious little vampire bats flutter from the tree-trunks and, winging an erratic course for a few yards, again flatten themselves against the bark of other trees, where instantly they become invisible. From before the boat, shoals of fresh-water flying-fish spring from the glassy surface of the stream and skitter off like skipping-stones, or a clumsy tapir or startled capybara crashes into the forest in headlong flight.

And now the last rapids have been passed, the boat speeds swiftly up the smooth river, it sweeps around a wooded bend, and ahead are the broad cleared lands and the scattered buildings of Rockstone.

This town is of no importance, save as the terminus of the railway from Wismar, on the Demerara River, which was built to obviate the necessity of travelling up the line from Bartica in order to reach the Upper Essequibo and the hinterland. At Rockstone the boat and its Bartica crew may be dismissed, for noisy, ill-smelling, kerosene-burning river-boats ply up and down the river between the town and Tumatumari.

The trip up the Essequibo above Rockstone seems tame indeed by comparison with the journey from Bartica, but once or twice glimpses of distant mountains may be seen, and at the mouth of the Potaro a brief stop is made before continuing the voyage up the Potaro River to Tumatumari.

Tumatumari is a very beautiful spot, with its four foaming cataracts roaring between their wooded islands just below the rest-house windows, and there are few places in the tropics which could be transformed into more desirable resorts in which to spend one's time. There is an abundance of game in the forests; the river teems with fish; there are extensive gold placers four miles back in the bush, and close to the settlement are several good-sized Indian villages,



A "washout"—Hauling through the Pakutuerk Falls.

while the air is delightfully cool and invigorating and the scenery is magnificent.

As the falls are practically impassable, it is necessary to walk for half a mile over a good road to the head of the cataracts, and from here a launch continues the journey to Potaro Landing, about a dozen miles up the river. This landing is at the head of launch navigation, and it is also the terminus of the road leading into the Minnehaha and other gold-mines. From this spot the traveller must tramp about seven miles to Kangaruma, but as much of the distance is through the dense forest it is cool and shady. This *détour* is made necessary because of Pakutuerk Falls, whose roar can be heard as one walks along, and which bar the river with a series of dangerous cataracts. While these falls *can* be navigated, so much time is required and the trip is so dangerous that it is not advisable, unless one is out for excitement. On one occasion I went through Pakutuerk Falls, and some idea of the difficulties

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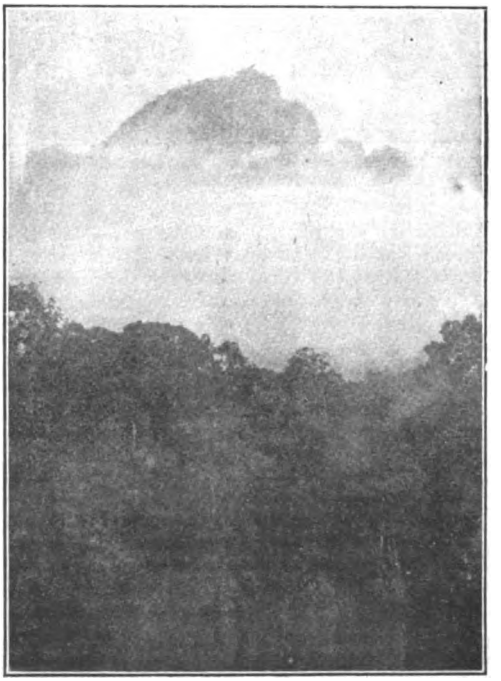
The Amaktuerk Falls.

may be gauged by the fact that it required four days of unceasing, heart-breaking, almost superhuman efforts on the part of my twelve men—ten of whom were Indians—to successfully negotiate them. But returning was a wonderful experience, and with the speed of an express train we shot through the foaming, roaring, rock-filled rapids and over the cataracts in less than four hours. It was an adventure I would not have missed for worlds, but which I would never care to repeat, for although we got through safely, yet time and again we came perilously near to death, and in one spot we had a lively washout with a considerable loss of our belongings.

At Kangaruma one embarks once more in a batteau and is paddled swiftly up the ever-narrowing river towards Amaktuerk.

Wilder and more luxuriant becomes the forest; ever more beautiful becomes the winding river, the charming islets, and the vistas of mirror-like stream. Far away above the endless bush loom the blue Pakaraima Mountains, and as the sun sinks in a blaze of glory the boat swings around a bend in the river and Amaktuerk is revealed in all its beauty. Against the rose and golden clouds rise the towering mountains, already wreathed in evening mists; on either hand the dark forests are reflected in the gilded waters, and in the centre, bursting from between the wooded shores, leap the lovely falls, half hidden in a filmy veil of spray. It is a wonderful picture, a glorious sight, for Amaktuerk Falls are by far the most attractive on the Potaro and their setting is perfection itself. Here, above the falls, and directly across the river from the towering Amaktuerk Mountain, is a tiny rest-house, and it would be hard to find a more charming spot in which to spend the night.

Portaging the luggage around Amaktuerk, another boat is taken above the falls, and from here, on, the traveller is in the heart of Guiana's scenic wonderland. On every hand the great isolated mountains rear their bare precipitous faces and forest-clad slopes for thousands of feet above the sea of forest, while fleecy clouds drift lazily across their frowning ramparts. Mirrored in the river, they appear twice their height and seem to overhang the passing boat; but, in reality, miles of impenetrable forest stretch from the river bank to their feet. Of them all, perhaps Kukuieng, or Hawk's Nest, is the most impressive and the most conspicuous, for it rises abruptly from the forest, its turret-like form and rocky battlements startlingly resembling some titanic castle, and for mile after mile it is ever within sight. But no matter where one looks, mountain after mountain may be seen, and with each mile they increase in numbers and in size as they merge into the stupendous gorge which forms a fitting approach, a worthy gateway, to the world's highest waterfall.



Kukuieng, or Hawk's Nest, with its summit above the clouds.

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Weird vegetation on the Kaietuerk Plateau.

Contemplation!—An Indian standing on the verge of Kaietuerk.

By noon the falls of Waraktuerk are reached, and, having made a short portage, the last stage of the journey is begun, and two hours later the traveller catches his first glimpse of Kaietuerk—a faint silvery thread against the hazy blue of the gorge. Now the mountains hem the river in as by a mighty wall on either side, and again and again one catches new glimpses of the marvellous cataract in the dim distance. It is a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur, a land wrapped in a vast silence broken only by the silvery, ringing notes of the bell-birds, which, perched on the topmost summits of the dead trees, gleam like specks of alabaster against the dark verdure of the mountain sides.

And then, at last, the boat is run ashore at Tukuit, the journey by river is at an end, and preparations are made for the climb over the mountains to the falls on the following morning.

Tukuit is a beautiful spot surrounded by great wooded mountains with the silvery river at their feet, while directly across from the rest-house a lovely cataract issues from the verdure and plunges down for hundreds of feet to lose itself in masses of trees above the clouds. In many lands this fall in itself would be considered a wonderful sight and worthy of the pilgrimage, but in this gorge of stupendous proportions, in the presence of titanic Kaietuerk, and amid such an excess of sublime scenery, this cataract and a dozen or more like it pass unnoticed.

Although several women have made the climb to Kaietuerk, yet it is a fearful trail and no easy walk even for an able-bodied man. Formerly there was an easier, zig-zag trail, but this is now, or was until very recently, impassable with fallen trees, and one must clamber, or rather claw, a way straight up the mountain side in the dry bed of a water-course. It cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a path, for it is filled with loose boulders of every size, deep holes and crevices, slippery mud, and gnarled, moss-grown roots. It is a good two hours' climb up a slope of about sixty degrees to the summit of the first ridge, which is marked by a large tree on whose bark is deeply carved the word "Amen."

Beyond here the way is comparatively easy, for it leads across a narrow, hog-backed ridge between two deep gorges and is fairly level. Here, if one proceeds quietly, may be seen the gorgeous cock of the rock, whose orange plumage glows like fire amid the leaves, for about Kaietuerk these rare birds are fairly common, and in the breeding season they may be seen performing their remarkable "dances" on the little open spaces among the rocks, which the birds clear for the purpose. Three hours after leaving Tukuit, the Kaietuerk Plateau is reached, a weird, strange place, so different from the forest that the traveller feels as if he had entered another land, and it is hard to believe that one is still in British Guiana. Everywhere are the strange giant lily-like bromelias peculiar to the region; here and there among the rocks

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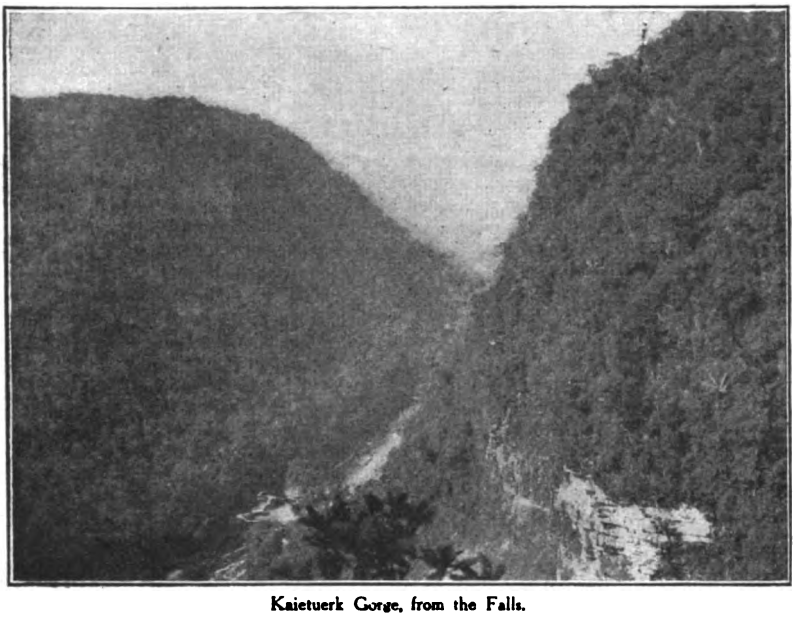
are clumps of remarkable, grotesquely-flowered orchids; pretty sundews carpet the ground in spots, and grey lichens lend a northern aspect to the place, while clumps of bracken and nodding blue harebells seem out of place here in the tropics. Even the birds and butterflies are different from those of the lower levels, for the Kaietuerk Plateau has a flora and a fauna of its own. But, on the whole, it is a dreary and barren scene; a waste of smooth, water-worn rock and stagnant pools of rain-water, across which the visitor hurries towards the brink of the falls.

Throughout my life I have prided myself on never feeling nervous or dizzy at great heights. I have stood on lofty mountain peaks; I have climbed to the trucks of ships' masts rolling in a seaway, and I have gazed down at teeming city streets from the narrow steel beams of half-finished skyscrapers, and never have I felt ill at ease. But when, for the first time, I stepped boldly to the brink of Kaietuerk Gorge, I beat a precipitate retreat and sat down among the bushes a dozen yards from the edge.



Kaietuerk Gorge, from the Falls.

I had expected to look down for an enormous distance, but I also expected to see some tangible connection between the brink of the plateau and the bottom of the gorge. Instead, I found myself standing isolated on a narrow, outjutting, shelving rock in mid-air, with nothing but space between me and the tiny thread of river a thousand feet below.

There is something so unexpected about this absence of a sloping, or even a precipitous, mountain side beneath one's feet that it quite takes one's breath away, while the motion of the falls and the rising spray gives one the sensation of plunging forward into the abyss. The feeling soon wears off, however, and in a short time I found I could approach the brink without trembling and could even lie down and peer into the gorge; but I confess that I had an irresistible desire to hold on to something whenever I drew near the brink.

There are some things in the world which are impossible to describe, and Kaietuerk is one of them, for words utterly fail to convey any adequate idea of the falls and the gorge. It is something which must be seen to be realized, and even the most perfect photographs fall far short of the reality.

Kaietuerk cannot be properly described as beautiful, for it is far more than that. It is awe-inspiring, sublime, overwhelming, and terrifying in its grandeur. It is the very epitome of stupendous power and titanic strength; immeasurable, irresistible, incomparable. In its presence one feels puny, helpless, and insignificant. Gazing upon it the beholder is filled with quaking, unreasonable dread, and yet is fascinated as by some gigantic savage beast of magnificent form and perfect grace. It is a sight so sublime, so marvellous, so stupendous that the human mind cannot grasp it all at once, and one must gaze long upon it, must remain in its presence for hours, and must become accustomed to the titanic scale of one's surroundings ere it is possible to appreciate Kaietuerk in full.

Only by comparison with other objects can we realize the tremendous size, the overwhelming scale of the falls and the gorge: for the proportions are so perfect, the distances so deceptive, and the surroundings so vast that the cataract itself seems but a mere detail of the whole.

Far down, in the depths below the falls, we see a soft green carpet which we take for moss studded with pebbles. Then, with almost a shock, we discover that the apparent moss is in reality a forest of giant trees, that the pebbles are enormous masses of rock weighing hundreds of tons, and that the clinging vines and fern-like growths about them are immense bush ropes and lofty palms. It is the same with the falls themselves. At first sight they appear surprisingly small, and we cannot realize that the gleaming mass is plunging through space for near a thousand feet and is almost a mile distant. But little by little the scene assumes its true proportions. A man standing beside the verge of the falls appears a mere

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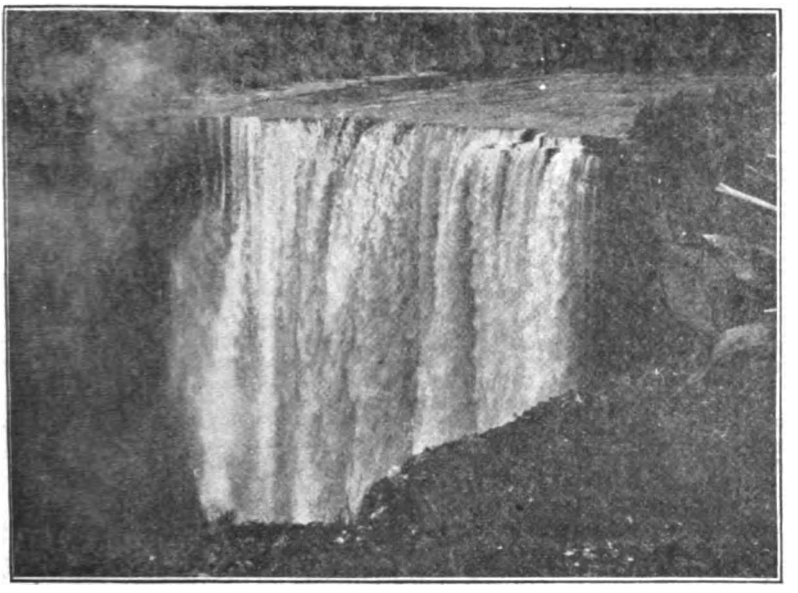
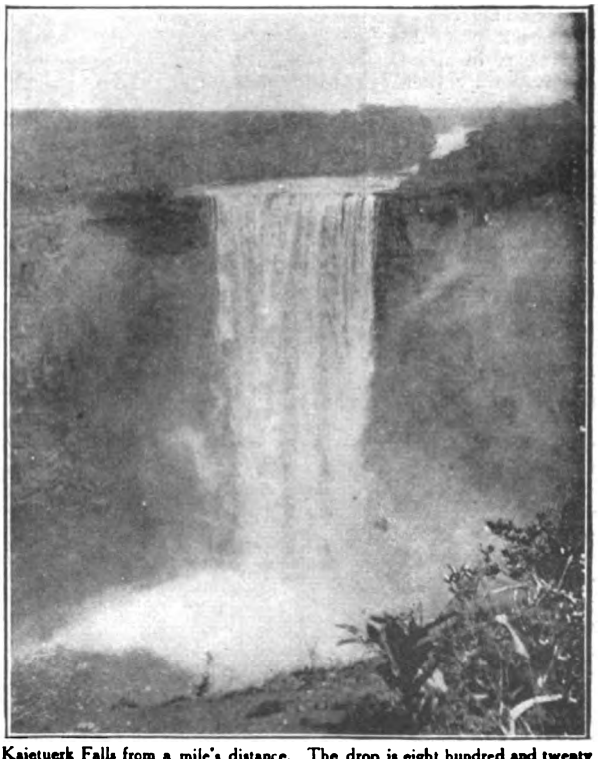


Kaietuerk Falls, from half-mile distance.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of Kaietuerk is that it is never twice the same. Every moment it changes; with every breath of wind, with each variation of light, with every passing cloud, it takes on a different aspect. And scarcely less sublime, scarcely less marvellous than the cataract itself, is the stupendous gorge stretching from the falls for miles into the dim and hazy distance. Wonderfully beautiful is this gorge, hemmed between vast forest-covered mountains and plateaux of a myriad shades of green, with its frowning precipices and black ravines, purple in the shadows and golden in the sunlight, while between the mighty ramparts flows the slender silver thread of river which, through untold and countless centuries, has cut this titanic scarf through the heart of the enduring rock.

speck, almost invisible. We notice that not a drop of real water ever reaches the deep pool below; that so stupendous is the drop that the falling masses are transformed to spray long ere they reach the limit of their descent and appear more like falling smoke than water, and then it dawns suddenly upon us that there is something lacking, that there is no deafening roar, no audible evidence of a gigantic cataract; that there is scarce more noise than would be made by the rush of water over a good-sized mill-dam, that the only sound is that of the torrent pouring over the brink of the falls, and that standing at the very verge of the cataract there is no difficulty in conversing in ordinary tones.

Could one but reach the base of Kaietuerk a far better idea of its size could be obtained, but the difficulties in doing this are almost insurmountable. One or two men have gained the foot of Kaietuerk by almost superhuman efforts, arduously climbing over immense masses of fallen rock and lowering themselves down precipices by ropes. The vast forest conceals the true character of the country, and it is difficult to believe that beneath the mantle of green are stupendous precipices, black fathomless ravines, and a chaotic mass of boulders and broken rock. The only feasible route by land is close to the river, but with light canoes it would be a comparatively easy, although a slow, journey, the only difficulty being to carry the canoes around the several rapids and falls between Tukuit and Kaietuerk.



Kaietuerk Falls from a mile's distance. The drop is eight hundred and twenty feet sheer, or five times as great as that of Niagara.

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Stories of the War.

I.—HOW I LOST MY DRAFT.

By "GRENADE."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. SHERIE.

A young Lieutenant, whilst taking reinforcements up the line, left the train at a wayside station to procure much-needed refreshments, to find, on his return, that the train had gone on with the draft of which he was in charge. How he ultimately managed to arrive at railhead before his men is herein told.

AT four a.m. my batman saluted me by vigorously gripping my shoulder-blades and shaking me as a terrier shakes a rat. It was a raw, cold morning, and I naturally objected violently to this unceremonious procedure.

"Sir! Sir! Sir!" he shouted, in a rising crescendo. "You're going up the line. Time to get up, sir!"

With a sudden shock I recollected that I was O.C. reinforcements, and that my draft would be paraded at five o'clock sharp. In half an hour I had washed, shaved, and donned my oldest tunic and breeches. I breakfasted royally in the cookhouse by the light of two flickering candles. Then I went round to the quarter-master's stores and drew a new tin hat, gas-helmet, and iron rations. In the meantime my servant had packed my kit and disappeared with it in the direction of the sidings.

At five o'clock the adjutant of the divisional depot appeared on the parade-ground, where the men were already mustered, and read a formidable document containing for the most part instructions what to do and what not to do. The men, under dire penalties, were not to leave the train without my authority! They were carrying two days' food, together with the "unconsumed portion of that day's ration," and they were warned that it was a court-martial offence to "touch or attempt to touch their emergency or iron rations." These latter could only be opened on the direct order of the officer, and then only in the event of the party being cut off from supplies for a period exceeding twenty-four hours.

When these orders had been read the roll was called, the adjutant handed the draft over to me, and I marched the party off.

"I breakfasted royally in the cookhouse by the light of two flickering candles."

It was about twenty minutes, steady going to the railway sidings, and just as we arrived there the sun rose in a cloudless sky, revealing the vast expanse of the camp — rows of white tents, huts of all sizes, canteens, stores, marquees, tiny brick buildings here and there, and hospitals with their Red Cross flags hanging limply in the perfectly still atmosphere. The whole camp was now alive with movement. The men of the draft were in buoyant mood, laughing, talking, singing; and I felt as Kipling must have felt when he wrote: "It is God's own hour when the stars have gone out and it is too dark to see, and one lies

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Several men had to scramble for their places."

with the fumes of last night's embers in one's mouth, lies and waits for a new horizon to heave itself up against a new dawn."

The sidings were filled with long rows of cattle and coal trucks. These were the "troop specials" for various parts of the line. The railway transport officer informed me which trucks were allotted to my party, and the men soon made themselves as comfortable as conditions permitted. It was now about six-thirty. We were kept in the siding for several hours watching the long trains pull out. About ten o'clock military police began to dash up and down beside the train; several men who had been standing about smoking had to scramble for their places, and we jerked and jolted out of the cutting on to the main line.

The journey up to the railhead was much the same as any other railway journey, except that it was about twenty times as tedious. The train ran fairly rapidly as far as Abbeville, and then halted at practically every station up to Doullens. In the late afternoon, at the little station of ——, I met with a misfortune which at one time looked like proving serious.

On arriving at this particular place I was informed by a military policeman that the train would be kept there for at least half an hour, probably longer, in order to allow a French civilian train through. As I had had no food since about four o'clock that morning, I decided to take the opportunity of getting some here, and, together with a trench mortar officer who was going up to the same part of the line, I left the train, passed out through the platform barriers into the one street of the town, and made a bee-line for the only *café* in the place. Here we ordered an omelette and a bottle of red wine and settled down to a very pleasant half-hour. A piece of genuine Camembert—the only piece I had tasted for over a year—and an excellent cup of black coffee completed

"You mean you have lost your draft?"

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the repast and put us in great good humour with ourselves and with each other. We paid the worthy dame her bill and returned to the station.

The troop train had disappeared!

There was not a sign or smell of it anywhere—or, for that matter, of any other train.

I looked at my companion and he looked at me. Then we both saw the ludicrous side of the business at the same moment and burst into laughter. Here was I in charge of a draft, conducting reinforcements to the front line. The draft had gone ahead and would probably arrive at its destination, while I was stranded at a wayside station, *sans* kit, *sans* passport,

"It depends on how fast you walk."

sans everything. My papers of authority, the roll of the draft, in fact, everything I possessed except what I stood up in and a small sum of money, was in that wretched train, click-clucking over the metals farther and farther from me with every minute that passed.

Feeling—and probably looking—decidedly small, I furtively approached the R.T.O., a resplendent individual, who at the moment happened to be standing on the platform in conversation with a French officer.

"Sir," said I, in a mild voice, "may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly," replied the resplendent person, gazing curiously at me the while.

"I arrived here half an hour ago on the troop train for ——," I said, diffidently. "I was in charge of reinforcements."

"You mean you have lost your draft?"

The R.T.O.'s interruption was stern, but I detected a sparkle of amusement in his eye.

"Yes, sir," I said, meekly.

"Well, you're not the first man to do that," he said, laughing, but offering no suggestion of help.

"What do you advise me to do, sir?" I hazarded.

"Run along the line after it. You will probably overtake it. It is only about two miles ahead," he replied, and laughed again.

Then, observing my chagrin, he called to a corporal who was passing.

"Richardson, ring up Major B—— and ask him to stop the —— train at X——." Then, turning to me, he continued: "They will keep that train for you at X——, about three miles away. If you cut along now you ought to be there in a little under an hour. That's the best I can do for you."

The trench mortar officer and I walked along the metals for over an hour. Two trains passed us going south. We asked sundry French platelayers how far X—— was. Some would reply a kilometre; others would estimate it at eight kilometres; a third kind of humorist would tell us, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Perhaps ten minutes, monsieur; perhaps *une demi-heure*; it depends on how fast you walk."

At last in the gathering dusk we arrived at X——. The troop special was nowhere in sight. Probably it had grown tired of waiting for us.

In desperation I approached a subaltern of the Royal Flying Corps who was getting into a car outside the station entrance. After explaining in what a pretty pickle I was, a practical solution of the difficulty occurred to his ready mind. I have subsequently found that R.F.C. people are able to "get over" most things.

"I'll give you a lift as far as Z——. There you will be able to catch a narrow-gauge 'French civil' to ——. You will probably arrive at the railhead a couple of hours before the trooper," he said.

We got into the car. In fifteen minutes we were at Z——. The narrow-gauge train started almost immediately, and by ten o'clock I was sitting down to a good supper in ——, and, as the R.F.C. person had foretold, I was, roughly, two hours in front of the troop train.

An officer from the Army Corps headquarters

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had been sent down to meet the reinforcements. Immediately after supper he gave me my orders. They were to parade the men as soon as the train arrived, give them soup and biscuits, allow them to rest for a short time, and then march them to a portion of the line about eight miles from —— as the crow flies, probably ten miles by road.

Shortly before midnight the headlights of the trooper appeared round a bend in the line. My sergeant, who as soon as my absence had been noted had naturally assumed command of the draft, nearly expired with amazement when he saw me waiting for him in the railhead sidings.

II.—WHAT THE SCOUT OVERHEARD.

By "TROOPER."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. HOLLOWAY.

The scout in this instance was a trooper in the East African Mounted Rifles. By daring and clever tactics he managed to worm himself into a German camp and overheard their plans, which were to ambush the British. This information he carried back to his regiment, and as a result the tables were turned and it was the Germans who were ambushed. For his feat he was awarded the D.C.M. "The story is true in all details," writes the Author.

THE east turned to dull silver as the moon, far gone in her last quarter, rose, casting a faint light over the long, dry grass. Blotches of darkness showed where boulders and clumps of thorn clung to the sides of a deep ravine, and a gentle breeze, hinting at the coming dawn, blew up across the stretches of plain. Towering to the north lay Ol Barok, grim and forbidding, with trails of ghostly mist wreathed amongst its jagged pinnacles.

Something stirred in the shadow of the bush at the mountain's foot and the Scout walked out into the light. He was joined by another figure, and the two talked earnestly for awhile. Then the Scout moved off up the mountain, and the other returned to the shadows. The stillness was intense, broken only by the faint "Wough! wough!" of a distant lion, seeking its prey.

The Scout, climbing steadily, came out on to a ridge of big boulders set in rank grass, and then rounded the shoulder of the mountain, still ascending. His way led through dongas, or ravines, deeply slashed in the mountain-side, the slopes clotted with dense bush and with ice-cold streams at the foot. He guided himself by feeling rather than by sight, for it was inky black in the shade, and the light was treacherous. As he mounted higher the thorn-bushes changed to forest trees, and presently he found a rhino path, which he followed in comparative comfort for a time. Descending at last to the lower fringe of forest, he saw his objective—a great pillar of rock, split from top to bottom, and leaning so perilously that it seemed to be kept in place only by a miracle. Reaching this, he crawled into the crack and looked down through a screen of bushes. He was in position for the day.

Lying there, he noticed that the dim outline of an adjacent tree had grown less dim, and then, in the blink of an eyelid, the swift African dawn had come. Half an hour later he was looking down to where khaki dots moved and little blue smudges denoted the preparation of hot coffee. Hot coffee, ye gods! He shivered and lit a cigarette. He had hit his mark with accuracy; he overlooked the German camp, but there was a long day to pass before he could get into that camp, as he meant to do.

His party, whilst scouting for an intended patrol, had seen a large force of Germans approaching Ol Barok early on the previous afternoon. Two of them had ridden back to report at headquarters, forty miles away, whilst the other two had remained, in order to find out the enemy's plans, making a rendezvous at a certain place some eight miles from the German position.

This was in the days of the border warfare in East Africa, when the best that the forces at disposal could do was to guard the railway that ran from the coast through "British East," to patrol the veldt, and to be on watch against raiding enemy forces. It may not sound very much, but this type of warfare continued for over a year, whilst each side grew wary and experienced. Ol Barok, some twelve miles over the border in German territory, had at various times been used as an advance position by both Germans and British, and abandoned by both. Neither wanted it, nor wanted the other to have it, and it became the haunt of scouts and the scene of many a patrol "scrap." The casualties of these, set in a "home" paper next to the casualties in Europe, did not seem heavy—some five or six names, perhaps; but the patrol had, possibly, numbered no more than a dozen when it stole out on to the starlit veldt.

The camp overlooked by the Scout was set on the lower slopes of the mountain, strewn with boulders and veiled with thorn-scrub, and he knew that farther down, and practically on the plain, lay an old camp of our own. He judged that the Germans had heard of our intended patrol, and knowing our partiality for old camps had purposely taken up a position overlooking one of these, and were waiting.

Although the night had been cold the day was blisteringly hot, and the bushes and grass about him afforded but little shade. He dozed a little, but dared not sleep; fortunately his cramped position prevented any prolonged slumber. He had filled his water-bottle at one of the streams below, and he had plenty of chocolate, some biscuit, and a notebook, in

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which, by way of beguiling the hours, he began to sketch some caricatures of his fellow-troopers and their officers. A particularly cruel one of the adjutant caused him huge enjoyment, and he chuckled, hot and weary though he was. As the afternoon waned he watched the camp carefully, counting the numbers as they went down to the water, but could come to no conclusion as to how many machine-guns they had.

The long day died at last in a blaze of orange light, the peculiar light that the rays of the setting sun strike from brown grass. He noted the sentries being posted, and then, when the last glow of light had faded from the sky and the chill wind that comes with sunset in Africa blew up from the plains, he slipped from his refuge and began to move cautiously down the hill, striking to the right, so as to approach the camp from below and avoid the skyline. As he crept forward to where he judged there was a gap in the pickets, he lay for minutes at a time listening intently, and he tried and tested each foothold, so as to avoid rattling pebbles. With all his caution one dropped and rolled, sounding to his strained senses like an avalanche. Instantly the darkness was split with flame. The echoes leapt from rock to rock, and as they died away the Scout, catching a handful of loose stones, flung them down the hill, and then, leaping lower, yet another handful. Then he lowered himself to the ground, and lay paralyzed as he heard the rifle-bolts click and felt anxious eyes on him. After a silence that seemed to have lasted for all eternity he heard an *askari* whisper, "It was a buck; I heard it run." There was some muttering, and the news was taken back to the officer in command.

"I'm glad I remembered that dodge," reflected the Scout, as he lay motionless; "but that chap has some *savvy*—changing the sentries after dark like that."

Not for another hour did he dare to move; then he began to worm his way carefully, keeping the camp to his left, but so close that he could hear the mules cropping grass, and occasionally stamping and sighing deeply. The cover here was sparse, boulders and long grass, and a few patches of "wait-a-bit" thorn. Presently against the luminous sky (for the night in Africa is never really dark) there loomed the outline of an *askari* on sentry-go. The man was leaning forward and peering up the slope of the mountain in the direction from which the Scout had worked round. The Scout, lying prone behind a thorn-bush, calculated the chance of surprising and throwing him before he could challenge, but abandoned it as too risky. As he watched, the *askari*, shouldering his rifle, moved in the direction in which he had been gazing, and the Scout, taking instant advantage of the rustle caused by the movement, progressed a few yards farther into the camp, and dropped behind a boulder. This was good, he reflected; he had passed the worst, and he knew the camp; he remembered an occasion when, on "long patrol," we had captured a German patrol from just about here. They had off-saddled below, but out of sight, and then one of their number had put up a buck and shot at it, and we had opened on them with a Maxim and scuppered their horses, and captured all men but two, who got away in the long grass.

There were, of course, no fires in camp, but his day of close observation, added to his knowledge of the camp, helped him to judge the disposition of things. There were boulders over there, a nice little circle of them, shaded by a few stunted trees, affording some protection from the chill wind; the officers *would* be there; if they had any sense they would be there. It seemed to him that he was taking hours about this business; it would be rotten if things got going before he had collected any information. The night was young yet, but the scouts, who had good horses, would have got back to headquarters with news of the German position some time in the small hours, and the column, starting almost immediately, would have reached Ol Gara, the mountain which lay half-way between headquarters and Ol Barok, about midday. They would not move again until it was dark, but if he didn't get to work soon it would be dawn before anything happened. Inch by inch he crept towards the circle of boulders, and as he got nearer he could, by lying with his ear on the ground, hear the murmur of voices. At last he was almost within hearing distance—a few more wriggles ("My word! talk of the Army moving on its stomach; I've covered a large stretch of Africa on mine!" reflected the Scout), and, guided by those guttural voices, he had crawled to a rock and lay screwed in behind it, cursing his imperfect knowledge of the German language. Aha! this was Swahili, which he of course knew well. He ventured a glance. A Masai, squatting in front of three white men, had apparently given some information which the Germans were discussing. He was glad that the important part of the conversation must be carried on in Swahili, although he could not follow the comments of the white men.

"How many are there?"

"Oh, many—like the grass!"

The German clicked his tongue impatiently, and the Scout smiled, knowing the black's notion of counting.

"When did they reach Ol Gara?"

"At midday," said the Masai.

"Do they know we are here?"

"Why else should those white men gallop? They came from here."

There followed more conversation in German, in which the word *machinengever* figured often; and then a name, Ngare Tembo, mentioned several times. The Scout quivered. Ngare Tembo was his rendezvous with the regiment, where he was to meet them with details of the German position. It was a deep, dry donga, in thick bush, and the road led across it—an ideal spot for a surprise. After consulting for a while the white men got up; one of them gave an order, sharply and concisely, and in it the name Ngare Tembo figured. There was a stir in the camp, and then, suddenly, the Scout understood. This enterprising German leader meant to ambush the ambushers. The Scout

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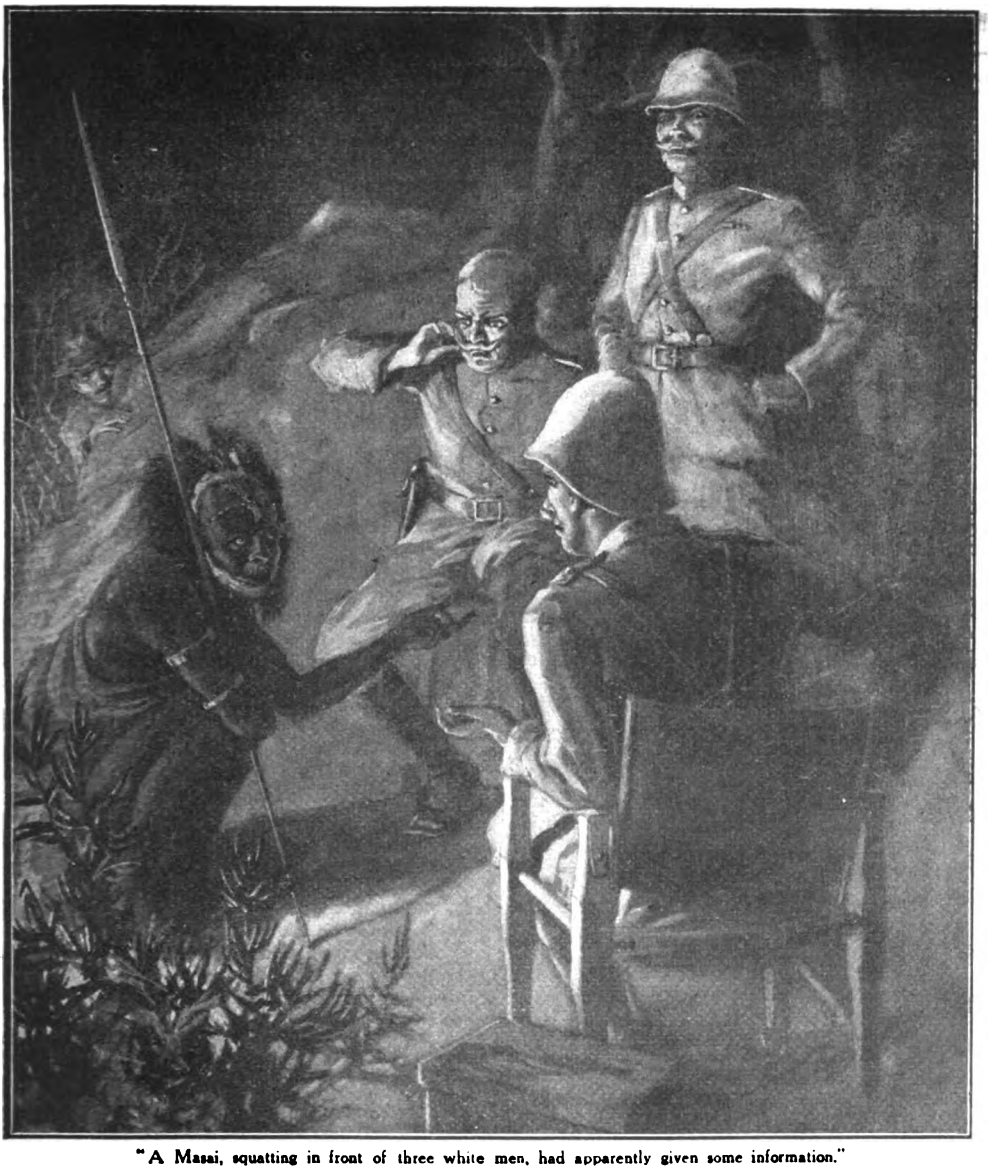

"A Massai, squatting in front of three white men, had apparently given some information."

thought hard for a moment or two, gazing up at the night sky. Lines of grey clouds were trailing across the stars, the cold breeze smelt of rain, which would probably come with the dawn. By the stars he knew that it wanted quite an hour to midnight. He winked knowingly at the heavens. "I can just do it," he told himself.

Then, because every moment of time was precious, he took a bold hazard. He waited until the camp was fully astir: men collecting gear, mules plunging and squealing and evading pack and saddle, orders buzzing round—the occasion that he himself knew so well—and then he walked out into the open, making with a business-like air for the lower reach of the camp. The clouds, rendering the night dark, helped him; also the fact that to the African a white man is a white man, be he German or British, and in that faint light he was to them merely a khaki-clad figure, with nothing distinctive about his uniform. It was easy enough to avoid the officers, knowing the ground as he did and their present preoccupation; but once his heart seemed to stand still, for he stumbled unexpectedly upon a couple of white men—like himself, settlers impressed into the business of war—loading up mules. Signallers, he gathered, muttering hate of the kicking, snorting shadows which gyrated about them—for no one loves a mule. As he hesitated as to whether he should drop into the grass one of the mules broke loose,

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"Away down by the trees a column moved out along the

and, capering ridiculously, made off down the hill, and the Scout, covered by the noise, plunged in the same direction, but at right angles to the mule. If anyone observed the flying figure, he could mumble German curses (all of the language he knew) and pretend to be hot on the chase of the refractory animal. Having started running, he did not stop until he was beyond the confines of the camp, and from there it was easy to reach the plain and to round the corner of the mountain. Then he dropped into a walk, gloating over his precious knowledge. After he had traversed nearly a couple of miles he stopped and gave a low whistle. From a small wooded donga came a response, and presently his half-section scrambled up, leading the horses.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"Got 'em scuppered, if we're in time."

Mounting, they struck the road and went down it at full gallop.

The man who had braved many perils in his former occupation of a "white hunter" rocked in his saddle with sleep. It was not yet midnight, but hours of riding in absolute silence at the same monotonous pace, the hypnotic drumming of hoofs, and the absence of anything to look at save the shape of the man in front, dim in the starlight, will numb the active brain. They had travelled most of the previous night, too, and there was little sleep to be had in camp in the daytime.

"Oh, I wish I could smoke—smoke—smoke!" formed a mental accompaniment to the creak of his saddle. Suddenly he was wide awake, alive to the sound of galloping. Something wrong? The column was halted.

"Scouts coming in—pass it back—scouts coming in," came back from the advance guard, and two men drew up by the C.O.

"Dismount!"

The White Hunter tried to hear what they were talking about, but couldn't, so he began to wipe the dust from the bolt of his rifle—in case.

A maddening delay, and they were off again. As is bound to be the case with men accustomed, as these men were in civil life, to responsibility, there was a perfectly unreasonable resentment in every mind at being thus shut out from confidence.

What had happened? Where was the enemy? Was this fresh information? What——

"Stop talking!" came the sharp order.

After riding for another hour and a half the column debouched to the right, making a *détour* of about a couple of miles. As every man knew, or imagined he knew, their objective, the bewilderment deepened. Then "Squadron leaders!" came down the line, and dark figures moved forward.

At last they knew the details. The Germans meant to ambush them at Ngare Tembo; the force was probably in position by now. Our intention was to get right round them, cutting them off from the camp at Ol Barok, and close in until we had them surrounded. When daylight came—— Now you know why the Scout had winked!

A cold drizzle had begun to fall and gusts of wind blew spattering drops from the thornbushes. The White Hunter wondered what madness had possessed him to leave his overcoat

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road. The White Hunter's rifle covered one of the *askaris*."

on the saddle. They had been lying without a sound for more than an hour, waiting. By dawn the Germans would be puzzled by their non-arrival. They might even decide to return to camp. It seemed as though dawn would never come, but presently the long dark blur in front began to take shape as trees. It was the wooded donga, two hundred yards away, with a gentle slope of grass leading up to where our men lay. We certainly had the advantage of position; he thought of the many times when the enemy had had that advantage and eagerly scanned the grey shadows ahead.

At last! A sigh surely went up from the waiting men. An *askari* had come out of the bush and was walking towards them; another appeared, to his left. A figure showed on an anthill, searched the country with glasses, and dropped out of sight. This was the advance guard; would the main body come in sight before we were discovered?

The *askaris* were a hundred yards away now, coming forward unconscious of the strained troopers crouched behind bushes and rocks—fifty yards—twenty. Away down by the trees a column moved out along the road. As the White Hunter's rifle covered one of the *askaris* he thought what a beastly, cold-blooded business war in these regions was, when you shoot at a man from cover just as you shoot at buffalo, and exult when you kill him—because it was a good shot! The White Hunter was not a man who bungled his job, whatever his thoughts might be. The echo of that shot was caught up and swamped by the crash of rapid fire, through which could be heard the rattle of the Maxims to right and left. The enemy column reeled and scattered, opening fire. The hills caught and flung back the echoes, intensifying the mad chorus; now and again the German bugles sounded the advance, but the cordon drew tighter, and the White Hunter, when presently there came the order to charge the donga, forgot his reflections on the disagreeable nature of war, and shouted exultantly as he crashed into the undergrowth.

Out across the plains herds of antelopes and zebras were fleeing in panic from this great terror, and over it all dripped the rain, mournful and persistent.

Behind the reserve line the Scout lay asleep under a tree, but his hard-earned repose was disturbed. Through his dreams he was aware of a sound like the crackling of sticks on a fire; large sticks crackling merrily in bursts. Occasionally this gave way to a confused stuttering, and when that was lulled and he was on the point of turning over and lapsing into complete unconsciousnes a bugle rang out, playing a happy little tune.

The Scout sat up. It was blazing daylight, the sun already so hot that his accoutrements scorched the touch, for the meagre patch of shade on which he had calculated had shifted. A little procession came into his line of vision: men of his own regiment, mounted on mules and escorting prisoners; some *askaris* and a few white men. The *askaris* looked cheerful enough, but the Germans were grim and sulky.

When they had passed the Scout grinned, and recalled a phrase of his daring and defiant youth.

"'Twas me that did it," he observed, happily.

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MY LION-HUNTING ADVENTURES.

BY ALFRED JORDAN, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

The Author, a well-known African traveller and sportsman, herein describes some of his thrilling experiences while after lions.

ALTHOUGH there is probably no wild animal better known to man to-day than the lion, most people entertain a wrong conception as to this creature's character and habits.

The lion is still found throughout Africa, except in those places where it has been exterminated by man. They vary considerably in size, in colour, in the length of their manes—characteristics which indicate local races.

The animal is chiefly found in plains and rocky places interspersed with dense thorn thickets, while it also frequents the patches of forest and high grass-land along the banks of rivers, near a drinking-place. Here they are very fond of lying in wait for their prey. In the daytime I have seen as many as twenty lions together, counting the cubs, but these sights are only to be found in uninhabited country where there has not been much shooting. It is at night, however, that the animal is most active, starting on the prowl about half-past six in the evening, when its characteristic roar is often heard from all directions.

When game is plentiful they generally hunt in pairs. Their favourite food is zebra or pig, but nothing comes amiss to them, especially if they are hungry. When a herd of zebra are located the lioness goes to the windward of them and there lies concealed in the path by which she thinks they will come. As soon as she has taken up her position her mate works round the herd in the opposite direction and gives them his wind, giving out loud, deep-toned roars. These are repeated in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in low, muffled sound. The zebra, scenting their deadly enemy, stampede madly away with barks of terror, generally in the direction of the waiting lioness, who makes her spring when they come in line, and soon pulls her prey to the ground by biting through the back of the neck, or by striking the animal a terrific blow with the paw, smashing the skull. I have witnessed such scenes in the daytime, and in wet weather have frequently noticed the spoor near kills which foretold the recently-enacted tragedy.

The following experiences with these creatures will give the reader some idea of their methods. The lion is generally a coward, and nine times out of ten you can drive them away from a fresh kill, but the tenth time the animal will turn and charge you. Thus there is a glorious uncertainty about lion-hunting. You never know whether the one you face possesses the fighting spirit or not. Therefore, it is risky to take chances.

The best time to go in search of them is about five o'clock in the morning. You make for the spot where you have heard them during the night. You are guided to it by the presence of vultures, and by watching how they behave you can tell whether the lions are still feeding or whether they have finished their meal. If they have just killed their prey the birds will hover over the spot, now and again one more daring than the rest swooping down and seizing a piece of meat and flying off with it. If the lions have finished their meal the vultures will settle down, and it is necessary for the hunter to pick up the spoor and follow it carefully. On a dry day this is extremely tedious, but if the country has not been much shot over you will with ordinary luck come across the lions sleeping after their night's exercise. Sometimes you encounter one sleeping on his back with his four paws in the air. The least sound arouses them, but, as a rule, you are given a chance of a shot as they stand and give out a threatening roar just to intimidate you before bounding away. But you can never judge what a lion will do. He may turn and run or he may charge you, or quietly stalk you.

While camped on the Loita Plains, which are south of the Uganda Railway, I left camp one morning on my daily task of shooting meat for the carriers. Ammunition being scarce I used to take only five cartridges, knowing that if I could not get a buck in five shots it was not my day out, and if I carried more I was bound to be tempted to blaze it away, with the same result. That day I rode a Muscat donkey. Game was scarce, and I had a stiff day, but killed two Topi hartebeest with two shots. Leaving the porters to skin and carry back the meat, I continued, with one boy to look after the donkey in

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case I came across anything. But I had no luck and about five o'clock we headed for camp, some four miles away. We had to pass a great deal of bush before entering a patch of forest on the other side of which the camp was pitched.

When about three hundred yards from the forest I got a strong smell of lion, so jumped off the donkey and gave the reins to the boy and took the rifle which he was carrying. I was only just in time, for when we came round a bush there lay the lioness, crouched for a spring, having smelt the donkey. When she saw me she altered her mind and stood up, giving out a snarl of rage or disgust. I had forgotten for the moment whether there was a cartridge in the breech or not, and hurriedly pulled back the bolt to see. The cartridge was there all right, but with the jerk of the bolt it fell out and disappeared in the thick grass. I had no time to pick it up,so forced in another out of the magazine. This motion evidently upset the lioness and she turned tail and fled. I had a glancing shot and took it, but the bullet struck a little back of the shoulder. This only raised the animal's temper, and she swung round for a charge. I had only one cartridge in the rifle and another somewhere at my feet. I knelt down to be certain of my shot, at the same time feeling round for the other cartridge while I kept my eyes on the enraged beast. All at once she gave out a terrific roar which sent a cold shiver down my spine and then turned and bolted for the bush. I gave her the other cartridge in the rump just as she reached it.

I then made a hasty search for the dropped bullet, and not being able to find it, shouted for Martini, my boy, to come and search for it. A voice answered me from the top of a tree, and looking up I saw my boy had played for safety. I ordered him to come down, but he took a long time about it. The lioness had made no sound after entering the bush, and I gave myself the credit of having killed her. When the boy reached me I asked him what he had done with the donkey, to receive the reply that he had done nothing with it. The donkey had used his own judgment and bolted. On hearing this and the elusive bullet rankling in my mind I boxed the boy's ears.

The boy was looking towards another bush and the blow made no impression. He just stood gaping at the spot, so I also turned and saw a fine black-maned lion watching us. Not being able to find the cartridge we both retired to a tree ready to climb in case the lion wished to make our acquaintance. While we stood there two more lions with tawny manes came out of the bush. A moment later I noticed a movement towards some other bushes, and glancing in that direction I saw several more lions. I counted eighteen altogether. I told the boy that it was no place for us, and as some of the lions were engaged in squabbling among themselves, we embraced the opportunity and hastily made a circle of the forest, getting back to camp just when it was growing dark. I expected to find the donkey had arrived before me, but there was no sign of him. That night the lions kept up an infernal din just outside the forest. I posted two boys on guard and they kept up a roaring camp-fire, but the animals left us in peace.

Next morning, as soon as we could see, I took a party of Lumbwas warriors, armed with spears and shields, in addition to my gun-bearer, and proceeded straight to the spot where I had seen the lions. We soon found the blood spoor of the animal I had shot, and followed it into the thick bush, two of the warriors leading the way. I fully expected to come on the dead animal just inside the bush, but we only found the imprints of about a dozen lions in a circle where they had been lying, in the centre of which was a lot of dry leaves on which the wounded lioness had lain. The leaves were soaked with blood, showing that she had bled heavily. We knew from these signs that even if not dead she could not be far away, so I took the lead, rifle ready for a shot once we sighted her. The spoor continued to a stream where she had stopped to drink. We picked it up again on the other side, when it led off to our right, keeping near the bank of the river.

It is nerve-racking work following a wounded lion in the bush. Your mind is so intent on the quarry you are following that the least sound makes you grip the rifle in preparation for a charge. Some monkeys gave me a start and then a bird flew up just in front of me. Each time I imagined it was the lioness and pulled myself up ready for a shot. When we had tracked the spoor about eight hundred yards we came to some high grass. If I had been alone I should have circled round it and tried to pick up the spoor on the other side ; but I could not make that suggestion to the warriors, knowing they would put it down to " cold feet " instead of prudence. So turning round I gave them a forced smile and whispered in a far from strong voice, " Have your spears and shields ready in case she is on top of us before I can fire." I then forced a passage through the grass with the sensation of stepping into my grave—and my intuition was nearly right.

I had only gone a few yards when I found myself falling. In making a frantic clutch at the grass to save myself I dropped the rifle. My hands were badly cut with the razor-like edge of the grass, and down I fell into a donga or gully. Horror upon horror ! I landed on a soft body, which I knew at once by the smell and feel was the wounded lioness I was seeking. I felt paralyzed. Limbs and voice refused their natural functions. I was aroused from my stupor by being knocked flat. I naturally thought in my agony of mind that it was from a blow of the animal's paw, but recovered my senses on hearing the voice of Masonie, one of the warriors, who gave out a yell of fear. It was he who had struck me as he fell.

The donga was so overgrown with grass that we could hardly see. With the assistance of the others combined with our own frantic efforts, however, we soon had some light by tearing down the long rank grass. We found ourselves in a narrow donga, about four yards wide, and seven or eight feet deep, and also alongside the lioness. Fortunately for me she was not only

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"I was aroused from my stupor by being knocked flat."

badly wounded, but had broken her spine and could not move. She was quickly dispatched and her body was taken back to camp.

But I had not finished with lions. About three o'clock the boy who was herding some cattle of mine came into camp and reported he had lost them. I sent some warriors to go in search of them and also instructed them to look out for the donkey. I was just having a cup of tea when a warrior returned and said I had better come with my rifle because they had seen the fresh spoor of lions on the cattle trail, and from the reading of the spoor the cattle were running, showing that they had been chased by these brutes. The herd boy admitted that he had fallen asleep, instead of attending to his work. Taking the rifles and all the men I could we started in search of the cattle, and a merry

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chase they led us. We travelled through bush and across open plains till we came to the Magoru River, nearly ten miles from the camp.

We had so far seen no sight of my stock, which amounted to thirty head, and as it was now getting dark we collected a lot of firewood and lit a fire, around which we all sat discussing what might have become of the cattle. Some of the warriors thought they had made for their

"The lion had charged, only to be met by a buffalo shield held out straight by the warrior."

country led by a fine milk cow which was a great pet with them. She would follow them about like a dog and was virtually the leader of the herd.

About nine p.m. the lions started their racket in about six directions, making the place ring with their roars and rumbles. The warriors threw more wood on the fire to scare the lions away. Presently we heard a heavy body plunging towards our camp. Thinking it was a rhinoceros, whose sight is bad in daylight but good at night, and who takes a great delight in

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charging towards a fire, we hastily got our arms and waited for the animal to come within the light of the fire. When we got a glimpse of it we saw it was our missing cow. She passed in a flash and then turned and came back again. She was evidently terribly frightened. Not wishing to lose her we formed a line across her path, and when she came up again the warriors caught hold of any part of her they could—horns, legs, and tail—at the same time soothing her with their voices, which soon had the desired effect. We tied her to a stake near the fire and one of the boys milked her into my water-bottle, the milk proving very acceptable, as I was feeling famished.

We heard the cattle rushing about during the night, and as soon as morning broke we began our search. We found ten young heifers together; one only had been injured, and that was bleeding from a long claw wound down the rump. A lion had evidently reared up with the intention of striking his victim down, but had misjudged the distance, or the heifer had swerved aside. Sending these on with two of the warriors we continued our search, splitting up into small parties. By ten o'clock we had found all the cattle, excepting two heifers and a bull calf. Sighting some vultures swooping down we went to the spot and found the remains of the missing cattle. We searched for the culprits, but without success, so started for camp.

We had travelled about half the distance when we came upon some of the warriors returning to look for us. One was bleeding from the shoulders and arms, having been slightly mauled by a young lion. Seeing some vultures hovering round, he stalked them till he had come across what the attraction was—a lion feeding on the carcass of our donkey. He threw his sword at the beast, wounding it in the side. This had annoyed it so much that in its rage it had charged, only to be met by a buffalo shield held out straight by the warrior. While clawing this out of its way it received some stabs from the man's spear which finished its career, but not before it had left the mark of its claws on the warrior. The wounds were not deep, and as I always carry a small packet of permanganate of potash, I was enabled to wash them with the solution, and thus kill any poison that might have been in the claws. The injured man made no fuss about the matter, taking it as an everyday job.

Thinking I had better exchange the cattle for sheep I made preparations for a journey to the country of the Masai. On the way we met some Wanchulo collecting honey. They are wild people who dress in the skins of animals that have fallen to their poisoned arrows. They live in small parties in the depth of the forest, keeping no live stock or growing food, but existing on the meat of animals they kill and honey, which is very plentiful in their country. Having hunted with them for months at a time they knew me very well.

It appeared that a man-eating lion had started taking people from their little group and they had been unable to kill him. This sounded serious, because I knew these people were unmatched in bravery and bush lore, so when they begged me to come and camp at their village for a few nights I gladly consented. I told the majority of my men to go on to the Masai with the cattle, and the remainder followed me with the Wanchulo to their miserable village. On arrival I found the chief of the tribe, Labusonie, was staying with his son-in-law. The chief greeted me with great joy and said now they would soon be rid of their terrible visitor, who had taken so far three people.

That night I was awakened by screams and yells of terror and heard that the lion had again taken another victim, but this time it was the chief's son-in-law, a great warrior, named Surbubie. We hastily got fire-brands and my hurricane lamp and searched for the spoor. As soon as we found it we followed, shouting and making a noise to make the lion drop his prey. This he did, but only after Surbubie had stabbed him a few times with a small knife he wore in a sheath round his neck. The shouting and the pain had upset the brute's calculations, and he cleared, leaving his unfortunate victim in a badly mauled condition. We carried Surbubie back, and I did my best to dress his wounds. He had been clawed down the side of the face, while one arm was badly bitten. I never thought he would recover.

Next morning we found the blood spoor of the man-eater and swore we would track him till we found him. After leaving the forest he had made his way across the plains to a small clump of bushes. When he saw us approaching, instead of running away, he came out to give battle, but I never gave him a chance. As soon as I was within a hundred yards I opened fire and the first bullet made him rear up and fall backwards dead. It was the finest black-mane lion I had ever seen. The mane was nearly the length of my arm, quite black, but streaked with grey hairs. I sent the skin to a firm in Nairobi, as it was too big to carry about. I told them to sell it if they got a good offer; I expected quite twenty pounds for it, but when I returned to Nairobi I found it had been sold for one pound six shillings and eightpence, the firm declaring it had got wet and spoilt.

I heard nothing more of Surbubie for over a year and then we met again, but the injuries he had received ruined his constitution. He was so thin and wasted that I failed at first to recognize him. I felt that if I had had such a splendid physique as he had before the accident I would sooner have died that night than have become such a weakling. But there, life is sweet, no matter what condition one is in.

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN RUSSIA.

Adventures of a British War Correspondent on the Eastern Front.

By ROBERT WILTON

(*Petrograd Correspondent of the "Times"*).

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM PEDDIE, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

No observer has seen more of the war on the Eastern Front, and is better acquainted with the actual happenings during the Russian Revolution, than Mr. Robert Wilton, the Petrograd Correspondent of the *Times* newspaper. He was in a unique position at the beginning of the great struggle to follow the course of events, inasmuch as he was educated during childhood and youth in that country, the language and manners and customs of which he knows with the proficiency of a native. He was the only Englishman to accompany the Russian armies in the field, and the adventures through which he and his son, an officer in the celebrated Preobrajensky Guards, passed make a story of unparalleled interest. For personal bravery he was decorated with the Cross and Medal of St. George, the first British civilian to receive such honours. Apart from its thrilling interest, the document is valuable in that it throws a new light upon those stirring events which ended so tragically for the Russian Empire, and which have now been set down for the first time for exclusive publication in "The Wide World Magazine."

IV.

AST month I mentioned how it had been provisionally arranged for me to escort a band of eminent Russian editors and journalists to England and to the Western Front. When I reached Petrograd on the Thursday, I discovered that the mission was to start on the following Monday. All the members of the party were assembled, excepting one, with their papers in order.

They included Vasily Ivanovich Nemirovich-Danchenko, a veteran war correspondent who had filled the *rôle* of Red Cross Commissioner in Poland and Galicia during the present war. He was the author of sixty-eight novels and books of travel in Spain, Italy, and various parts of the world. He spoke most of the European languages except English. He represented the *Russkoe Slovo* of Moscow, the most widely circulated newspaper in Russia. Efim Alexandrovich Egorov, foreign editor of the Nationalist and Clerical *Novoe Vremya*, an Orenberg Cossack by birth, and a former officer of the Guards, who, since his entry into political journalism, had energetically espoused the Anglo-Russian cause. Vladimir Dmitrievich Nabokov, an ex-deputy of the first Duma, one of the leaders of the Constitutional Democratic Party, son of a former Minister of Justice, and brother of M. Constantine Nabokov, of the Russian Embassy in London. He represented the *Rech*, the organ of his party, one of the leading Petrograd newspapers. Count Alexis Nikolaievich Tolstoy, a young author of the Impressionist school who was a regular contributor to the *Russkia Viedomosti*, the Moscow organ of the Zemstvos. Korney Ivanovich Chukovsky, a little Russian peasant by birth who had by signal ability attained a recognized position as one of the best literary critics of his day. He was a frequent contributor to the *Niva* and *Russkoe Slovo*. Alexandra Alexandrovich Bashmakov, formerly editor of the *Official Messenger*, a prominent Slavophile orator.

Three of them, MM. Nabokov, Egorov, and Chukovsky, knew something about England in pre-war times, and the first-mentioned could speak English fluently. Tolstoy and the senior member of the party—Nemirovich-Danchenko—were totally ignorant of our country or our language. Bashmakov was almost as ill-equipped.

Politically speaking, the party represented Russian public opinion with considerable fidelity. At the last moment, however, Chukovsky refused to be drawn from his lair in Finland, pretending that he was ill, though in reality he was frightened at the prospect of having to conform to British customs. His recent pamphlet on the war and his knack of writing in a light vein naturally induced high hopes of his usefulness in the cause of propaganda, and our

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Ambassador was greatly disappointed. So I sent a special messenger to him and was much relieved when he arrived on the Saturday morning. Unfortunately, however, he had no passport, and here was a difficulty. It was only by our Ambassador personally appealing to the War Office that the needed document was obtained. Our friend then asked permission to go back to Finland in order to pack up his trunks. A trusty messenger was sent with him, with orders not to let Chukovsky go out of his sight. Both were to return on the following day to my house, where Chukovsky was to sleep. He duly appeared armed with a large portmanteau and a small paper parcel. The former was brand-new and empty; the paper parcel contained all his belongings, and it was with this equipment that he started on the trip to England—the most amusing journey I have ever made during my long life as a traveller. It was a screaming farce all the way. Everyone was in a good humour, and even such bitterness as naturally prevails between critic and author was forgotten, although some anxiety had prevailed as to the possible relations between Chukovsky and Tolstoy.

When the former appeared on the platform carrying his brown-paper parcel and empty portmanteau, Tolstoy, barring the way, made a solemn speech :—

"Chukovsky, listen to me. I have taken a vow to break every bone in your body if you ever write another adverse criticism of my books. Amen."

And with these words he crossed himself.

Chukovsky dropped his parcel and portmanteau, opened his huge arms, and pressed the burly novelist to his heart.

"A truce to civic strife," he cried. "We are at war with the Germans."

There was a serio-comic rehearsal at Bieloostrov. Chukovsky proudly brandished his passport in the faces of the gendarmes, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they realized that the man whom they had so often apprehended for travelling without documents was now going as the member of a semi-diplomatic mission to an Allied State.

"After all, they are not such bad fellows at heart," he declared, "although on one occasion they put me into a cage."

We were all anxious to hear the story. Chukovsky related it with great gusto. Contrary to his custom, he had left his cottage at Kuokklala late in the evening, but, as usual, found himself at the frontier station without a passport. The gendarme, as usual, escorted him to Petrograd, but as the editorial offices of the *Niva* were closed and all his friends had left town, he was taken to the police-station, locked up in a cell with the ordinary criminals, and had to pass the night on a bench.

Practical jokes were the order of the day. Tolstoy was one of the victims. On leaving Petrograd a mysterious-looking person, with a big nose, had been apparently much interested in our party. Somebody suggested to Tolstoy that he must be a German spy. At every halt through Finland the mysterious passenger (who was probably an ordinary "commercial") came to have a look at us.

After a weary journey Stockholm was reached. At the hotel we felt that German influence was all-pervading. The servants would speak no other language except German. We could not get a room, apparently because we were not German. Here Tolstoy had another shock: the man with the big nose made his reappearance.

I left my Russian friends to call on Sir Esme Howard, the British Minister, and heard from him a tale similar to my own experience in Russia—the all-pervasiveness of German propaganda and the absence of Allied effort in this direction. After lunching with the Minister, I returned to gather my flock. Bashmakov had disappeared. We discovered him in an obscure *café*, volubly discoursing in German with a company of Swedes, whom he was trying to convert to the Allied cause.

Before leaving Petrograd I had made arrangements for our party to cross by a weekly boat leaving Christiania direct for Newcastle. This would obviate an additional railway journey to Bergen, and, moreover, as I had explained to my Russian friends, it might be safer from submarines. Jokingly I had suggested that the Germans were probably on the look-out for the Russian propaganda-men, and might even take them for an agreeable trip to Berlin in order that they might write up Germany instead of the Allied countries. Some of the party, as I afterwards discovered to my surprise, took this joke quite seriously. Indeed, the supposed shadowing by the man with the big nose convinced Tolstoy that the Germans were really after us.

My brother and my son had preceded us and were awaiting our arrival at Christiania. We all embarked safely on board the ss. *Bessheim*. It was a beautiful sunny day. We were all standing on the upper deck watching the quay-side thronged with Norwegians. Suddenly Tolstoy, standing at my elbow, gave a start.

"Look," he said. "There is the man with the big nose. He is sure to telegraph our departure, and we shall have a swarm of submarines after us the whole way." Sure enough, the mysterious man was there among the crowd. That was the last we saw of him, but this final encounter left an abiding impression upon Tolstoy for the rest of the voyage.

A glorious day at sea passed without incident. Not a sail was in sight. The Russians remarked to me :—

"Your Navy is magnificent. We feel that, although unseen, it is keeping watch and ward over us."

All fear of submarines had vanished. Nemirovich-Danchenko took out his note-book and, after an hour's work with his pencil, asked Chukovsky to read what he had written. Lo and behold! it was an epic describing an event that had never occurred. "The torpedoing of the good ship *Bessheim*, and the tragic end of the Russian Literary Mission." Each member's physical peculiarities and mental traits were caricatured in the most amusing fashion. As

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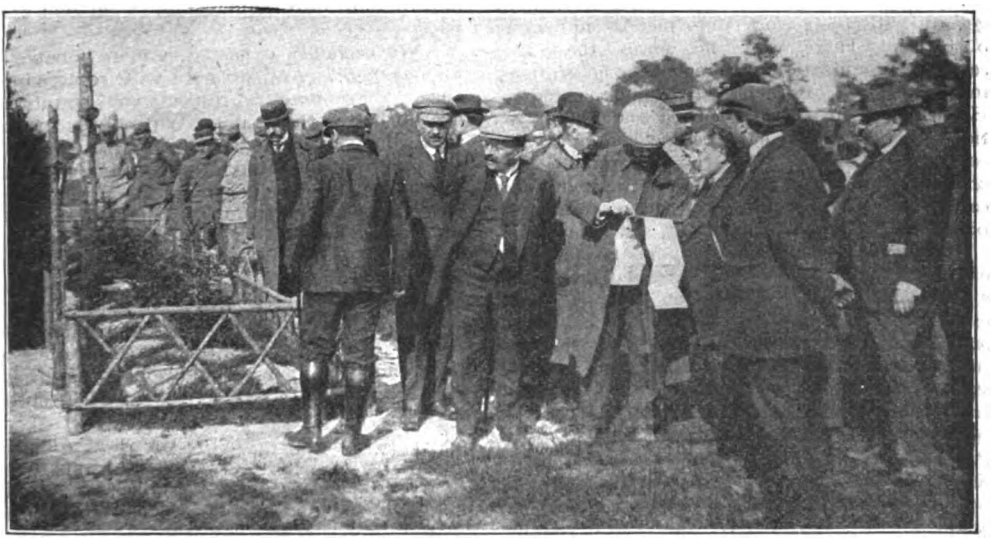

Russian journalists visiting the graves of their compatriots killed in the battle of the Marne.

far as I can remember, the writer himself was depicted as the "twenty-stone Nemirovich" affording a hearty meal to the cod-fish at the bottom of the cold North Sea, while the three Wiltons—my brother, my son, and myself—eagerly swam off, like Tritons, to our native shores. The grave Nabokov delivered a few parting words in the manner he had employed in the first Duma—words of defiance to the sea sharks; the ponderous Bashmakov cried "Long live Russia!" as he disappeared beneath the waves, clinging frantically to a voluminous History of England, by Hume, but for which he might have been saved on the wreckage floating around; the light and airy Tolstoy smilingly floated on the surface of the ocean, too light and airy (like his prose) ever to meet his end by drowning; and the impressionable Chukovsky broke the truce he had made with the novelist by getting in a few final words of criticism of the Count's literary baggage, ere he went to join Nemirovich-Danchenko below. Roars of laughter greeted every line of this comic masterpiece, which helped considerably to relieve the tedium of the last day of the voyage.

Everybody was looking forward with intense interest to the first glimpse of England and the work on hand.

"Above all, we must avoid politics and banquets," they unanimously agreed. "If we begin to talk politics, we shall quarrel; and if we spend our time junketing we shall do no work."

That seemed to be a sensible programme. Alas! we had not reckoned with our hosts.

The trouble began at Newcastle. A deputation from the reception committee there awaited us. We heard that, instead of proceeding at once to visit arsenals, munition works, the Fleet, and the Armies in the field, we were destined to undergo a whole fortnight of uninterrupted entertainment in London. I was deputed to do everything possible to curtail the superfluous festivities, and Nemirovich-Danchenko, as the senior member of the party, was selected to act as spokesman.

Our first impressions of England, obtained at Newcastle, had quite overwhelmed the Russians. We saw men in khaki all around us. Chukovsky was delighted. The title of his pamphlet was on all our lips: "Zagovorili Molchavshie"—"The Silent Have Spoken." Verily, peaceful, unmilitarist England had given an emphatic reply to the German challenge. "Bravo, England! Well done! Glorious England!"—such were the expressions I heard from my Russian friends.

On arrival in London special conveyances took us to the Savoy Hotel. We were the guests of the Government, and apartments overlooking the Thames had been reserved for us. Chukovsky, refusing to be separated from his empty portmanteau and brown-paper parcel, wandered casually into a luxurious Louis XVI. suite, glanced around, and declared:—

"This is good enough for me!"

Uttering a loud whoop, he flung himself on to the Aubusson carpet and waved his lanky legs triumphantly in the air.

A grave predicament now arose. Neither Chukovsky nor Tolstoy was provided with suitable garments. Indeed, the former had nothing with him except a morning coat and continuations that he had worn on the journey. He was helped out of the difficulty by a loan of miscellaneous portions of evening dress by some of his Russian friends in London. One lent him a pair of trousers, another a waistcoat, and a third supplied him with a swallow-tail. He procured a dress shirt and a tie from a neighbouring shop, where Tolstoy also managed to purchase a full rig-out.

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My efforts to enable the Russian visitors to get on with their work were met by numerous obstacles. There were no fewer than five separate organizations interested in the arrangements. Each of them acted independently. Had there been a proper propaganda organization my task would have been a comparatively easy one. As it was, the programme was changed from day to day and we were literally caught in the "toils" of these competing bodies.

Chukovsky, Tolstoy, and Bashmakov enlightened our gloom. The critic arrayed himself in a wonderful waterproof, which could be used either as a sleeping-bag or a camp tent; boots and gaiters, with the faithful morning coat and inexpressibles, a khaki shirt, collar, and tie. He varied this get-up by donning his swallow-tails and appearing in this guise before the bewildered guests of the fashionably-dressed gathering in the lounge of the Savoy. Tolstoy developed a mania for going to bed half an hour before the time fixed for our daily banquet, and had to be coaxed out of it and forcibly habited.

The two weeks of entertainment in London will remain memorable in the minds of our Russian guests.

"We had a mistaken opinion about the English," said Nemirovich-Danchenko. "What has become of the chilly, unexpansive Briton pictured by the imagination of the foreigner? Why, even the expansive Slavs could not have been more effusive in their welcome than your countrymen."

The Russians put this change down to the influence of the war. Truth compels me to state that reflections of a less complimentary nature were also indulged in. Said one of the party:—

"We certainly expected a more businesslike management. And we note with some surprise that in many practical respects your countrymen are no better than ours. We see, for instance, that your Government treats British journalists very much in the same way that our Government treats us."

I cannot attempt to describe all the banquets, luncheons, and receptions that were given in our honour. The two most notable events were an audience with the King and a visit to Lord Kitchener.

Meanwhile, the five different organizations mentioned had managed to arrange an interesting programme of visits to munition works, arsenals, training camps, a trip to the Grand Fleet, and, finally, a brief sojourn at the Front.

During our day with the troops at Aldershot, Tolstoy, who was by no means a sportsman, displayed such interest in the service rifle that a Tommy handed him his weapon and pointing at the butts said:—

"Have a shot, sir."

To the intense astonishment of the men in khaki, the stout and fur-clad civilian scored five successive bull's-eyes at a distance of four hundred yards, whereupon he rose tremendously in the estimation of both ourselves and the British soldiers, who must have talked about the incident for the next twenty-four hours, coming to the conclusion, doubtless, that this unknown visitor was Russia's crack shot in disguise.

We had a brief taste of the stern realities of war. Chukovsky, Egorov, and myself were in a front-line trench at Bully, near Lens, when a

The luncheon given in honour of the Russian journalists at De Keyser's Hotel—Mr. A. Gardiner presiding.

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salvo of German shrapnel came over. This was Chukovsky's baptism of fire, and he stood it remarkably well, but our kind hosts incontinently hurried us out.

We met an old friend at one of our aerodromes, the Hon. Maurice Baring, then a captain on the Staff of the R.F.C. Of course, all the Russians were taken up for an aerial trip. Later I had the pleasure of viewing Paris, the city I knew and love so well, from the giddy height of several thousand metres in one of the swiftest French chasing 'planes.

In compliance with the suggestion made by me at G.H.Q., the members of the party were taken to various regiments in order to make a closer acquaintance with the men. To Chukovsky and myself fell the honour of being entertained by the men of the famous Royal Scots. We shared their dinner and had many heart-to-heart talks with them. As a compliment to us the pipers gave us a magnificent concert. Among the Canadians we met a good many Russians, and from their C.O. heard that they had done exceedingly well.

"As a compliment to us the pipers gave us a magnificent concert."

We spent a whole Sunday at Ypres, and there attended Divine service within the shattered walls of the only edifice that still maintained some semblance of its former self. While perambulating through the ruins of this city we were spotted by a Boche aviator, who signalled to the German guns, and we were promptly treated to a mild strafe. Egorov picked up a red-hot splinter which had narrowly missed him.

We also paid a visit to the French lines. Then came the inspection of our munition works and a visit to the Grand Fleet, when our Russian friends wished us good-bye and made their way back to Petrograd in sections. Chukovsky travelled with me.

A little time later, towards the end of June, 1916, I again found myself on the Russian Front in anticipation of a great offensive movement which I understood was about to be made. I was attached to the Tenth Army, which was stationed around Molodechno, due east of Vilna. I proceeded thither by motor-car along the great highway by which Napoleon's army had marched from Vilna towards Moscow. By this same road the retreating Russian armies had escaped from the jaws of Hindenburg's trap during the previous autumn. Were we going to drive the invaders back in this direction as the Russians did in 1815?

At Molodechno the railway station buildings

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Russian mission at an aviation camp on the Western Front.

Watching an ascent.

still bore the traces of German shells—a souvenir of the cavalry raid by which they had recently cut our interior lines of retreat. The whole place was crammed with troops, and just before my arrival a German aeroplane bomb had killed twenty-seven men outside the station. I reported myself at Army Headquarters, and there found that I had been attached to the Staff of the Second Caucasian Army Corps holding a part of the line between Krewo and Smorgon. A Staff car was placed at my disposal and I was urged to make all expedition if I wished to see the commencement of the offensive.

Some hours later I presented myself to General Mekhmandarov, commanding the Second Caucasians. He was a pure-blooded Turk, and looked it. He was also a devout Mussulman. With true Oriental hospitality he pressed all manner of dainties, sweetmeats, and cigarettes upon me. Every time he came into my room he produced another present. One of them was a tin of caviare.

I was informed that the offensive would begin along the whole of the central front at midnight, but that our corps, and, indeed, the whole of the Tenth Army, was to confine itself to a demonstration. The real push was, after all, to be at Baranovichi. The kindly old Turk, who, I gathered from his Staff, could be ruthless as a tiger in matters of discipline, and would, without the slightest compunction, order a man to be shot for the smallest default, offered to take me with him to the front lines.

"You will have a grand view of an artillery duel by night," he promised me. "Our positions dominate the whole plain between Krewo and Smorgon. You will see the shells bursting over a stretch of something like twenty miles."

This promise was more than fulfilled.

Reaching the headquarters of one of his divisions in the cool of the evening after a burning hot day, he was partaking of *chai* with me and the Divisional Commander, when a telegram came from Army Headquarters. It was of a most perturbing character.

"You will disregard previous orders limiting you to a demonstration and develop it into an attack *à fond*." Such was the message.

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All the heavier guns and most of the field artillery requisite to prepare and support a real attack had been moved away to strengthen the Baranovichi sector. We had only a few mountain batteries with us. Moreover, all the arrangements for a "demonstration" had been made. To alter them at the last moment was to invite confusion and needless sacrifice.

But General Mekhmandarov was equal to the occasion. He replied that the orders just received must have been issued under a complete misunderstanding of circumstances and conditions; that they could not be carried out at this late hour with any chance of success; that he could not assume the responsibility of needlessly sacrificing his men, but that he would do what was possible to mislead the enemy into mistaking the "demonstration" for a real attack.

Russian journalists visiting their fighting compatriots on the Western Front.

"And now," he said, turning to me, "you had better continue on your way to the front lines. I must remain here to be in touch with Army Headquarters."

A pair of mettlesome horses drew me in a light vehicle to an important observation post along the road skirting our support trenches. From it we could see the huge plain which was soon to be the scene of turmoil. It was fitfully illuminated by German star-shells.

By the light of one of these rockets I made out the time on my wrist-watch. It was within ten minutes of midnight.

"How far are we from the O.P.?" I asked.

"Another quarter of an hour," said one of the gunners.

"We shall be late," I cried.

"Hurry up!" the gunners shouted to the coachman; and they themselves spurred their horses into a gallop.

We tore madly along. I soon understood the reason for this haste.

Our gunners descended into a hollow, swerved sharply to the right, and were quickly lost to view in the darkness, shouting as they disappeared, "Follow us until you come to the trees." Our vehicle rushed on, nearly upsetting once or twice; then suddenly there happened what none of us was expecting. Half-a-dozen mountain batteries stationed behind us opened fire. A rapid succession of deafening crashes, followed by the screams of shells overhead, fairly stampeded our team. The horses bolted. Our conveyance rocked like a ship in an angry sea; my young officer's servant thought his last hour had come. Being inexperienced, he had taken our own salvos for the bursting of German shells. Our progress was brought to a sudden stop. The horses ran off the road into a clump of trees and our carriage was upset, fortunately without harm to its occupants. The mountain guns kept up their pandemonium. One of our gunners was waiting. He flashed his torch and pointed to a pathway leading through the wood. We had to cross barbed-wire and trenches, and finally went underground into a splendidly-constructed dug-out, which was also an artillery O.P.

I sat there for a few minutes and then ventured out. The German guns were silent, so, taking my chance of a premature burst from our own shells, I sat out on the top of our O.P. and watched a marvellous spectacle. As far as the eye could reach on either side, shells were bursting over the enemy's trenches half a mile away. Rockets and star-shells were going up in all directions. The Huns were evidently frightened. Here and there red lights were being shown, this being their alarm signal, appealing for reinforcements to repel an expected attack. Soon afterwards a terrific rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire immediately in front of me showed that our men had gone over the top and were making for the Boches. But the wily German had a surprise in store. A flaming

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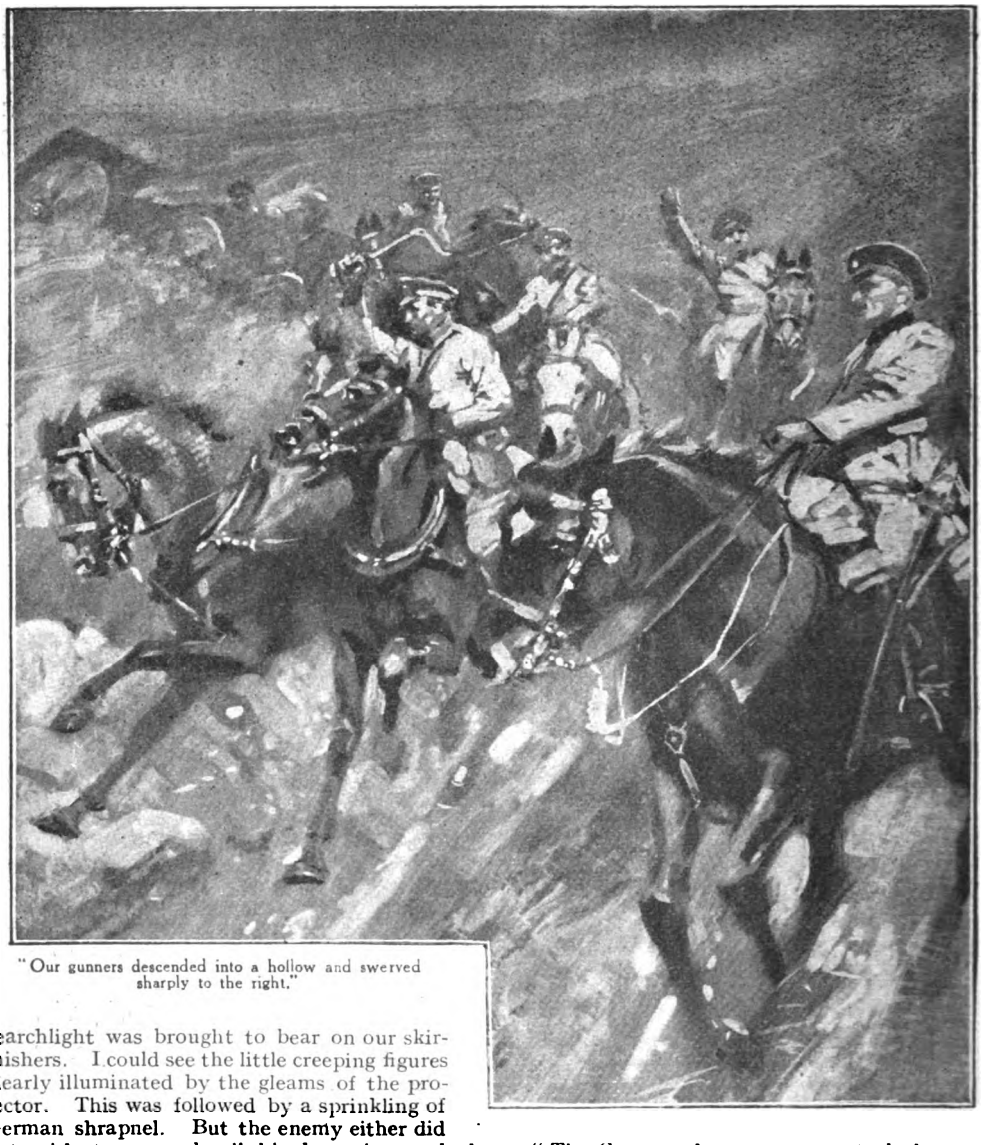

"Our gunners descended into a hollow and swerved sharply to the right."

searchlight was brought to bear on our skirmishers. I could see the little creeping figures clearly illuminated by the gleams of the projector. This was followed by a sprinkling of German shrapnel. But the enemy either did not wish to unmask all his batteries or had withdrawn most of his artillery elsewhere. We found out later that the Germans had got wind of the transfer of our own guns to the Baranovichi sector, and had themselves concentrated in that quarter.

For a whole hour the inferno raged. Amid the din of exploding shells and the rattle of musketry it seemed to me that I could hear the "Hurrahs" of the Russians as they stormed up to the German wire.

Not a single shell came in my direction. It was odd to be sitting comfortably this warm starlit night within easy rifle range of the death grapple of men, at no greater risk than that of a stray bullet.

I went into the dug-out to learn what was going on.

"The Germans have counter-attacked on our left," said one of the officers, and I heard the signalman at the telephone repeating an order to our batteries for a barrage fire upon their advancing waves. A few minutes later came word from the observer in the trenches that our shell-fire had stopped the enemy's movements.

General Mekhmandarov had had his way. It would have been folly to push the attack without proper reserves on the spot, or sufficient artillery support, but he had given the Germans a thorough fright. They would not move troops from this sector for some time to come. That was all the Commander-in-Chief required.

The sun had risen before I returned to Corps Headquarters and snatched a few hours' sleep. At breakfast a telegram was handed to me.

"Return immediately to Minsk for further

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orders." It was from my friend Lebedev. I lost no time on the way.

"The Commander-in-Chief has consented to let you go to the Fourth Army," was his cheering welcome. And lo! a few hours later I was in the train bound for the very centre of the great push. The train journey was not devoid of incident. We were constantly subjected to the attentions of German aeroplanes. At the station of Pogoreltze, where I alighted, the platforms were packed with wounded men—the first-fruits of the big push. Bombs were being dropped in our direction, but, fortunately, went wide of the mark.

I there took leave of my two fellow-travellers —a young Russian Staff Captain and a charming Japanese subaltern, the descendant of one of the great feudal chieftains. He wore a Japanese sword made some eight hundred years ago. The long hilt had been somewhat shortened and a modern guard affixed. It looked somewhat odd. I asked him to show me the blade. With religious care he drew it forth from the scabbard, holding it some distance from his face.

"We are always careful not to breathe upon the steel," he explained.

The blade was plain and heavy, very slightly curved, keen as a razor, and as bright as if it had been turned out yesterday from the master's hands.

"My father had nine of these blades," he said, "one for each of his sons. We would not part with them for untold wealth."

"What would a sword like yours cost if it could be bought?" I curiously inquired.

"Anything over thirty thousand yens (three thousand pounds)," he replied.

He told me a remarkable story about these swords. Enterprising Germans had made careful inquiries as to the methods of the old Japanese sword-makers whose secrets had been handed down from father to son, but long, long ago had been lost. With the keenness of a sleuth-hound on the track, the Germans had nosed out the fact that these old masters had used some special kind of soil in the process, and one fine day the Japanese awoke to the fact that large consignments of earth obtained in the neighbourhood of places where the old sword-masters had lived were being shipped to Germany. These shipments were thereupon forbidden, but there is a strong suspicion in Japan to this day that spurious blades of German manufacture had been placed on the market and sold as genuine old weapons.

The Staff Captain related to me afterwards that when the young Japanese officer came under fire for the first time, his right hand gripped convulsively the guard of his Samurai blade, and that his countenance bore an inspired look, as if in his own person he was living over again the doughty deeds of his ancestors.

At Pogoreltze, about fifteen miles from our front line, an officer with a motor-car was waiting for me. The booming of heavy guns could be distinctly heard. It was a scorching day at the end of June, and, as it is a sandy region, enormous quantities of dust hung like a pall westward of the railway. Thousands of carts were transporting munitions and supplies thither, while the backward procession brought streams of wounded. We had enormous difficulty in making our way through the crowded traffic.

One of the curious features of this traffic was the huge number of foals that were following their dams. Occasionally one of these little fellows strayed, and there was a tremendous commotion because the mother-horse flatly refused to move forward, and word had to be passed back and forth to recover the missing youngster, who, squealing and neighing, was with great difficulty restored to its maternal belongings.

On reaching Corps Headquarters I was told that the Staff was away in the front lines, as the big attack was in progress. So, wasting no time, I pushed forward and came to the O.P., where General Abram Dragomirov greeted me.

"You are just in time," he said. "Some of our men have already taken their first objectives, but the attack is going on."

I could have guessed as much from the terrific bombardment that was in progress. Just behind us a battery was making such a hideous din that I thought my ear-drums would split. Some of the people in the dug-out were weeping copiously. A few lachrymal shells had just burst close by. I took advantage of a vacant periscope to survey the battlefield. It was an inspiring and awesome spectacle. Just in front, not half a mile away, our men were going forward in regular attacking waves. I could see whole companies lying down under a hail of shrapnel. Then suddenly the officers would jump up, waving an entrenching spade, and the whole line would run forward. I could see the men torn by splinters, mowed down by machine-gun fire, and their comrades ever pressing on till finally they reached the enemy's wire. The Russian field-guns had driven frequent lanes through the entanglements. Here, within a few yards of the enemy's trenches, the officers led the final onslaught. By nightfall the whole of the first and strongest line of defence was in our hands.

The Russian aviators, although vastly outnumbered and greatly handicapped by inferior machines, had enabled the artillery to destroy barbed wire, cripple the enemy's strong points, and cover our attacks with exceedingly well-organized barrage fire. But the country was admirably suited for defence. Like the Dvinsk region, of which it was a natural continuation, it presented a succession of sandy heights, swampy valleys, and innumerable forest growths. So wherever our infantry had pierced the enemy's lines they encountered untouched wire in the copses and innumerable machine-gun nests. Moreover, we were still lamentably weak in counter-battery work. Some of the units that almost reached Gorodishche found greater difficulty in returning than they had met with in their advance. The German machine-guns had been so well concealed that they opened fire on them as they were coming back.

The situation after the first great attack of

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which I had been an eye-witness was approximately as follows. We held the whole of the enemy's first line along a front of about a dozen miles. At some points we had managed to secure a lodgment in their second line; at others we were in temporary trenches, within the enemy's first and second lines. But these exposed positions offered no security. For a day or two, however, the enemy confined themselves to desultory bombardments and sniping. They had lost thousands of prisoners, and a great number of killed and wounded. It was highly important that we should go on with the push before they could bring up reinforcements.

"If we could only pour reserves in quickly enough we might break through, and then our cavalry, brought up in readiness and awaiting the signal, would dash out from the cover of neighbouring forest areas and Vilna and Grodno might soon be in our hands, and the whole German line from Kobel to Riga would be endangered." These bright hopes were not fulfilled for two reasons. The reserves did not come up in time, and our artillery was unable to render effective co-operation in the further advance. Defective transport was our bane. Meanwhile, all unknown to us, the Germans were rushing down a whole division from Krewo.

I breakfasted early on the morning after the first attack with General Dragomirov and his Staff. The chief artillery officer, my neighbour at table, related that his field-guns had each fired two hundred rounds during the day; also that no fewer than six hundred guns had taken part in the preliminary bombardment. No such bombardment had been known previously on the Russian front.

"Go and ask the German prisoners what they think about it," he said.

I found several hundreds of captives housed in the barns of the estate where we were quartered. Many of them belonged to the 335th German Regiment—a Prussian unit. Half of the men were Poles. I spoke to them in their native language. They readily replied to all my inquiries. All agreed that they had never imagined that the Russians could develop such terrific artillery fire. Some of the German prisoners confirmed this statement; others were surly, and one gruff N.C.O. reprimanded them and the Poles for giving information. The Germans did not look very pleased when the officer who was with me told them that they were speaking to an Englishman.

I was reminded of an incident which had occurred to my son. During the autumn of the previous year he took some German prisoners, including an officer, and was conversing with his captive in German when another of the Preobrajensky said to the prisoner:—

"Do you know who it was caught you? He is an Englishman."

The Hun opened his eyes and mouth wide with astonishment, and, although he prudently refrained from making a remark, it was evident he thought: "These confounded Englishmen are everywhere."

Thousands of Austrian prisoners had been marched through after summary examination by Staff officers for the purpose of identifying units and obtaining useful information. A good many still remained. They were lying in groups according to nationalities: Russians from Transylvania were chatting with a Russian soldier of their own race from Bessarabia; there were Czechs and Slovaks and some Ruthenes.

The full horror of this German-made war was brought home to me by this spectacle of unfortunate Slavs who had been made to fight against their brother Slavs of Russia for the aggrandizement of Germanic Imperialism. The case of the Poles was the saddest of all. What would be an Englishman's feelings if he were called upon to shoot another Englishman at the beck of Germany? Such was the lot of these men. They were helpless tools. The very ground where we stood, and indeed the whole of this country-side, aye, and far eastward, was in reality an integral part of Poland. Every farm and landed property of any note had been created and developed by Polish enterprise. As the tide of war swept hither and thither the work of generations of Polish culture was being destroyed. Poor, unfortunate Poland, and still more unhappy Poles!

I did not wish to prolong my conversation because I was anxious to visit the battlefield, and hurried off as fast as my car could carry me. At the O.P., whence I watched the battle on the previous day, I found a young sapper officer who was going to inspect and report upon the enemy's defence works. So together we made our way over the ground which had been so dearly bought. In front of us were the exceedingly strong positions of Skrovowo, which had been nicknamed by the Russian soldiers Fort Bovo. On our right was a long projecting ridge nicknamed Ferdinand's Nose—a huge stronghold whence the enemy had enfiladed the fairly level expanse over which our attacking waves had moved.

With my sapper friend we sought the shelter of communication trenches wherever we could find them, for the Germans were shelling every visible object that moved. Presently we came to the level ground and walked boldly across the battlefield, invisible to the enemy in their second-line positions. The dead were everywhere. Before we came to Fort Bovo we had to traverse thirty-six lines of barbed wire, through which a wide lane had been driven by our shrapnel.

The sapper went into raptures of praise of the Austrian defences. He had not seen anything so perfect. There were two rows of electrified wires and innumerable rows of trip wires, while the fort itself was honeycombed with concrete gun emplacements. There were concrete observation posts, and a concrete cupola for a disappearing searchlight. The dug-outs were all provided with electric light. I could scarcely tear him away. He explored deep subterranean passages at the peril of his life. Our heavy shells had dismantled this wonderful piece of engineering skill, and rendered it extremely dangerous of examination.

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Innumerable bombs, grenades, and other paraphernalia were scattered everywhere. Letters and post-cards belonging to the late occupants littered the trenches. I picked up a bundle. It contained a series of post-cards written in Hungarian.

One machine-gun emplacement presented an extraordinary spectacle. The machine-gun had been riveted to the concrete and the dead gunner was also chained there.

We made our way along the enemy's first line to Ferdinand's Nose, where the sapper expected to find still greater treasures of engineering skill. Here the Austrians had actually installed field-guns within concrete emplacements so that they could sweep the plain with grape-shot. At one of the highest points of the Nose a look-out station had been established. It was a concrete tower, the entrance to which was over twenty feet underground. Unfortunately, the tunnel was blocked with *débris*, so my sapper friend gaily marched up to look through the slit whence the observers had scanned our positions. Immediately there came a salvo of shrapnel. I caught him by the leg and pulled him down. The enemy's guns treated us to a mild strafe.

We then retraced our steps across the open field, dodging the shells, until finally we came to a sunken road which would lead us back to our starting-point. Here a whole regiment was bivouacking. The men were writing letters home or taking forty winks. I carried an Austrian haversack filled with trophies. It had been a very fatiguing day. I saw a hot-water cart returning homeward and asked the driver for a lift. He was a Lithuanian who spoke very poor Russian. We jolted along trying to converse. The indefatigable sapper walked alongside.

"Let us take that short cut to the left," he advised.

It was a mere track ascending a bare slope.

"But we shall be in full view of the enemy," I remonstrated.

"Never mind," he said; "it is only a short distance."

We turned and proceeded to ascend. Presently a trench yawned in front of us.

"Here, you get down," he gaily cried, and, addressing the driver, added: "You, man, can turn into those bushes and get across a bridge farther on."

I alighted and beckoned to the driver to wait, wishing to give him a small gratuity. While I was fumbling in my pockets a shell screamed and burst simultaneously, and a shower of splinters fell over our heads. It had exploded barely twenty yards away. Had the driver not been detained by me he would have found himself at the very spot where the shell had burst. It needed no prompting from me for him to decamp. Scarcely had I jumped the trench than round number two went off with a terrific roar fifteen paces in front of us. Two unfortunate sappers who happened to be close by were struck. One was killed on the spot; the other lay on the ground moaning. We carried him behind a pile of empty sand-bags. My car was standing a few paces off, but the chauffeur was not visible. Another shell exploded thirty or forty yards away and some of the splinters struck the car and our pile of sandbags. The chauffeur then appeared; his head first of all and then his body, for he had been lying down in the car.

"It is not healthy here, sir," he remarked, with a grim smile.

I agreed with him. Already he was at the steering-wheel and off we went. Stretcher-bearers had been hailed and were already carrying away the wounded men. As to my sapper friend, he sat imperturbably beside his pile of sandbags, smoking a cigarette. He was a well-known dare-devil, and his commanding officer told me at supper that evening, after hearing in whose company I had visited the battlefield, that I was lucky to have come back alive.

Mr. Robert Wilton about to fly over the German lines in Russia.

(Further stirring adventures on the Russian Front next month.)

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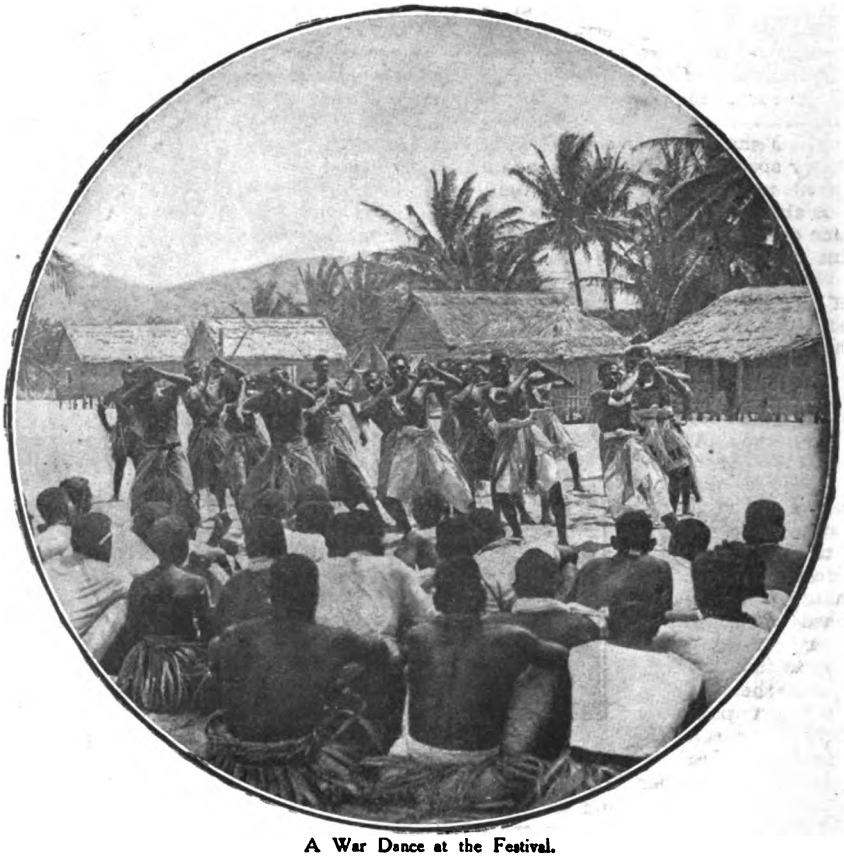

A War Dance at the Festival.

Reviving an Aboriginal Festival

By THOS. J. McMAHON.

An interesting account of a remarkable native festival held on the Island of Mabuiag. It marks the revival of what were once elaborate annual ceremonies held among the natives of the islands which lié to the north of Queensland in the Torres Straits. For four days thousands of natives gave themselves up to dancing, singing, play-acting, and feasting. Much of this acting, as our Author points out, was decidedly original and clever. These islanders, in fact, are very intelligent, and the Queensland Government intend to form a body of them for naval scouting in the North Pacific.

QUITE recently there took place at Mabuiag, an island in the Torres Straits, lying to the north of Queensland, a unique and nowadays a most uncommon festival. Many years back this island was a famous pearling station, the scene of much gaiety and even riotous living by men to whom pearls of amazing values were bringing in small fortunes. They spent their fortunes as quickly as they acquired them, and much easier than they earned them, for pearl-getting on occasion was a rough and dangerous occupation. In those good old days the Straits were a very crowded seaway, and the many islands were populated by vigorous and savage peoples who unfortunately became the prey of white exploiters. In a very short time the numbers and the stamina of the black peoples were so reduced that they dwindled almost to their doom. The Queensland Government, under the lash of scathing Press criticism and the demands of public opinion, brought into force an Aboriginals Protection Act which, from the moment of its first application to the present day, has done a grand work in rejuvenating and reclaiming the picturesque and intelligent races of these scattered islands of the Straits.

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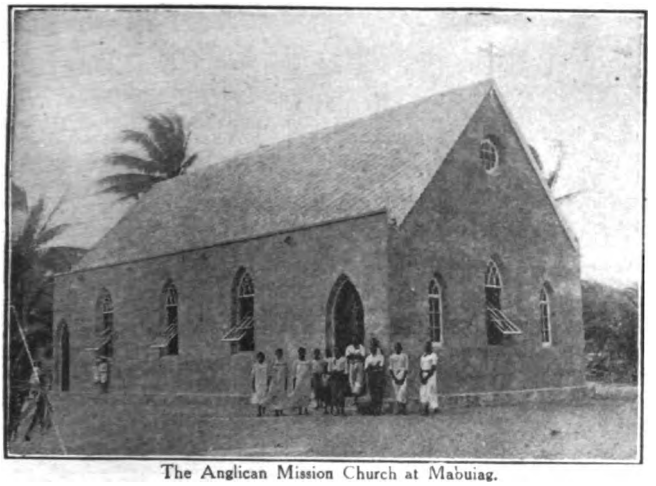
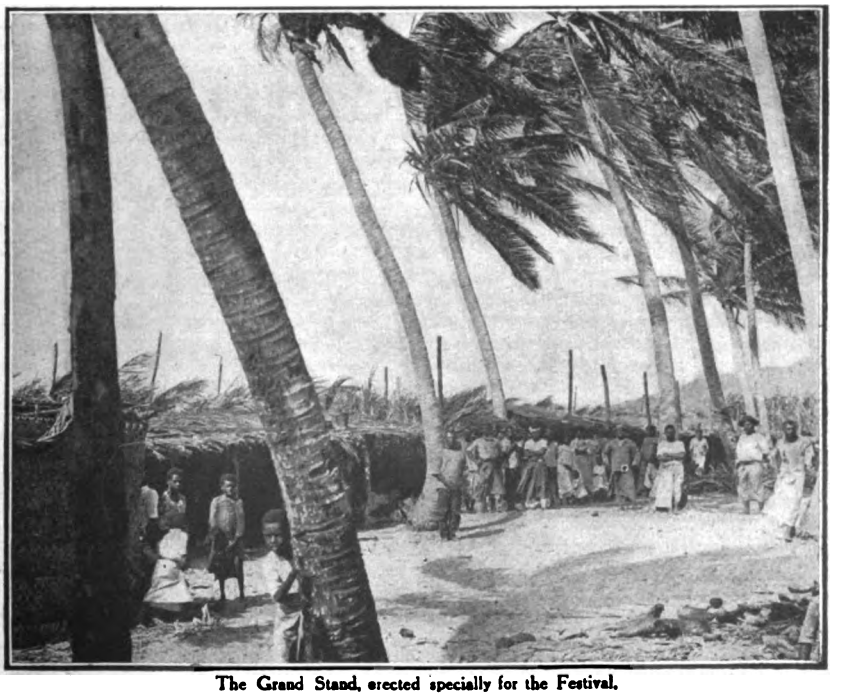


The Anglican Mission Church at Mabuiag.

Mabuiag is a very small but a very picturesque island, having on its lee side a long rough stone jetty built entirely by native labour. To-day the island is an important station of the energetic Anglican Mission. This mission is carrying on a wonderfully successful work on common-sense lines, with the result that the natives are taught to be useful as well as religious; and indolence—the indolence of the old native life—is tabooed not only as an offence but as a stigma. The island has a population of three hundred, and is governed by a white man, called the Administrator or Teacher, three native councillors and three native police, in a most progressive and satisfactory manner.

In the old days, when the Torres Straits islands carried teeming populations and before the advent of the white pearler, extraordinarily large gatherings of natives from friendly islands would meet at one particular island and for a week or so dance, sing, act plays, and feast. Quite a programme was arranged for each day, and, however strenuous, had to be carried out. The feasting was incessant and the catering was on a large scale. Unfortunately, these festivals, as they were termed, which always began most happily and auspiciously, invariably ended in savage butcherings, generally stirred up by tribal banterings, or more often by family squabbles. The coming of the pearler and the seizing of the natives for the working of the pearling boats ended these festivals, and many years elapsed before there was time or opportunity to begin them again. By then most of the savagery was knocked out of the natives, and a festival, when it was held, was half a religious gathering and half a friendly meeting. But they were tame affairs, for the people were sorely oppressed and had no heart to throw much vigour into any amusement. Their songs and dances were neglected and might have been forgotten, when just in the nick of time the Queensland Aboriginals Protection Act came into force and a new life began for the now almost decimated race.

The freedom from slavery and ill-treatment very soon began to revive the spirits of the peoples, and gradually the dances and songs and the clever native plays were resumed. The interest in these as the peoples thrived and prospered, and as the young men and young women grew bold, increased, and in time little festivals took place, but nothing on the old big scale was dreamt of. The old fire of the race was not dead, however, and on their own initiative they decided to hold a great festival on grand



The Grand Stand, erected specially for the Festival.

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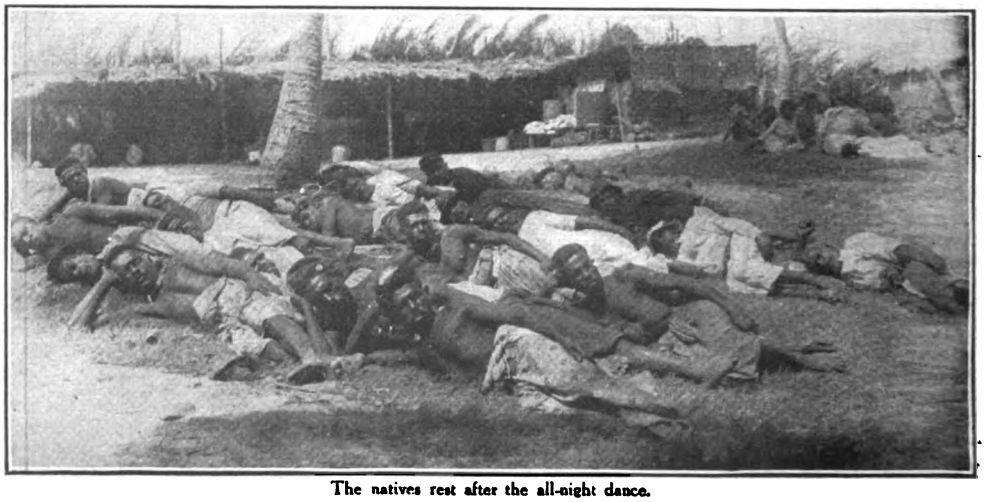
"Ready for Battle" Dance.

lines at Mabuiag Island in August of last year. The permission of the local Protector, Mr. Lee-Bryce, was obtained and also his support; and helped by the missionaries, the festival was worked up by native committees on each of the many islands with such splendid results that the whole world of the Straits was soon preparing for a festival the like of which was not in the memory of the oldest of them.

This festival then, the first for so many years, was a display of native pageantry and histrionic abilities, and was notable for the remarkable blending of native ideas and civilized customs which were introduced into every song, dance, game, and play.

A more joyous, happy crowd one cannot hope to see than a gathering of black people bent on holiday-making. Whatever cares they may have are for the time being forgotten, and they make the very atmosphere in which they move a glad one. Mabuiag was for three days a veritable land of delight; there was a ring of true cheerfulness in every voice and the spring of gaiety in every movement. Friends were arriving from every island in the Straits, even as far as those located near the forbidden ground of Papua, which quarantine regulations banned. Every hour brought in sight over the horizon and from every quarter crowded luggers, with full white sails contrasting grandly with the bright blue colour-effects of sea and sky. Every boat came to anchor with a shout and song, and over the sides were eager black faces of young and old, beaming with the prospects before them.



The natives rest after the all-night dance.

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The children in action songs.

By nightfall the little harbour of Pawai was crammed with tiny ships; there resounded the cries of children as they rushed here and there in their play; there were loud greetings from friends to friends, much laughter and boisterous shouting; for dinghies were disgorging native baskets filled to overflowing with bananas, yams, and bundles of clothing—all thrown indiscriminately upon the jetty of solid masonry. Toy-like dinghies side by side with big imposing whale-boats dashed this way and then that, black woolly heads with gleaming rows of pearly teeth were bobbing about in the waves, stiffened into some size by a freshening breeze, and every splash of the oars was in unison with native songs which filled the air. Such a jabbering, such a multiplicity of things native were accumulating on every inch of the jetty that it seemed as if a flood of black beings and black objects had been suddenly rained from the skies. It was all so strangely unexpected—this scene of weird animation on this usually lonely island of the wide Pacific. Fine, hefty men, well-formed women, and lively children were the islanders, and their faces glowed with health and exuberance of natural spirits.

The Mabuiag village had grown in a night, as it were, from a mere hamlet to a large-sized town. Great long grass and palm-covered shelters were erected along the seashore and across the wide village square to accommodate hundreds of people. These shelters, or "Zara-zaras," as they are called, were divided into two long apartments, the front for feeding purposes and the back for sleeping rooms. They were furnished with native mats, and spaces were allotted to families as they arrived. The first day, or at least the first half-day, was given to settling down and preparing details for the festival. A committee of councillors, including representatives from every island, arranged programmes for dances, and songs, and plays; sub-committees attended to the feasting and catering, while another committee marked out courses for lugger races, foot races, and dugong catching. All was done without fuss or bother. Native police, in navy-blue uniform striped with wide red braid and peaked caps, maintained peace and controlled the huge traffic in the village street.

When night had cast its deep shades, great bonfires were kindled, lighting up the surroundings, and throwing into prominence groups of chatterers, or busy folks at their evening meal; whilst in the sombre blackness were outlined the native houses and the ghostly coco-nut palms swaying to and fro to the motion of the ocean wind. Then, all at once, as if by some magician's touch, more fires sprang into being, excited throngs surged this way and that, roars of laughter mingled with hoarse shouts, creating a veritable pandemonium. Young bucks in startlingly coloured costumes, and garlands of wild flowers entwined round their glossy, black, naked shoulders, showing their splendid muscular development, ran here and there, displaying their agility for the direct benefit of coy maidens. These latter stood aside in little groups, decked out in European dresses of the Greenaway fashion, but heavily laced and trimmed and festooned with flowers, vain in the sumptuousness of their elegance, and showing it by their affected motions and conscious bearing; but with soft gigglings stealing tender glances at the boys who were tempting them to fun and to join in the mazes of the dance.

The spirit of merriment had arrived and was being welcomed in a right royal manner. The village square, which had been apportioned as a theatre for the dances and plays, was attracting its crowds, for the first dance was in progress. Right through the night, without intermission, songs with their echoes mingled with the din of native drums, as they beat a never-ceasing tattoo, accompanying the weird dancers as they shrieked, grunted, and laughed. The whole scene of revelry was kaleidoscopic in its main effect; every man, woman, and child was a creature of super-abundant animation, and the whole a seething, picturesque, but wild chaos of human life.

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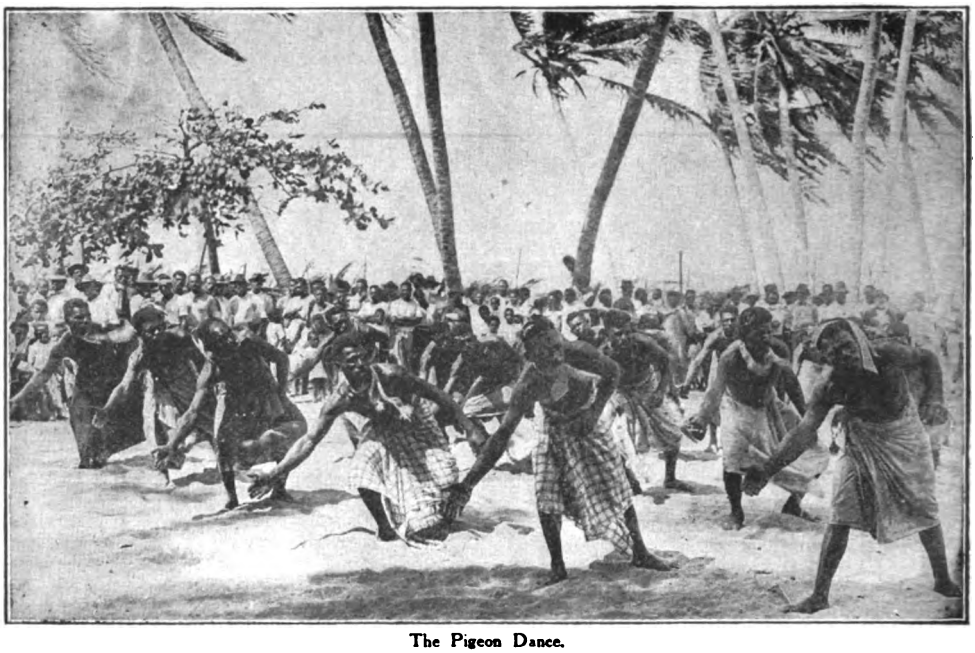

The Pigeon Dance.

As the grey of dawn began to peep and the fires lapsed into heaps of ashes, the noises ceased and the dancing abated. In groups the people, weary of their night's dissipation, crouched into the shelters, or sank under the coco-nut trees, and in a second fell asleep. Strange was the sudden, deep stillness; but in less than an hour, and as the hot sun rose and coursed on its way, the sleepers awoke and moved about. At breakfast-time there was bustle, and out in the open sat the mass of the people partaking of a hearty meal. Gradually through the morning the sounds of merriment grew louder, until by midday everything was in full swing again. The plays and dances recommenced; from this side and now from that would come in turn a set of fantastic dancers, now a band of children with flags, to sing and move in rhythm to some peculiar action they had learned at school. Then would follow a woman's native play, and so the hours sped quickly on, unnoticed in the interest that each item excited.

The dances, songs, and plays depicted the pleasures, occupations, and sports of the islanders, such as pigeon-catching, dugong hunting, and the dangers and excitements of pearling. There were clever imitations of cricket and tennis. In the first, the dancers held cricket bats in their hands, and as they danced, keeping step with marked precision, bowling and fielding and batting were plainly indicated by their actions. But even more interesting and clever was the

The Tennis Dance—in which the natives exhibit their agility and spirit of imitativeness.

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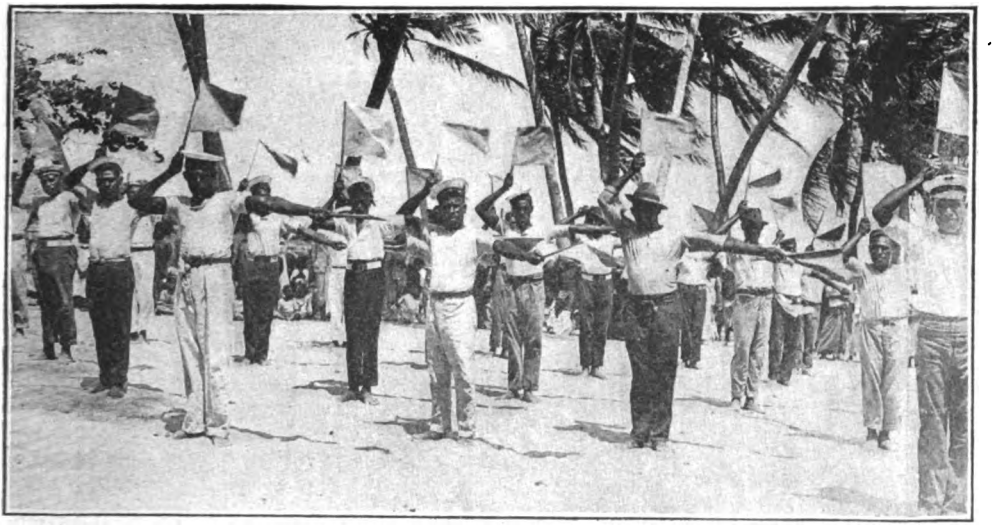

The Badu boys at signalling drill.

tennis dance, the handling of the rackets, the turning of the heads following imaginary balls, the up-strokes, the under-hits, the bounds towards an imaginary net—every action and move was exact and true to the game. As showing how observant are these natives in their connection with white men, and how they notice every little detail, an exceedingly clever item, quite up-to-date and correct, was a flag-signalling drill, picked up by a set of Badu men in watching the naval boys at Thursday Island at their exercises. Dressed to represent Jack Tars, they first signalled to the crowds words of welcome and good luck, which were translated to the people by a native interpreter. Then they sang popular English nautical choruses, one of which was :—

Sons of the sea, Australian born,
They who sank the *Emden* and made the Kaiser mourn.
He may build the ships, my lads,
And think he knows the game.
But he can't build the boys of the Bulldog breed
That made Australia's name.

This company of signallers had a native clown, who greatly amused the crowd by his buffoonery. He was grotesquely dressed as a German naval officer. He harangued the crowd to the effect, so it was understood, that these " were all the sailors left, as the rest were away giving the Kaiser a dose of iron pills to try and ease the swelling that was in his head." This and similar remarks, given with a German accent and gesticulation, were very funny, and convulsed the crowds, who were attentive to every word. The laughter of a big crowd of blacks is absolutely one of the most wonderful volumes of wholesome sound to which the human ear can listen; it is so full and genuine.

One of the most picturesque items of the first day's programme was a lugger race, and while this was in progress no racecourse could have presented a scene of such excitement. As a means of displaying general smartness on the part of the men, the conditions of the race were very exacting. The crews of all boats were to be either taking part in the dances or looking on when, at a given signal—a pistol-shot—they were to hasten away, get aboard their luggers lying at anchor off the jetty, up anchors, unfurl sails, sail over a course covering some ten miles through an intricate channel among coral reefs, and then home to a red flag on the beach opposite the village. The boats had, further, to be anchored and dismantled, and the winning crew row ashore and touch the flag. On the turn homewards two of the smartest luggers were leading bow to bow. The excitement was intense as the boats approached, their every movement being watched with breathless interest. As they came towards the shore, preparing to down anchors, the huge crowd pressed forward to the water's edge, shouting encouragement to the crews. A set of women dancers careered up and down the beach waving garlands for the crew that should win, while the exultant sailors answered by halloas, and even dances on their boats. The race finished in an unparalleled scene of excitement, and the winners were greeted with salvoes of the wildest cheering, garlanded by the dancing maidens, and kissed and hugged by their friends. Popular heroes indeed they were.

One part of every day's programme was what might fitly be called dance-plays. These were performed by women only. One was a Drama of Love, as told by a plain white handkerchief. The women sat in rows, and as they sang, manipulated their handkerchiefs to mean all sorts of endearing expressions.

On the second day of the festival a great feast was given. It was held in the largest shelter, instead of under the coco-nut palms in the square, a high south-easterly wind being the cause. Men entirely managed the cooking and waiting. The food was placed on mats

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Feasting time at the Festival.

spread upon the floors. Everything was on a liberal scale and of wonderful variety. Round about the kitchen were piles of turtle, dugong, stacks of tinned meats and fruits, heaps of yams, sweet potatoes, melons, bananas, and many other kinds of native foods. There were hundreds of loaves of bread, tins of jams, and bottles of pickles. The floor tables were laid out in style with vases of flowers, enamel cups, spoons, and soup dishes, while down the centre were spread all the good and appetizing things just named. There were at least ten relays for the men, each relay sitting hundreds, who, according to custom, dined first and by themselves, as a sign of man's superiority over women. When the women's turn came, however, so did many extra dainties, such as roasted fowls and made-up puddings. The women were waited upon by the men, though they were not allowed to go anywhere near the men whilst they were eating.

Two days and two nights of the festival had passed. It had been a strenuous time of excessive energy, energy being the key-note of the natives' way of merry-making. One day and night more continued with repetitions of songs and dances which seemed to gain in intensity and volume, until the last hours of the festival approached. It was heralded by a veritable riot of revelry, everyone shouting and dancing, and almost working himself or herself up to a frenzy that culminated in one grand, magnificent, and far-reaching volume of pure musical sound in the National Anthem, every verse being sung with splendid spirit and amazing fervour.

And thus ended a festival which will be remembered for generations. In a short time the people began to leave the island and to get ready their boats, for the Protector had notified that all should return by the fourth day; and on the fifth the men should be back at their pearling, an order which was obeyed promptly to the letter.

Undoubtedly the bringing of the natives together in such a way will do much in welding them into one people, with fewer tribal characteristics, thereby creating a better understanding between one island and another. The civilization they are fast absorbing is gradually tearing away the veil, and enabling them to look into the wonders of the outer and greater world. But it is earnestly to be hoped they may never be robbed of that individuality of character which is at present one of the charms of these interesting and intelligent islands.

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The sorting of roses in a scent factory.

The Land of Perfume.

By BERNARD ST. LAWRENCE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BOYER, PARIS.

The whole countryside around Grasse, in the South of France, is gemmed, winter and summer alike, with flowers: roses, violets, jasmine, tuberose, etc., cultivated for the making of those exquisite perfumes for which that little town is famous the world over. The following article, descriptive of one of the most picturesque callings in Europe, is designed to carry the reader to this sunny, scented, and romantic land, where he may refresh his soul after the trials of war.

THE Maritime Alps: what an enchanting picture the very name of this Department of the south of France conjures up! The next-door neighbour to sunny Italy and with a long seaboard washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, it brings before the mind's eye an unending series of incomparable visions of green hills and vales, rocky gorges and rushing streams, the broad stony and sandy bed of the Var, terraces of vines, grey hill-towns and sparklingly white coast-resorts, where, by reason of the silvery-grey olives clothing the hillsides and the drooping foliage of the palms on the public promenades, the East seems to have joined hands with the South. Throughout the year flowers bloom in the gardens, on the well-sheltered promontories, and on the low-lands. Even in the middle of winter, which is signalled to the happy dwellers in this sub-tropical climate of the French Riviera from snow-capped mountains, roses are generally at their full splendour; whilst delicate Bougainvilleas will often begin to send forth their shoots at the very moment the white flakes are still falling in the North.

Grasse, lying some thirteen miles north of Cannes, on the steep southern slope of Roquevignon, which helps to protect it from the tramontana so effectually that palm-trees, at an altitude of one thousand feet, thrive in its gardens, is the great emporium of this land of flowers and perfume. It can be reached by railway from the fashionable coast-resort, *vid* Ranguin, Mougins, Mouan-Sartoux, and Plan-de-Grasse, amidst fields of blooms nearly all the way; or by the narrow-gauge "Ligne du Sud de la France" from Nice, along mountain slopes of extreme picturesqueness; or, again, if you are about midway between the two great Mediterranean rendezvous of fashion, by electric tram from rural Cagnes through scenery wild and romantic. But, approaching it from whatever point you will, Grasse impresses you, if not with its beauty, at least with its beautiful situation, its air of well-being and commercial prosperity—an impression which is confirmed as soon as you begin to wander about among the

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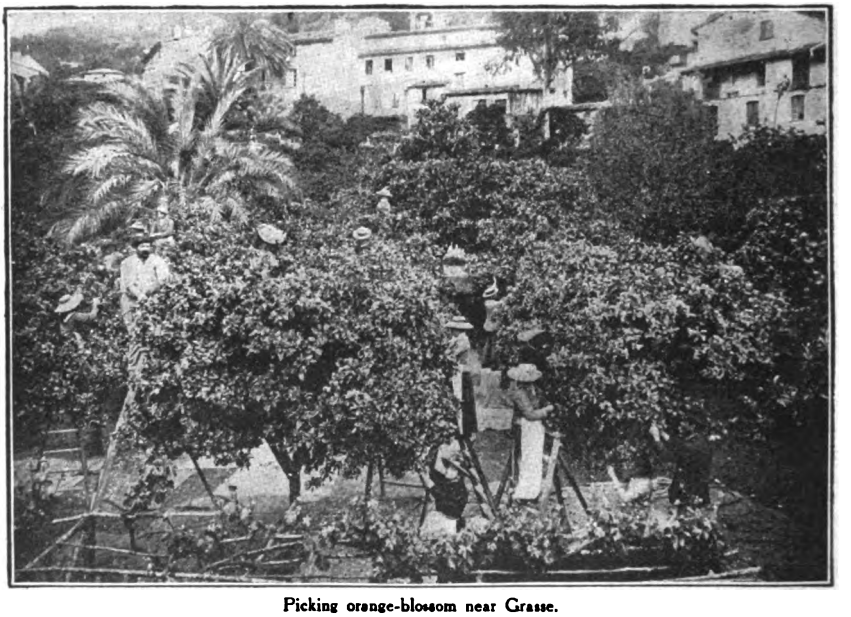
old houses, crowded pell-mell in the form of an amphitheatre on the slope of the hill, and to inspect its stately villas and artistically-arranged squares and gardens, from which views of the distant sea are obtainable.

It is said that there are more wealthy men in Grasse (men spoken of in the Midi as "millionaires") than in any other town of the same size in the world. And I can well believe it, after seeing such residences as the Hôtels Font-Michel and Roubaud, and having visited one of the great scent manufactories—one out of a hundred or more whence has sprung, during a century and a half, enormous wealth. Nor must I omit to mention another evidence of the prosperity of this little place of some twenty thousand inhabitants: its artistic treasures. Some of those fine town-houses contain priceless works by Flemish masters; in the parish church is a "Lavement des Pieds" by Fragonard, who was born in Grasse; while in the chapel of the hospital are three canvases by Rubens.



Picking orange-blossom near Grasse.

Synthetic or chemical perfume is anathema in the eyes of the scent manufacturers of Grasse. It is only natural that they should swear by Nature and the flowers of the fields and woods. Their calling has become a delicate art, well adapted to the French temperament, which is poetical. Disdainful of the chemists of Leipzig, who flood the world with synthetic products, their constant endeavour is to capture the soul of the flowers in the form of ethereal oils. Able to point to a house in which, in the second half of the sixteenth century, a certain Sieur Tombarelli, of Florence, fitted up a laboratory for making perfumes, proud of its long traditions for making the "real thing," and sure of its ability to compete successfully—whether it be with Bulgarian rose-growers and scent-manufacturers, or with the chemists of Leipzig—in the preparation of those extracts from which perfumers (who form a separate branch of the industry) prepare their "bouquets," or mixtures of various scents, Grasse feels that it is quite capable of holding its own against all competitors.

Has it not just once more proved its vitality by the considerable amount of business done at the Lyons Fair, which is destined to become one of the great business barometers of the Entente Powers in the future? Moreover, as regards competition from synthetic products, the manufacturers of Grasse know from experience that this stimulates rather than destroys their own industry. The discovery of "Jonon" was at first hailed as the death-blow to the growers of violets, but it was soon found that the artificial perfume required the addition of a certain amount of the natural perfume to develop its qualities to the full extent, with the result that the manufacture of the latter was actually increased. And so it has been in almost every case in which the chemist has sought to supplant the man who relies wholly on the laboratory of Nature.

The annual turnover in flowers and ethereal oils at Grasse cannot be far short, even in this fifth year of war, of what it was in a typical year before the upheaval. Put it down at about a million sterling, and you will not have over-estimated. Official reports show that two million kilogrammes of orange-flowers, one million five hundred thousand kilogrammes of roses, one million two hundred thousand of jasmine, four hundred thousand of violets, three hundred thousand of tuberose, one hundred thousand of mimosa, sixty thousand of reseda, and fifty thousand of jonquils, in addition to many other plants, annually enter the manufactories of

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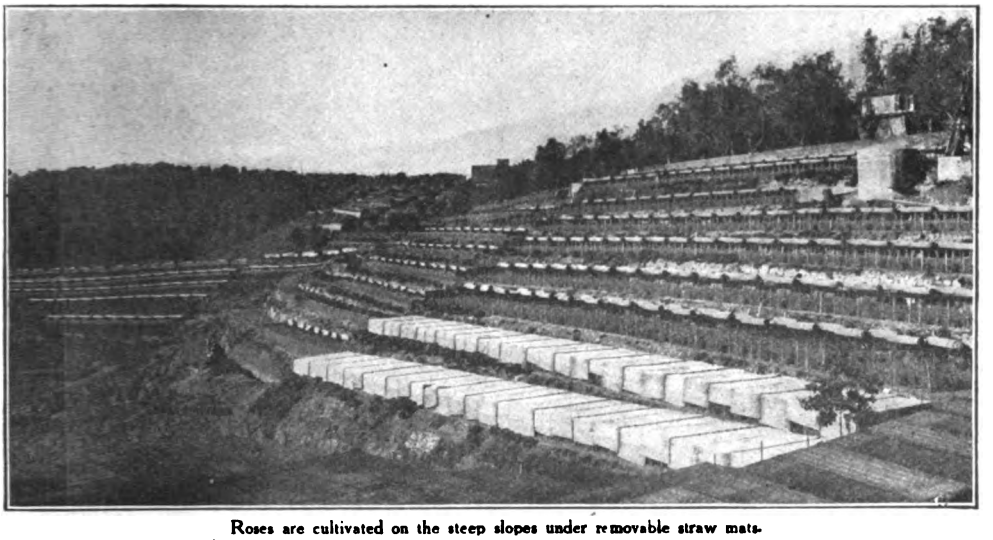

Roses are cultivated on the steep slopes under removable straw mats.

Grasse. These hundreds of thousands of tons of blossoms, carried into the ancient town in baskets and piled up in great heaps in the storerooms, constitute one of the sights of Grasse, charming to painter and poet alike. From month to month, practically throughout the year, they form a glorious symphony of colour and scent. How powerful and at times veritably overpowering that perfume can be, even in the open streets, is always the keenest recollection of those who make their pilgrimage to the Mecca of Sweet Aromas.

"Nowhere else in the world shall you find a town the air of whose very streets is heavy-laden with the sweetest perfumes," wrote Mr. Herbert Vivian, some years ago. "Indeed, after spending an afternoon in the factories I seemed to have lost all sense of smell, so that I could scarcely distinguish between violets and orange-blossom, musk and jasmine; while the more delicate aromas, such as iris and amber, were quite lost upon me. I wondered whether the same thing happened to those whose business compelled them to live in this atmosphere, but I learnt that, after the first week or so, their sense of smell returned to them more acutely than ever."

Thus, in May, the whole place literally reeks with the odour from hundreds of thousands of kilogrammes of flowers from the bitter-fruited

Picking violets beneath the olive trees.

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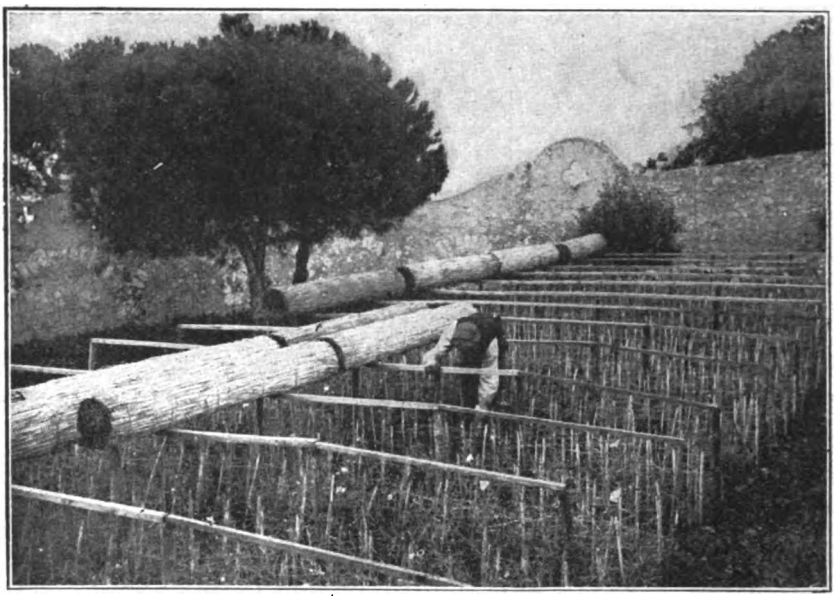

Carnation beds. Notice the rolls of matting by which the flowers are protected from inclement weather.

orange-tree. Roses, heliotropes, and reseda come in the same month. At other times the streets are fragrant with the aroma from the heavily-perfumed yellow jonquil, or with that from violets; and when the home harvests give out, the factories are set to work on exotic products, odoriferous woods and barks, such as sandal-wood, the brown stacks of which are to be seen in the store-rooms, and from which a sweet-scented oil is obtained that will surely carry you in memory to its East Indian home.

Whence come these mountains of flowers, and under what conditions must they be gathered to be of most value to the scent manufacturer? Many of the roses (not those grown for exportation in winter, but the centifolia, damask, and musk roses) are cultivated, under the protection of removable straw mats, around Grasse. They must be picked when just about to open, as soon as the dew has vanished. Harvested in May and June, they rank next to orange-blossom. Each rose-stock yields from two to three hundred grammes of flowers, and to obtain one kilogramme (two pounds two ounces) of oil of roses—which is sold for over forty pounds—from five to six thousand kilogrammes of roses are required. Jasmine ranks next in importance.

Between Grasse and Cannes, and notably at

A lavender distillery in the Maritime Alps.

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Mouan-Sartoux, there are immense plantations of *Jasminum grandiflorum*, a species growing in the form of a profusely-branched shrub, about six feet high, whose native habitat is the East Indies. The flowers, pure white inside and slightly tinged with red on the outer side, are fairly large and of delicious perfume, and as you watch the peasant girls, with big sun-bonnets or broad-brimmed straw hats on their heads, going in and out among the shrubs, chatting and laughing as they fill their baskets, the contents of which they empty from time to time on to a cloth stretched on an adjacent pathway, you come to the conclusion that there can be no more delightful occupation than theirs.

These pretty jasmine pickers, who ply their healthy and profitable calling from July to October, can also be seen at work on the terraces on the hillsides facing south in the immediate neighbourhood of Grasse. A continuous harvest of these flowers, which are picked when the dew has disappeared and throughout the day, is necessary, for each individual bloom contains an infinitesimal quantity of scent, and the only way to extract it is by placing the flowers on layers of cold fat, which absorbs the perfume—a process known as "enfleurage," of which more anon when I enumerate the various methods of extracting perfumes.

Violets are extensively cultivated around Grasse under the olive trees. The "Violette de Parme"—the double variety of a delicate blue—is preferred. The flowers must not be wet when picked, consequently the women and children are out early, after the dew has disappeared, but before the sun has become hot. But even then their perfume is fleeting, and they must be delivered immediately at the factories to be treated either by maceration (extraction of the perfume by means of fat kept liquid in a water-bath at a temperature of from forty to fifty-nine degrees Centigrade) or by "enfleurage."

So nimble, as the result of long practice, are these flower-pickers, that as many as forty pounds of roses can be gathered by an experienced girl in four hours. In the same time she would pick only six pounds of jasmine. When busy among the tuberose plantations she would gather twelve pounds of blossoms, but to gather twenty pounds of violets would take her a whole day.

These statistics are known to every scent manufacturer, and on them they base their scale of wages. In normal times they pay about threepence per pound for roses, fivepence to sixpence per pound for orange-blossom. A pound of jasmine costs about four times as much as a pound of roses. Tuberose is about equal in price to jasmine. But violets and mimosa cost twice as much as tuberose. It is, however, impossible to fix any definite price for this or that flower, for it varies from year to year, according to climatic conditions and the state of the harvest. I have known orange-blossom be so plentiful at times that it was hardly worth the trouble of picking it and taking it to the factories, so low was the price offered by the distillers.

The scent of some flowers is so evanescent that they will not bear transportation to the factories of Grasse, so the manufacturers send their distillation apparatus to their natural habitats in the higher regions of the Maritime Alps. The essential oils of thyme, rosemary, and lavender are thus extracted almost on the very spot where they grow. These ambulatory distilleries move

A cellar for the storage of perfumed fats.

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from district to district, and are generally set up near a spring or brook, in order to have a good water supply for the cooler. They form, in the midst of the wild mountain scenery, a most picturesque sight.

Flowers possess individualities which must be respected if you would capture their souls in the form of perfume. Knowing this, the scent manufacturer has several processes at his disposal, as follows: distillation, maceration, "enfleurage," pressure, and the use of suitable volatile solvents.

Distillation is employed in the case of orange-flowers, roses, lavender, rosemary, thyme, ylang-ylang (the flowers of a tree cultivated in Southern Asia, *Cananga odorata*, belonging to the Anonaceæ), sandal-wood, etc. Huge alembics are used at the factories. Very complicated apparatus some of them are, for engineers have endeavoured, by means of various ingenious contrivances, to solve the difficult problems with which scent-manufacturers are faced. They have, for instance, invented special refrigerators to facilitate the cleaning of the stills and condensers that reduce losses during distillation to a minimum. Distillation in a vacuum has also been tried.

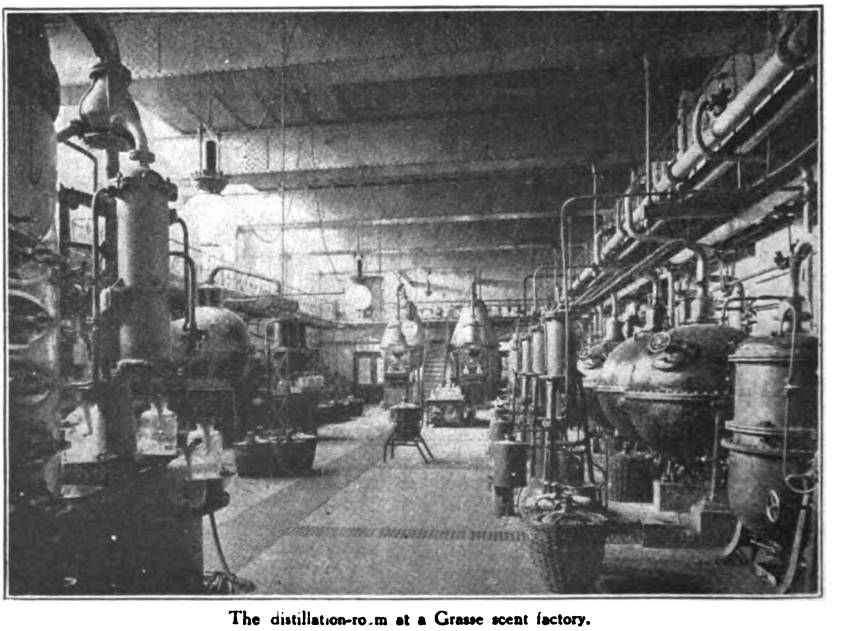
Then we have the maceration process in which liquid fats are used. In the case of extracting violet scent by maceration the fat, after a few hours, is strained off from the violets and again replenished with fresh flowers. This is continued until the fat is saturated with perfume. All that then remains to be done is to extract the scent from the fat by shaking it up with spirits of wine or refined corn-brandy.

Absorption by cold fats is called "enfleurage." Thin layers of fat are spread on sheets of glass within wooden frames, and on these violets are strewn. The frames fit exactly, one on the top of the other, so that no perfume can possibly escape. When the flowers have given up all their scent they are replaced by a fresh supply from the olive groves, and the operation is repeated until the fat is saturated.

In one of the factories at Grasse there is an interesting and novel modification of this process. Instead of sheets of glass, the wooden frames, fitting into cupboards, have fine wire net stretched over them. On these are placed, alternately, layers of flowers and vermicelli-like threads of fat. Bellows keep the scented air in the cupboards in gentle motion, and as it passes over the layers of fat the perfume is deposited there.

Various subsidiary apparatus for securing the fragrance of plants and woods are also in use at Grasse. There are machines for grinding up the dried portions of plants and for reducing fragrant woods to powder, which is afterwards treated by distillation. In the case of these exotic perfumes, however, the work of extraction is generally carried out abroad. One at least of the firms at Grasse—established for over a century—has a branch factory in the Near East.

Grasse, the metropolis of the Land of Perfume, is also celebrated for its crystallized violets, orange-flowers, rose-petals, and mint leaves, its candied fruits, and a certain delicious kind of jam called "Tous Fruits," which consists of a mixture of all sorts of fruit, many of them whole, in an extremely sugary syrup. On this account schoolboys and sweet-tooths generally who visit this delightful hill-town of the Midi always join with perfume-lovers, as the last houses disappear from sight, in an expression of regret at having to leave it for the littoral.



The distillation-room at a Grasse scent factory.

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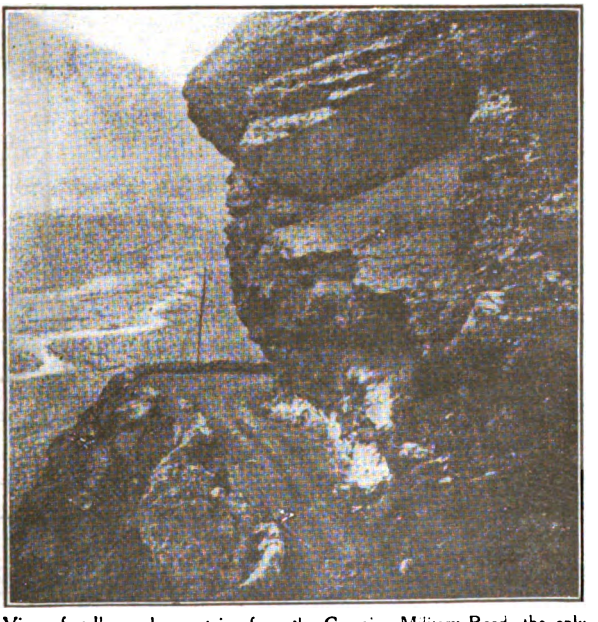
THROUGH THE CAUCASUS ON HORSEBACK.

By M. A. CZAPLICKA, F.R.A.I.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Authoress is a well-known Polish lady, and herein describes her experiences in the Caucasus, one of the mightiest and least-known ranges of mountains in the world. She formed one of the members of a geographical and exploring party, and her description of this remarkable region, the strange mountain tribes that dwell there, and their quaint manners and customs will be found of more than ordinary interest.

IT is a well-known fact that mountainous countries possess more attraction than those of the plains, since there lurk within them more legends, more mystery, and more surprises. While the people of the plains have easy contact with one another, and so by mixing become alike, those who dwell in the mountains, especially in big mountains like the Caucasus, have little or no intercourse, and, indeed, we sometimes find on one side of a big range a race absolutely different from their neighbours just over the ridge. A strange place is the Caucasus. It is not Europe, and it is not Asia. The landscape is much too grand and much too wild for Europe, but the people, although wild enough, are in their appearance European rather than Asiatic. Why is it, then, that the Caucasus does not attract tourists as do the Alps and even the Himalayas? The only foreigners who go there are those who have interests in the oil-field of Baku and its neighbourhood, and they usually choose the railway as their means of communication, missing thereby the splendid sights of the interior, where no railway has yet penetrated.



View of valley and mountains from the Georgian Military Road, the only roadway across the Caucasian Alps.

But my interests were far away from mercantile enterprises when, in 1907, I joined a geographical party which was to wander and explore in the region of the chief chain of the Caucasus Mountains. It was at the time when the last echoes of the Russian Revolution of 1905-6 were still resounding through the hills and gorges. Needless to say, this state of affairs lent an added charm to our enterprise.

Our party consisted of three Polish men, the wife of the professor who was leading the expedition, and myself, the youngest of this group of students. We had with us two permanent guides and servants, a Lesghian and a Georgian.

As it happened, these two representatives of the Caucasian mountaineers came from tribes who for centuries had been at deadly enmity, and there was not one day when the embers of this old feud did not put forth tongues of flame to enliven our proceedings. Usually, when the sparks began to fly, the men would drop the broken Russian with which they used to address us, and plunge into Georgian, since their knowledge of Russian did not give them command over a sufficient number of abusive epithets. We soon learnt the right moment at which to step in tactfully, before their hands moved with

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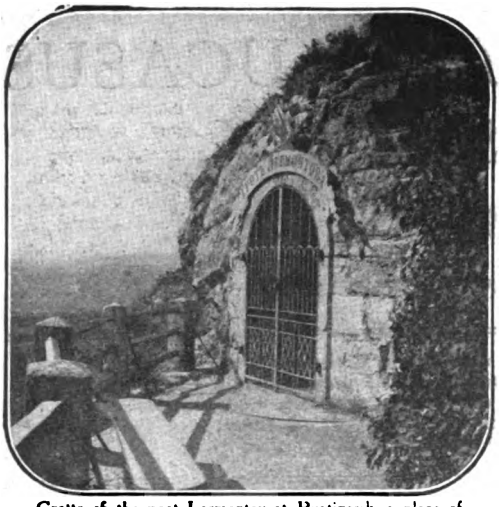


Grotto of the poet Lermontov at Pyatigorsk, a place of pilgrimage in the Caucasus.

a characteristic circling gesture towards their hips, where in former days there would have been a Persian dagger—replaced in the case of our guides by a hunting-knife.

Thus we were a party of seven men and two women, not counting additional guides at intervals. Seven men is the minimum required for the protection of two women in this part of the world, for the Caucasus is well known for the woman-stealing propensities of its inhabitants. This characteristic is usually explained as a survival from the times when there was a great preponderance of men over women in this region. It must be remembered that the people of those parts of the Caucasus which lie off the beaten track are practically barbarians, and this makes the position of women much less secure than it is among really primitive or really civilized nations. As it happened, the geographical members of our party were fairly dark-haired people, and since our Caucasian guides were, like all Caucasians, very dark, my own fair hair was all the more conspicuous in contrast.

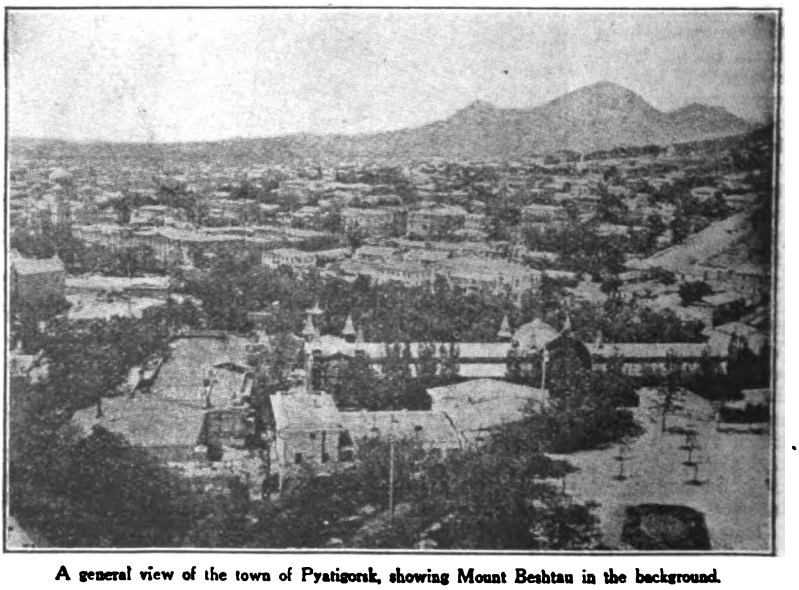
The term guide, as applied to a Caucasian native, by no means implies the possession of such qualities as characterize the guides in the Alps, to whom the traveller trusts himself body and soul, putting entire confidence in their knowledge of the road and their keen sense of approaching danger. This *rôle* was filled, for us, by another kind of guide and friend, our little Caucasian horses, whose backs we never left except to sleep.

You and your little horse come, after a while, to feel absolutely as one, for as he picks his way along the rough mountain track, now stumbling as the loose pebbles roll from under his feet, now falling forward on his knees, and as quickly righting himself, you can only keep your balance by adjusting yourself to his every movement. So sure is he, that you do not need to decide which is the safest path, or to watch for hidden danger; you can leave that to him, confining all your attention to the delicate problem of maintaining your equilibrium.

The little horse is not quite perfect, however. You must learn how to encourage him to go on when he thinks he has had enough of it and you are not of the same opinion, seeing that the *aoul* (village) you are making for is still far ahead. He is apt to grow restive, too, when the journey is free from danger long enough to become monotonous. Then you begin to pray for an exciting adventure to put your horse in a good temper again. In this he shows himself a true Caucasian mountaineer.

We left the railway at Pyatigorsk, which is in the Northern, or Steppe, Caucasus. Before we reached the mountains we had our first experience of the country in the part called Pretkavkazie (Ante-Caucasia). South of Pretkavkazie stretch the Great Mountains, and south of them again is Trans-Caucasia.

Pyatigorsk is immortalized in Russian literature through its connection with the poet Lermontov. Here, when banished to serve in a Caucasian regiment, he produced his finest poem on Caucasian life and romance, and here he was ultimately killed in a duel. His favourite



A general view of the town of Pyatigorsk, showing Mount Beshtau in the background.

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retreat, a cave, now called "The Grotto of Lermontov," is visited every year by Russian intellectuals seeking poetic inspiration.

Pyatigorsk is also noted as one of the four sites of strong mineral springs, containing various salts, sulphur, and iron. These four spots, Pyatigorsk, Essentuki, Jeleznovodsk, and Kislovodsk, are close together, and attract large numbers of people from all parts of European and Asiatic Russia. In a way they may be compared to the well-known group of mineral springs in Bohemia—Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Francisbad. Since communication with the Caucasian springs is expensive and the appointments are luxurious, only rich people can afford a cure there.

We avoided this haunt of richly-clad and extravagant dyspeptics, but we took the opportunity of seeing one of the sights of the Caucasus—sunrise at Mount Beshtau in the month of June.

We started from Pyatigorsk at sunset, and made our way with difficulty among the thick shrub or forest which clothes the lower slopes of the mountain. The air was infested with mosquitoes, and the ground so full of humidity that our horses were soon covered with mud up to their flanks. After about a mile of such travelling we unexpectedly came upon a party of six mounted Circassians, who, taking advantage of our surprise, encircled us in a flash.

"Have you any treasure with you? Have your women revolvers?"

"No, we have no treasure, and our women will not give up their revolvers!"

A few more questions and answers were exchanged, and at last we understood that their kind inquiries were meant, not to deprive us of treasure or revolvers, but to give us a friendly warning, for they were a party of militia told off to protect such of the visitors to the mineral springs as might stray from the beaten track.

The picturesque dress of the women of the Caucasus.

Higher up, we leave behind us the forest region, and our horses have to negotiate a slope not far removed from the perpendicular. Whenever the horses stop we look round and admire.

The only mountains in the Northern Caucasus run from north to south, not, like the Great Chain, from west to east. It is pitch-dark when our horses finally stop, and we find ourselves on a little platform about eight feet across. There is a tiny chalet, hardly big enough to hold us, and yet the rain drives us all inside. We prepare food, and dry our tropical garments at the fire. As it is, there is scarcely room for everyone to stretch comfortably at full length, and so when a party of Moscow students on tour makes its appearance about midnight, the welcome it receives from us can hardly be called a hearty one. Since we arrived first, we choose to dispose ourselves on a large table, which fills almost all the available space, leaving the unfortunate late-comers to

Native militia—Their duty is to protect travellers crossing the mountains.

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settle themselves as comfortably as they can underneath it.

Half-resting, half-listening to the scraps of conversation around us, carried on in various dialects of Russian and Georgian, we pass the few hours of darkness that remain. At last the first greyish clouds appear in the sky, and we all pour out of the hut anxious not to miss any of the changes of light and colour.

Lighter and lighter, pinker and redder grows the dawn, and as if to please us, our peak is one of the first to be flooded with rosy light. The air is so fresh and clear that we can see on the far horizon the two towering heads of Mount Elbrus, like a cloudy vision. But all below us is still in shadow, and it is not until we are bathed in the splendour of the new day that the lower hills receive the first happy messengers of light.

Such was the first of many panoramas, magnificent in their silent grandeur, which unfolded themselves before us in the central part of the Great Caucasus Mountains.

The spare mountains of the Northern Caucasus owe their unique charm to the fact that in all directions the landscape is open, showing the fertile Black Sea Steppes to the west, and the bare, salt Caspian Sea Steppes to the east.

It was, however, only when we reached the mountains proper that we enjoyed the sight of eternal snow, which stretches in unbroken whiteness for a distance of some ninety-five miles, from the gigantic extinct volcano, Mount Elbrus (eighteen thousand three hundred feet high), to Adai-Hoh. In the hot central Caucasus eternal snow is not found lower than ten thousand four hundred feet, and how refreshing it is to be somewhere in its neighbourhood after the very stuffy air of the lower slopes.

There are several passes across the chief Caucasian range, the best known for their beauty being the Pass of Mamissonsky, through which runs the Ossettine military road from Vladikavkaz to the valley of the River Rion, and the Krestovy Pass, through which runs the famous Georgian military road from Vladikavkaz to Tiflis. In the valleys connected by the Georgian Road live the curious tribe of Ingushi, one of those races of the greatest interest to ethnographers, though of minor importance in the development of the country.

The study of these Ingushi was one of the chief objects of our journey. Not that they look very different from the other Caucasians, but some of their habits are very quaint. Thus, for instance, they have the custom known as *couvade*—a custom found also among some primitive tribes of Africa and South America—according to which, when a child is born, the mother retires out of sight, while the father takes to his bed and receives congratulatory visits from his friends and relatives, just as the mother does among European people.

A typical Georgian addressing a political meeting.

They seemed to us very poor and wretched, these Ingushi, with no liking for manual labour, and too poor to continue their pastoral life. They generally end by becoming the servants of rich Armenians, Georgians, and Circassians.

They would probably have no scruples about robbing travellers if opportunity offered, so we thought it best to enter into an understanding with them according to which we compensated them with food and money for leaving our luggage alone. We preferred dealing thus directly with them to asking for protection from the authorities, for this course would have made us as unpopular as some of the European business men were at that very time.

These Ingushi belong to the Eastern mountaineers, together with the Chedhen and the Lesghians. The Lesghians, by the way, have a national dance which bears a striking resemblance to the Scotch reel.

The Western mountaineers, consisting of the Abhazi and the Circassians, were the first Caucasian natives to be subdued by the Russians, the Eastern mountaineers being the last.

All the other Caucasian races live in Ante-Caucasia, Trans-Caucasia, or on the sea-coast. The best organized of them are the Georgians, who have also the longest history. Then come the Ossetes; the two hereditary enemies, Kurds and Armenians; and various tribes of Turko-Tatars. Numerically, however, the largest group

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A group of mountaineers—They are an independent, warlike race.

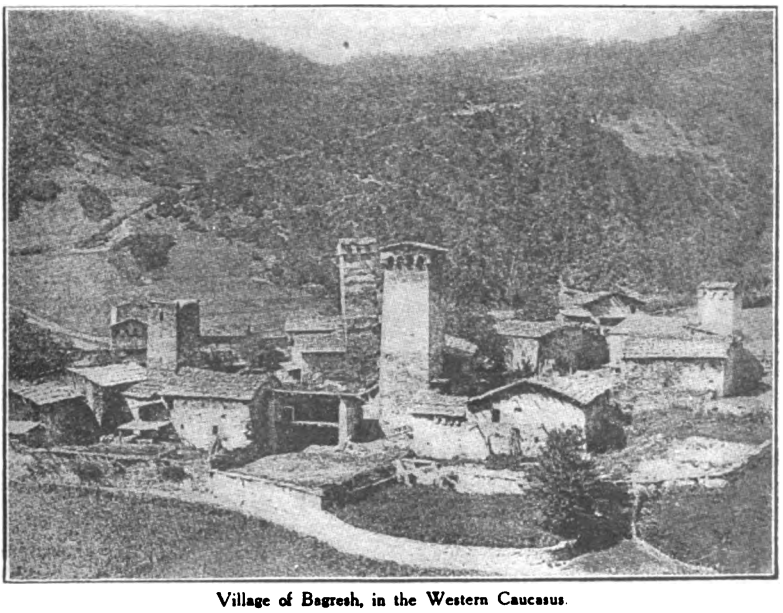
is that of Russian colonists, some four and a half million strong; next come the Turko-Tatar colonists, and then only the various natives of the country.

The natives occupy themselves with sheep-breeding, and to a certain extent with horse-breeding. Agriculture, which flourishes in Western Ante-Caucasia and in Trans-Caucasia, is partly in native and partly in Russian hands, while fruit-farming, for which the Caucasus is famous, is carried on chiefly by the Tatars. The silk industry of Trans-Caucasia goes far back into history, and is entirely a native enterprise.

The mineral wealth of the Caucasus, which was a source of attraction before the other possibilities of this region were discovered, lies not only in its oil-fields, but also in its copper, silver, and other mines. Though the legend of the Golden Fleece which Jason fetched from Colchis—said to be the Caucasus—seems to show that the existence of gold there was known to the ancient Greeks, no gold mines are being worked now. But, of course, the resources of the Caucasus are far from being fully known or adequately developed.

Only a very poor conception of the character of the Caucasian natives can be gathered from a study of the industrial country alone. It is among the mountaineers that we shall find the true Caucasian—a free soldier, proud of his traditions and faithful to them; owner of sheep and horses, rich silver armour, and a beautiful wife; tall and dark, his features slightly Semitic; a man with an imagination capable of creating lovely and fantastic tales and legends without end. And the finest specimens of all must be sought among the Eastern mountaineers, those who fought long and stubbornly against the Russian conquerors, and among whom there broke out, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the last war waged on behalf of Islam. The three prophet-leaders of these Eastern mountaineers still live in the memory of the people, the striking figure of Shamil, with his romantic story, standing out with a vividness which cannot fail to make a deep impression even on the passing stranger.

The Western mountaineers, far from resisting vigorously, as did their neighbours, even helped Russia to some extent in her conquest. It is curious to note that among them society rests upon a strictly aristocratic basis—it is even proverbial that "whoever has five sheep is called a prince"—while the Eastern mountaineers, who defended their national existence to the last, are grouped in very democratic clans, ruled by a tribal council, or "djamaat." Thus we see that in the history of the Caucasus, at any



Village of Bagresh, in the Western Caucasus.

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rate, democrats are better patriots than aristocrats when it comes to defending their country.

Though Western and Eastern mountaineers differ widely from each other in the structure of their society, in their legends they, and all the other Caucasians, have certain elements in common. Thus a favourite name for the heroine of their tales is Tamara, while not far behind in popularity is that of Nina.

Tamara is the name of a Georgian queen of the twelfth century; it is also the name of the Amazon-heroine who led an army of military maids, and who reigned in some spot in the Central Caucasus. Along the Georgian military road there is an old tower which is said to have been her abode, and from whose height she used to throw her lovers down, when she was tired of them. The historical Nina was a saint of the third century, who first brought Christianity to the Caucasus, but the name is also borne by the heroine of many a ballad.

At the foot of the mountains, on the Georgian frontier, a strange heap of rocks and cliffs gave rise to the following legend. In a poor pastoral family a girl-child of wonderful beauty was born. As she grew up, everything and everybody loved her, but most of all was she beloved by the King of the Mountain, the old Spirit Hud. He shielded her from harm when she walked abroad, and swept aside the wind and rain when she journeyed far from home, and everywhere he caused the fairest flowers to spring up under her feet. For love of her, he planned to do some awful deed, for then, perchance, the Highest Spirit, in his anger, would condemn him to wear the shape of man, and so he might enjoy his beloved.

But in an *auea* near by lived a youth, Sosiko, who looked upon Nina and loved her, and she returned his love. He was poor, even as she was, for three sheep were all his heritage. Now when Hud saw the lovers he was wrath, and vowed vengeance.

There came a day when Nina and Sosiko took their sheep to pasture at the foot of his mountain. The sun was hot, and they sheltered in a cool cave. Then Hud hastened, and loosed from the summit a mighty avalanche, which rolled before the entrance of the cave, shutting off the lovers from the world.

A Circassian in native dress from the Western Caucasus.

For a while they rejoiced in the loneliness and silence, for were they not together? Two days they spent in great happiness, but on the third they felt the pangs of hunger, and a piece of bread was all they had. For two days more they sat apart in silence. On the sixth day Sosiko looked on Nina's soft round arm, and his eyes were like the eyes of a wolf when he seizes on his prey. At last he threw himself upon his beloved, and his teeth had almost met in her quivering flesh, when a shaft of daylight struck across the shadows of the cave; the ceaseless efforts of their friends had at last cleared a way through the snow which blocked the entrance, and the two were dragged forth from their prison. But when Hud saw the girl's blood on the lips of her lover he laughed; and his laugh shook the mountain, so that there began to roll down rocks and boulders till a great chaotic pile covered the Cave of Love.

Such was the end of the love of Nina and Sosiko. The pile remains until this day, and Hud is still the Spirit of the Mountain, for no other mortal has Nina's power to tempt him into human form.

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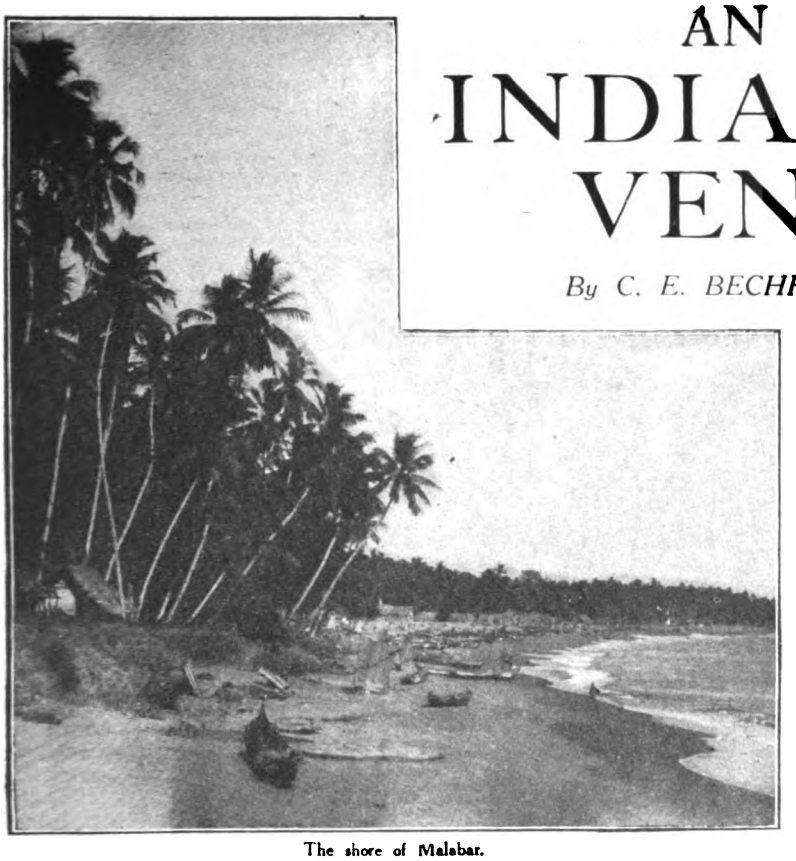
AN INDIAN VENICE.

By C. E. BECHHOFER.



The shore of Malabar.

A picturesque description of the little-known "back-waters" of Malabar. The large lagoons and the many miles of canals, with their palm and forest-covered banks, dotted with native villages, have made this district a veritable Indian Venice.

IMAGINE a narrow spit of sand covered with coco-nut palms; on one side of it the waves of the Indian Ocean are beating in a continual foam. Few boats would dare to put out from this shore, lest they should be caught in the surf and swamped. But bare y fifty yards away, on the other side of the palm-covered spit, lies a vast and placid lagoon. The wind that is tearing the sea into fury is averted from the surface of the lagoon by the impenetrable barrier of palms; but it sweeps over a few feet above the waters and fills the sails of numberless boats. The sea is desolate, except for one or two daring fishing-craft and a tramp steamer quite half a mile from the shore. But the lagoon teems with life, covered with the tracks of sailing-boats and canoes.

This propinquity of sea and lagoon is the characteristic of the coast of South-West India from a distance north of Cochin almost all the way to Trivandrum, the capital city of the State of Travancore. Sometimes the district is identified with Malabar; though this is not quite correct, since geographically Malabar extends farther north and not quite so far south. Still, the peculiarities of the country are so remarkable and so entirely different from other parts of India that it is not strange that this network of lagoons and canals has become associated with Malabar under the general name of the "Malabar back-waters."

These so-called "back-waters" consist of a number of large lagoons—sometimes so broad that one bank is not visible from the other—and of the innumerable canals that join them and intersect the palm-covered country all round. The brackish water steams in the tropical heat. The atmosphere of the whole country is insufferably hot, moist, and unhealthy; this is tempered somewhat, however, by the warm sea-breezes where these are not cut off by the palms. The huts of the inhabitants, built in the midst of their little grove of coco-nut palms, lie as a rule only a few yards back from the water-side, and their canoes are dragged up near by on the mud of the banks. The people are fine examples of the Dravidians of Southern India. They are almost all Hindus, and have preserved the Hindu civilization here to a large degree. Indeed, nowhere else in India is the absence of Mohammedan influence so conspicuous; what Mohammedans are found in Malabar are, except for a certain number of merchants and money-lenders in the villages

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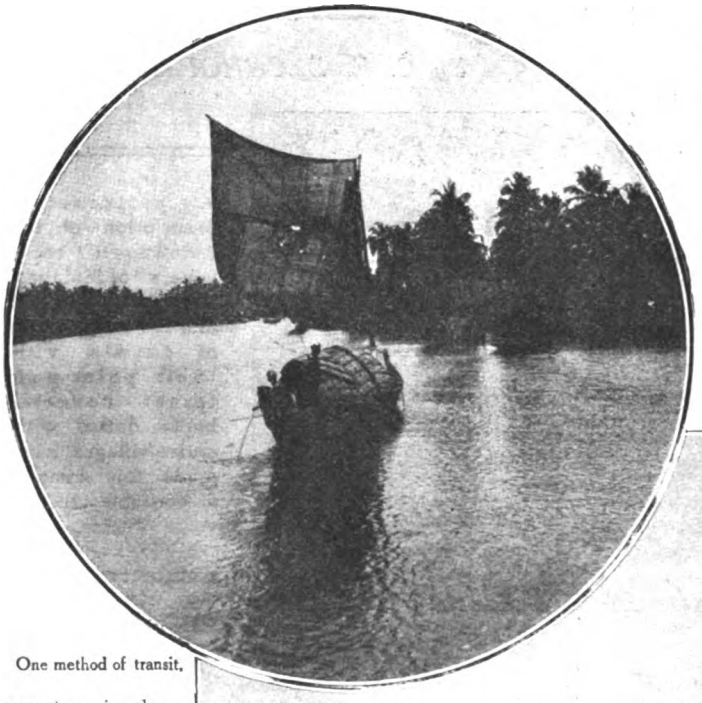
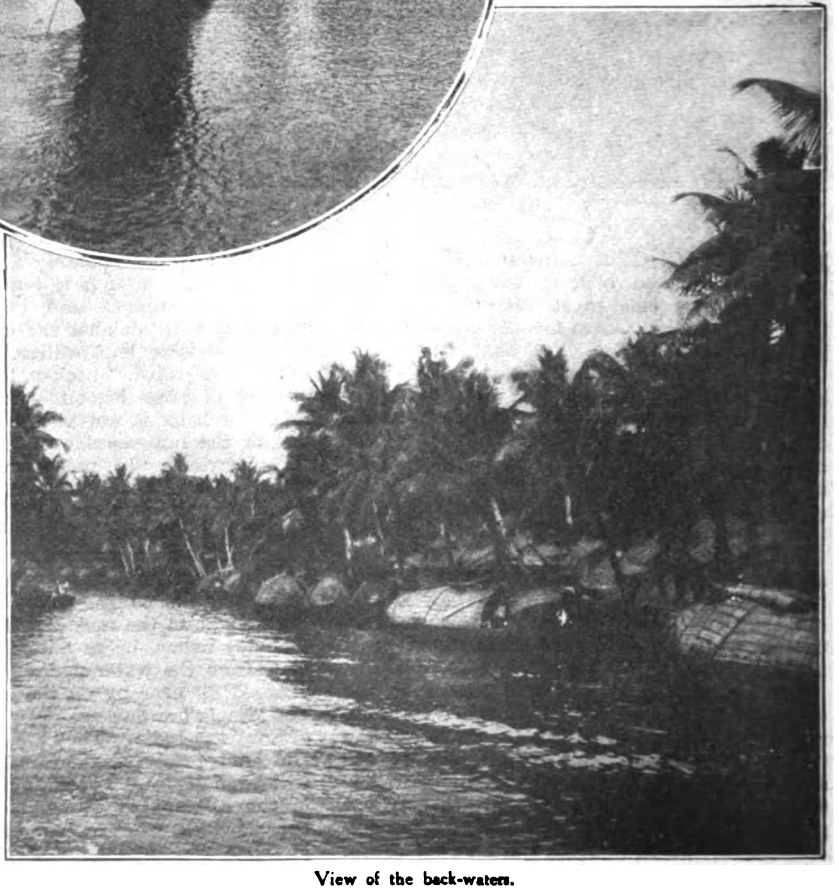
and towns, the turbulent descendants of the Arab traders of old times, and even now, when their truculence is all that remains to show their descent, they are a constant source of worry to their quieter Hindu neighbours. The Hindus of both sexes are dressed only in a single cloth, which hangs from the waist downwards; but these descendants of the Arabs add a large and evil-looking knife to their costume.

The only practicable way to traverse the country is by water. There is communication by sea in occasional trading steamers that call on their journey round from Bombay to Calcutta, and *vice versa*. But what with waiting for a steamer and the unpleasant journey out through the surf, it is not surprising that the usual way of travelling is over the languid, steaming back-waters. One may travel in a "wollom," a canoe covered like a Chinese sampan with a superstructure of fibre wickerwork; in this very constricted vessel one is sailed in the open lagoons and punted through the canals. Malabar grandees travel in style in vessels known (Heaven knows why!) as "gondolas." Europeans for the most part, unless they have the patience and the tolerance for a "wollom," prefer to journey, where possible, along the lagoons in a motor-launch, three or four of which daily navigate portions of the back-waters. It was in these that I negotiated the route from Cochin to Quilon.

When traversing the back-waters from north to south it is necessary to board the motor-launch at Cochin. This is the capital of the State of the same name, almost as insignificant now as it was important three centuries ago. The town lies on an island directly fronting the sea; opposite, on the mainland, is Ernakulam, the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway from the interior. There is a British "town" on the Cochin island,



One method of transit.



View of the back-waters.

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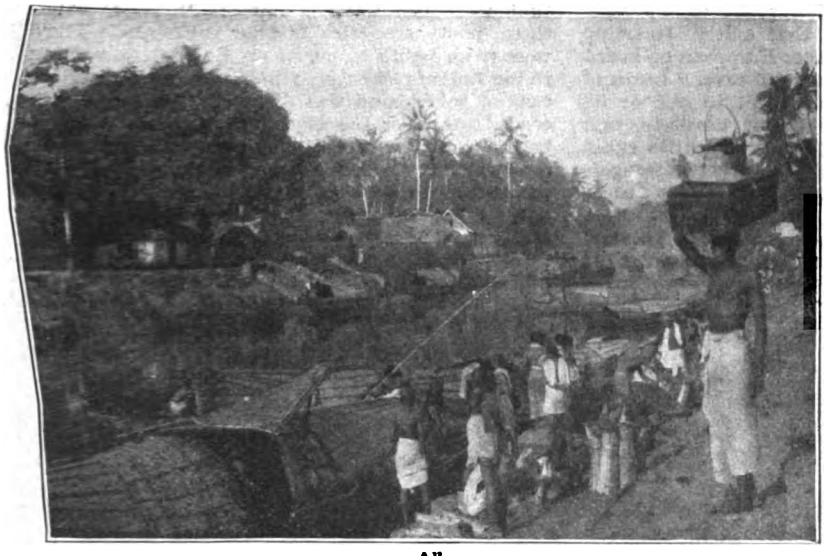

Alleppey.

as well as the Indian one; and where the two towns meet the road is flanked by the Customs offices—British on the one side, Cochin on the other—and every rickshaw or other vehicle has to be examined.

Neither portion of Cochin presents much interest, if we except the Jewish colony, in the Old Town, and the curious Chinese fishing-nets in the European quarter. These latter are strange square contrivances fixed to long poles which are hinged upon a wooden structure. The net is allowed to remain for some time in the water; then the fishermen on shore suddenly pull down their end of the pole, and the net in consequence comes up out of the water with its catch high and dry inside it. The "White Jews" in the Old Town are known throughout Malabar for their light colour and for the antiquity of their settlement there. No one knows for certain when they came, or whence, or why. They have maintained their own quarter in the outskirts of the city, where they live in a somewhat primitive manner.

The difficulty the traveller finds in Cochin is that, while the motor-launch leaves from the Old Town, it is quite impossible to get reliable information in the British quarter about its departure. From the quay in the Old Town to the Travellers' Bungalow in the New Town, where I had spent the night after ferrying over from the railway-station on the mainland, it was nearly half an hour's journey by a fast rickshaw. I made the journey in the morning, and gathered that the boat would leave at noon; so at noon I arrived on the quay with my luggage. Then I was told that the boat would not start till about two, perhaps later. It was useless to return to the New Town to lunch, and equally impossible to open my luggage and get at my own store of tinned provisions. There was nowhere in the Old Town for me to rest and to refresh myself. I became hot and hungry and very unhappy.

Then one of the clerks in the motor-boat office—a "White Jew"—saw my plight and kindly offered to get me some lunch. I accepted gratefully, though without anticipating anything better than very poor stuff. But in about an hour's time he brought me an excellent dish of stewed chicken and rice, which I ate on the veranda of the ticket-office, beguiling the time by watching almost naked Hindus climbing up the tall swaying palms and throwing down the coco-nuts into the bushes below. They tied a long cloth round the trunk of the palm and used the loop to support their body; then, straining out against this cloth, they simply *walked* up and down the stem of the tree.

When at last the boat was ready to leave, I found myself a seat at the prow under an

A narrow channel in the back-waters.

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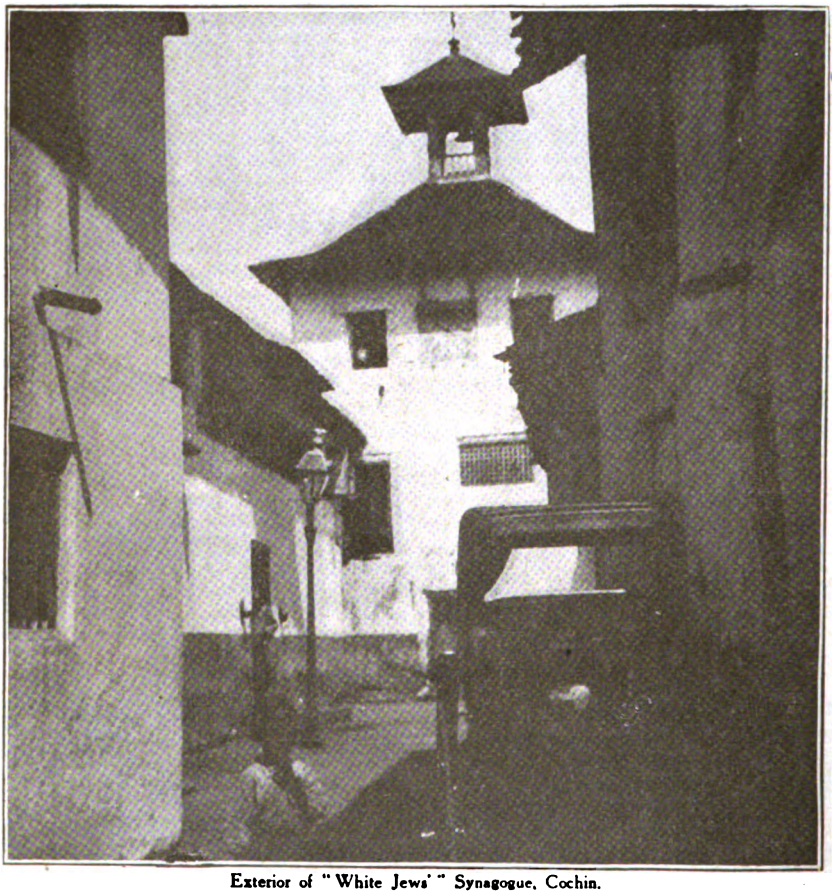
awning, so as to have the benefit of any coolness there might be in that sultry, steaming atmosphere. The only other European on board was an old soldier, in charge of several boxes of gold sent from a Madras bank to one of its branches; he had been dining unwisely, and was suffering audibly in the stuffy little cabin at the stern of the boat. The other passengers were a curious assortment: there was a Parsee lawyer from Bombay, who spent his time intently reading a Hindu scripture; several village store-keepers and merchants on their way back to their homes; and a certain number



Exterior of "White Jews'" Synagogue, Cochin.

of Goans—descendants of the first Portuguese soldiers, who were married *en masse* to the Indian women of captured towns—and representatives of most of the other types of the neighbourhood. We started out at last with a tremendous hoot of the syren, and began swiftly to skirt the shore of the lagoon.

When we had travelled a considerable distance we hove to. On a promontory near by there was a well-built little house with a flag hoisted upon it; as we looked we saw men running to the water-side and launching a long canoe, in which they rapidly approached us. This was, I learned, the border of the two Indian States—Cochin and Travancore—and these men were the frontier officials. They were more polite to me as an Englishman than to the Indian passengers; however, as no serious case of contraband was detected, we soon proceeded. At last the lagoon narrowed, and we began to follow one of the principal channels into which it divided. It had been a torture in the lagoon to stifle in the appalling heat, and now at last we came to water-ways where the sun's rays rarely penetrated. The water in front of us was absolutely still, but our wash sent great rolling waves to break upon the banks. Sometimes we stopped in mid-stream—for the canals were too shallow and sandy for us to venture close inshore—to disembark and take up passengers in canoes, a proceeding attended with tremendous excitement and trepidation. Especially when we got under way again and rocked their thin and fragile canoes with our wash did the timid passengers show alarm, and with some reason, for, though crocodiles are as rare in these canals as they are conspicuous on the shores of the broad lagoons, there is doubtless always the possibility of being snapped up in the event of the canoe's overturning.

Towards evening, after one or two delays upon unsuspected sandbanks, we began to near the end of the first part of our journey. The banks of the canals were lined with canoes, and on shore huts became more and more frequent among the palms. As we passed, not without many blasts of the syren to clear our path, bands of children would run down from the huts and fling themselves on the painters of their canoes, lest our wash should carry these away; and the handsome, half-naked men and women looked up at us from their work among the coco-nut groves. At last we came into the straight channel which forms the main thorough-

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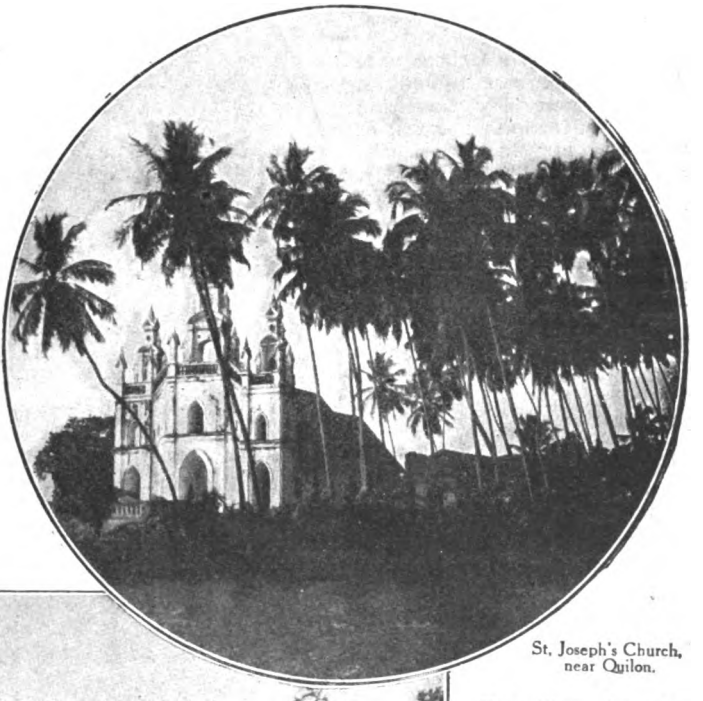
fare of the town of Alleppey, and ran in to the quay. There we disembarked, and I called a rickshaw, leaving my servant to follow me with the luggage to the Travellers' Bungalow.

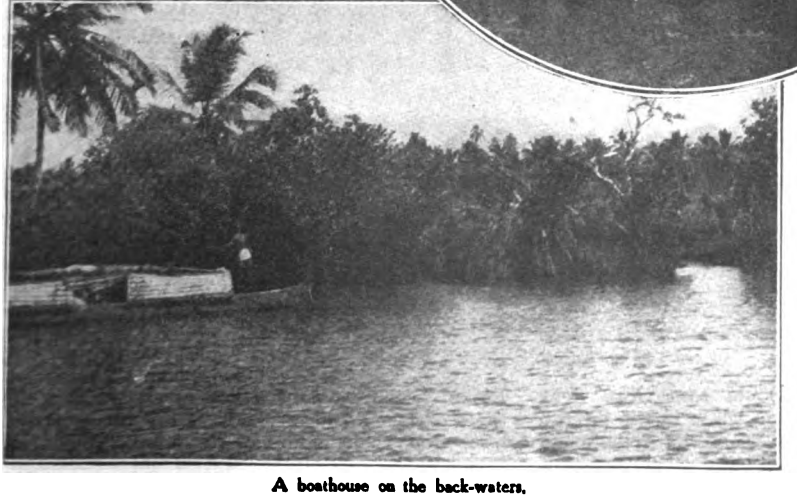
My rickshawman was a fine tall fellow, and he started off at a quick pace. But in a minute or two he slowed down and began unaccountably to hobble along at little better than walking speed. At last I discovered the cause. The rickshawman suffered from the curse of the district—"Cochin leg," a disease which is, however, much more frequent in Alleppey than in Cochin itself. It is *elephantiasis*, which gradually swells and thickens a limb until it reaches the ghastly dimensions that have suggested its name. The inhabitants of Alleppey seem to be affected mainly in the leg, though I have seen men with the marks of the disease upon other limbs. Its extraordinary prevalence in the towns and villages of the back-waters is presumed to be due to the brackish water; there is said to be no cure for it.

Practically all the rickshawmen at Alleppey are affected by this complaint, with the result that locomotion there is excessively unpleasant for both runner and passenger. But there is, after all, no need to move about at Alleppey. The Travellers' Bungalow lies on the seashore, beside the lighthouse and the jetty. The city itself stretches for the most part along either side of the main water-way, with occasional bridges over side canals. It is a clearing-house for the products of the interior, but there are no signs of life in the "town" itself.

There was already one Englishman in the Travellers' Bungalow at Alleppey when I arrived, and between the food that the bungalow cook sent in and what the other traveller had brought with him and what I had with me we enjoyed a very satisfactory supper. He was the representative of a Calcutta firm of engineers, sent to report upon some draining operations in the neighbourhood. He explained to me that, just as the chief agricultural demand in Northern India is for irrigating machinery, in the south it is exactly the opposite which is chiefly needed. In the north there is not enough water; in Malabar there is a thousand times too much. I understood him to say that to reach his firm's work he would have to take a canoe and travel in it along the back-waters for two or three days and nights, living on the provisions and soda-water he took with him, and sleeping in the boat, with heavy doses of quinine to avert fever.



St. Joseph's Church, near Quilon.



A boathouse on the back-waters.

Travelling for this length of time in a canoe did not seem to him a very pleasant prospect, though he had made the journey several times before.

Early next morning I went on board another motor-launch, and we soon set out along the canal southwards to Quilon. The general impression of this portion of the journey on the back-waters

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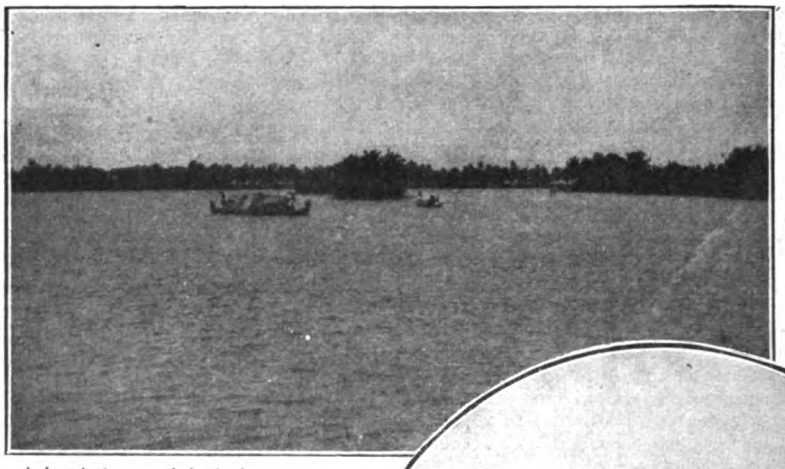
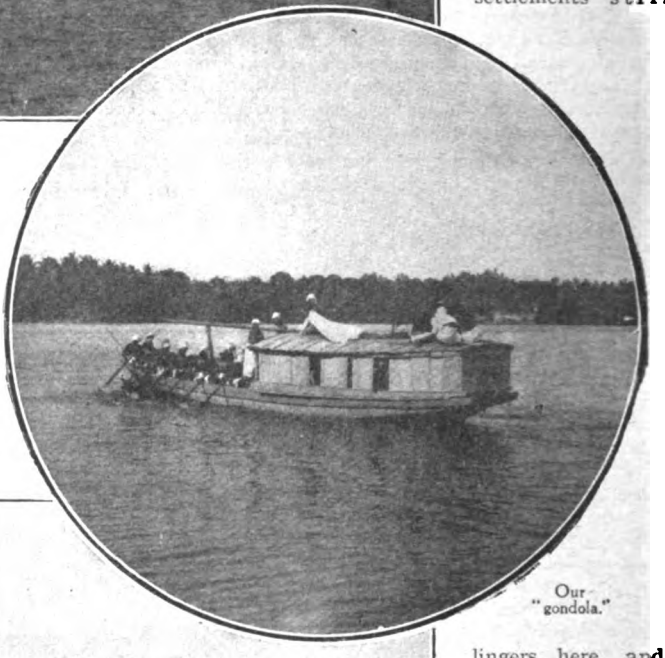


A broadening-out of the back-waters.

was that the big lagoons were for the most part behind us, while we were now traversing instead an intricate network of narrow and shallow canals. Every now and then, however, we would come out upon a lagoon; and this succession of palm-shaded canals and palm-fringed lakes was, perhaps, the most beautiful portion of the whole journey.

Very frequently on the banks



Our "gondola."

By canoe to Trivandrum.

of the lagoons there would come into sight Christian churches, blazing white in the intense sunlight. Malabar, despite all its remoteness and wildness, is numerically the most Christian district in all India. This curious fact may be attributed to various reasons: there are, for instance, the old associations of Malabar with the early European adventurers, who, especially the Portuguese, forcibly baptized large numbers of the inhabitants into Christianity. The memory of the old settlements still lingers here, and Portuguese, Spanish, English, and other missionaries are all active among the present population. And it may be noted that the very remoteness of Malabar is, perhaps, rather an aid to the missionaries and priests than a hindrance; they are better able to get into touch with their prospective proselytes and to turn to good account the official Indian encouragement which is given them in these parts. So successful have the missionaries been that their churches are one of the most frequent features of the back-waters.

At one fever-haunted little village a boat put

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off to us with a European passenger, who came on board and walked up to the prow where I was. He was dressed in a coarse gown, wooden sandals, and a sun-helmet. For a long time I could not make out who he was or what his occupation might be. We tried to converse; he spoke in a language unintelligible to me, and I tried sentences in English and Hindustani in vain. We were nonplussed. Then, after a while, an idea seemed to strike him, and he began again. He began to point vigorously to himself, saying, "Ego, ego." After a moment of surprise, I understood his intention. He wished to speak to me in Latin! This proved to be the only language we had in common, although, to be sure, my acquaintance with it had never been a speaking one, and was, besides, very rusty. However, he smiled and accepted my apologies, while I stumbled along as best I could. My servant made us tea, and we spent a curious afternoon talking Latin in the heart of the steaming, palm-encompassed canals of Malabar.

The new-comer proved to be a Spanish missionary; he had arrived on the coast a year or two previously, speaking no language but his own and the small Latin of his monastery. He had been sent, it seemed, among the inhabitants of the back-waters, without assistance and almost without guidance, to live among them and under their own conditions, and to pick up their tongue as best he could. The heroism of this cannot be properly appreciated unless it be remembered that life here is difficult for a European even under the most favourable conditions. Yet this Spanish monk had come without any tropical experience to live in local huts, upon local food and water, and under the worst local conditions in one of the hottest, moistest, and most feverish parts of the world. And he had succeeded!

Late in the afternoon we came to his destination, a village no more inviting than where he had come on board. He said good-bye and was rowed off to the shore, regarded with much contempt by a fat Hindu money-lender who was disembarking at the same place.

Not long afterwards we came out into a lagoon, on the far bank of which lay the town of Quilon; the palaces of the Maharajah of Travancore and of the British Resident face each other across this lagoon. Just as we turned into sight of them there came the noise of many oars, and the "gondola" of a grandee pulled past us. This was a kind of house-boat, rowed and sailed by a dozen or more men in the bows. The grandee and his suite were passing their time partly inside the long cabin of the boat and partly squatting on its roof under umbrellas.

Before they were well out of sight we had entered a narrow canal, and soon came to the landing-place at Quilon.

The interest of Quilon, in modern as in ancient days, lies wholly in its commerce. In the old days it was the centre of the trade of the neighbourhood with the foreign merchant fleets; nowadays it is the terminus of a railway into the interior and across to the Madras coast. It has little or no charm of its own, and I was glad to leave it the next morning for Trivandrum, the capital of the Travancore State and the Maharajah's principal residence.

There is a route by canoe along the canals between Quilon and Trivandrum, but this journey lacks the beauty and variety of those water-ways between Quilon and Cochin which I had just traversed. An alternative route is by road, and there is actually daily communication along it by motor-bus! I followed the latter course, taking care to secure a seat in the front of the vehicle beside the driver. Just as the bus was about to start an Indian gentleman I had met the previous evening appeared, and paid me the compliment of garlanding me; and I commenced the journey with several long strings of strongly-scented yellow flowers streaming in the breeze from around my neck.

Our route led through forests, and we passed numerous villages. As we rattled down a well-wooded hillside a small party of men came into sight in the distance, leading a young elephant, which they had only just captured. They had garlanded it lavishly and were treating it to many delicious fruits and sweetmeats; and, as we learned afterwards, they were congratulating themselves on the good relations they had established with the young giant. Alas! when the elephant saw our omnibus charging down upon it, it trumpeted shrilly, flung off its guards, turned about, and ran. We stopped at once, in order to give the men a chance to secure it. But they were already too late. The faster they ran after it the faster it scampered away from them down the road by which they had come; and as it ran it tore off its garlands and trumpeted.

We took the disconsolate guards on board the omnibus and continued our journey southwards, with the young elephant pounding along a few hundred yards in front of us. It seemed as if the chase would end only in Trivandrum itself, since the animal was thoroughly scared and would not allow us to come up with it. But at last we came to a fork in the road. The elephant hesitated, and then lumbered up the road which was not the one we were taking. We dropped the guards at the cross-roads and went on our way, leaving them to follow the animal along the other road until its terror wore off and they were able to catch it again.

Towards evening we came to Trivandrum, a large and populous town; and I took up my quarters as usual in the Travellers' Bungalow.

The next day I made a journey, partly by bullock-cart and partly by motor-bus—the Alpha and Omega of Indian travel—to Cape Comorin, the southernmost point of India. There I had a sea-bathe in a sacred pool at the extreme limit of the land, beside a holy and much-visited Hindu temple. A Hindu would have accounted the whole journey along the back-waters and the roads from Cochin to Comorin as merely a troublesome means of attaining to the exquisite privilege of bathing in that sacred pool, which is, moreover, free from sharks. But, for my part, I was content to look upon it as a pleasant ending to a very delightful journey.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

An Enterprising Barber—The Tomb of Eve, etc.

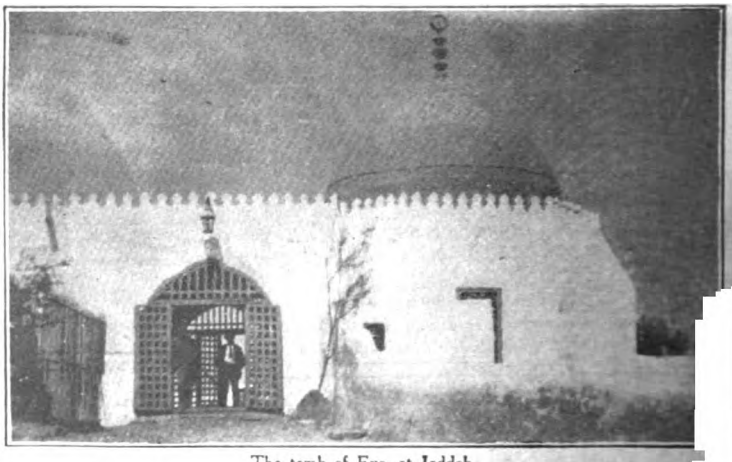
Among women of the Sudan the lips are elongated into a hideous beak.

EVIDENCE has not been wanting, especially since they entered the war, that the Americans are an enterprising people, but from a business point of view the barber in Broad Street, New York, who displays the announcement shown in the photograph, deserves to establish a record. He sets an example which might be followed in London with much satisfaction to many inclined to resent, while they tolerate, the mauling at the barber's hands to which they are generally subjected.

New York barber's innovation. Razors provided for clients to shave themselves.

The photograph at the top depicts a belle of the Wadai, a part of the great central Sudan region of Africa. It is as large in area as Italy, and was the last stronghold of the Mohammedan fanatics of the Sudan. The woman in the picture is a member of the Sara-Kabra tribe, at one time one of the largest nations of Africa. Even now, after centuries of harassment by Moslem slave-traders, over a million and a half remain. The elongation of the lips into a hideous beak is now considered as a proper and necessary adornment for a young girl; but it is said that many generations ago the habit was developed in order that the women of this nation might not exercise any attraction for the Moslem slave-traders.

So many traditions attach to ancient shrines and other buildings in the East that it is not surprising that in the belief of the native Arabians the building shown below is the tomb of Eve. Our forces engaged in Palestine and Mesopotamia have come across many alleged relics of early days, but for none of them has so remote an origin been claimed. We have it, however, on record, by Sir Richard Burton—perhaps the greatest of travellers—that it is impossible to dispel the illusions which the natives entertain concerning their holy or otherwise treasured ruins.



The tomb of Eve, at Jeddah.

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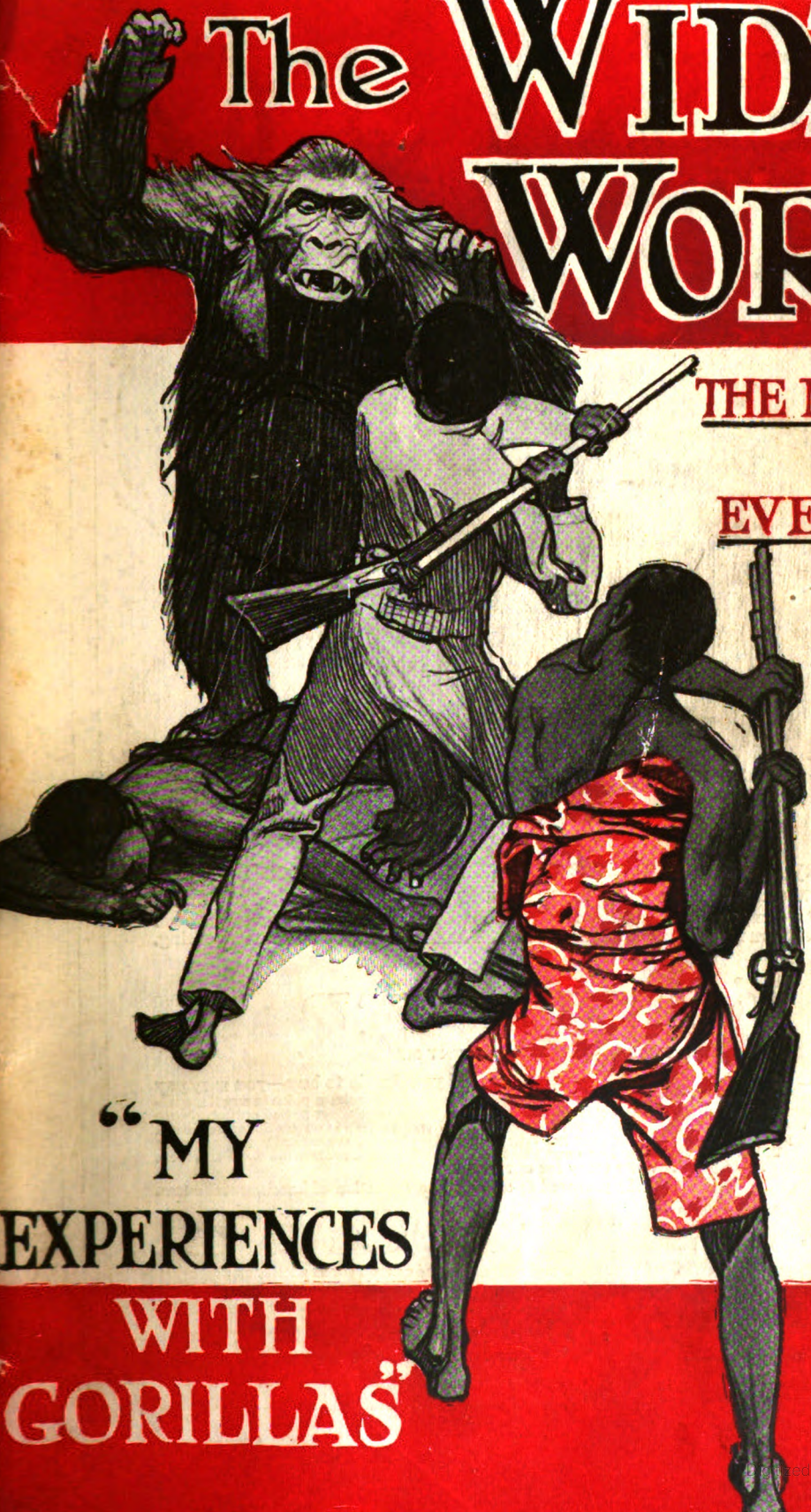

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Meeting and Beating the High Cost of Living

How One Couple Put Aside a Nest Egg of $3,000 In Four Years On a Modest Salary

By ALBERT L. RICE

"THE fellow who said that money was the root of all evil was just about right. I'm not a pessimist and I hold no brief for the man (or woman) who wants to eat his cake and have it, too. I've solved my own financial problem—or rather my wife and I have done so—and now I honestly believe that nine-tenths of the people who cry hard times and say they cannot get ahead financially have only themselves to blame."

That's what a young married man of thirty-odd years said to me not long ago. Some of his other remarks are so interesting that I am giving them here because I believe that his words and the story of how he had accumulated a tidy little fortune on a comparatively small income, will be very helpful to others. He said:

"Most married people I know do not get along very happily. In many cases everything seems all right on the surface but my own experiences during the first few years of my married life led me to closely observe others and almost always I found that there was the hidden canker of trouble over money matters. It was hard to make the pay envelope do all that they wished and at times they worried about bills. I have come to believe that nine-tenths of all home troubles are due to this inability to run the home on a businesslike basis—with husband and wife working in a real partnership to make the business a success.

"Most homes are run on a hap-hazard, go-as-you-please plan. While there's money in the family purse it is spent and when 'unexpected' expenses develop they 'go in the hole' for a while and have to practice strict economy to get out. Sometimes they never get out but are always half a lap behind, with debt as a side partner, dragging their spirits down like the old man of the sea on the back of the sailor.

"When I married, in a small city, I was getting twenty dollars a week, as a clerk in a retail clothing store, and my wife was bookkeeper and cashier for Mr. B——, a stationer. It took all I could earn to keep things going, although I had my own garden. I found that expenses seemed to keep growing with every increase in my salary. We just couldn't seem to get ahead.

"One day my wife came to me and said, 'Billy, we must run things on a more business-like basis. We must make some provision for the future and I think that I've discovered the way to do it. I went into the store the other day and Mr. B—— said, "Stella, here's a book that you and Billy ought to have. It is the simplest and easiest way to keep track of household expenses that I know of, and I'll give it to you, in memory of old times, if you'll agree to keep it."'

"Well, sir, that book enabled us to save $3,000 in the next four years and we're going strong toward a larger sum. We only had to write a line a day and a double page carried our record for a month. Headings at the top of the various columns on the page enabled us to keep all the important items of expenditure separately and we could compare the record of any week or month with previous weeks or months and, later on, with weeks or months of any previous year.

"After a while we were enabled, through this record, to fix up a family budget and divide our income into the proper percentages for rent, food, clothing, amusements, etc. It worked like a charm. We knew just where we were spending more than we ought to be spending—more than we thought we were spending. It enabled us to check waste and extravagance but did not in the least make us niggardly or prevent us from having good times.

"It is just a simple system that not only keeps us free from all troubles and worries over money matters but enables us to declare a surplus in several departments each month, which surplus we set aside for our investment account. And we have been like two kids, watching that account grow, surprised beyond measure that it grows so fast.

"Not only that, but as our savings grew, my ambition grew with them. I was able to do better and bigger work. I made progress and the old fear of debt gave place to a feeling of independence created by that growing nest egg. It put confidence and 'pep' in me. And when, one day, I came across the following paragraph written by James J. Hill, the great railroad builder of the northwest, I knew just what he meant. Mr. Hill said:

> "If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

* * * * *

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

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The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

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IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise: it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night

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We will teach you Salesmanship in your spare time at home, without interfering with your present work, or, through our Employment and Service Department you can take a position while studying and **earn while you learn.**

Don't be content to go back to peace time salaries when here is your chance to prepare yourself to secure and hold an even better job at a higher salary.

Prepare for this **most essential** peace time work and get into the selling game now when Traveling Salesmen are needed more than ever.

Opportunities in Selling

An opportunity now exists for you in selling such as never existed before, while indifference to this fact on your part may ruin the **best prospect** of a lifetime. Such a moment as the present filled with a mighty activity by virtue of the close of the war and the reconstruction period we are now entering, cannot be ignored with impunity.

Every manufacturing plant that has been working on war orders must now devote its energies to supplying the commercial needs of all the people. War contracts require no salesmen. Peace time orders must be produced by salesmen. **Salesmen are the most vital factor in business, and they are needed by the thousands to keep these manufacturers and wholesalers busy.** Hundreds of plants formerly manufacturing what was termed "non-essentials" during the war are going back to their before-the-war activities and **thousands of salesmen** are needed to restore the old trade.

There has never been a time in the history of the Country when it was more to your advantage to train for Salesmanship than right now. While work in some other lines may become slack—while salaries in other fields will go down with the returning of millions of men to their before-the-war lines of activity, the demand for salesmen—order getters and profit producers—will go up and up.

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The NATIONAL TRAINING COURSE is Easy to Learn and Easy to Apply. There is no miracle about the training. We can't take a downright dense man and make a good salesman out of him—and won't try, if we know it. But we give you an **intensive training** mapped out by Practical Master Salesmen. Nothing mysterious—It is the one Course of Practical Training that links ability to opportunity, and fits you to **earn while you learn.** It teaches you how to prepare the "Selling Talk"—how to approach the prospect—how to manage the interview—how to close the sale. Employers of Salesmen everywhere are calling for N. S. T. A. men. Our Employment Department has constantly on file more requests for salesmen than we can possibly fill.

Business needs salesmen for the Winter Season, while the demand for salesmen to take positions for the coming Spring Season will undoubtedly be heavier than ever before.

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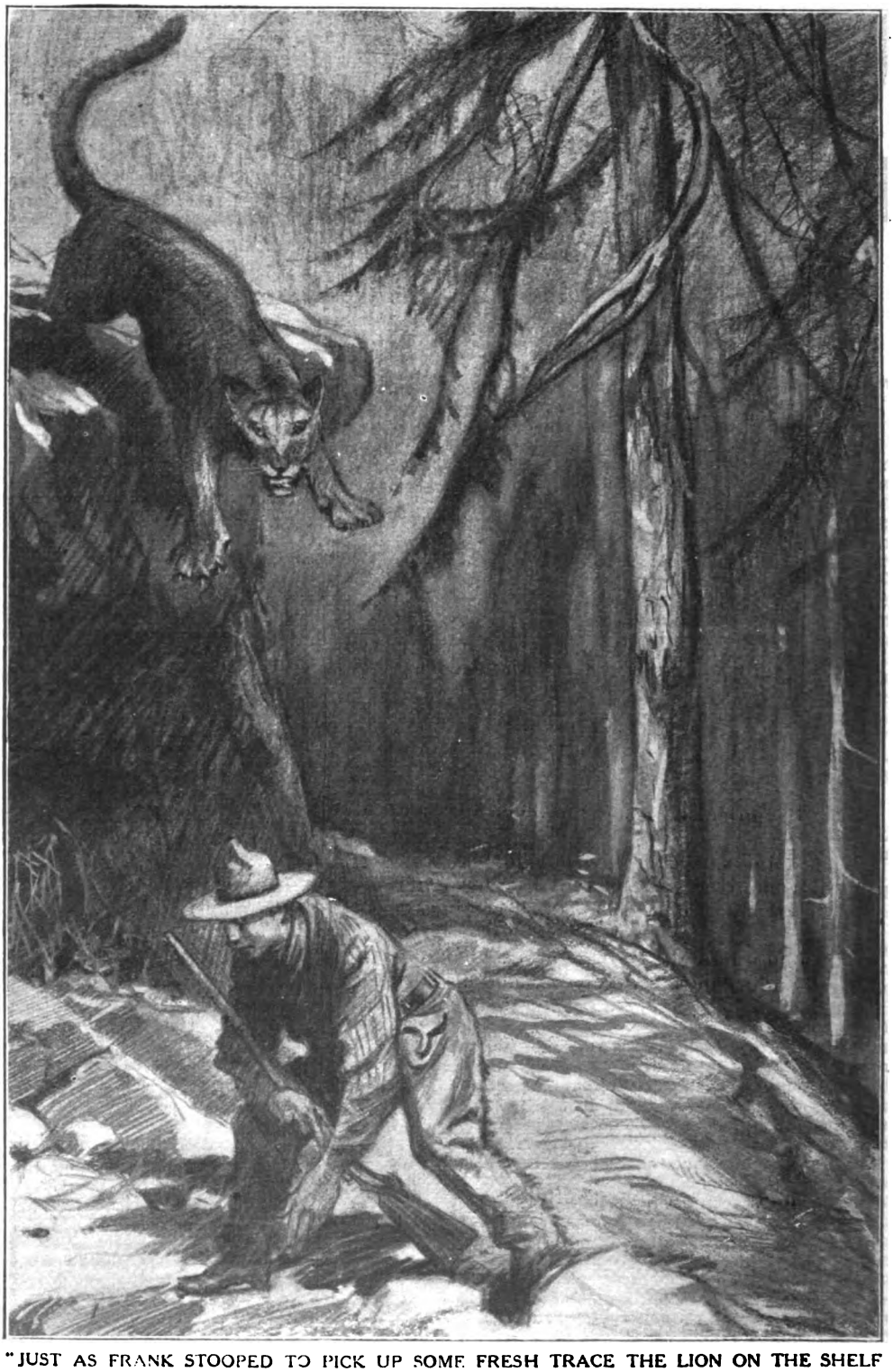

"JUST AS FRANK STOOPED TO PICK UP SOME FRESH TRACE THE LION ON THE SHELF LEAPED AT HIM."

(SEE PAGE 182.)

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The LEAP of VENGEANCE

by A·L·CORSON

Illustrated by G. Henry Evison and C.E. Swan.

The thrilling experiences of a prospector and his friends while on the trail of a lion in the Rocky Mountains. The wounded animal sought its revenge and one of the party had a narrow escape. "The incidents happened exactly as I have described them," writes the Author.

BACK in the year 1895, near Pueblo, Colorado, Charles Snyder and Wm. Brown, the latter an engineer better known as "Grand Army Brown," because of his self-praises and awful yarns of his many feats of bravery during the war of the rebellion, were diligently prospecting in the Sangre de Christo range of the Rocky Mountains. Rich quartz float was promiscuously scattered over the ground, but where it came from was a mystery. After prospecting during the summer months for several years they abandoned the idea of ever finding the lead.

Snyder related to me the golden accounts which were not long in winning my interest. I had followed mining for several years in different countries and felt almost sure of locating the mother lode. I thought a vacation was due after being tied down to business for two years; so Snyder and I made up a pack, which consisted of picks, shovels, bedding, cooking utensils, and provisions enough to last ten days, while we also had our revolvers and plenty of ammunition. We boarded the train at Pueblo on July 7th, journeying up the Arkansas River, through the Royal Gorge and Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, to Cotopaxi, a small, sleepy village of about eight houses, counting the depôt. When we arrived it was ten o'clock and the only store was closing for the night. Snyder was anxious to be off; he knew the route so well. We decided, therefore, not to wait until morning but to start on foot, carrying the outfit on our backs, for we were unable to get pack animals that night.

The moon was full and the night was ideal. The first three miles led along the Arkansas River, which we left to follow the Cottonwood, a small stream leading to the south. Three miles up this creek we passed the last cabin about one o'clock in the morning. The place was occupied by an elderly man by the name of Price, a good old soul who lived the life of a hermit and died there all alone the same as he had lived. About two o'clock the moon disappeared behind the peaks in the west, leaving us in the heavy forest in complete darkness. Snyder soon began to see things. We well knew the hills were infested with animals such as bears, mountain lions, and lynxes. At times we heard the distant scream of a lion, which caused a slight shiver behind the ears and a creepy sensation while we stumbled along in the dark. Suddenly the brush was heard breaking not more than a hundred yards away. Snyder dropped his pack and ran for a tall tree, shouting: "A bear! Hurry!"

I likewise dropped my pack and was close on his heels, heading for the zenith among the pine-burrs which grow on the tiny little limbs at the extreme top of the trees. I climbed until the tree became so small and swayed so dangerously that I was afraid to go any higher. Still Snyder was ten feet above me. I stopped climbing, determined I would take my chances with the bear rather than go any higher and have the tree break, making us both fall; for I knew from our height that the landing without a parachute would in all probability end disastrously. We finally became reconciled and settled down.

"Did you see the bear?" I said to Charlie.

"No," he replied, "but I heard the brush breaking!"

I was not satisfied with his answer nor with the climb. We sat perched high in the tree while the cold night-air which was wafted from the snow-covered peaks chilled me to the bone.

"I am going down," I said at last. "I'd

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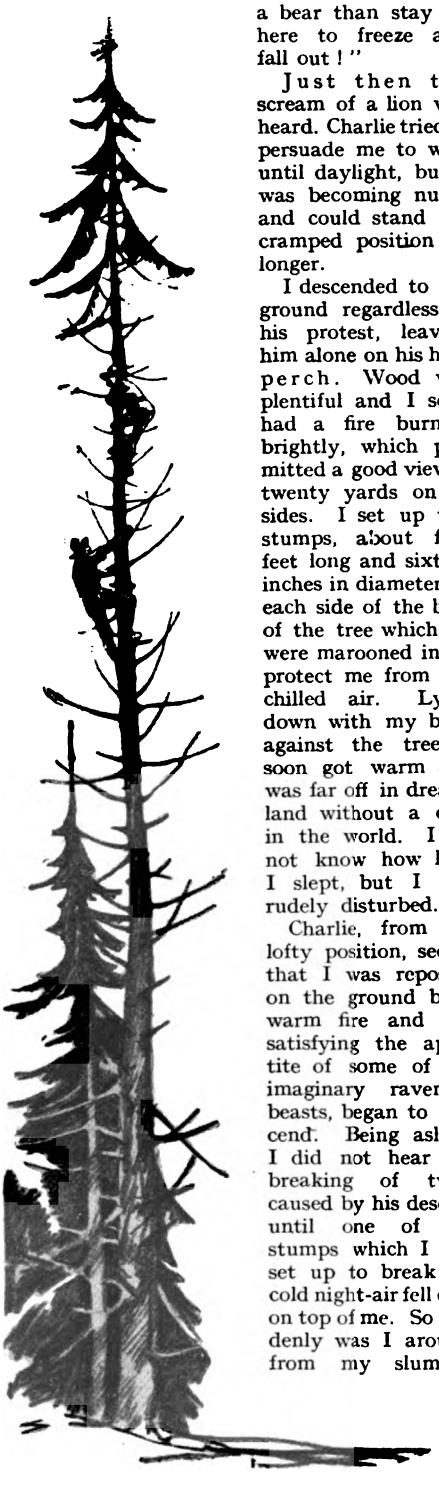

"I climbed until the tree became so small that I was afraid to go any higher."

rather be chewed by a bear than stay up here to freeze and fall out!"

Just then the scream of a lion was heard. Charlie tried to persuade me to wait until daylight, but I was becoming numb and could stand the cramped position no longer.

I descended to the ground regardless of his protest, leaving him alone on his high perch. Wood was plentiful and I soon had a fire burning brightly, which permitted a good view of twenty yards on all sides. I set up two stumps, about four feet long and sixteen inches in diameter on each side of the base of the tree which we were marooned in, to protect me from the chilled air. Lying down with my back against the tree, I soon got warm and was far off in dreamland without a care in the world. I do not know how long I slept, but I was rudely disturbed.

Charlie, from his lofty position, seeing that I was reposing on the ground by a warm fire and not satisfying the appetite of some of the imaginary ravenous beasts, began to descend. Being asleep, I did not hear the breaking of twigs caused by his descent until one of the stumps which I had set up to break the cold night-air fell over on top of me. So suddenly was I aroused from my slumbers that, with a start and a yell, I was on my feet and out through the fire with revolver in hand, ready for a fight or foot-race, much preferring the latter. For a minute I did not know whether a bear had me or not, and imagined at first he was taking bites out of me.

It was now quite light enough to distinguish objects, so we cooked and ate our breakfast and started on. The remainder of the way was a hard, tedious uphill climb. We arrived at the prospect about noon. Our first duty was to cut brush for a house, which we built there on the top of the pass. The nearest creek or spring was half a mile away, with a very steep climb going and coming, so our water was procured by melting snow from a large drift close by; of this we procured several gallons. By night we had things in a fair shape, but soon realized that a brush-house is none too warm at the best.

We had four heavy quilts and two double blankets, which we thought sufficient to keep us warm. On all sides the scream of lions was heard: at times they seemed exceedingly close. About midnight the wind began to blow. We were chilled to the quick. We took our bedding and crawled down into the prospect shaft, which was about fifteen feet deep, to avoid the cold blasts. Here we were sheltered from the icy winds. After once getting warm we slept long after the sun was up. Our coffee-pot was a gallon pail, which we found frozen solid when preparing breakfast, as well as the water we melted up the night before.

We prospected for a week, and failing to find the lode, gave it up as a bad job. Furthermore, our provisions were running short. Although there were plenty of deer and bear, our revolvers were hardly adequate for attacking such big game, especially those that are liable to put up a fight. We accordingly packed our outfit and started for home. We had travelled down among the crags and rocks but a short distance when we saw a lion, which had previously been taking a nap in the warm sun. He slipped down into the canyon, where he slunk into a cave. We did not feel disposed to follow him with our revolvers into his stronghold, while, on the other hand, we were anxious to proceed. On arriving at Pueblo the next morning Charlie said he was through with the mining game.

Several months later, when the hunting season opened for deer, I related the prospect and our game experience of that section of the country to two of my friends, Frank E. Lillis and William Beck, and in the end it was decided that the three of us should visit the prospect and do a little shooting. We carried Winchester rifles of forty-five-sixty and forty-five-seventy calibre, with plenty of ammunition, bedding, and provisions for a two-weeks' outing. I procured half-a-dozen fuses which throw off a very bright fire from sulphur-powder and have an intense heat—sufficient to melt a hole through a tin-can in about a minute. I was going to use these in some way to scare the lion from his rendezvous should we again run him to earth. We purchased several *burros* to carry our pack. I left Frank and Bill prospecting for the lead, while

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I went off hunting. I saw no sign of the lion, but was successful in getting two deer, with which I returned home.

It was arranged that when the fortnight had expired I should return to the prospect with provisions. Arriving at the little station where I was to leave the train about eleven o'clock that night, everything was dark—the only lights that were burning were the switch-lights on the railroad. I was wondering what to do. It was too chilly to try to sleep, so I decided to start for camp twelve miles higher up in the mountains, following what is known as Pole Gulch Canyon, which was quite free from timber, as it had been cut off in making charcoal, and the refuse had been destroyed by a forest fire several years before. I had my revolver, and in addition a stout stick, about the size of a fork-handle, which I carried, or, rather, dragged, so that it would scuff over the rocks. At other times I was either singing or whistling, so as to let any stray animal know that I was coming, and thus give it a chance to get away. There are very few bears, lions, or lynxes but will slink out of sight at the approach of man if given the opportunity, unless they are wounded or surprised; in which case they would be badly scared and would prepare for battle. About the only thing that will cause them to attack man is hunger.

I had travelled about six miles when it began to rain. Off to one side of the trail I remembered seeing an old tunnel which some poor prospector in the years past, while looking for his golden future, had constructed. I started for this, to get under shelter and wait until the rain was over. Before entering I lighted a torch and gazed in to see if any animal had dropped in for shelter. As luck would have it, I was master of the situation. I soon had a rousing good fire at the mouth of the tunnel and became quite comfortable. Several times the scream of animals seemed very close. Piling on some heavy wood, I prepared to lie down and wait for daylight. I awoke about five o'clock feeling refreshed by the good rest, ate my lunch, and started on the trail ascending the mountain.

Coming to a flat spot covered with sand and mud, washed down from the trail by the shower, fresh tracks of a lion, as big as a large man's hand, were plainly seen in the sand. Passing on up the trail about seventy yards, I happened to look back, and there in the trail stood the lion, looking at me, with his tail whisking from side to side. He was a monster, though in a poor condition, being very thin. I gave a shrill whistle, as if calling a dog. With a scream he was over the ridge and down in the canyon to the east. These mountain lions are very much afraid of a dog—a small fox-terrier can tree the largest of them.

Hurrying on to camp, I found Frank and Bill just finishing breakfast. After relating the experience with the lion, we decided to visit his haunts. Next morning, everything being arranged, we started down the mountain for the lion's stronghold. Slipping up over the ridge, we lay down to wait for his movements. About ten o'clock we got a glimpse of the animal when it came out of the cave and crawled up on the rocks to get a little sleep in the warm sun. A poorly-directed shot tore the corner off of the rock upon which the lion was stretched, causing him to bound with a scream and draw back into the cave. We slipped down close to his den and peered in, but could see nothing but darkness. How far in the cave extended we did not know. At the mouth it was about four feet high and fifteen feet wide.

We parleyed about who would go in with the fuses and run the lion out. We decided to pull straws. The short one was to be the hero. At the first pull Frank was hailed as the hero. He contended, however, that it was a put-up job. The next time Frank held the straws, and Bill got the short one. Again they were not satisfied. I told them they were only old women, and that I would go in and drive the lion out, and all they had to do was to station themselves near the mouth of the cave and shoot the beast as it emerged. In the end this was arranged.

I was armed with four fuses and my Colt revolver, and entered the den in a stooping position. The cave soon turned into a cavern, twenty feet across and six to ten feet high. After going forward about fifty feet I lighted two of the fuses, and kept as close as possible to one side of the chamber, so as to give the beast passage without running over me, providing he had a desire to pass out. I knew he would never dare fight the fire, for the heat created by the burning fuses was intense. After covering about fifty yards I got a glimpse of my quarry. Away back in the darkness were two eyes which looked like balls of fire passing to and fro across the cavern. I pulled up suddenly and badly wanted to go back. I stopped for a brief spell, mustered up a little more courage, imperceptibly whispered a short prayer, gritted my teeth, and pushed cautiously on, hugging the wall a little closer, so as to give the beast all the room possible, if he chose to go out.

The roof of the cavern now was so low I was compelled to proceed on my hands and knees, which made progress awkward. I was drawing closer and closer to the lion, which was not over fifty feet away, snarling and growling as he paced from one side of the cave to the other. Finally I worked my way to within twenty feet of the beast, when from his actions I thought he was going to spring on me. I lit the other two fuses and threw one of the short ones at him as he came to my side of the cave. This caused him to give a blood-curdling, hair-raising scream of fear, which reverberated throughout the cavern.

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e almost turned a somersault backwards to get away from the fire. That gave me courage, for the fuse had cowed him.

All of a sudden he made a break for the outside. As he passed I fired once with my revolver at a distance of not over six feet. I knew the shot must have taken effect, but he kept on going, and if anything it increased his speed. The report of the revolver almost deafened me in those close quarters. On making further investigation in the cave I found many bones of deer. I was in hopes of finding some young lions, but had no such luck. The air was becoming stifling from the sulphur fumes of the fuses, so I hastened for the entrance. Just before coming into the light of day I detected heavy spatters of blood, which told me that my shot had badly wounded the animal.

On emerging from the cave I felt suffocated from the strong sulphur gases, and my eyes ached with the strain of watching the spitting and snarling beast in the bowels of the earth. I hailed the boys with a yell. They gently broke the news to me that the animal came forth a little faster than a streak of greased lightning, but that they had kept up the fire with their rifles until it disappeared in the heavy pines up the canyon. The blood-spots on the ground plainly told that some of their shots had gone home, and we decided to follow the tracks.

We travelled cautiously up the canyon for half a mile, following the spatters, when they suddenly ceased. While we were hunting around for signs the wounded beast was lying on a shelf of rock ten feet above, watching every move we made. The spark of life was gradually flickering away; but he was bent on revenge.

Just as Frank stooped to pick up some fresh trace the lion on the shelf, whose presence was unknown to us, leaped at him. Luckily for Frank he stooped at the right moment, otherwise he would have received the full force of the animal's weight and a taste of the fangs, or a blow from its powerful claws. As it was, the lion's fore-parts passed over him, but its hind legs hit him, and sent him rolling several yards down the steep incline. Bill and I were quickly on the scene, and a shot in the head brought the beast's career to an end.

"All of a sudden he made a break for the outside."

On examining the carcass I found that the shot I fired in the cave had passed completely through its body, just above and to the rear of the heart. He was one of the largest lions ever seen in that section of the country, measuring ten feet from tip to tip.

We removed the hide and returned to camp, where we put in two days more hunting. Each was successful in getting a fine deer, the limit of the law. We gathered our *burros*, packed up, and returned to Pueblo. I had the lion's hide mounted and made into a rug. To-day, as I gaze upon the lion's horrible visage, my sporting days come back to life filling me full of the old vigour.

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN RUSSIA.

Adventures of a British War Correspondent on the Eastern Front.

By ROBERT WILTON

(*Petrograd Correspondent of the "Times"*).

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM PEDDIE, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

No observer has seen more of the war on the Eastern Front, and is better acquainted with the actual happenings during the Russian Revolution, than Mr. Robert Wilton, the Petrograd Correspondent of the *Times* newspaper. He was in a unique position at the beginning of the great struggle to follow the course of events, inasmuch as he was educated during childhood and youth in that country, the language and manners and customs of which he knows with the proficiency of a native. He was the only Englishman to accompany the Russian armies in the field, and the adventures through which he and his son, an officer in the celebrated Preobrajensky Guards, passed make a story of unparalleled interest. For personal bravery he was decorated with the Cross and Medal of St. George, the first British civilian to receive such honours. Apart from its thrilling interest, the document is valuable in that it throws a new light upon those stirring events which ended so tragically for the Russian Empire, and which have now been set down for the first time for exclusive publication in "The Wide World Magazine."

V.

THE terrific fighting described last month was followed by one of the worst thunderstorms I have ever experienced. It was also accompanied by a veritable cyclone which mowed down the giants of the forest like straw. The Germans, nervously imagining that we should rush their trenches after the storm, opened a bombardment with their guns. Officers who came in from the front lines said that they had never witnessed such a pandemonium.

I went to visit a regiment that had just come out of the fiery furnace, leaving half of its complement killed and wounded. They were stationed in a forest. It was wonderful to find these men so bright and eager to return to the fray. I took some photographs of the brave fellows, including one of the machine-gun section whose senior N.C.O. had received our Military Medal, which he proudly wore. I also obtained a photograph of the broken timber. Some of the huge trees had fallen on the roofs of the dug-outs, and it was astonishing that no one had been killed.

On the way back I called at several field hospitals and dressing stations. The Zemstvo work in caring for and evacuating the wounded had been beyond all praise. Dressing stations with a staff of three sisters had handled as many as fifteen hundred cases within twenty-four hours.

Tens of thousands of wounded men had been conveyed to Pogoreltzl, where the Red Cross had established innumerable evacuation stations I may add that with their customary disregard of elementary dictates of humanity the German aeroplanes came thither every morning to throw bombs. It was there, many months later, that my sister Florence, a Red Cross nurse, was killed by a German aeroplane bomb.

Our reserves had been coming up and munitions for the guns were being brought from the adjacent railway. Another attack was imminent. It so happened that next morning General Dragomirov and his Chief of Staff, Colonel Iskritsky, breakfasted alone with me and were discussing the plans for the day. Artillery preparation was to begin at noon and continue until four o'clock. A second attempt was to be made in the direction of Gorodishche. I had hoped to see the attack at close quarters, but from my knowledge of the ground I realized that it would be impossible to get up to the front lines in time. Fortunately for me, though very unfortunately for the success of the attack, an unexpected change had to be made in the plans. Some of the Corps Commanders whose troops would have had to negotiate a comparatively long distance over exposed ground urged that the attack should be made at night. This was agreed upon, but for some reason that I have never been able to understand the artillery preparations were kept to the original time-table.

My timid suggestion to General Dragomirov that I should be permitted to go to the front lines was, to my delight, agreed to.

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"A heavy shell burst a few yards on our left, covering us with mud. My guide collapsed."

"You will go to the usual observation post and there ask for an orderly to guide you to the trenches occupied by the Sixty-seventh Division at Gorny Skrobovo," said the Chief of Staff.

Little did I think that a momentous day and night were in store for me.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning of June 24 (July 7), 1916. The heat and dust were suffocating, although all low-lying ground and the trenches were deep in mud. One of the staff cars brought me and an attendant subaltern to within a few hundred yards of the O.P. We had scarcely reached it when our barrage began. A soldier was placed at my disposal to guide me to the front lines of the Sixty-seventh Division. The subaltern had only a few days before returned from hospital with a bad case of shell-shock. The bombardment brought on nervous collapse, so I advised him to get into the car and return immediately to headquarters. A telephone message was sent to the support and front lines of the Division announcing my arrival. I handed my waterproof to my soldier guide and we proceeded to pick our way through the muddy communication trench.

Presently it brought us at right angles to a road. We had to choose between scrambling waist-deep in mud under a bridge or climbing out. My guide showed no disposition to leave the protection of the trench. Shells were screaming overhead and the roar of our guns was deafening. I finally persuaded him to make

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a dash for it. We crossed the road and got back into the *boyau* on the other side. By this time the German gunners were replying. A heavy shell burst a few yards on our left, covering us with mud. My guide collapsed. I waited a few minutes for him to recover and then told him sharply to go on. The man was trembling with fright. I spoke sternly to him and finally told him that if he did not obey orders I should have to go back and report him. But this also did not help. So I applied the only available remedy: gripping him by the scruff of his neck, I gave him a good kick. This worked like a charm. We went on and on until we came to a regiment concealed in a ravine about two miles from our objective. My guide led me to the Commanding Officer and reported that he did not know the way. Of course I knew that this was a ruse. Taking the officer aside I explained the position to him.

"All right," he said; "I will give you one of my men who will take you along."

He hailed one of his scouts and gave him orders to conduct "Mr. Englishman."

Under continuous shell-fire we finally reached a valley on the farther side of which were the support lines. Here the German shrapnel was bursting with unpleasant frequency. A triple row of fir-saplings had been stuck into the ground as a screen from observation by the enemy's flanking posts.

But it extended only part of the way. Then came a bit of open ground that we managed to clear at a brisk trot. Beyond it was a high, sandy ridge, honeycombed with dug-outs, and almost at the top were the underground quarters of two regimental C.O.s, one of them being Colonel Kalinovsky, commanding the very regiment to which I was going. He had been through the thick of the fighting and was too ill to move about. I understood that he was waiting to be relieved, but remained at his post, half a mile from the front line, expecting almost every moment to receive orders for his men to attack. I sat a little while with him to recover my breath and to get a drink of tea.

"The Germans think they will prevent us from attacking by cutting off our reserves," he said, pointing to the numerous puffs of bursting shrapnel over the valley. "But you will see when you get to the front line that our reserves are already there. The enemy are just wasting their ammunition. But I advise you to be very careful when you cross the next valley separating this ridge from our front line."

Resuming the march, my two guides and myself entered a deep communication trench, which brought us safely to the other side of the ridge. We could now see the opposite ridge that was our objective. Immediately below us was a clump of trees and a group of ruined farm buildings. It was all that remained of a prosperous Polish farm. Here the *boyau* ended, and we were crossing an open interval to get under cover of the trees when a veritable cyclone of German shells began bursting all around.

"Come here!" voices hailed us.

We noticed a group of soldiers sitting close beside a small barn. We did not lose any time. They turned out to be the scouts of a regiment that had gone to the front line during the night. For a whole hour we sat there. The log building and roof were repeatedly struck by shrapnel bullets and splinters. One man had a very narrow escape: a huge splinter crashed through the wall behind him just above his head. Needless to say we huddled as near to the barn as possible to get out of the way of descending bullets.

Presently the German gunners left our retreat alone and began showering high explosive upon our side of the ridge that we had just descended.

"We have an O.P. there and they are trying to get it," explained the scout officer.

But it was something else that had attracted the enemy's fire. We made out a moving object. It was a telephonist repairing damaged wires. We followed his strange antics for some time. He would disappear in a shell-hole when the fire became too intense and then bob up again and recommence his operations, coolly testing different wires, until he was again forced to hide himself. At times it seemed impossible that he could remain alive. The spouts of black smoke from bursting high explosive dotted the earth around him. He disappeared, and we concluded that he had joined the dead men lying here and there. Again the shrapnel began to search out our hiding-place. Suddenly the telephonist appeared in our midst.

"Dirty business," he remarked, with a cheerful grin. "And to think that other lucky beggars are getting the St. George's Cross! No one worries about us and our work."

"I think you deserve the Cross," I said to him. "Tell me who you are and I will see what can be done."

"Oh! I was only joking," he remarked. "It's all in the day's work."

However, I made a note about him and afterwards reported what I had seen. He got his Cross, poor fellow, but the little bit of silver on the black and orange ribbon was sent to his home. Another cross—a wooden one—had already been bestowed upon him.

All this time our own barrage had been screaming overhead. A lull came in the German fire and we crept out. My two soldiers and myself picked our way through the wreckage of the farmyard, skirted a broken hedge, and finally came out into swampy ground descending towards a small stream. It was thick with shell-holes. A few planks had been placed across the inky water of the rivulets. I shuddered to think what its recesses might contain. The shrapnel fire began afresh. We made a run for it, and finally scrambled up through the remains of wire entanglements into a *boyau*, and soon were in the great Austrian trench that was now our main line. It was tremendously deep and well-built, but it was crowded to suffocation with men. Some had dug little niches for themselves, others sat because they could not find room to lie down. Nearly all of them were asleep. We literally walked over them until we came to the entrance of a dug-out. A sentry

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"A huge splinter crashed through the wall behind him just above his head."

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had directed us: "The officers are there." Twenty-two steps, almost vertical, so that I had to hang on to a wooden balustrade, brought me into a roomy bomb-proof shelter of enormous strength. The stairway was littered with sleeping men; so was a large part of the floor. The officers were sitting round a small table holding a council of war, all wondering when the signal would be given for the attack. They did not know that it had been postponed until two o'clock that night. They knew of my coming, and it was arranged that one of the battalion C.O.s who had a small dug-out himself should take me in.

"You must be tired and hungry," he said to me. "Come along."

We marched over the sleeping riflemen some little distance. At the entrance to his bomb-proof I turned to my two soldiers and gave them leave to return.

"Have a rest and I will give you some tea," said my host. "Unfortunately I cannot provide much in the way of food. My orderlies have been told not to bring dinner from the camp-kitchens. It is too dangerous to cross the valleys."

A few minutes later one of his orderlies appeared bringing the dinner. He was a mere stripling, with a bright, pleasant face.

"How is this, Ivan?" said the C.O. "Did you not get my message?"

"Yes, your Honour. But I could not sit still, knowing that you would remain without your dinner."

"What must I do with him?" said the officer, turning to me. "His main object in life seems to be to get under fire. A hopeless case! . . . Well, Ivan," he continued, "here is Mr. Englishman very hungry, so let us get to business."

We had a hearty meal. The Captain ferreted in his haversack and brought out a pot of strawberry jam.

"My wife made it," he explained. "And now for a little sleep. We shall want all our wits about us very soon."

And strange to say I sank into a profound slumber, although terrific thuds overhead that shook the earth testified that our bombproof was being struck by heavy shells.

When I awoke the bombardment had almost ceased, and I climbed up to see what damage had been done to our shelter. There were two huge craters. The steel rails covering the concrete had been thrown aside, but were still intact. The damage could be easily repaired. I descended again into the dug-out. The telephonist who was sitting on the stairs wrote out a message that he had just received and handed it to the Battalion Commanding Officer.

"Orders to attack at two a.m.," he told me.

"I knew it all the time," I replied.

We proceeded to discuss the situation.

The captain and I had become friends, as one does very quickly in such circumstances. He had told me something about himself: that he had been badly wounded several times and had been appointed to train reserve troops.

"But I simply could not stick it. I had to come back."

His name was Rown. Generations ago his ancestors on the father's side had come from Germany, but he was one of the fairly numerous class in Russia who, bearing German names, had nothing in common with German ideas, could not even speak the German language, and belonged to the Orthodox Church. Certainly no Russian hated our common foe more heartily than did Captain Rown.

"What do you propose to do, Robert Alfredovich? Will you remain here? You will be quite safe but lonely. Or will you come with us?" he asked.

"I must think about it," I said.

"Well, meanwhile, let us go out and have a look at our battle-positions."

Darkness had fallen. Silence reigned. Most of the men had climbed out and gone to the stream to fetch water. Wandering about they tripped over and severed all our telephone wires. We were isolated. But the instructions for the attack had already come through and the colonel in his dug-out on the ridge was only half a mile away. Had we known it the telephone had done us an ill-service. Some days later one of our shells accidentally exposed a microphone, and we then knew that the Germans had overheard the orders.

As we went along the trenches, Rown explained to me that some time after midnight the whole division or more would lie up in a pine-wood that extended midway to the German positions; that at one-forty-five our artillery would put a barrage on the Germans lasting a quarter of an hour, and that punctually at two o'clock our attacking waves would leap out of the wood, cross the open expanse of about one hundred and fifty yards, and swamp the enemy. We came into the wood as he spoke. Some of the troops were already there. The Germans were sending up flares and star-shells. Occasionally one of their machine gunners loosed off a few rounds.

Rown took me all round the wood. It was intersected by shallow trenches not more than three feet deep.

"Our regiment will be the first to attack. The battalions will lie up in their order at the fringe of the wood and form successive waves. Ours, as you know, is the fourth. Behind us there will be three more regiments and on our right two more."

We went back again to the dug-out. The silence of the summer night was almost unbroken.

"I have to write one or two letters," said Rown.

He went below. I remained in the trench. On my left was a group of soldiers engaged in earnest consultation with an officer. I could not help overhearing what was said. The chief scout of another regiment was explaining to his men what they would have to do during the attack. To me it was all intensely interesting. The young officer was so keen and so thorough and his men were not a whit behindhand. They grasped every point of his instructions. They

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even made suggestions which he eagerly accepted. I was so filled with admiration of this young officer that when he walked past me I saluted him. Peering at me he awoke to the fact that I was not wearing Russian uniform.

"Who are you?" he demanded, somewhat brusquely.

I gave him the necessary information and explained that I was there in accordance with instructions.

"Excuse me if I ask for a corroboration."

"Captain Rown is down there," I replied, and I pointed to the stairs.

He came up again a few minutes later with a smile.

"It is all right," he said. "But one has to be careful. German spies are so cunning, and I would advise you to put on a soldier's cap."

But I did not heed his advice, and some hours later nearly paid for it with my life.

Rown was still writing when I joined him.

"It's strange," he said to me. "I have a presentiment that I shall not come out of this business alive. Promise me that you will send on this letter. You will find it in the breast-pocket of my tunic."

I laughed at his presentiment, but declared that whatever happened I should remain with him.

At midnight hot rations were brought up for the men, and by one o'clock they were filing out to their appointed battle-positions. At Rown's advice I put on my waterproof and we sallied forth. The fateful wood was crammed from end to end. Line upon line of soldiers were sitting in the shallow trenches thick as the proverbial herrings in their barrel. Star-shells occasionally illuminated the heavens and cast fitful shadows among the pine trees. At last we came to the companies of our own battalion. Everybody was at his post. Rown said:

"We will get my orderlies to dig a little hole for us a few paces away."

No sooner said than done. I squatted beside him in a pit about two feet deep, just large enough to contain us. Six soldiers who attended him in action as messengers and orderlies dug a little trench for themselves alongside. Here we waited. Punctually at one-forty-five our barrage came down upon the German trench, converting it into a smother of flame and smoke. Not an answering shot or shell came from their direction. Rown looked at his watch.

"A few minutes more and our first wave will be off."

Almost at the same moment a pandemonium of shot and shell swept over us. I cannot find words to depict the situation. Lying down under a barrage in the open in daylight must be a terrifying ordeal, but I conceive that nothing can be so bad as a barrage at night in a wood packed full of men. Rown immediately jumped up.

"Remain where you are. I must go to my men."

And, summoning two of his messengers, he disappeared.

I was alone. It seemed to me that no living thing could escape the all-pervading smother. Imagine, if you can, a continuous stream of bullets striking the trees all round you, each one making a sharp crack as it pierced the growing timber. The whole wood seemed to be resonant with the crackle of bullets like the patter of a terrific hailstorm. But dominating this ominous sound was the almost uninterrupted crash of exploding shells.

I curled myself up on my side to get out of the way of the bullets, but there was no shelter from the shrapnel. It tore huge branches from the trees above me. I heard the angry whine of fragments striking the ground. I was covered with dust and *débris* thrown up by high-explosive shells. I waited and waited, praying for a lull, reproaching myself bitterly for taking such risks.

Fifteen minutes that seemed to me an eternity went by. Suddenly a figure loomed up. It was one of the messengers. He hailed his comrades, of whose existence I had forgotten.

"The commander wants you."

They got up and joined him. Turning to me, he said:—

"The commander wishes you to remain where you are."

A faint tinge of the coming dawn enabled me to catch a glimpse here and there of what was going on. Not twenty yards away some of our machine-gunners had crept to the edge of the wood and were sending out an answering stream of bullets. As one man dropped another took his place. Then the survivors crawled away, to begin again from another coign of vantage.

Above the hideous din I heard shouts of "Hurrah!" "They have got away at last," I said to myself. "There goes our first wave." A little later the cry was repeated. That was the second wave. Then no more shouting was heard. On my right I thought I could make out, against the skyline, the creeping forms of our infantry. There, I knew, was a wide lane through the enemy's wire. "If they could only get through and silence those machine-guns! We would then rush the trench in front of us." So I fondly hoped.

My musings were interrupted. Crouching figures coming in my direction caught sight of me, and a moment later they rushed into my narrow shelter. All were wounded. I dressed their wounds, and the barrage slackening, I went off to rejoin Rown and his companies. A few paces brought me to his men. They were huddling together in the shallow trenches, but their number had sadly diminished.

"Where is the commander?" I asked.

"Wounded and taken away," was the reply.

"Where are the officers?"

"Killed or wounded," came the response.

The barrage came on again. The grey dawn enabled me to see its terrible havoc. Trees felled, shell-craters everywhere, and high-explosive bursting on all sides, leaving volumes of acrid, foul-smelling fumes. The air was rent with the spiteful hiss of flying fragments. Rifle and machine-gun bullets were pounding the forest.

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Instinctively I bent low and moved off along the trench with only one clear idea in my head: "I must get back to Rown."

Scarcely had I gone a few paces when shouts and cries arose. Every man seemed to be running, their faces like my own—away from the enemy. I could make nothing of it.

"Some of them think they are attacking, but most of them are just running away."

This idea impressed itself upon my mind. And I was unconsciously, perhaps, encouraging a panic. This would never do.

Straightening myself up, I jumped out of the trench and yelled at the top of my voice:—

"Brothers, you are turning your backs to the Germans! This way! This way!"

And turning round I ran back towards the edge of the wood, stopping the men who were still pressing on. I had quite forgotten about the shells and the bullets. To my delight the panic ceased as quickly as it had come. The men followed me.

"Go back to your positions. The Germans may counter-attack. Do not lose a moment."

They all flocked back into the trenches and resumed their patient waiting. It was a proud moment for me, a humble civilian. I felt that these men would follow wherever I chose to lead them. I walked along the trench and cheered them up. Finally I met an officer of our battalion. He was reclining against the side of the trench, dazed with shell-shock, incapable of movement or speech. Turning to the soldiers, I asked:—

"What happened?"

"We heard that the Germans had surrounded us," was the reply.

It appeared that some men at the edge of the wood had mistaken our own people for Germans. Bereft of officers, the other men had believed the rumour, and thus the panic had started.

"Have you any news of Rown?" I asked the officers who presently joined us.

"Nothing good," was the reply. "A shrapnel bullet in the throat. He has been taken to his dug-out."

I decided that my place was with him. So bidding good-bye to the officers and the men, I quietly resumed my course towards the rear. The hail of shells and bullets continued. But a merciful Providence saved me from harm. Death in its most appalling form faced me at every step. I could calmly take stock of horrors that I had not noticed during the excitement of the panic and the elation of rallying the men. I shall not attempt to describe the sickening sights of the battlefield; suffice it to say that all the harrowing descriptions of the great writers of war were borne out and even eclipsed.

I safely reached the bottom of the wood. The barrage here was less noticeable. Another regiment occupied the trenches. One of the officers—a stranger to me—barred the way. He held a drawn revolver and looked at me threateningly. My British waterproof and cap evidently aroused suspicion.

"Who are you?" he asked, pointing the weapon.

I told him.

Whether he was unable to hear me amidst the din or whether he was not in entire possession of his faculties, I cannot say. He did not seem to understand. Brandishing his revolver, he shouted:

"Your papers."

Fortunately, I had them ready. Keeping his weapon pointed at my breast, he read my pass several times, but from the expression of his face I could see that he did not understand what he was reading. At this juncture a soldier came up. He was one of Rown's orderlies. Saluting, he pointed to me and said:

"Mr. Englishman, Correspondent."

The officer looked at me, lowered his weapon, handed me back my pass, and waved his hand. He went off into a side trench among his own men.

It was high time for me to rejoin Rown. Another nervous officer, and I might be laid low by a Russian bullet. Turning to my soldier friend I asked him if he could lead me to the dug-out. He said that he had come to fetch me.

The complete solitude that reigned in the magnificent Austrian trench was even more depressing than the horrors of the battlefield, although there was comparatively little danger there. I descended the precipitous stairs. The bomb-proof was filled with ammunition boxes and fitfully illuminated by a tallow candle. Rown lay on his couch. Beside him stood two of his orderlies. The boy who had brought our dinner was weeping silently. Rown's neck was enveloped in a mass of bandages, while a scarlet trickle of frothy blood oozed out of the corner of his mouth. His face was ghastly pale. He seemed to be unconscious. I went up to him and took his hand. He seemed to revive and tried to speak. A confused murmur came from his lips. Taking out my field dressing I wiped the blood away and bent down to his face.

"Thank God you are safe!"

He brought out the words painfully, with great effort, and in a hoarse whisper.

"My number is up," he added.

I comforted him as best I could, and then told him we were going to take him to the field hospital.

But he whispered:—

"No, I am done for."

For two hours I fought for this man's life, cradling him in my arms like a little child. He would not let the soldiers touch him. I had sent one of them out to fetch stretcher-bearers, but none could be found; they were all engaged.

With a tent and the poles forming the balustrade of the dangerous staircase they improvised a pair of stretchers under my directions. I then realized that we could not carry him up the stairs; they were too steep and narrow. So lifting him in my arms I mounted, ascending backwards. It was a terrible strain, but I managed to get to the top. We laid him on the improvised stretcher and the four of us carried him over the top and rushed with our burden across the shell-swept valley.

How we succeeded in carrying him over the

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swampy ground and across the brook I cannot say. My heart was almost bursting under the strain. Alas! the barn that had sheltered us on the previous day was now a heap of smouldering ruins. The poor fellow was choking with blood and implored me not to carry him along in the open, so we got into a communication trench, wading in mud, and lifting the stretchers to get around the traverses; making frequent halts ever seen. Hundreds and hundreds of poor fellows with bloodstained heads and bodies stood patiently awaiting their turn.

Rown was taken at once into a dug-out where one of his regimental surgeons examined him and applied a fresh dressing.

"A bad case," he said to me. "But not altogether hopeless."

Rown was transferred to a proper stretcher

"Brandishing his revolver, he shouted: 'Your papers.'"

because my strength was spent and Rown was choking.

This Calvary seemed to be unending. And on our right, streaming across the open ground, there marched or hobbled or limped a procession of the wounded. We were being shelled and sniped without mercy. At first I had thought that the Germans were trying to prevent our reserves from coming up. Now I understood that they were deliberately firing upon the wounded. A fit of rage against these inhuman beasts suffused my whole being. I would go on until I dropped rather than leave Rown to perish at their hands. Two mortal hours we struggled along and came at last to a sunken road where the regimental dressing stations were concealed. That road presented the most awful sight I had

and placed in a hooded two-wheeled ambulance cart. I got in and laid myself down on the bare boards beside him. It began to rain and the water came in through the rents of the hood upon us. Rown, poor fellow, suffered torture from the jolting. I had used up the last of my stock of cotton wool wiping away the blood from his mouth before we reached the Divisional Field Hospital. There he was conveyed to the officers' ward. I bade him good-bye, promising to return as soon as I could. But I never saw him again. He was evacuated that same evening, and only twelve days later died of blood-poisoning at Smolensk. His wife, on receiving my telegram, had come to Minsk, but by a blunder was directed to go to Moscow. Thence she had wandered to and fro until she finally

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found him. He had died half an hour before her arrival! In the letter that I afterwards received from her she upbraided herself for having encouraged Rown to apply for active service after he had been thrice wounded. "And now my poor Shura (diminutive for Alexander) is gone; nothing remains for me except to rejoin him. I am volunteering for a fever hospital."

Some weeks later I received a letter from the Colonel of the Dukhovshchina Regiment. He had been laid low by serious illness. He wrote:—

"After the action my first impulse was to recommend you for the St. George's Cross, and notwithstanding my sickness I sent in a report of what you had done; and had I been physically able I should have come to offer you in person the thanks of the whole regiment. The men themselves came to me and related how splendid you had behaved during that terrible fight. We shall be glad that you consider yourself one of us. We all appreciate the fact that you were in no wise bound to do what you did."

Colonel Kalinovsky also sent me his portrait, with the following inscription:—

"To a gallant and high-minded Englishman who went into action with the Dukhovshchina Regiment and set an example of bravery, self-sacrifice, and mercy that will for ever impress his good name on the battle records of the Regiment."

I now decided to return to Minsk. First I had to pay my respects to General Ragoza, whose headquarters were at Nieshvish, the domain of the Radziwills. I had already taken my seat in the staff car when General Irmanov asked me to alight, and then requested me to take off my overcoat. I was nonplussed. Turning to his A.D.C. he took something from his hand and, to my astonishment, pinned the medal of St. George on my breast.

"I could not let you go away without some mark of my appreciation, and as Commander of a group of Army Corps I fortunately have the right to award the medal to a civilian." He gave me the accolade. The guard presented arms.

General Ragoza, on his part, awarded me another medal of St. George, and later I received one from General Dragomirov. These honours were, however, to be eclipsed by the bestowal of the Cross, which is never given to civilians. It was awarded to me by special Imperial decree, and the late Emperor Nicholas himself explained that it was the first case during the present war when an unattached civilian was so honoured. The Imperial order, issued to the General Headquarters Staff, was couched in the following terms:—

"The representative of the *Times* newspaper, the British subject Robert Wilton, during the attack by the 267th Dukhovshchina Regiment in Skrobowo Wood, on the 25th June, 1916, was in attendance upon Captain Rown, commanding the 4th Battalion, carried out his orders and, knowing the Russian language, heartened the men. When Captain Rown was mortally wounded, Robert Wilton, at the risk of his life, carried him out of the battlefield and rendered medical aid. For this exploit Robert Wilton has been awarded the St. George's Cross."

In the presence of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams the Czar thanked me for my "services to the cause." These honours, flattering as they were, appealed less to me than the memory of Skrobowo Wood and the good, simple peasant soldiers. Later King George was pleased to grant me "unrestricted" permission to wear my Russian war decorations. But a telegram, handed to me at Mogliev, cast a gloom over me. It was from our War Office. My son, an officer in our Grenadier Guards, had been severely wounded on the Somme.

Colonel Kalinovsky. The Colonel sent the Author this portrait of himself as a token of his bravery in going into action with his regiment.

(To be continued.)

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Harnessing a Volcano

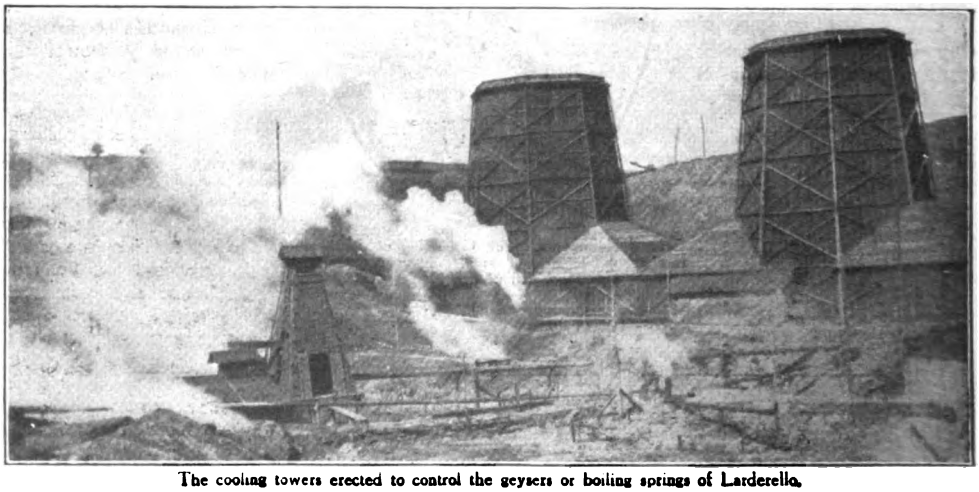
by Fabricio Sarti

An account of the remarkable industrial and commercial uses to which Italian engineers have suceeeded in putting the volcanic forces which exist in the sub-soil of certain parts of Italy, together with some of the grotesque mishaps which were brought about by the application of volcanic power to domestic purposes.

IF you could be heated, laundried, lighted, bathed, and have your cooking done, without any trouble, and all for next door to nothing; if into the bargain you could raise spring cabbages for a mere trifle, and new potatoes all the year round, not to speak of obtaining all the motive and hydraulic power you required, you would probably wish to move into a neighbourhood where such desirable conditions prevailed.

As a matter of fact, there is a place where all this—and a great deal more — exists, but it is situated in a somewhat inaccessible part of Italy, rather too far off, under existing conditions, to catch the Tube to the City, or the Elevated Railroad to Broadway.

The district of Pisa, in Tuscany, is largely of volcanic origin. In some parts of the province, and more especially in the neighbourhood of the little town of Larderello, the boiling springs which exist in the subsoil issue to the surface in the form of numerous and powerful "gushers" or "geysers" of hot vapour or steam. These gushers, or jets of steam, are known locally as "saffioni," and the evaporated steam finds its way into a large number of small pools or "lagoni." Though these jets of steam, issuing through fissures in the granite, must have existed for many thousands of years, it was not until about a hundred years ago that they were discovered to contain a substance of great commercial value. Some scientists visiting the pools, or "lagoni," found out that the waters contained, in a state of dissolution, a very considerable quantity of boracic acid. It was soon discovered that the boracic acid came from the jets of steam issuing from the soil near by, and, provided



The cooling towers erected to control the geysers or boiling springs of Larderello.

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A view of the town of Larderello with its numerous volcanic steam jets which have been harnessed for a variety of purposes.

means could be invented to evaporate the waters of the "lagoni," the boracic acid would fetch a good price.

Boracic acid was discovered in 1702, but as it has never been found possible to synthesize the product with a view to its artificial manufacture, chemists are dependent upon natural sources for its supply. Until comparatively recent times, boracic acid was in great request as an antiseptic, but has now been replaced by other and more powerful substances. Boracic acid continues, however, to be in great demand, both in its crude form and in the form of the various boraxes derived from it, for soldering, enamelling, glazing, and dyeing purposes. It is likewise used in the manufacture of soap, and even as a substitute for that useful article.

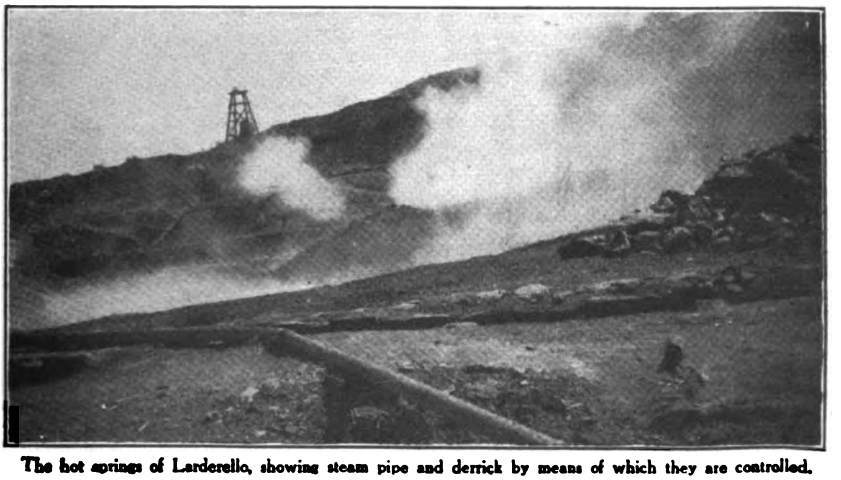
Most of the boracic acid in use to-day comes from Italy, especially from the Pisa district. Recently, huge deposits have been located in Asia Minor, but the war has prevented the development of these deposits for industrial purposes.

The "saffioni" round about Larderello are saturated with the acid, which, as the steam evaporates into the pools, settles at the bottom of the "lagoni." It is supposed that the streams of hot steam passing at great pressure, and at a high temperature, through the underground fissures of the rock, act as a dissolvent upon the tourmalin in the granite, and separate the acid from the boron, carrying it automatically along to the surface.

The first attempts made to evaporate the waters of the "lagoni," so as to secure the acid, were very primitive. Ovens were bored around the pools. These ovens were filled with wood, and kept alight until the waters had evaporated. This was a long and tedious process, and by the time the boracic acid was secured it proved so costly as scarcely to pay for production.

Other and more modern processes were afterwards tried, but none of them proved satisfactory until an Italian engineer hit upon the very simple idea of utilizing the "saffioni," or steam jets themselves, as the heating power for the evaporization of the acid-laden waters. The natural pools into which the jets of steam projected the acid they contained were abandoned altogether, and around the aperture of each "saffioni" or jet of hot vapour, as it issued from the soil, there were built small reservoirs of rough masonry jointed with clay. These were filled with water from the pools, and the action of the hot vapour churning the water soon brought it almost to boiling-point. At the end of twenty-four hours it was found that the water contained about one and a half per cent. of acid. By means of a wooden pipe the water was conveyed into a second reservoir built round a second "saffioni," where it was further enriched by acid. After being transferred into half-a-dozen different reservoirs built round different jets, the water was sent into a decanting tub or basin, where it deposited the earthy impurities held in suspense.

From the decanting basin the water is sent into special evaporators. These evaporators consist of long wide sheets of undulated lead, two hundred and fifty feet in length and eight feet wide, turned up at each side. These leaden sheets are placed on an incline, and the



The hot springs of Larderello, showing steam pipe and derrick by means of which they are controlled.

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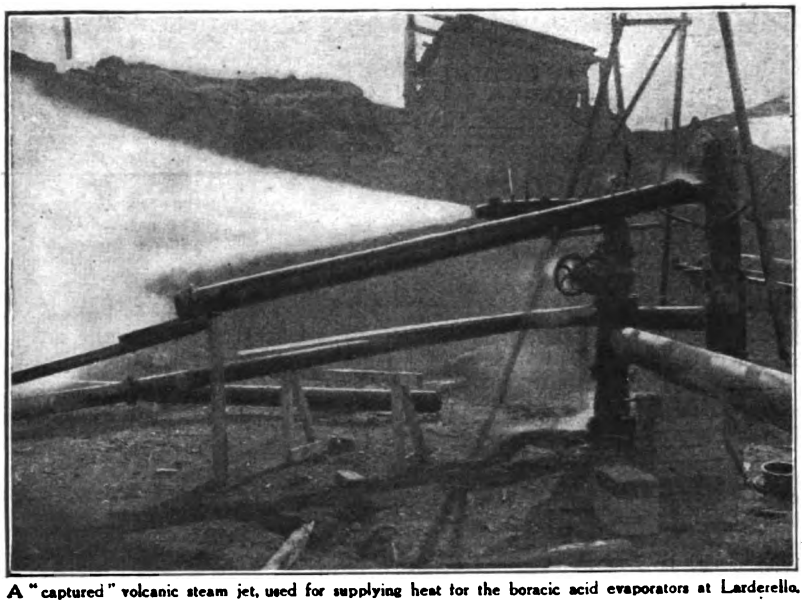

A "captured" volcanic steam jet, used for supplying heat for the boracic acid evaporators at Larderello.

acid-charged waters trickle slowly over the wavy sheets of lead, which are heated by hot steampipes passing underneath. As the acid-charged water trickles over the hot, wavy, leaden plates, it evaporates under the action of the heat, and deposits the boracic acid.

The hot steam is derived directly from the natural vapour underground, but instead of utilizing the ordinary "saffioni," or vapour-jets, for the purpose, it was considered preferable to make separate artesian borings to a distance of one hundred feet or so underground. The steam was tapped with such force, that unless special precautions had been taken beforehand the rush of subterranean vapour would have caused a serious accident. Indeed, the artesian borings brought ups team-jets with a pressure of no less than nine atmospheres at a speed of one hundred and seventy-five yards to the second, and at the great heat, in some borings, of one hundred and ninety degrees Centigrade or six hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit.

The discovery that such vast subterranean power lay at the disposal of the engineers soon led to the installation of powerful dynamos. It was first found necessary to purify the steam of its gaseous matters, for otherwise the machinery would have quickly become corroded.

Within a few years the engineers had tapped, by short artesian borings, quite a number of "hydro-volcanic" power-jets. A single one of these, the "Ponta Anna" bore, produces two thousand three hundred horse-power, whilst another, the "Venella" bore, produces one thousand two hundred and sixty horse-power.

The power-houses were soon supplying hydro-volcanic energy to a considerable number of factories, and in what was formerly a deserted district there sprang up the town of Larderello. Not only so, but there ensued the natural desire to turn this volcanic power to domestic use, and some of the engineers and factory managers had their dwellings fitted up with piping, so as to get heat in winter and fuel for cooking, for the heat is sufficiently great to bake a joint in an oven in half an hour. It is, however, dangerous to "monkey about" with the subterranean forces of Nature, and early experiences were accompanied by a number of accidents and mishaps.

One of the factory engineers, whose house had recently been fitted with the hydro-volcanic heating apparatus, was aroused in the middle of a heavy sleep by a roaring sound like a locomotive blowing off steam. He turned on the electric

One of the volcanic steam borings at Larderello. Observe the powerful rush of steam vapours.

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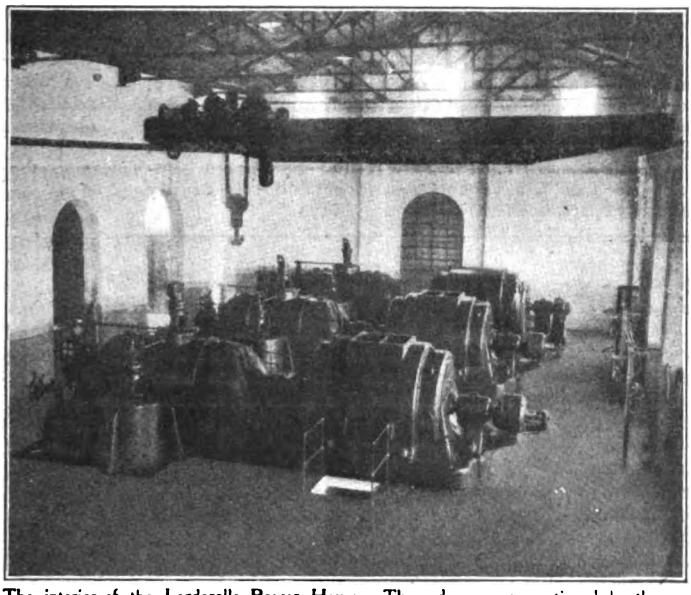
light—which was also supplied by the dynamos worked by volcanic power—to discover a geyser of boiling water bubbling up in the middle of his bedroom and filling the room with steam. He had just time to jump out of bed and make his way out into the street in his dressing-gown, when the geyser assumed gigantic proportions and burst with a roar through the roof of the house, soon reducing the entire building to pulp. It seems that, in some way, the control cap of one of the main tubes, as the steam issued from the bore, had become partially unscrewed, with the result that the full force of the bore had found its way into the engineer's house and burst the hot-water piping under the floor of his bedroom.

It took several hours before the geyser could be got under control.

On another occasion an Italian cook, on returning from market and entering her kitchen, was horrified and amazed to discover the whole of her pots and pans on the long kitchen range jumping about as though bewitched. The range was heated by steam radiators from one of the volcanic bores, and the metal of the radiators was of an undulating wavy form. Owing to a sudden increase in the subterranean velocity of the steam jet from the bore, the steam had ruptured the control cocks and had come throbbing through the heaters in jerks, imparting a gyratory movement to every one of the kitchen utensils on the range.

One morning, too, a stout factory manager had such a fright, whilst in his bath, that he resolved never again to take any baths the water of which was supplied by hydro-volcanic process. The bath was fitted with a hot and cold douche apparatus which, instead of descending from the roof over the bath, came from an aperture in the bottom of the bath-tub, in the form of an "ascending" douche, as it is called.



The interior of the Larderello Power House. These dynamos are actioned by thermo volcanic power tapped in the bowels of the earth, and which is used to heat the boilers that run the dynamos.

On that particular occasion the main geyser from one of the bores had suddenly taken on a "spurt" of two or three minutes, causing the hot water in the main pipe to rush with increased velocity, and rupturing the control tap. The water, in the form of a hot and cold mixed "douche," suddenly shot up from below the bath with such tremendous force as to rupture the rivets and send the man taking his bath three or four feet into the air before he could recover himself. Happily the mixture of cold with hot water prevented what might have been a serious accident.

The municipal laundry, in which all the hot water is supplied from the bores, is another luxury due to the existence of hydro or thermo-volcanic power. Before the scientific system of controlling the steam at the output of the bores was brought to its present state of perfection, it not infrequently happened that a sudden wave of "power" would play havoc with the machinery which supplied the hot water to the laundry. On one occasion all the "laundry" of the town of Larderello was sent flying in all directions, and there being a high wind blowing at the time many of the articles were recovered in the plain several miles away. All these little mishaps no longer occur, so perfectly are the main thermic-power bores now under control.

The Larderello "saffioni" are invaluable to the local market gardeners, who are so able to regulate the heat of their hot-houses as to produce fruit and vegetables in abundance all the year round.

The Larderello vapour jets and the intelligent industrial use to which they have been put by Italian engineers have attracted the attention of scientists to the immense possibilities that lie in the systematic and rational utilization of the hidden subterranean forces of Nature.

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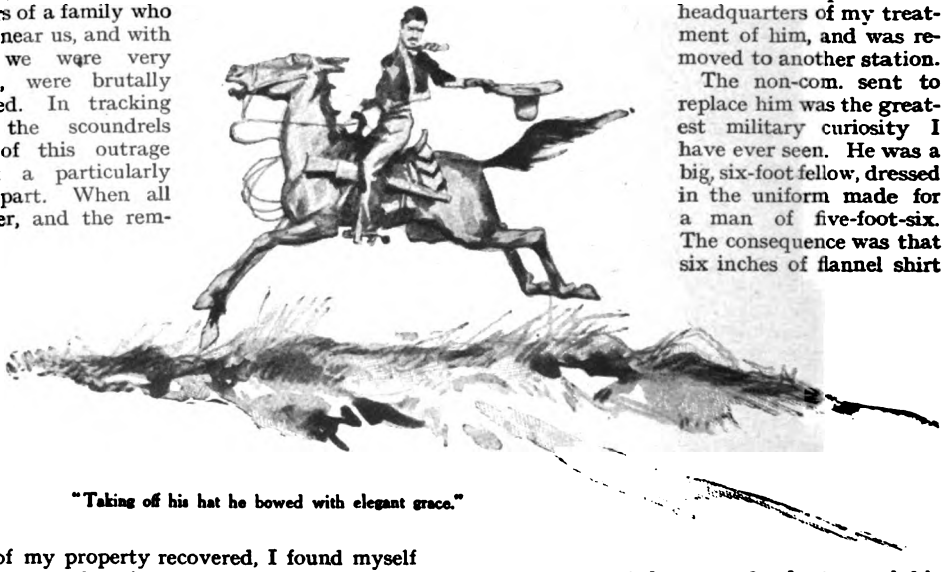
A Cunning Hiding Place

By John Morse

Illustrated by G. Henry Evison

An Englishman's adventures while upholding the law in Uruguay, South America. He set out to capture a notorious outlaw who had many murders to his credit. He traced him to an inn, and here the search was painfully protracted on account of the novel yet ingenious method by which the bandit had concealed himself. "The story is true," says the Author, "and one of my actual experiences in my young days."

FORTY years ago, in company with a man named Harmer, I started a cattle-ranch near Salto, in Uruguay. A few months later, during my absence in Salto, the ranch was raided by a party of bandits, and Harman, and also the members of a family who resided near us, and with whom we were very friendly, were brutally murdered. In tracking down the scoundrels guilty of this outrage I took a particularly active part. When all was over, and the remnants of my property recovered, I found myself with no more than four hundred pounds in my pocket, seeking something to do for a living.



"Taking off his hat he bowed with elegant grace."

My little difficulty became known, and it seems the bit of go I had shown in hunting down the murderers had attracted attention. I was called on by a couple of officials and offered a captaincy of police. Rather than be idle I accepted the office, though I well knew that the pay was poor, and that I was liable to be called on to serve as a soldier as well as a policeman.

There were a considerable number of rogues in Uruguay at that time, mostly smugglers and cattle-stealers; and there had been some trouble with both Brazil and Argentine on account of the passing of contraband goods across the Uruguayan frontier; and I was instructed to deal sharply with the offenders.

I was sent to a stockade called Fort Questo, on the Uruguay River, a place garrisoned by twenty men, all of them nearly as black as negroes; though the sergeant, second in command, told me he had nearly as much white blood in his veins as I had. He assumed so many airs and was so insolent that I was compelled to knock him down.

A terrible fellow was this sergeant! He used to cane the men so fiercely that he cut the clothes from their backs, until I stopped him. Then he complained to headquarters of my treatment of him, and was removed to another station.

The non-com. sent to replace him was the greatest military curiosity I have ever seen. He was a big, six-foot fellow, dressed in the uniform made for a man of five-foot-six. The consequence was that six inches of flannel shirt showed all round between the bottom of his jacket and his waistband. His trousers, like those of 'Arry in his Bank Holiday costume, were tight above and bell-bottomed at the ankles, and adorned with fringe down the seams. He wore huge silver spurs as big round as breakfast-plates and a sombrero the size of a parasol.

Of the morals of my company I say nothing. They were a precious crew; but I got on very well with the rascals. I started well, for they

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enjoyed seeing their tyrannical sergeant chastised; and I bullied the authorities for their pay, much in arrears, until I got about three-tenths of it for them; and though I was ever ready to break their necks if they did not behave themselves, I was not hard on them in other ways. So we rubbed along together very well.

The duties of the police were multitudinous, not the least irksome being that of keeping open passages for the cattle through the growth of giant thistles which every season covered the plains.

More exciting work was chasing the contrabandists. These fierce and determined men always showed fight, and I lost six men in the first three months of my service at Fort Questo.

My most extraordinary adventure was the pursuit of a scoundrel known as "Black Hawk." This fellow used to enter lone houses with a revolver in his hand, and by intimidation obtain all he wished for. Food, money, raiment, jewels, horses, and pretty girls were obtained at his six-shooter's muzzle. Perhaps I ought to except the last article, for, as is often the case with thorough scoundrels, women simply doted on him; and amongst the people he murdered were several husbands and irate lovers who attempted his life.

He was a really terrible fellow, who shot down anyone who resisted him. He was said to have killed scores of persons. This was probably exaggeration; but I had it on official note that he had murdered seven householders, nearly exterminated one family, and shot five policemen who had attempted his capture. He killed two of my best troopers, men I was genuinely sorry to lose. This set my bristles up pretty stiff; but we had great difficulty in flooring the scamp. When chased he often disappeared in a remarkable way which puzzled us much.

On the road between Salto and Malo, which he commonly frequented, there was a low tavern, known as the Joseph and Mary, where he often lodged. He was followed into this place many times, but his pursuers could not find him. His remarkable disappearances became the talk of the whole country; and I got a hint or two from my superiors which I considered a reflection on my ability for the office I held.

My men surrounded the tavern on several occasions when Black Hawk was seen to enter it, and hammered walls, sounded floors, and crawled over roofs, examining every space that could conceal a rat—all in vain. The fellow might have been sunk five fathoms deep, or taken a trip to Mars. He was not in the Joseph and Mary.

The inn was placed in the middle of a small "compound," as it would be called in India, and was surrounded by a high, thick-set thorn-hedge, which no man or horse could possibly break through or get over. There were two huge gates, made of stout planks, and hinged to massive square posts. These were situated on opposite sides of the house, and afforded the only means of entering or leaving the place.

Putting all other duties aside, I took the pursuit after this criminal in hand myself, in good earnest; and receiving information that he had committed a daring outrage at a farmer's house in the neighbourhood, I was in the saddle in less than two minutes and, accompanied by a squad of my fellows, rode in hot haste to Pitos Rinaco.

The place was only eight miles distant, and in half an hour from the moment of receiving the news I was within sight of the farm. Black Hawk saw our approach and bolted. He was splendidly mounted and went like the wind without any apparent urging of his horse.

I had a good mount myself, but only one of my men could keep up with me; and I could see pretty plainly that the fleeing man was not putting his best leg foremost as yet. He appeared to enjoy the pursuit immensely, and although we never got nearer than two hundred yards we could hear him laugh sarcastically, and sometimes he sang ribald songs, especially when we fired a few shots at him in the hope that a lucky fluke would bring him

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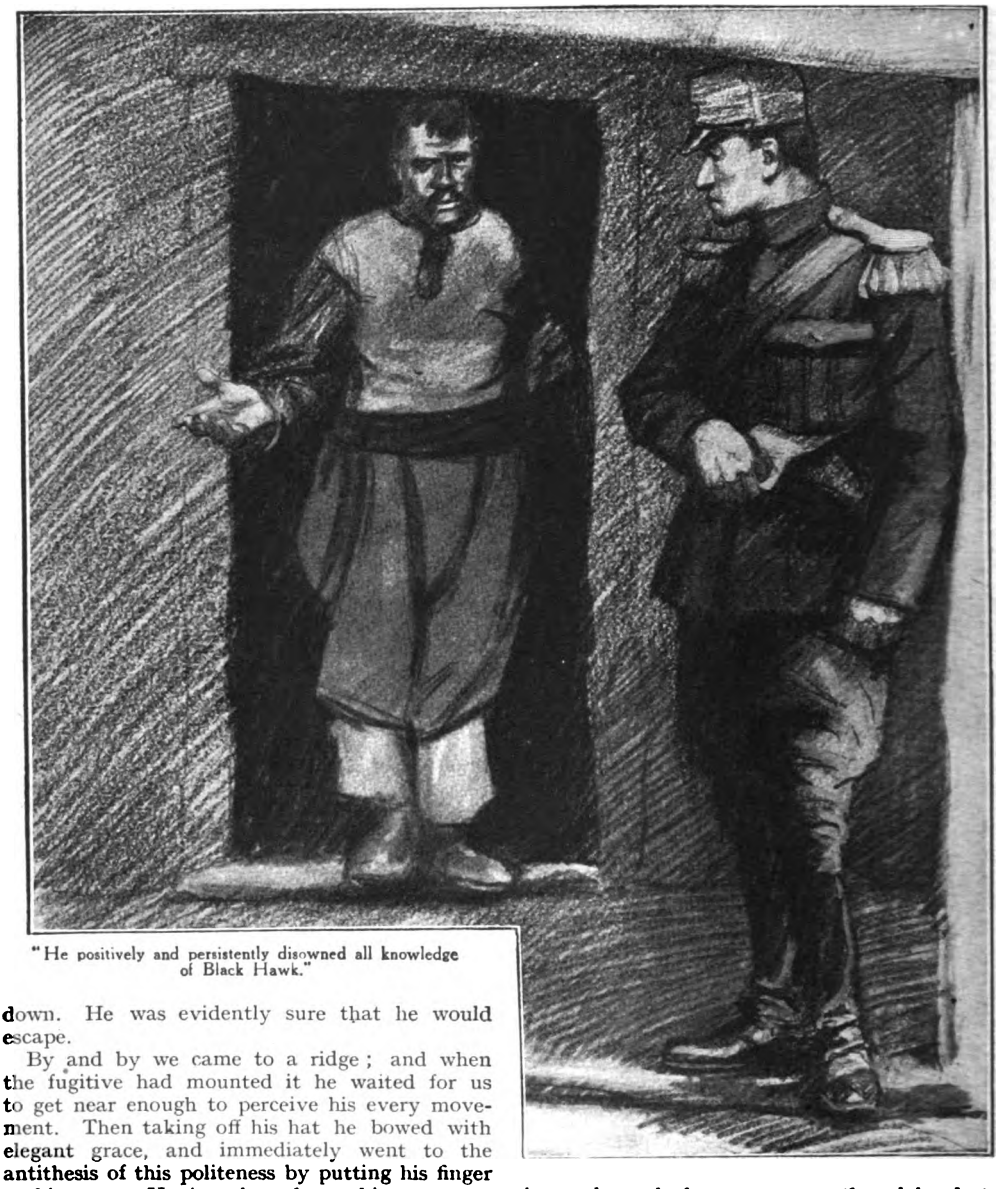

"He positively and persistently disowned all knowledge of Black Hawk."

down. He was evidently sure that he would escape.

By and by we came to a ridge; and when the fugitive had mounted it he waited for us to get near enough to perceive his every movement. Then taking off his hat he bowed with elegant grace, and immediately went to the antithesis of this politeness by putting his finger to his nose. Having thus shown his contempt of us he resumed his flight with a loud laugh.

The top of the ridge was a wide plain, in the midst of which was the Joseph and Mary; and I perceived that Black Hawk was making for the inn. He tore along at a rate that gained him at least ten yards in a hundred, and it struck me that he was anxious for time to hide himself when he reached his shelter. On previous occasions when he had been traced to this place no horse had been found.

When he reached the Joseph and Mary I was about four hundred yards behind him, but I distinctly saw him dismount and strike his horse a smart blow with the lasso, which he had doubled up in his hand. The animal instantly rushed away across the plain, but I was too intent on the movements of the man to notice in which direction it went.

The gates of the inn were open when he reached them, but were closed the moment he entered. I ordered my man to ride round to the other gate, and not to take his eyes off it on any account. Then I waited until the arrival of the rest of my little band, which took place in about half an hour.

Down to this time I had harboured some suspicions. The stories of the mysterious disappearance of Black Hawk were a little too good. I suspected that the police were corrupted by him and connived at his escape. But the man I had now put on sentry at the other gate was

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an old fellow whom neither angels nor diabolos could seduce. I knew I could trust him because he was a born policeman: a fellow whose one delight in life was to make a "cop." So I was sure that I had caged Black Hawk at last.

On the arrival of my reinforcements I had six men at command. I placed two to guard either gate, and two at my back, in case Black Hawk should show sharp talons. I knew the proprietor of the place to be a finished rogue and sneak, but I had not been able to gather sufficient evidence against him to induce my chiefs to prosecute him.

I demanded admittance, and the gates were opened without delay. Mine host was obsequious, and assured me that I was mistaken in thinking that anybody was hiding on his premises. He positively and persistently disowned all knowledge of Black Hawk, or any other coloured bird of prey. Certainly a *señor* had stopped at the Joseph and Mary, partaken of wine, and gone on his way. I told him that I knew better, and that Black Hawk was in the house.

"The *señor* was mistaken," he assured me. "The *señor* does not believe it!" Mine host was deeply hurt that his veracity was doubted: he could only repeat that the gentleman with the curious name had gone away; and he looked round for something to expound another lie upon. His wicked little, ferret-like eye alighted on the silent policeman—the incorruptible one.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with emphasis, "the wicked Horolbarlotto!" Mine host remembered as a boy that Horolbarlotto had been beaten and beaten and beaten, and yet was always a young thief. But what could one expect from a little rogue who was five parts Indian and ten parts devil, and had probably as many fathers as parts? Would not the young thief grow up an old thief; and would not such a worthless man permit a whole flock of Black Hawks to escape for the sum of half a dollar?

Mine host's already deeply hurt feelings increased to an agony when he perceived that the *señor* was not at all impressed by his oratory, and that the taciturn Horolbarlotto did not consider it necessary to refute any part of his scandalous charge—not even the five parts brown to the ten parts black!

I dumbfounded the tricky old rogue by arresting the whole family on my own responsibility. He sat down on a bench and wept so bitterly that I really was a little sorry for him; but duty is duty, and so I prepared to remove my prisoners, preparatory to searching the house to its very foundations. These consisted of the old man, two strapping sons, who appeared to be boobies, their mother, and a plump, neatly-ankled little baggage of twenty years, who was very pretty and quite aware of it. She made a determined effort to get at my eyes, and I think she said my liver, too. Her language was astonishing, considering her sex and age; but by and by she proved to be a chosen mate of Black Hawk.

I risked entrusting the prisoners to two men only, and I sent orders down to the post that as many men as possible were to be collected and marched up to the inn.

Then I set to work. I was quite sure that Black Hawk was on the premises, and I declared I would not go until I had found him. There were tools lying about, and I broke up all floors and the foundation of the house, keeping guards on both gates to prevent escape by that means. I convinced myself that there was no subterranean exit from the place. I pulled the roof off and broke great holes in the walls; there was not a sign of the wanted man. I was so puzzled that I felt almost as if my reason were leaving me; for I would have sworn in any court that the man could not have left the premises without being seen.

My extra men did not begin to arrive until the next morning, and when they came there was nothing for them to do. There was plenty of food and wine in the place. The first I permitted the men to help themselves to; but I placed an embargo on the wine, which I served out in toothfuls. Some I permitted to be sold, for the inn was, for this part of the world, on a well-frequented road, and I could not leave the hungry and thirsty to trudge on to the next tavern, a distance of nearly twenty English miles.

Amongst these customers was an old Scotch carle, who might have been a beggar in the opinion of those who do not look deeper than the coat. He was really a man of substance, and I had met him several times previously, and had a "crack" or two with him. So I told him now what had happened, and asked if he could suggest an explanation of the mystery; but it was even more than a "long head" could fathom.

He could, however, tell a strange story which seemed to have a distant bearing on it. He had more than once passed a riderless horse on the road, though this was not so curious a circumstance as a similar thing on the great North Road would be. Many ranch-owners train their horses to go home long distances. A man, for instance, will ride into a town twenty or thirty miles away from home on business—or, more probably, a spree—that will detain him a week. He sends home his horse, and at the end of the week returns on an animal obtained by begging, borrowing, or stealing. (Horses are as plentiful as blackberries in this country.)

The mystery was not explained. The horse seen by Mr. Macfarlane had, no doubt, gone to some well-known haunt of Black Hawk; had the man followed it? Many of my men had more of the Indian than any other race in their blood, and were dabsters at following a track. I sent off two or three of them to try to find the horse, and report. By the time they had ridden off the second night had set in. I stuck to the inn, for I felt certain my man was still in its neighbourhood. I had begun to cut down the thorn-hedge and examine the ground all round—a work I was determined to finish before I left the inn.

I was very careful in the posting of sentries, and I had more of them on duty this night. The Indians are very superstitious, and the half-breeds even more so; and about midnight one of them came and awoke me. His legs were

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trembling under him and he stuttered with fright. He had seen a spirit (devil, he called it), who had sneezed in his face and pushed him nearly off his legs.

I was furious, as I believed he had permitted Black Hawk to escape; but Horolbarlotto was at hand with his stolid common sense, and declared that though he had heard the sneeze, nobody had appeared or passed out at the gate. The man, on the other hand, was positive that somebody had stood before him and pushed him back. He had been too much frightened to note what became of the somebody.

The sergeant also had heard the sneeze, and expressed the opinion that it came from the sentry himself, who had been dozing and dreaming. My subordinate thought we had better retire and wait for a more opportune time to find our prey; but I declared my intention to wait at least until all the men I had sent out to look for the horse had returned.

A hollow groan behind me greeted the expression of this intention. I was standing beside one of the huge gate-posts, and I looked round it, expecting to see the groaner on the other side. Then a panel in the post slipped down, and Black Hawk stood before us. The secret was out at last! The door-posts were partly hollow, and closed by sliding panels; and in them the outlaw was in the habit of concealing himself when badly pressed by his enemies.

Simple as it seemed, it had not occurred to us that these solid-looking posts were deceptive. In the others we found some curious objects, including five complete skeletons—those of travellers who had been murdered, we conjectured.

Black Hawk, whose real name was said to be Louis Lopes Sanrientes, a man of respectable birth, was dreadfully cramped and exhausted by his long stand in a hiding-place in which he could neither stoop nor turn round. He had, he said, a very bad cold; for the nights are chilly in this district. He told me that he had suffered terribly in his post-hole hiding-place, and when he heard my determination to remain at the inn another twenty-four hours he felt he could not endure it, and determined to end his misery by surrendering himself.

"She made a determined effort to get at my eyes."

He was sent, with the other prisoners, down to Colonia for trial, as it was believed they would be lynched if tried in the department where captured. Mine host was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and the others were severely punished, even the saucy little baggage being sent to a penitentiary.

Black Hawk's fate can be recorded in two words—*El garrote*.

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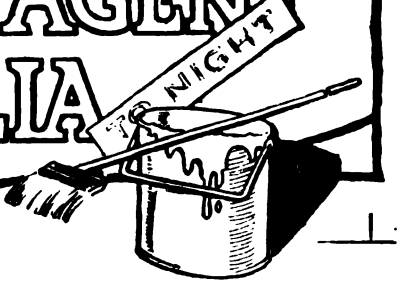
An ADVANCE AGENT in AUSTRALIA



By CAPTAIN HERBERT C. KENT

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS HENRY.

An "advance agent" is the man who precedes a theatrical company when on tour. His duties are many and his position important. In the following entertaining narrative the Author gives an account of his experiences—humorous and tragic—while fulfilling this rôle in the Southern Hemisphere.

AUSTRALIA has been called the land of "magnificent distances," but that very faintly expresses the truth, as we members of the "profession" often find out to our dismay.

Theatrical people generally do well in the big cities near the coast, and often at smaller towns which are situated on or near a railway; but there are times when, owing to the fact that business is overdone in these places, enterprising managers organize small companies and travel with them far from the beaten tracks.

In such cases, after leaving the railway towns, coaches are hired, and a company will travel long distances into the interior or "across country" visiting districts situated between main railway lines.

As high prices are usually charged for admission, they frequently do well, although occasionally such expeditions end in disastrous failure. In these latter cases the manager generally "divvys up" all the available treasury, and each member gets back to Sydney or Melbourne the best way he or she can.

The reader will understand that the success of this kind of tour depends very much upon the ability and energy of the "advance agent," who always travels ahead to "bill the town," engage halls and lodgings for the members of the company, and, in fact, transact all business except the settlements, which are, of course, left to the manager. It is generally understood that the advance agent fills the house the first night, "and the company keeps it full afterwards."

It must not be imagined that any kind of person can take up the duties of an advance agent; for such is not the case. In the first place, he must have a good appearance. Then he must have the cheek of "Old Scratch" himself, for he is often jammed up in tight corners from which he can only extricate himself by a glib tongue and not too strict an adherence to the truth. One of his principal duties is to secure first-class accommodation at hotels and boarding-houses at second-class rates;

"He must have the strength of a railway porter."

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"'Oh, go and shoot yourself!' would be the final remark from this amiable young lady, as she kicked the door open."

for he sometimes carries the whole "treasury" in his waistcoat-pocket—except, perhaps, just enough to bring the company up behind—and many times gets the whole crowd out of a grave difficulty, with nothing to go upon but unlimited impudence and a waxed moustache.

Then he must be as good a tactician as the Minister for War, or he might engage a room at the hotel for Miss A. with two windows, and at the same time bespeak one for Miss B. with only one window.

He must also have the strength of a railway porter, so that he can carry the various "wardrobes" from the coach to their several destinations; for be it known to the uninitiated, these trunks often contain more bricks (to make weight) than clothing!

He is also expected to take any part necessary on the stage, in case Mr. G. has a headache or Mr. F. has taken a few drops more than he can conveniently carry, which is frequently the case when they get into a good "free drink township."

It is also convenient for him to have a hide like a rhinoceros, so that the broad hints and slurs of the manager shall not reach his "cuticle" or "true skin"; otherwise he might feel annoyed, after spending an evening in the cash-office and taking about seven pounds ten shillings, to hear the manager mention to the 'leading gentleman":—

"H'm! Can't understand it! One hundred and fifty shillings for this house! Why, I counted it from the front and it totalled over twelve pounds."

All this the agent has to swallow daily, and take it smiling. It does not do to mention that half the audience have got in on "paper," freely handed out by the same manager, so that the house shall be full.

The "All Nations" Dramatic Company started out from Melbourne on a tour through Victoria and New South Wales on April 1st, 19—. The company consisted of eight performers, including the manager, Mr. Footlights, and his wife, known to the public and Press as "Miss Evangeline Fortescue." There were two other male performers, who were both proficient in their own particular business, a "utility" man and a "prop." The company "topped up" with two other ladies, both clever, able performers, but holy terrors to growl!

I kept clear of Miss X. and Miss Y. as much as possible, but business compelled me to approach them sometimes. Directly I came within hail something of this kind occurred:—

"Mr. Tickets, what made you put me up in a low 'pub' like this? It is not fit for a dog-kennel! Of course, I know I'm nobody. Oh, dear, no! Miss Evangeline Fortescue must have the best accommodation, certainly"—with bitter scorn and tip-tilted nose—"but you might at least put an inferior person like myself

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"His wife simply sat down in a chair and fanned herself with a stocking, and ejaculated, 'Oh, lord! Talk about advance agents!'"

in a decent place and not in a low shebeen like this."

"I assure you, Miss X., this is the best place available in the town."

"Oh, go and shoot yourself!" would be the final remark from this amiable young lady, as she kicked the door open and banged it in my face when she got inside. When I turned away I would probably be attacked on the other flank by Miss Y.:—

"How do you suppose I'm going to get to the theatre from this den? You know the road is all slush and muck, and I shall catch another cold and lose my voice. I suppose that's why you got me lodgings a mile away! But I won't put up with it." And so on *ad infinitum*.

Then when I went near the "gentlemen" I would meet with just such another reception. The "leading man" generally concluded his plaint with a melancholy shake of his head, as though all hope of life had totally vanished, and a muttered growl:—

"I do like to travel with a respectable company, and an agent who knows the difference between the requirements of a gentleman and a nigger minstrel," etc., etc. Poor old leading gentleman A few weeks ago I read the account of his death in the Dunwich Destitute Asylum in Queensland.

I would then be knocked right off "his bat" into the arms of the manager, who would remark most unfavourably about the price of printing "dodgers," and tell me how much more it cost to "bill a town" than it used to, with some poor unfortunate previous agent, who was probably now in a lunatic asylum.

After leaving Melbourne business lingered until we arrived at Bendigo. It was Christmas-time and all the moneyed folk had gone to the "big smoke" to spend the festive season. The result was a really bad week, which shook our already tottering exchequer to its very foundation. A council of war was held. The question was—should we follow up the railway-line towards Albury, or hire a couple of coaches and travel *viâ* B—— and C——, two digging townships some distance away from the direct line.

"The ayes had it,' as the Speaker of the House says, and I "advanced" to the new digging town of B——, and was followed the next day by the company.

There were only two hotels at B——, and they were both so bad that it might easily be said that each one was worse than the other; so our ladies were between the devil and the deep sea for once. We arrived on a Saturday, and I secured the only hall the town possessed for three nights, beginning on the following Monday.

The diggings were fairly well populated, although it was holiday-time; the fact was, the people had not money enough to go elsewhere to spend their Christmas. It had been a bad season, and even at the best this place was nearly drained dry.

On Sunday morning Mr. Foothigh's proposed that, as the exchequer had almost reached

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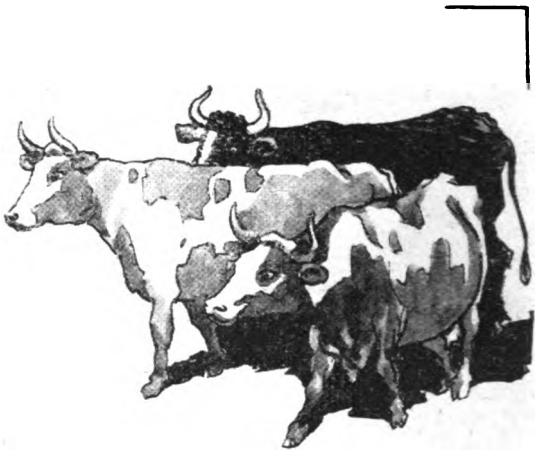

"The front gates being opened, Swipes backed in, clanging the

vanishing-point, a concert should be given that night. This was acceded to by the other members, though not without the usual growl from the females, who were, to use their own expressions, "in a room so small that they had to go outside into the street to dress."

As we had no suitable printed bills ready for the occasion, all hands set to work with note-paper, pens, and ink to improvise some, and a very attractive programme was drawn up, informing the public that "A grand sacred and classical concert will be given to-night at eight o'clock. Doors open at half-past seven, when the whole strength of the greatest company ever seen outside the capital cities will appear," etc.

I went round, in and out of the thousand and one tents, distributing the bills and conversing with the leading citizens, and arrived back at headquarters about six o'clock.

I had taken the precaution to hire the hall for this night additionally, and, in answer to the proprietor's casual question as to what time we should begin, had answered eight o'clock.

As there was no scenery to work and no "props" necessary, I did not hurry over my meal, but strolled across to the place of entertainment about half-past seven. To my astonishment, on nearing the place, I found the Salvation Army were in possession and holding a "blood and fire" meeting to a congregation of about ten, including the captain, a clarionet, and the inevitable big drum.

I rushed off to the proprietor, who was also owner of the "big pub," and asked :—

"Didn't I hire the hall from you for to-night?"

"Ov coorse. But ye said eight o'clock."

"Certainly. We start at eight. But the doors must be open at half-past seven," I said, distractedly.

"Well, the Harmy's got it till eight; but yiz can put yer watch on a bit if ye've got one, and show it ter ther captain, then mebbe he'll knock off rampagin'," and he walked away, leaving me to see it out.

"Put my watch on!" I echoed, bitterly. "Did an advance agent ever own a watch, I'd like to know?"

By this time quite a crowd had collected outside, in answer to my circulars, and, to my intense horror, the captain of the Army came on the step and invited them in :—

"This way, ladies and gentlemen! Come and hear the music and singing, without money and without price—nothing to pay. Hallelujah!"

"Hold on!" I cried out. "Your time's up; I have hired the hall for a concert. This crowd isn't yours; it's mine!"

But my expostulation had about as much effect upon him as King Canute's order had upon the waters of the English Channel; that crowd were not going to pay a shilling a head to hear singing when they could hear it for nothing, with the big drum and clarionet thrown in. So they rushed the place, and in a few minutes it was full to the door.

I went round to the back, and, calling the captain aside, explained matters. He listened quietly, but only replied, with a grim smile :—

"Young man, come in and be saved!"

But our company remained outside, and I regret to say that the language used by the manager was something extremely to the point. In fact, it was so sulphurous that it would have burnt blue if a match had been struck.

For my part, I just had to stand the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" as well as I was able; and they were not in any way lightened when I heard a peal of laughter from one of the ladies of the company, followed by a remark from the other: "It's just a trick of the agent to convert the blooming lot of us. I knew he was a gospel-grinder in disguise."

The following day I went by coach to W——, the next town farther on, for the purpose of preparing the way for a full week's performances. It was sink or swim this time, and it was

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bell lustily, closely followed by a dairy herd of over fifty cows."

understood to be the agent's business to "fill the house" the first night; after that the company should hold it full by the excellence of their work.

I had special instructions to keep possession of the keys of the theatre and never let anyone hold them for a single second, and on no account to allow any "religious-looking person," be he parson, priest, or layman, inside the door upon any pretence whatever.

"They are all as artful as the very deuce," said Footlights, "and they'll start holding forth in the blessed ticket-office if you'll let 'em. I object to any of 'em scooping my pool."

Now, our manager with his wife always made a point of putting up at the best hotel in whatever town we happened to be. As a rule, these houses did not crave after the patronage of the "profession," and I frequently had great difficulties to encounter; but, fortunately for me, as at the place we had just left, the leading hotel-keeper owned the theatre.

I tried my very best to get Mr. and Mrs. Footlights a good room, but Mrs. Bung was obdurate and would only let them have one with a skylight instead of a window.

As I expected, no sooner did the manager see the accommodation meted out to him than he objected strongly.

"Dash it all, we can't even breathe in the hole! Go and tell the old hag we must have some other place."

His wife simply sat down in a chair and fanned herself with a stocking, which she had drawn from her capacious pocket in mistake for a handkerchief, and ejaculated:—

"Oh, lord! Talk about advance agents!"

"You might talk the leg off an iron pot—and I don't misdoubt that yez'd be able to do it," said the landlady, emphatically, "but yez can't talk me into givin' one o' my best rooms to play-actors, expescially at Christmas-time—so that's flat!"

"Well, if they can't have the best room in the house, give them the worst; but for Heaven's sake don't coop two people up in a room like that in midsummer!"

At last she relented, and pointed out a room on the ground floor. "They can have that, and then they only have to cross the yard to the stage-door."

This was agreed upon, so Mr. and Mrs. Footlights "went down lower"; but, at any rate, they had a window in their room, and I said:—

"This room will be handy to dress in, and you can just go over when you hear the call-bell."

During the afternoon I made an effort to hire a band, but without avail, so as a last resource, in hopes of thoroughly waking the town up, I engaged the bellman to go round the streets and announce the arrival of the "Premier Dramatic Company of the Commonwealth. A company of all star performers, unequalled in the Southern Hemisphere," etc.

Now, this bellman, the only one I could get, was near-sighted, and, although he had a voice like a bo'sun's mate, he was a pretty ancient individual ar his enunciation was not of the best, so, although the public knew that when he was "on the job" he had something important to shout about, they also knew that they must get very close to him before they could hear the good tidings.

The natural consequence of these failings on the part of the bellman was that he generally had a crowd close around him, who followed him up as he approached the theatre, in front of which he took his final stand.

On this particular night he started operations right on the outskirts of the town common; in fact, so far away from civilization that his ringing and subsequent declamation were made to a large mob of extremely interested and intelligent cows, who, evidently taking his bell for a "tucker bell," and his long speech for a pressing invitation, closely invested him and

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followed him from one point of vantage to another.

Poor old Swipes, hearing rather than seeing that he had gathered an audience, rapidly fell back towards the theatre, arriving there just about five minutes before the show was to commence. Seeing the crowd advancing through the ill-lit street, I called Mr. Footlights' attention to it.

"Here's luck!" I said; "the old bellman has gathered about two hundred people together, and they're all coming in."

So they were; the front gates being opened, Swipes backed in, clanging the bell lustily, closely followed by a dairy herd of over fifty cows, which, as soon as they got into the yard, began "playing up."

It took all the company and as many bystanders as would help some time to get the cows out again; and the crowd, finding so much fun outside, forgot to go in, but contented themselves by chasing the cows down the street.

Needless to say, the poor agent was blamed for trying to fill the hall with "his relations" on the cheap. However, the house filled fairly well. After the first act the manager had to change his dress, and as there was very little time in which to do it, he rushed over to his room, telling me as he passed to ring the call-bell in good time.

Now, it so happened there was a large empty cask standing in the hotel yard, and while Mr. Footlights was dressing a fiend of a groom had filled it with water and left it standing right between the stage-door and the manager's room. As he did not turn up in time, I went to the door and rang the bell, shouting at the same time: "King Philip, the stage waits!"

Suddenly the bedroom door opened, and the king, dressed in a superb costume, rushed across the yard to "take the stage."

Alas! the light was shining in his eyes, and he did not see the fatal tub right in his track.

The rim of the cask caught the unlucky actor fairly across the thighs—the speed at which he was travelling did the rest. He toppled comfortably into the tub of water, head down, his legs waved in the air as though in feeble protest, for about five seconds, then he settled down, while the bell rang and the call-boy shrieked, "The stage waits!"

"He toppled comfortably into the tub of water, head down, his legs waved in the air as though in feeble protest."

The sight was so extremely comical that I fairly screamed with laughter; in fact, I became so hysterical that I was totally unable to rescue the unfortunate victim. I was joined in a very few moments by the remaining members of the company, who, like myself, became one and all helpless with laughter.

At length an old farmer, who was looking on, seized the tub and turned it upside down, thus for a moment totally extinguishing our "boss." However, by the united efforts of two or three bystanders we managed to lift the tub, and the half-drowned actor lay coiled up on the ground looking like a lump of pressed beef.

By this time the hotel yard was full of delighted spectators, and the theatre empty. Needless to say, there was no further performance in that town.

Early next morning I received my walking ticket, and a week later was back in Sydney, a sadder but a wiser man.

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The Mystifying Stakes

by Stuart Martin
(Of the Canadian War Records)

Illustrated by Arch. Webb.

Despite the blackness of the night and the impossibility of seeing a few yards ahead, the Canadian troops on the Western Front lost heavily in men when they ventured into No Man's Land. A trapper from British Columbia crawled out to investigate, and here is an account of what he discovered and how he outwitted the Huns.

IT is not possible to tell this story as I should like to tell it, for several reasons. In the first place, there are military rules which may not be broken, and in the second place there are personal confidences which must not be outraged. After all, one must keep one's promise—even to a colonel!

There is a peculiar difficulty in writing about a man who prefers to be nameless, but the difficulty may be dismissed by the assurance that this story is true, and that at least one personage who wore gold braid was more than interested in the remarkable, modest exploit of the trapper who came from far British Columbia to the mud-fields of France.

There is fairly good reason to believe that the chill finger of Death has touched this modest, silent hero since he dragged his home-made man-traps across No Man's Land on the Kemmel-Wytschaete sector in January, 1916. So what does his name matter? Surely *you* are not more inquisitive on that score than the boys who shared bully beef with him and watched him go out at nightfall with his little old gun under his arm.

As "The Trapper" he will be remembered best by the battalion to which he belonged. He brought with him into Flanders' fields a breath of the free air of the Western Olympics. No khaki clothing could ever take from him that rugged individualism which asserted itself in his every step, no uniform could embalm his frame in an accepted military mould. Within certain limits he was a law unto himself, and he tracked Huns at night-time as he would have tracked beasts in the prairies and highlands of his homeland.

His compatriots gave him the nickname because of his prowess with his rifle—his very own weapon, which he knew like the palm of his hand—for they were men of imagination besides being men of war, and because they had read the inimitable Gustave Aimard. They knew, being also men of discernment, that the Trapper might well have been the reincarnation of one of that small, glorious band whose home was anywhere on the broad savannas and who often marched to the war-cry of the Comanches, the Pawnees, or the Blackfeet.

It was during the preparations which his battalion was making for one of their big raids into the enemy trenches that the Trapper made his famous *coup*. For several nights scouts had been out inspecting the German wire, patrolling No Man's Land, and endeavouring to get information which Headquarters deemed necessary before launching the main raid; but of those who went out an undue proportion failed to return. The men in the front line could hear, now and then during the night, the sharp crack of German rifles; and in the morning they saw the bodies of the scouts lying near the German wire or but a short distance from it. The few wounded who managed to return reported that they had been hit by snipers, that they had met

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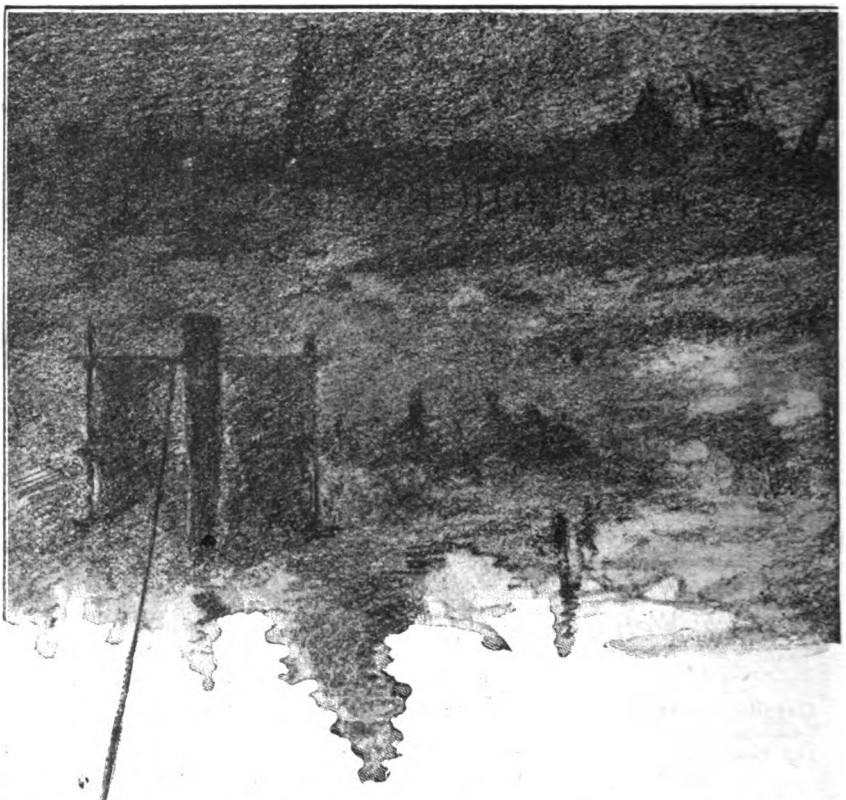

no enemy patrols, and that all seemed quiet in the German trenches.

The Trapper was asked to investigate. He spent a day figuring out the situation, and the question uppermost in his mind was: How did the German snipers find their mark in the darkness? The next night he went out alone, crawling over the ground like a snake, noting every possible mark on the way, and bringing to his aid every trick he had learned in his lonely life in the Far West. Four hours later he walked back to his trench, with his little old rifle slung over his shoulder and a grim smile on his mahogany-coloured features. After he had reported to his officer, he came to his dug-out, where his comrades asked him what had been the result of his exploration.

"Seems to me," explained the Trapper, "that Fritz has more cunning than we give him credit for. Have any of you noticed that beside every one of our boys out there, or near where they are lying, is a small stake scarcely eighteen inches high, some just a little higher?"

Yes, they had noticed that; but there were so many things out in No Man's Land, and the stakes might have been the remains of German wire erections.

"Maybe these stakes were once for holding up wire," said the Trapper, "but each stake has its side facing the German trenches painted with luminous paint. Now, when one of our boys crawls past a stake his form is outlined—and the German snipers are waiting for him. That's why our boys seldom come back."

But the Trapper had a suggestion to make, and with his officer's permission he at once began to execute his counter measures. It took two days to complete his preparations, and during that time he was busy making queer contraptions with odd pieces of wood and bits of old sandbags strung upon the framework.

On the third night he slipped over the parapet again, hauling his man-traps after him. It was a risky job placing the traps as he wanted them, but the Trapper did not fear risk. When he had fixed them into position he ran a wire back to the trench where men were stationed to work in co-operation with him. On receiving a signal—the jerking of a cord which he fastened round his waist—they were to pull the wire gently so that the upper part of the trap would be raised, thus blotting out the phosphorescent light on the stakes.

Satisfied that everything was ready, the Trapper crawled back into the darkness and took up his position. The men in the trench had not long to wait before the cord jerked out its signal. They pulled the wire in slowly. The upper part of the trap rose, a dark mark against the white stake. And just as it rose, crack came the bullet of a German sniper.

Out in the mud the Trapper was lying ready for that sniper. He waited, believing that, as was the German habit, the sniper would fire again to make sure of his victim. The second shot came; but the flash of the rifle gave him away. Hardly had the gleam stabbed the darkness when there was a third flash. It was the Trapper's little old weapon speaking. This was the Trapper's own game as he had played it often in the forests and on the prairies. He never wasted bullets; and he got his man.

Down No Man's Land crawled the Trapper, working the same trick on other snipers—for he

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"Hardly had the gleam stabbed the darkness when there was a third flash. It was the Trapper's weapon speaking."

figured correctly that a sniper would be covering every stake.

In the early hours of the morning he pulled up his traps and came back to the trench, where he met the congratulations of his friends with his usual inscrutable smile.

"Are you going out again to-night?" he was asked.

The Trapper shook his head.

"I guess not," he said. "There'll be no need. The show's over now."

"Why?"

"Fritz is bound to see that something has gone wrong," replied the Trapper, "and anyway, to make sure, I just put a handful of mud over every stake to wipe out the paint."

And Fritz apparently did think that something had gone wrong, for the next night a small patrol of Canadians met a number of Germans who were out examining the stakes, so the Canadians took them prisoners and gravely told them the story of the Trapper's ruse as they marched them back out of harm's way.

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A FATEFUL JOY-RIDE

By TERENCE H. LAMBERT.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. PRATER.

In this story the Author gives a graphic account of life in a Californian camp, and of an adventure on a "speeder" which nearly cost him and his friend their lives.

"I THINK," said Jimmy, "that a whiff of the old pipe would go pretty well before we enter upon the labours of the day. What say you, Terence, my lad?"

"Help yourself, Old-Timer," I replied, as he proceeded to ram home the baccy with his thumb. "Don't mind me."

Jimmy and I were very good friends. To begin with, we were both English, which gave us a certain sense of being fellow-exiles in a far country, and, as will be seen a little later, there was a certain foolishness common to both which made us kindred spirits. In outward appearance we could scarcely be called birds of a feather, as Jimmy was of no great height, but of a most imposing fatness, and when you saw him in his well-worn khaki trousers and flannel shirt, with his old pipe stuck in his mouth and his little shabby cotton sun-hat stuck on the back of his head, and that cheery smile making dimples in his fat cheeks, just to look at him was a sight for sore eyes. Of myself I will only say that I am over six feet high, and am lean and lanky withal.

When you have lived and worked alone with another man in the mountains day after day and week after week, you will find before very long that you have made either a great enemy or a great friend, for you will know your mate's little failings like a book, and respect or despise him accordingly. Some months afterwards I worked in the woods with another chap who —but it is unnecessary to stir up unpleasant memories.

It was the middle of June and the days were intensely hot. The camp was a very small one, occupied by the section boss and his gang of some ten men, mostly Mexicans, who looked after the logging railroad. Jimmy and I had laid our beds out in the open, raised up on a few boards, but the rest of the men lived in a row of small wooden shanties which straggled along the top of a most inhospitable lava-strewn ridge, upon which the burning rays of the Californian sun beat all day long. At night the heat stored up during the hours of daylight was given off for the benefit of us poor mortals. Besides ourselves, the only other inhabitants were a few misguided lizards. A short side-track and a telephone-box complete the description of what is known as Camp Fairview. The view was the only redeeming feature of the place.

As we strolled along the little path which leads from the cookhouse to the shanty where we kept our belongings, we overtook Charlie Washburn, the section boss, who was still heaping imprecations upon the head of a young heifer which he had just driven out of the camp. The ranchers used to turn large numbers of cattle out among the foothills to find their own living as best they could. It seems that they must often have gone hungry, as one of them, more enterprising than the rest, had a day or two previously been found apparently enjoying the tail of a shirt which Charlie had hung out to dry. Hence he was no friend to their kind.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "what are you going to do to-day?"

"Do? Why, I guess I'll about have to go down the track again with some of the boys; there's more steel wantin' cuttin' out down there. I've cut out twenty inches in the last two weeks at one place or another; you wouldn't believe the way the blamed stuff's always creepin' down the hill. And no wonder, too, when you see the way young 'Shortie' on the Fourspot uses it. He don't savvy driving these log-trains any more than a jack-rabbit. Only yesterday he came down half the way with his brakes on and the engine pullin'. And then they wonder when there's a wreck."

Charlie was a pretty good fellow, but had a habit of looking on the cloudy side of life which had earned him the nickname of "Hard-luck Charlie." Just as we were leaving him alone with his grievances, he appeared to suddenly recollect something.

"Say, Jimmy!"

"Halloa!"

"Say, if you and your partner ain't got nothin' better to do after quittin' time to-night, how would you like to take a run down to the Round House and fetch back my speeder? The dispatcher rang me up last night and said they'd done fixin' it. I'd be sure tickled to death to have it back; some of these goldarned greasers say they'll be quittin' the job if they have to walk to work much longer. That old rattletrap over there," he said, pointing to a small motor-speeder standing alone on the side-track, "ain't no use; the darned thing's only good for running down the hill, but I guess you'll be able to get there with it all right."

The distance to the Round House was only about eight miles, and as we were glad to have a chance of breaking the monotony of our existence we eagerly undertook to bring up his speeder for him.

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We certainly had a dandy job at that time —a regular "snap," as they would say out there. Jimmy was chief electrician to the lumber company which owned the whole of the camps and the railroad, and I was his partner. We were living at Camp Fairview for a number of weeks whilst engaged in overhauling the telephone-line which ran up to the logging camps in the mountains from the company's mill and offices, which nestled among the foot-hills some twenty-five miles below. As long as the work got done within a reasonable time we were our own masters. We had a little track bicycle, upon which were hung some coils of wire, our splicing tools, and a few other odds and ends that we were likely to need. When we had to go up the hill we would put ourselves and the bicycle aboard one of the trains of empty cars, and when we were headed down hill we jumped on our machine and off we went. On several occasions we went off in more than one sense, as the whole outfit had a most unpleasant habit of leaving the track without the slightest warning, and usually at a most inconvenient spot—the middle of a trestle-bridge, for example. When our work took us near the river, we would do a little furtive fishing—we always carried our tackle with us. Of course, we kept one ear open to catch the sound of anything approaching along the line, as it might have been the manager on his track automobile. The sun always shone; we worked, ate, and rested when we liked, and we fully realized that we had struck it pretty soft.

As soon as supper was over that evening we were ready to start off for the Round House. The engine misfired most painfully, but luckily it was hardly necessary to use it at all, as for the whole of the eight miles the line ran downhill. I sat in front, while Jimmy sat behind and operated the brake.

As we dropped down, noiselessly save for the ringing of the wheels against the metals, it was impossible not to admire the beauty of the evening. On our left a huge valley lay at our feet, bathed in the slanting rays of the sun, with the town of Tuolumne in the distance. At one moment we would be running round a foot-hill, at another the line would pass through a cutting in the rocks, momentarily shutting out the view. At such times as these it was often impossible to see more than forty feet ahead, as the curves were so acute, which made it advisable to keep a good look-out, as there would be no time to spare in case of emergency.

When we had gone four miles we came to a place called Ralph. There is nothing to see at Ralph but a telephone-box, a side-track, and a couple of small cottages. However, it is really a place of some importance, as it is here that the mountain line connects with the track which runs down to the town of Tuolumne, a distance of about three miles. Little did we imagine at the time that before the evening was out we should have good reason to remember the place.

We stopped, and while I sat on the speeder and listened to the millions of crickets and grasshoppers at their evensong, Jimmy rang up the dispatcher and got a train order, which was good up till midnight. That is to say, the line was guaranteed clear for us till then. The number of the order was thirteen; it was June 13th; yes, and it was a Friday.

When Jimmy came out of the telephone-box I went forward to unlock the switch with the key that Charlie had given us for the purpose. However, there was no need to use the key as someone had already forced the padlock, which was lying near by.

So we proceeded on our way, leaving the switch as we found it, and were soon down at the Round House. I have a vivid recollection that at one place we almost ran over a large snake that lay coiled between the metals; it is a trivial circumstance, but goes to show how clearly the events of that evening are stamped upon my memory.

The night watchman handed over to us the newly-repaired speeder. As we pushed it out on to the main line, we could hear the mill in the distance humming with the drone of the hand-screws, punctuated at intervals by a dull thud as they turned a heavy log on the carriage, while the lights of the mill were reflected in the waters of the lake, from which countless frogs of every size sent up a monotonous croak.

It was necessary to run the machine some way down the track to warm the engine up before she would start properly. This particular car had no handle with which to crank up the engine, so we had to start it by shoving from behind and then jumping on when it got going.

Unfortunately for us (as it turned out afterwards) we had to stop at the store to fill up with more petrol, and it was while we were doing this that we met one of the log-train conductors, Joe Ellis by name. He had been sitting with a whole bunch of the other men who worked at the mill on the steps outside the store, and when we came along he sauntered up in an amiable kind of way with his hat stuck on the back of his head and the usual cigar sticking out of his mouth.

"Halloa, Joe! How are they coming?" said Jimmy, switching off the motor.

"Oh, pretty good. How's yourself?"

"Fine and dandy, thanks."

"Say, if you're going back to Fairview tonight, what are the chances of a lift to Tuolumne? My missus and the kids are there for a time, and if I could drop over and walk back in the morning it would be a joke. It wouldn't be a whole lot out of your way."

The conductors on the log-trains often did us a good turn, slowing down to pick us up, or perhaps throwing out our mail to us as we worked by the side of the track, and I think that was one reason why Jimmy hardly liked to refuse to give him a lift. For myself, I was rather inclined to dissuade him from the idea. It was already past eight o'clock, and although we knew the line was clear, yet our

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train order only entitled us to run from the Round House to Fairview, and not down the hill to Tuolumne. In addition, we had no lights and there was no moon. However, as I had never seen the town, and as I knew the W—— Lumber Company had a large saw-mill there, which we should probably have an opportunity of looking over, I kept my mouth shut; after all, Jimmy was in charge and it was up to him.

All three of us gave her a shove, and jumped aboard as with a cackling roar the speeder started off up the hill.

"You and Joe had better sit well forward," Jimmy shouted. "She'll be more likely to keep the track round the curves then."

Every time the front wheels hit a curve the car would give a violent jerk sideways, which would set one to wondering vaguely what would happen if the whole thing jumped the track. And they often do jump the track, too.

At times the engine tended to misfire, and once when I looked back I saw Jimmy bending over and fiddling with one of the electrical contacts.

"You'd better leave that alone for now," I suggested, "and keep your eyes on the track."

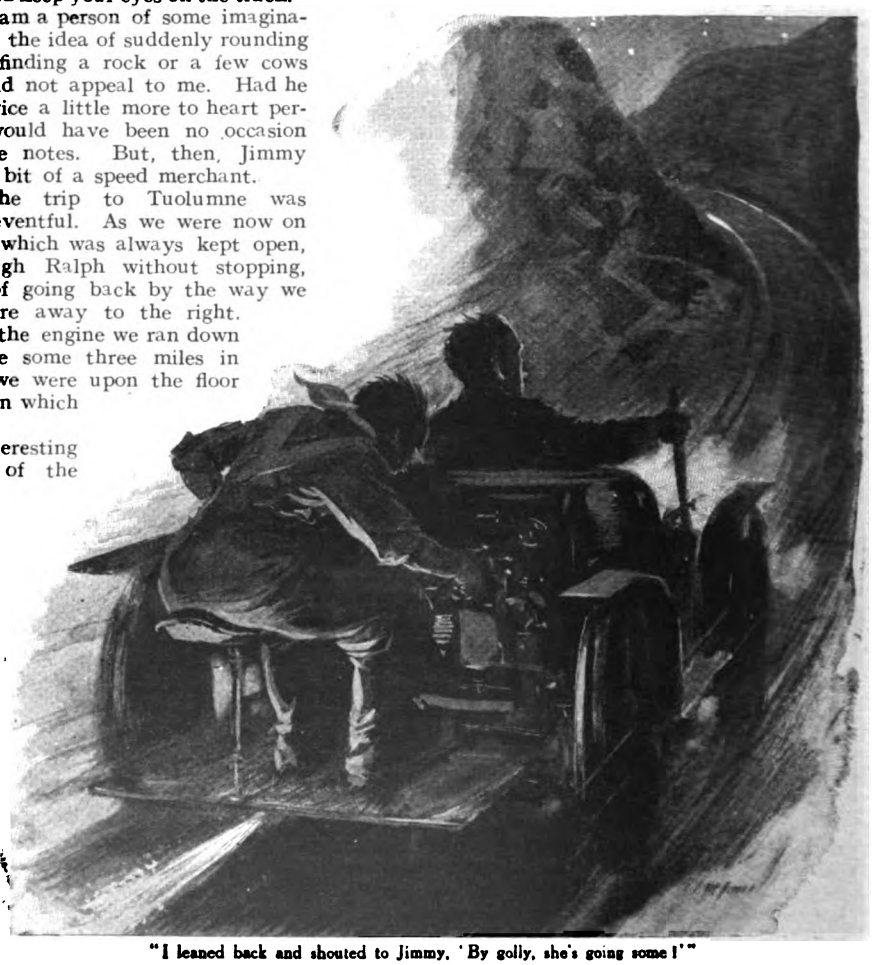
I suppose I am a person of some imagination; anyhow, the idea of suddenly rounding a curve and finding a rock or a few cows on the line did not appeal to me. Had he taken my advice a little more to heart perhaps there would have been no occasion to write these notes. But, then, Jimmy always was a bit of a speed merchant.

However, the trip to Tuolumne was pleasantly uneventful. As we were now on the main line, which was always kept open, we ran through Ralph without stopping, and, instead of going back by the way we had come, bore away to the right. Switching off the engine we ran down a steep incline some three miles in length, until we were upon the floor of the valley in which the town lay.

After an interesting inspection of the W—— Lumber Company's plant, we went to a certain establishment where they sold excellent ice-creams. I mention the ice-creams in order that it may be thoroughly understood that we kept out of the saloons; otherwise, to judge by the course of events that night, a reasonable person might be justified in presuming that we were hardly responsible for ourselves owing to the influence of intoxicating liquor.

It was a few minutes to ten when Jimmy and I got back to the machine. For a time the engine persistently refused to fire, except for an occasional and spasmodic explosion, and it required most pushful persuasion before she burst into full song. When we finally leapt aboard it was with a feeling of relief, as we really had no right to be where we were, and were anxious to get back to our own line. As Jimmy said, "I don't care a fig what happens as long as we get back to Ralph all right. If the speeder goes on the hum then, we can ditch her and walk the rest of the way, but we don't want to leave the darned thing around here, or there'll be the deuce to pay."

The gradient was pretty stiff, and Jimmy gave the old machine all she would take. Already the twilight of the evening had merged into darkness, and as we sped along the exhaust poured out behind us in a shower of sparks with a noise like that of a Gatling gun. I leaned back



"I leaned back and shouted to Jimmy, 'By golly, she's going some!'"

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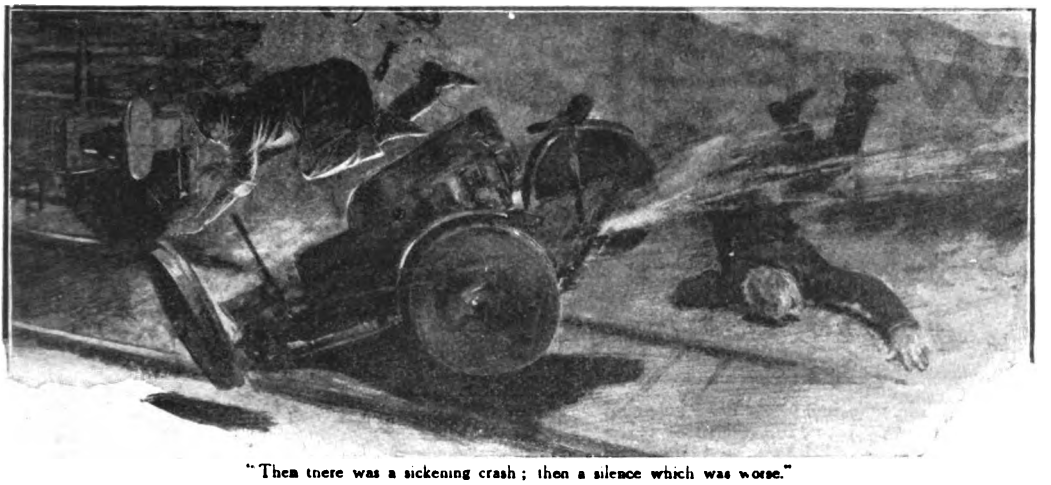

"Then there was a sickening crash; then a silence which was worse."

and shouted to Jimmy, "By golly, she's going some!"

He made some remark which I could not catch. We certainly were going like a bat out of Hades, as the Americans say. For myself, I only knew that I wanted to go faster and faster, and never thought of the folly of speeding along a winding railroad track late at night with nothing to see by but the stars. Twice we flashed across roads before we knew we were on them. "Thank Heaven they were clear," I thought. Both of us had stowed our hats away in the locker, and the air, aromatic with the sweet odour of the foliage and wild flowers which bordered the track, swept past our faces with a coolness that was most exhilarating after a day spent in the blazing sun. Only those who have personally experienced it can have any idea of the loveliness of a Californian night.

We had to stop at Ralph this time, in order to switch over to the mountain line, so we pulled up just as we had crossed over the points.

"She isn't running as she ought," said Jimmy. "I believe that middle cylinder hasn't got much compression. Just push the darned thing along for a moment and I'll have a look at it."

I did so, and he found one of the compression tops was leaking.

"Well, let's get along," I said, going back to throw over the switch; "she's pulling well enough."

"I should darned well think so by the way she came up that hill," he replied. "Now we've got back to here again I don't care a hang what happens."

When I got back to the switch I had a feeling that all was not well, for the broken padlock that we had left lying near by was nowhere to be seen. I mentioned this to Jimmy, but neither of us attached much importance to it at the time, so, after pushing the car on to the mountain line, we threw the switch over again behind us.

With a shove and a jump we were off, the engine accelerating with a noisy spluttering, and in a moment the machine was leaping forward like an unleashed greyhound.

Jimmy sat on the left holding the brake lever, while I sat on the right holding on for dear life, and with my eyes glued on the track ahead. I was just thinking how pleased Charlie would be to have his speeder back again when we flashed past the telephone-box. It was then that I had a horrible feeling that something was wrong; we were too near it to be right. Hardly had this passed through my mind than I saw a dark shadow ahead in the middle of the track, which seemed to rush with incredible speed to meet us. It was then that I *knew*: we had thrown the wrong switch, and were careering into a forty-feet logging car standing on a side-track. It looked as big as a church; we were almost on it. I yelled, "Jump, Jimmy!" at the same time leaping forward and outwards as hard as I could. Then there was a sickening crash; then a silence which was worse.

I came out of it with only a few scratches, but I guess Jimmy will carry the scar on his forehead to his dying day. He was tinkering with one of the trembler coils when the accident happened, and, as he failed to hear me shout, was quite unaware that anything was wrong until his head came in contact with the flat car, which, it may as well be added, was loaded with a number of tons of steel rails—altogether a most unsympathetic object to run into. There are three switches at Ralph, and in the darkness we must have pulled up before we had gone far enough.

Jimmy got blood-poisoning in his head three days after the accident, and we all thought he was going West, but it was not so written, and he is to-day serving with Uncle Sam's boys in France, where I am hoping to meet him one of these days. But it broke up our partnership in the best job we ever had, and I think it is hardly necessary to point to the obvious moral to be drawn from this painful history. If you just *must* joy-ride, give up the idea if the train order happens to be No. 13 on Friday, the 13th.

I've had some.

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With the Stage in Ruhleben

By

ARCHIBALD WELLAND.

The Author, who has lately been released from Germany into Holland, after three and a half years' internment, was for many years an Admiralty Chart Engraver, though latterly he devoted himself to theatrical matters. When war broke out he was travelling in Germany, studying the stage there, thus combining business with pleasure. He was detained at Coblenz on August 1st, 1914, and not allowed to return. Eventually, after many adventures, he was sent to Ruhleben, and there devoted himself to alleviating the boredom of his fellow-countrymen. He became very popular both as an actor and "actress," and renowned as a producer and designer of scenery and costumes. Up to a short time previous to his release he had entire charge of the theatre wardrobe, himself making the costumes used. Ill-health, however, compelled him to give this up and confine himself to producing only. Among his many productions may be mentioned "The Silver Box," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Milestones," "Pygmalion," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

A poster announcing the play "Milestones." It was produced entirely by hand on a large, thick sheet of white paper.

IT is a curious fact that whenever any body of people, great or small, male or female, come together and desire recreation—no matter whether that desire be the result of overwork or absolute *ennui*—they invariably turn to what is commonly called "amateur theatricals." I think the explanation of this is found in the fact that in nearly everyone there is the inborn sense to be something different from what we really are, and a desire to "shine" before our fellow-creatures. Towards this end the stage serves as a very fine vehicle, offering as it does so many bright and glamouring moments. How soon that brightness and glamour wears off, only those of us who know the stage from "behind" realize. Yet the fact remains that as a means for occasional enjoyment and recreation the stage is an admirable medium.

Thus it was that after the first three months of our internment at Ruhleben had slipped by, a few of us gathered together and discussed the possibilities of "putting on a show." At that first meeting we were a peculiar collection of people, consisting as we did of engineers, students, authors, artists, and seafaring men. Of these only three—Mr. Duncan Jones, Mr. George Merritt, and myself—had ever come into touch with the professional stage. After much discussion, Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" was decided upon. Parts were allotted and rehearsals planned out. Then came the difficulty of "where to rehearse"—a problem that has often troubled people outside, but which in Ruhleben was magnified tenfold.

About this time the central grand stand—originally used as a large *café*—was given over to the camp as a recreation hall, but without any convenience, just the plain concrete hall, thirty-six yards by twelve. In this hall everything had to take place—religious services, concerts, lectures, boxing bouts, etc.; and as all needed rehearsals, and bearing in mind the fact that the hall was open to the camp all day as a smoking-room, one readily sees the difficulties that attended everything. Upon one side of the hall there was a very strong buffet a yard high and about eighteen yards long, standing about three yards away from the wall. In the centre of this were two iron pillars, six yards apart, supporting the roof.

This was decided upon as an admirable

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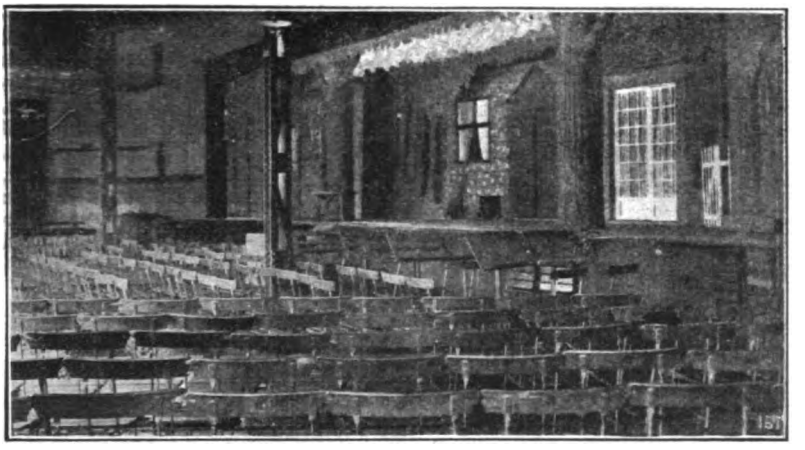

Interior of the Ruhleben Theatre, showing the auditorium.

position for the stage; the pillars would thus form proscenium columns. The question then arose as to how this "stage" could be floored, and at last a few of us surreptitiously brought our "box-boards" along. These measured two yards square, and after fixing them together in a very crude manner we obtained some kind of a floor.

Immediately people found some kind of stage was there, one and all were fired with ideas of "doing something," and naturally wished to rehearse there. Much friction was incurred, until it resulted in a case of first come first served. The unfortunate ones would then retire to an obscure corner of the hall and, obtaining some blankets, would hang them over improvised string lines, and thus try to obtain a little privacy for their work. This state of affairs gave rise to some very funny experiences. For instance: sitting in the hall, quietly smoking (or trying to), one would hear from the "stage" in front the mock Roman heroics of Bernard Shaw's incomparable comedy. From a corner upon the left would come the weird strains from a few instrumentalists, keen upon forming an orchestra and manfully trying to "practise." In another spot a few men would be learning "society dances." In another part the sound of hymns and psalms, sung by many varied voices to the accompaniment of a none too new harmonium, would proclaim the "choir practice" in full swing. In another part the banging of hammers upon leather would announce the proximity of the "cobbler's shop." In another a slender queue denoted the position of the "circulating library," which had just been started.

One or two of us diligently stitching what looked remarkably like female attire of ancient Rome—and trying to hide ourselves from prying eyes—marked the beginning of our stage wardrobe, and sandwiched between these improvised "cubby-holes" there would be groups of men seated around a teacher vainly trying to learn "something." To an outsider coming in for the first time, the place would resemble nothing so much as a travelling circus with side-shows around in course of "setting up." And amid this chaotic condition of things the Ruhleben stage was born and grew until it ultimately reached such dazzling heights, unknown perhaps to any other theatre. My reason for making this somewhat daring statement I will explain later, when the reader has had the opportunity of

The stage-director's office.

learning what our stage achieved from nothing.

Returning to "Androcles and the Lion." A few of us subscribed together and bought the necessary material for the dresses and curtains. Dr. Lechmere—the famous biologist—and myself undertook to do all the "needlework," little knowing what we had let ourselves in for. It must be remembered that in those days we had no sewing machine, consequently everything had to be sewn by hand, even the long strips of crêpe necessary for the "tabs." This work we did in our boxes until our box-mates, so enraged at "the muck" lying around, drove us into the hall. We were short of everything. Needles and cottons were very scarce and had to be jealously guarded, while the

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A very popular play was "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Here are the actors. Our Author is seen impersonating Mrs. Dane, the first lady seated on the left.

material itself had to be watched as if it were gold, so keen were the chaps upon "box-curtains." In fact, once, while making Rosalind's costume for "As You Like It," I missed the sleeves, and after a great deal of detective work I located them in the box of a chap who "loved pale blue bed-curtains."

Nevertheless, in spite of everything, the "first night" arrived, passed off, and the show was acclaimed a great success. A word in passing as to the "mounting." First, the lighting: the hall itself was lit by hanging electric lights. Two of these at the back of the stage were tied up, shaded, and converted into "limes," while one hanging directly in front in the middle of the "auditorium" had a tin biscuit-box hung round it. This had been cleaned and polished and acted as a very fair "flood." The question of "floats" was for a time a great one, but eventually one engineer—Rowland Cooper by name—hit upon the ingenious device of obtaining Nestlé's milk-tins, placing therein candles, and attaching tin reflectors. These, during the action of the play, served as a very good light for the stage, and when the "changes" came they could, by a simple string device, be turned round and "blind" the audience.

Of scenery, as it is commonly known, there was none. The stage was "draped" with ruby crêpe curtains The Roman "armour" was made from cardboard and painted gold. The "elaborate" togas were made from different-coloured sateens, heavily stencilled. All the props., swords, spears, etc.—in fact, everything upon the stage—was manufactured in the camp.

Our Author, Mr. Archibald Welland, as John Rhead in "Milestones," from clever pencil sketches made by Mr. C. M. Horsfall. The dates of the character, from top to bottom, are 1860, 1885, and 1912 respectively.

Scene from "The Scarlet Pimpernel." The character of Lady Blakeney was cleverly impersonated by a gentleman.

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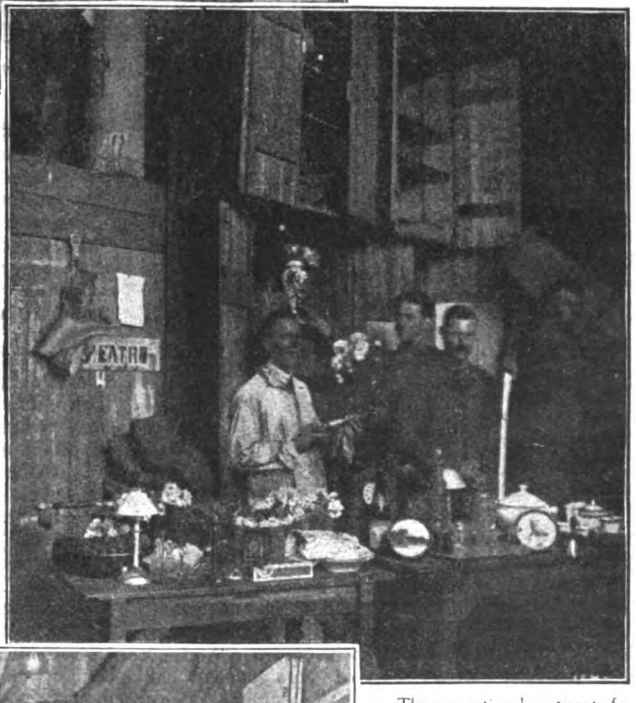
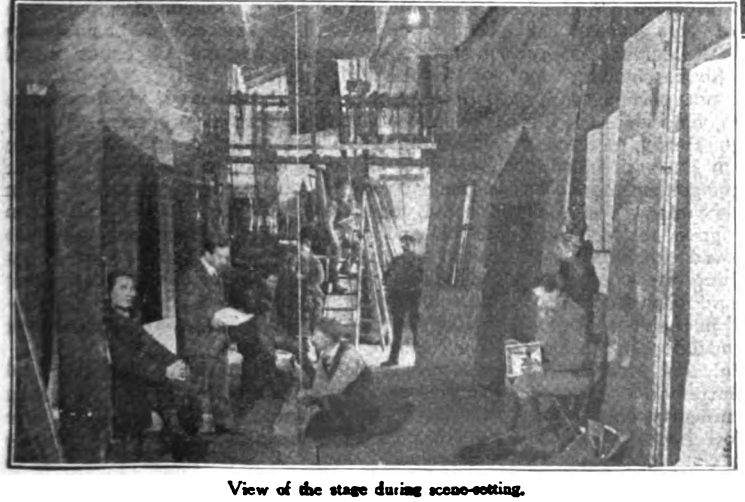
The dressing-room of the theatre.

The day of "going out to Berlin" and ordering things had not then arrived. Really wonderful enthusiasm attended this first production, and the members of the cast worked very well, notably J. A. West as Lavinca, to whom goes the honour of being Ruhleben's first "girl." Fifty pfennigs was charged for a seat, and from the receipts we obtained enough to pay our expenses and to carry on to another show.

Looking back on that first production—after having seen the excellent work of many clever people—I have heard it described as "crude and amateurish." But one must always remember the conditions then, and give all praise to those pioneers who, in spite of overwhelming odds, "won through" and "pointed the way to the "clever people," who willingly came forward when the "vehicle" was there, but who had shirked the "pickaxe and shovel" work. And in comparison I am not sure that those early days—when necessity was in reality the mother of invention—were not the happier. Certainly one's ingenuity was more taxed, and consequently a success came all the sweeter.



The properties department of the theatre.



View of the stage during scene-setting.

After "Androcles" we put on a topical revue called "Legs and the Woman." The show was, however, crude, and in not too good taste. However, it brought in the money and enabled us to form the Ruhleben Dramatic Society and put on Galsworthy's "Strife," which will always be remembered. About this time the members of the variety profession in the camp met together and arranged a variety

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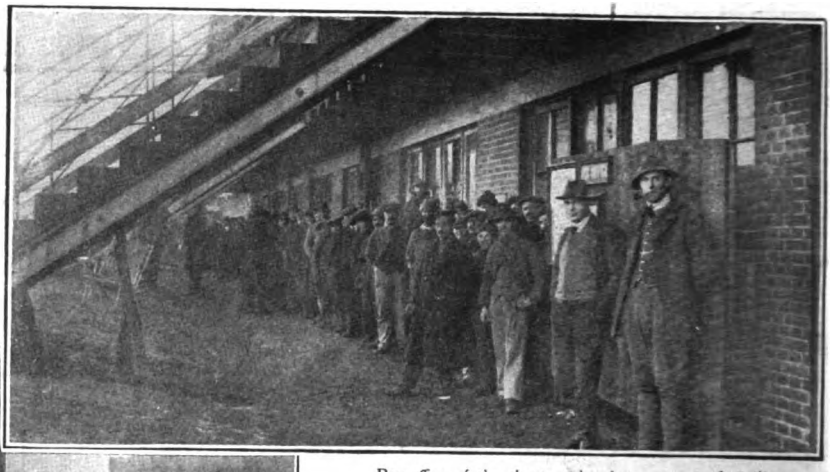
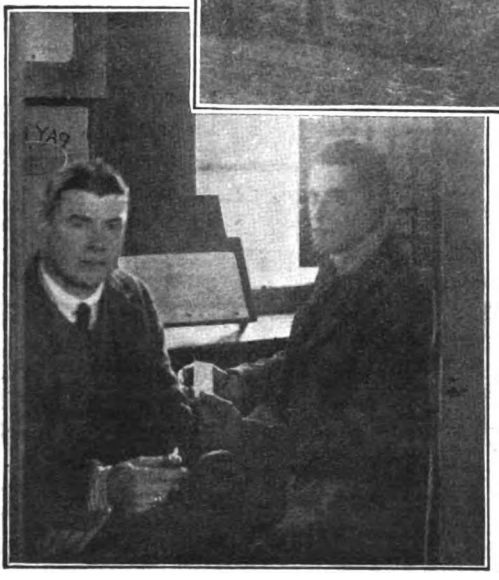
performance, subscribing the necessary funds themselves.

By this time we had properly floored the stage, and a proscenium made from cardboard was put up. The programme—which included several clever



Box-office of the theatre, showing a queue of civilians waiting to book their seats.



Interior of the box-office.

turns—concluded with "The Mumming Birds," and was by far the greatest success the camp had yet seen. This was due in no small measure to Bert Bernard (Tapp), the well-known variety manager, who worked indefatigably for the success of the show. The "R.D.S." then produced "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Space will not permit of my describing the very effective, emotional setting of the latter play by Leigh Henry, or praise the very able work of Duncan Jones, in training the raw amateur to deliver the golden lines.

It was at this time that the camp was startled by the announcement of a great revue, called "Don't Laugh." This proved to be a new departure, and the best thing the camp had yet seen. For the first time a "beauty chorus" gliding along a "joy plank" in their very midst was seen, and the men went mad over it, acclaiming the "girls" as wonderful, and pronouncing their dresses great. The latter, by a simple device, we changed from nurses' uniform into "beauty" gowns. The most important thing about this production was the appearance of John Roker, ballet master from the Metropole, Berlin, and well-known in England as a producer of ballets and pantos. He it was who arranged the whole production and gave Ruhleben its first musical show.

We now saw we could do everything—plays, variety shows, and musical productions. Seeing that these three elements existed, it was thought advisable to amalgamate, form an entertainments committee, and place the theatre upon a proper continuous working basis. Consequently all concerned conferred together, and the entertainments committee was formed. The money derived from the R.D.S. shows, the variety show, and the "revue" was placed in a common fund. One of the captains was made president (in accordance with the autocratic rules of the captains' office), John Roker was made stage manager, and Bert Bernard (Tapp) the "front of the house" manager, and several other minor officers were created. This marked the end of one phase of our stage and the beginning of another. The pioneers had finished their work. Organization had come. The happy Bohemian atmosphere had gone. The hall assumed a business-like aspect, and rapidly became an exact model of an outside theatre.

With money at our command, we decided to rebuild and equip the stage properly. To this end John Boyd was called in and gave us the benefit of his engineering experience upon the technical side. A stage direction was then formed, composed of John Roker and John Boyd, and together these gentlemen gave the camp a "live" theatre. The whole stage was enlarged and re-floored. The proscenium opening now measured twelve yards and the depth—owing to the "apron" that was affixed—was five yards.

A proper electric equipment of four thousand candle-power was then installed, consisting of white and coloured "floats." There were five top battens, proscenium "lines," movable "bunches," and a properly-erected "light box" in the centre of the auditorium. In

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this was contained the two "head-lights," one of four hundred candle-power and the other of fifteen hundred candle-power; the latter was fitted with a "parabolic" reflector, made in the camp from fine plaster. This light was used when special "effects" were desired. Upon either side of the stage—at a good height—were placed "fly-rails," and to give an idea of how much scenic and "flying" work was done, I may mention that we had about twenty-five sets of "lines," measuring in all over two thousand yards of rope.

A female-wardrobe and room were built for myself. Hitherto I had kept all costumes in a little shed in another part of the camp, bringing them up and taking them away from the theatre nightly. A large dressing-room, properly fitted with lights and mirrors, a property-room, a

A memorable production was "The Mikado," when the stage held sixty people. Above are the principal characters.

scenic artists' "dock," together with the direction office, completed the principal equipment of the "back of the house." In another part of the camp we had a proper carpenters' shop, where all "flats," furniture (the latter upholstered and polished), properties, etc., were made. A box-office was built, and the "front of the house" left in the entire charge of Bert Bernard (Tapp), who succeeded in giving accommodation to about three hundred and fifty people seated. With standing room the theatre held about five hundred. It may be worth mentioning that the "stage staff" (paid and voluntary) during shows numbered over twenty people. We also had our own coiffeur for male and female wigs.

A little way from the theatre was situated the "advertisement department." Here the poster artists for each week's show worked. The number of posters—pictorial and letter-press—turned out for each show was about twelve. Very large shows naturally had more. The shows ran from Wednesday to Sunday each week, the intervening days being required to get ready for the next show. The prices of admission ranged from one mark to ten pfennigs.

This weekly system kept going for over two years. With such an organization in the background many things were now possible, and one felt that the "amateur" days had gone. Then it was that I put on Galsworthy's "Silver Box," conditions now making it possible to do so, and I think I may state that this play marked the beginning of the more serious problem plays which ultimately became so popular. Plays now followed each other with great rapidity.

The mode of procedure for producing a play was as follows: A producer would submit his play to the committee, who, having read it, would accept or reject it. If the former were the case the producer would make out a detailed estimate of the cost, after consulting with the heads of each department, and ascertaining what he could use and what was required new. Then, together with his scenic plans and list of his cast, he would submit the whole to the direction, who would criticize, alter perhaps, and then accept. Three weeks before production two hours daily would be allotted him upon the stage. This was usually ample time for ordinary plays, but a heavy problem or Shakespearean play would have one or two weeks' private rehearsals, while musical plays usually ran into three months' work.

Christmas 1915-16 saw John Roker's production of our first panto, "Cinderella." Everything was made in the theatre, including the fifty female costumes, hats, shoes, etc., which I designed and helped to make in under three weeks. After this we worked in quarterly programmes, which included dramas, farces, problem plays, one variety show, one French play, and one musical play; Shakespeare being given each year upon the festival date.

Space will not allow me to detail any production, but to mention one or two of the outstanding ones is only fair to the producers concerned. Harold Hamlyn's memorable production of "The Mikado," when the stage held about sixty people; the beautiful interpretation of "Twelfth Night," by Duncan Jones; Reynolds' "Follies," produced by John Roker; "The Yeomen of the Guard," by John Corless and friends; Charles Pearce's production of "Mrs. Dane's Defence"; "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," by Ronald Anderson; "Good Friday," by Duncan Jones; William Coller's production of "Nan," and "You Never Can Tell," by R. M. Smyllie,

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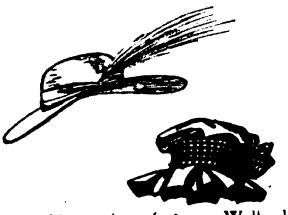


Two chic creations of Messrs. Welland and Lechmere for the Frivolity Theatre productions.

are to my mind the outstanding productions of the hundred and twenty the Ruhleben stage has given.

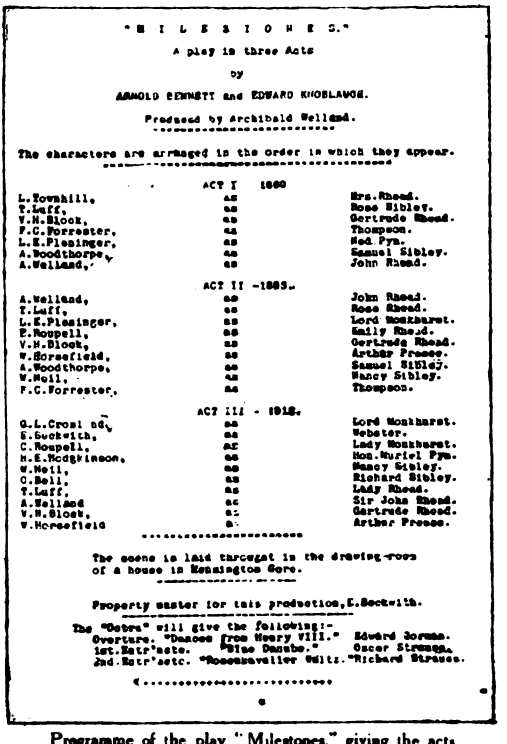
I now come to an explanation of a former remark—namely, the heights the Ruhleben stage has risen to. As a theatre it stands unique in the world, inasmuch as I know of no other which puts on a fresh show each week, with different casts, scenery, and music each time, and everything manufactured in the theatre. Town and provincial theatrical programmes change each week, but the incoming shows are not "made on the premises." Even the repertory theatre is one of revivals; there again we were unique. Also, in spite of this weekly system the standard of "mounting" was higher than many of our provincial theatres.

A word as to the acting. This was considerably above the standard of the London dramatic societies, and in many cases ran the professional very close. My one regret is the fact that influential men in London will never have the opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves. Since my release here in Holland, I have seen the efforts of the amateurs that have come through from different parts, and those have only tended to strengthen my belief in Ruhleben. People seeing these productions will be led to think the Ruhleben stage was the same, but it was not so. Some really wonderful work was done there; in fact, the female impersonations by some of the chaps were superior to the originals I have seen.

In this brief *résumé* I have tried to convey an impression of the Ruhleben stage, and what it achieved. How useful its work was is testified by all who saw it, the Embassies upon the occasions of their gala visits being especially loud in its praise. To my mind it was the greatest organization in the camp, certainly one that did the greatest amount of good, inasmuch as for a few hours each week the interned could go there and forget their internment. No other organization was so popular. We may be called conceited, but we Ruhlebenites are justly proud of our theatre.

The Author, Mr. Archibald Welland, in evening dress.

There is much I could write if space permitted, and this I hope to do at a future date. Suffice it to say that our theatre had to be seen to be believed, and many a weary prisoner has had cause to thank God for the Ruhleben stage.



"M I L E S T O N E S."

A play in three Acts

by

ARNOLD BENNETT and EDWARD KNOBLAUCH.

Produced by Archibald Welland.

The characters are arranged in the order in which they appear.

ACT I 1860

L.Townhill,	as	Mrs.Rhead.
T.Luff,	as	Rose Sibley.
V.H.Block,	as	Gertrude Rhead.
F.C.Forrester,	as	Thompson.
L.E.Plesinger,	as	Ned Pym.
A.Woodthorpe,	as	Samuel Sibley.
A.Welland,	as	John Rhead.

ACT II -1883.

A.Welland,	as	John Rhead.
T.Luff,	as	Rose Rhead.
L.E.Plesinger,	as	Lord Monkhurst.
E.Roupell,	as	Emily Rhead.
V.H.Block,	as	Gertrude Rhead.
W.Horsefield,	as	Arthur Preese.
A.Woodthorpe,	as	Samuel Sibley.
W.Neil,	as	Nancy Sibley.
F.C.Forrester,	as	Thompson.

ACT III - 1912.

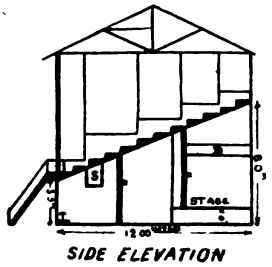
G.L.Crosland,	as	Lord Monkhurst.
E.Beckwith,	as	Webster.
C.Roupell,	as	Lady Monkhurst.
H.E.Hodgkinson,	as	Hon.Muriel Pym.
W.Neil,	as	Nancy Sibley.
O.Bell,	as	Richard Sibley.
T.Luff,	as	Lady Rhead.
A.Welland	as	Sir John Rhead.
V.H.Block,	as	Gertrude Rhead.
W.Horsefield	as	Arthur Preese.

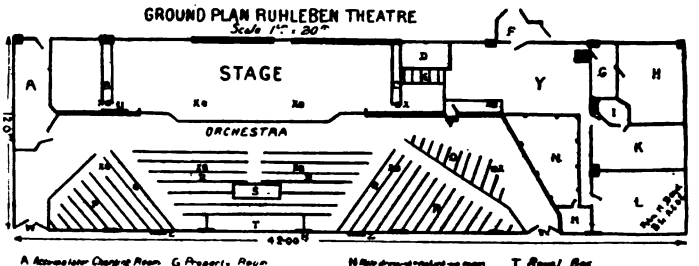
The scene is laid throughout in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington Gore.

Property master for this production, E.Beckwith.

The "Ostra" will give the following:-
Overture. "Dances from Henry VIII." Edward Gorman.
1st.Entr'acte. "Blue Danube." Oscar Strauss.
2nd.Entr'acte. "Rosenkavalier Waltz." Richard Strauss.

Programme of the play "Milestones," giving the acts and characters.





Plan of the stage of the Ruhleben Theatre, designed by Mr. John Boyd.

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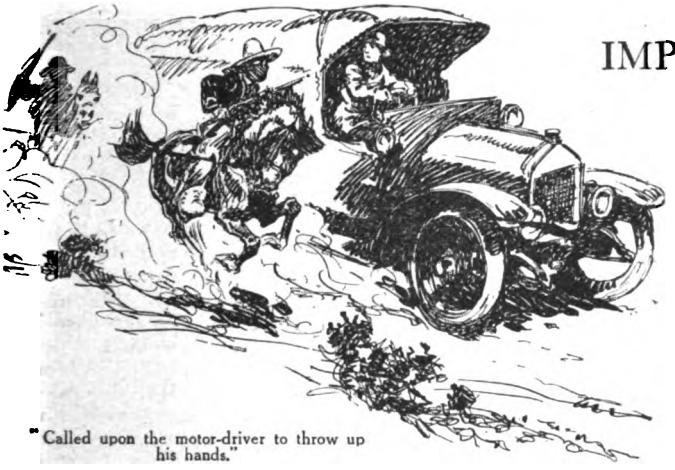
SHORT STORIES.



"Called upon the motor-driver to throw up his hands."

IMPRISONED IN A TANK.

As told by
LAWRENCE BROYLES
and set down by
GEORGE W. STRONG.

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. B. WIGFULL.

Captured by Mexican bandits while delivering a motor-truck, the Author was beaten and then thrown into a large tank half-full of water, and there left to die. How he miraculously escaped this story tells.

EARLY on the morning of Thursday, June 20th, 1918, Lawrence Broyles, a motor-truck or lorry driver, left El Paso bound for Marfa. El Paso is a town near the Mexican border, but in United States territory. Although Mexico is often in a state of unrest, everything was quiet in El Paso, and Broyles never thought that he would be molested by anyone, let alone armed bandits from over the border.

The motor-van being emptied good progress was made. Just as Broyles sighted the station of Dalberg, on the G.H. and S.A. Railroad, a hundred and twenty-five miles east of El Paso, he was startled by the appearance of four armed mounted men, masked by wearing handkerchiefs over the lower part of their faces. Riding up suddenly from behind they called upon the motor-driver to throw up his hands. Covered by their rifles and being unarmed himself, he had no option but to comply.

The Mexicans then boarded the truck, and telling the driver he was on the wrong road forced him to head his motor in the direction of the Rio Grande. After driving about forty miles, during which time he had made up his mind that if he must die it would not be across the river, but in good old U.S.A., where his body might some day be found to bring a measure of comfort to his relatives and friends, he evolved a plan.

He first considered wrecking the truck, which apparently was the only thing the bandits wanted, as his roll of money was returned to him after they had searched him and satisfied themselves that he was unarmed. His opportunity soon came. Seeing an arroya ahead, a dried-up watercourse, the bottom of which was a pit of sand, he let the motor out and, quitting the road, headed the van into the ravine. Down the steep slope the motor plunged, the impact burying the vehicle deeply in the sand.

Enraged at being thus outwitted, the bandits attacked him with their fists and heavily-booted feet. They then ordered him to get the machine into the road again. After forcing him to labour with the truck until convinced that further attempts were useless, they again attacked him, showering blows upon his face and entire body until he begged them to shoot him and end his misery.

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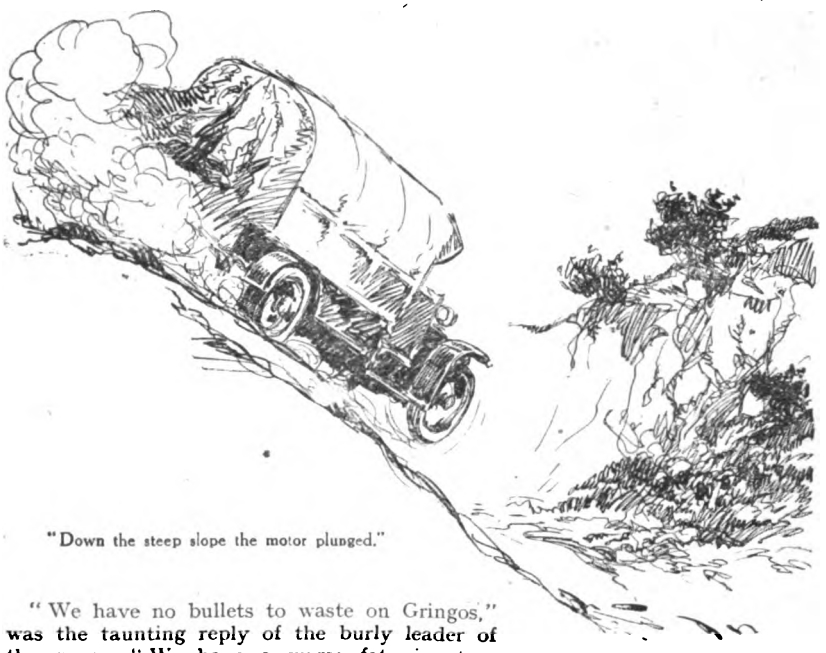

"Down the steep slope the motor plunged."

"We have no bullets to waste on Gringos," was the taunting reply of the burly leader of the gang. "We have a worse fate in store for you than that."

Seizing him, they compelled him to accompany them about a mile down the road to a windmill with a large galvanized tank, the latter being about twenty-nine feet high.

"Climb to the top," commanded the leader.

Broyles, dazed and utterly indifferent to his fate, obeyed. When he reached the brim, the leader, who was just below him, gave him a push, and into the half-filled tank he dropped head foremost.

Somewhat revived by his sudden plunge, the driver managed to keep his head above water until his tormentors departed with the remark: "It's a shame to ruin the water in this way."

They then took Broyles's shirt, which they had forced him to remove, and tied it to the windmill tower, presumably to attract the attention of any person passing, that his body might be removed from the tank.

"Into the tank he dropped head foremost."

"They again attacked him."

"It was here my real trouble began," said Broyles, as he related his experiences after receiving medical attention at his home in El Paso. "As soon as I was sure the bandits had gone, I began my efforts to extricate myself from what my captors so confidently expected to be my death-trap. Four or five feet above the surface of the water a pipe which brought the water from the windmill hung down. I resolved to reach this in some manner, as climbing the sheer walls of the tank, which towered

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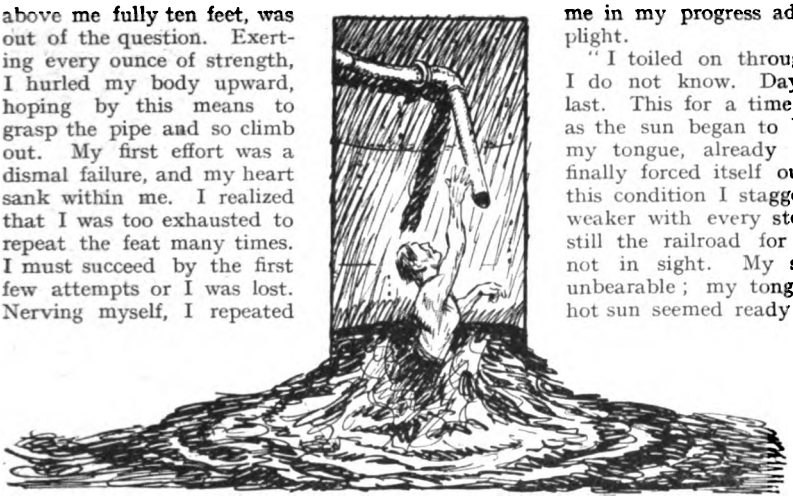
above me fully ten feet, was out of the question. Exerting every ounce of strength, I hurled my body upward, hoping by this means to grasp the pipe and so climb out. My first effort was a dismal failure, and my heart sank within me. I realized that I was too exhausted to repeat the feat many times. I must succeed by the first few attempts or I was lost. Nerving myself, I repeated



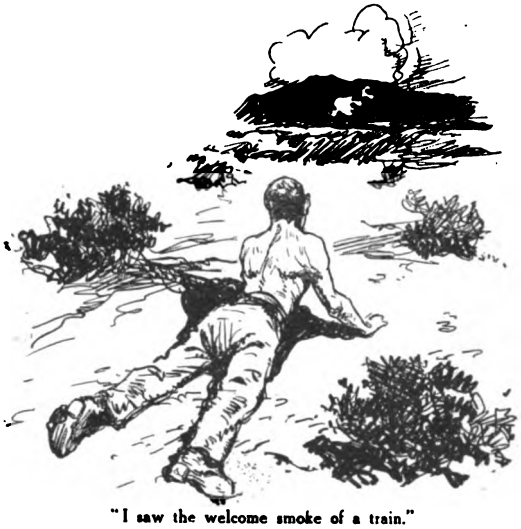
"I succeeded in grasping the pipe in my right hand."

the effort, again missing. It was, however, a much better effort than the first trial, and I felt the iron touch my hand. My courage returned, and the third time I succeeded in grasping the pipe in my right hand. Slowly I dragged myself upward until I could hold the horizontal portion of the pipe. My arm once over that and I was safe, as I could then reach the brim by standing.

"Looking carefully over the top and satisfying myself that the bandits were gone, I climbed over the top and down the ladder and without a moment's delay headed northward. I realized that I had a long, hard journey ahead of me. For some time I had great difficulty in restraining my progress to a normal gait, as I feared pursuit. However, as the distance between me and the bandits increased my confidence grew, and I settled down to a steady walk. Bruised from head to foot, and suffering terribly, I pressed forward, at times having to crawl that I might not lose a moment. The sun was scorching, and I soon became thirsty, which added to my misery. I was the happiest man in the world, I believe, when the sun finally sank behind the western hills. I at least would not have the heat to contend with. My joy, however, was brief, for as soon as darkness settled down on me another difficulty arose. I found it hard to keep my bearings as I dipped into arroyas, and the brush impeding me in my progress added to my desperate plight.

"I toiled on throughout the night, how I do not know. Daylight came again at last. This for a time seemed a relief, but as the sun began to beat down upon me, my tongue, already swollen from thirst, finally forced itself out of my mouth. In this condition I staggered onward, growing weaker with every step. Noon came and still the railroad for which I headed was not in sight. My suffering now seemed unbearable; my tongue protruding in the hot sun seemed ready to burst. I stumbled, fell, and crawled, as my right hip, where the leader of the gang had planted a blow with his heavy boot, pained me terribly. But I must not give up now. I must be near succour, I repeated constantly, in an effort to keep my spirits up.

"Suddenly everything turned black and I lurched forward unconscious. How long I lay there I have no means of knowing, but when I was able to rise again, I saw far to the southward the welcome smoke of a train. At first I could not tell whether it was approaching me or going in the opposite direction. As I struggled on, watching the smoke, I soon discovered that it was coming nearer, indeed, directly toward



"I saw the welcome smoke of a train."

"I staggered onwards, growing weaker with every step."

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me. Considering I could not be far from the railroad, I changed my course a little westward. Soon I saw a section house. My joy knew no bounds. My courage returned and I hurried in the direction of the structure, arriving there just as the train whistled for the station.

"I at once boarded the train, where I was given every attention possible; I had reached safety at last."

In discussing the motives of the bandits, Broyles was convinced they were Villistas who wanted the truck for use in smuggling ammunition across the border. The fact that their horses were of superior quality, and their saddles, while of Mexican design, elaborate, may be taken to indicate that they were not ordinary bandits. They were well supplied with money, having about five thousand dollars in their possession.

"They offered me four hundred dollars for the truck," said Broyles, "and showed me the money. Part of it was in American bills and the rest in bright, shiny Mexican gold pieces. They also offered me two hundred and fifty dollars or fifty pounds a month to drive the truck, with four months' pay in advance, shaking the money in my face. I was, however, convinced that their only purpose in this was to get me across the river, when they would make away with me. They hoped in this way to get the truck and services as well."

POOR "LITTLE LADY."

By JAS. SKELTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GILLETT.

A pathetic story of a boy's adventure which was paid for by the life of his devoted mare.

TORONTO HARBOUR is a landlocked bay, several hundred acres in extent. It is formed by an irregular, half-moon-shaped sandbar which lies across the centre of the city waterfront, extending from the Don River on the east to opposite the mouth of Garrison Creek on the west. There are now two ship channels, masonry-sided and electric-lighted, leading to the open water of Lake Ontario; but, forty years ago, when this adventure occurred, there was but one, the natural "Gap" between Hanlon's Point, the extreme western end of the sandbar, and the shore of the mainland. Overlooking the "Gap," high up on one bank of Garrison Creek, there was perched historic Fort York, its sod parapets pierced by the grim old French cannon which faced the English a century and a half ago, and in 1812 gave the American invader a warm reception. At the foot of the other bank, reaching out to deep water, extended Queen's Wharf, with its warning light. About this scene all my boyhood memories gather. Never shall I forget that night, forty years ago, when "Lady" and I struggled in those black racing waters. I was a boy of eleven at the time, but it is as fresh in my mind as yesterday—"Lady's" sharp little nose on the water, stretched gasping for breath; I on her back, hanging for dear life, and Bill Lalonde, his hands desperately clutching her mane, towed alongside. Poor "Little Lady"!

I always loved a horse. "Lady" was a beautiful little French mare which my father owned. Sundays and holidays, as a rule, we used to drive forth into the country and picnic at various points of interest; but for practically all the rest of the week she was mine to enjoy—and enjoy her I did! There wasn't a boy happier than I when, bareback, I used to gallop over the Garrison Common to bring home the cow, and when I used to ride "Lady" to and from pasture. And "Lady" enjoyed it as much as I.

One evening half-a-dozen of us boys were bringing down each a horse from the pasture to the beach for drink, when a daring new idea came to me.

"Fellows!" I shouted—"Lady" was in the lead, and I pulled her up so short that the others almost pitched over us—"I'll stump you! We'll gallop down to the water and swim the Gap to the island!"

Everyone but Bill Lalonde applauded the idea, but Bill demurred. He rode a big heavy Clydesdale; and he argued very sensibly that his mount was too clumsy for any such foolish adventure. But we started in to make fun of him, and one of us hinted that maybe he wasn't so much scared for the Clydesdale as for himself. That settled it: Bill cut the animal suddenly across the flank, and pounded off ahead of us all.

Then it was a race. "Lady's" pointed little ears flattened back to her neck; with a leap she overtook Bill, and tore away headlong, all the others following.

At the beach not a moment we faltered. Splash! Splash! Splash! Splash! Splash!

As "Lady's" body went under and her trim neck divided the current I glanced backward, to see Bill's Clydesdale just taking the water, like an armoured tank going into action. The other horses, each with a yelling young fiend on his back, stretched in an irregular line to the shore, and in varying degrees of submersion.

I pointed "Lady's" nose slightly more upstream, and leaning over patted her neck. Ears stiffly erect, she swam strongly forward; only, when I spoke, one would flick momentarily backward to catch my voice. It was with perfect confidence she breasted the unfamiliar

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"He tried to climb on 'Lady's' back."

element. Soon she was feeling for the shelving shore. A few minutes more and she emerged on the spit of sand; and, standing with her legs spread wide apart, shook the water—and, almost, me!—from her.

We turned the horses loose to browse about.

Then, from the lighthouse-keeper we obtained some matches to start a bonfire, and a hook and line with which to catch some fish in the lagoons. Soon we had a roaring blaze. Beside this we dried our clothes, and in its coals we roasted the fish.

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It may have been ten o'clock at night when we finally decided that we had better get home, and after that we had some little trouble in rounding up the horses. It was almost pitch-dark when we grouped ourselves preparatory to making the plunge. There was a strong east wind blowing, and it was a little cold. I guess there wasn't one of us but wished he was safely across that black stretch of water and at home in bed.

Well, we formed up in line about twenty rods from shore, and, together, charged. I could sense from "Lady's" manner that she shared my nervousness, but she took the water bravely. So did the other horses, with the exception of Bill's Clydesdale. The poor big brute shivered with terror, and despite Bill's urgings almost refused to enter the water. By the time he did so I was half-way across the Gap.

The Western Gap is a peculiar neck of water. When a strong east wind blows it piles up the current quite appreciably upon the west shore; and makes of the Gap, which leads therefrom to the lake outside, a dangerous raceway. That was the condition in which we found it that night, when we essayed to make the home trip. As soon as "Lady" and I were half-way across we came under the influence of the strong undertow. I shouted to the boys behind to head their horses well up-stream, and I turned "Lady" almost head-on.

We were struggling along nicely when all at once I bethought me of Billy and his clumsy mount, and I turned my head and looked anxiously for him. Scattered about on the surface were the indistinct dark objects which were my other companions; they all answered the call but Bill. I shouted for him. From far in the rear and quite a long way west of where it should be, came his reply.

My heart contracted with the first real fear I think I have ever known. Bill was drifting. In a flash I realized that he could never make the landing without help, and that immediately, and it was up to me to save him. Could I do it?

As I pulled "Lady's" head round, I realized afresh the startlingly strong current. Now that she had ceased to struggle against it we were swept lakeward and away from my companions. I remembered afresh dad's repeated warnings against the Gap.

Bill was even farther from the course than I had anticipated. By the time I reached him he was quite out in the lake and his Clydesdale had almost ceased struggling. I could hear the poor beast's laboured breathings before I could see him, and Bill's frantic urgings, threatenings, and encouragements. Bill's father was a carter and this beast a valuable one, and Bill seemed to have forgotten his own danger in his extreme anxiety to save the horse. He refused to desert him, although I urged with him to do so. In despair, for we were drifting, I made one final effort to save his mount. Wheeling "Lady" alongside, I grasped the spent beast by the nostrils and urged my horse to the uttermost. It was useless, I knew, and cruel to poor "Lady." In a few minutes, with a despairing little swirl, the great animal went entirely under, and Bill was left floating.

His animal gone, Bill became sensible of his own plight; a little panicky, in fact, for he grabbed me about the waist and tried to climb on "Lady's" back. I pushed him aside and kept him off till I told him what I thought of him; then I let him twine his fingers in her mane and be towed alongside.

How far we had drifted by this time I do not know. We could see lights moving and hear shouts from the direction of the landing-place. Towards there we headed, my plucky mare and we two boys, in that long, heart-breaking struggle against the current. I patted her neck and talked and joked with her. For a time one little ear and then the other would swing back for the encouragement, to be succeeded by fresh energy. But by and by the indomitable little beast's strength began noticeably to fail in the bitter trial and further effort became more a matter of instinct. By painfully slow degrees we pressed forward. Boats with rescuing parties aboard were looking for us by this time. One of them came alongside and took up Bill. I stayed with "Lady." Brave girl, she was failing. I knew she could never make shore against that tide.

There was yet one chance—a last desperate one. To my left lay the muddy, marshy, treacherous shoal off the mouth of the Creek, with its quicksand bottom. Only last summer a neighbour's yearling heifer had wandered out into the cool clinging mud for protection against flies and had been entrapped. We boys had watched her helplessly sink out of sight. Should I risk "Lady"? Ahead, between us and the landing was a hundred yards of swift current, impossible for us to stem. I turned "Lady's" head blindly towards the shoals; and, sliding off her back, swam alongside. Poor, weary girlie! I hardly dared hope she would make it, but there was nothing else for it but to try.

In a few minutes her feet touched bottom, and pitifully she struggled shoreward. The occupants of the boats cheered. Soon, however, we noticed that she was having difficulty. The cruel sand was clutching at her dainty feet. Exhausted she halted, and we allowed her to rest one moment—one fatal moment. Neither whips nor shouts could rouse her to another effort; her strength was spent. Stout-hearted, brave "Lady" could do no more. The water rose slowly about her flanks, higher and higher. Kneeling in the prow of a punt I held her nose and patted and cried over it until just as the dawn was colouring the east, the waters closed over it, and "Lady" was gone.

My father never punished me; he gave me not so much as a cross word; and that hurt worse than a whipping. Mother just took me upon her knee, and together we cried a little while silently. For "Lady" was everyone's pet. Poor "Little Lady"! I loved her!

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OUR MOTOR DRIVE.

By FRANK ROSE.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. SOPER.

Being an account of an exciting and memorable motor journey through the Republic of El Salvador, Central America, which the Author made early last year.

DURING the early part of 1917 I had occasion to make quite a comprehensive trip through Central America. My companions were M. Bonhomme, a French traveller in wines, and Larkin, a young American engaged in introducing his father's paints and varnishes. Fine fellows they were, too, none better. I, for my part, was pushing British goods in these districts, so much controlled by German trade. We had met on the American steamer *Newport* on the way to Nicaragua, and had visited the principal markets of that rather backward Republic together, assisting one another in the many ways of our sociable craft.

Our local steamer was scheduled to call at three ports in Salvador—La Union, La Libertad, and Acajutla—and we three travelling men, impatient at the leisurely manner in which the *Dopico* sauntered up the coast, decided to run overland through Salvador. This could be arranged by disembarking at La Union, training through San Miguel to Zacatecoluca, and motoring thence over the rather dangerous hilly roads to San Salvador, the capital, rejoining our vessel at Acajutla.

Thanks to the large quantities of coffee awaiting shipment at the three ports mentioned, we found there would be time to accomplish this.

The train leaves La Union at seven a.m., but our steamer—having become securely stuck in the mud just before reaching the wharf—did not get alongside until after eight; thus we lost a whole day. However, this gave our French friend an opportunity to 'phone up-country to Zacatecoluca to request a countryman of his to engage the best car procurable for our projected night-run through to the capital.

Next morning we were ashore betimes, and, taking a small bag with our business papers and a change of linen, we left the rest of our luggage securely locked in our staterooms—a rather flattering term, this—and carried the keys in our pockets. The only items of interest during the rather monotonous train journey to Zacatecoluca were, our passage over a huge crust of lava—several miles in extent, a deposit which the neighbouring volcano had poured forth more than one hundred years ago—and our difficulty in obtaining any sort of food *en route*.

We had fared badly that morning on board, having had to forage for ourselves. On the previous evening our whole force of cooks and waiters had gone ashore and become beastly drunk. Having assaulted the whole local police force of one, they had been arrested by a picket of soldiers and lodged in the barracks.

By noon, when we reached San Miguel, we were beginning to suffer the pangs of real hunger.

I did at last stalk a stout, old, brown-skinned dame carrying a basket of eggs, raw, of course, and in desperation purchased her whole stock of a dozen.

My companions in distress declared dismally that they could not suck raw eggs, and for the rest of that day I could not have looked a hen in the face.

Luckily, M. Bonhomme had some excellent cognac, and this helped to keep us going.

At five p.m. we reached Zacatecoluca, and found M. Loup awaiting us with a large touring-car; I forget the make, and perhaps it is just as well.

M. Loup was most positive in assuring us that the chauffeur never failed to arrive on time.

"He will get you to the capital in exactly four hours," he declared repeatedly. "See! you will start from here at six-thirty and by ten-thirty you will be at the door of your hotel. He is punctual to the minute."

I remembered these words later on.

We had quite thought that the eighty *pesos* (nearly seven pounds) for which our friend had engaged the car would have given us the exclusive use of it for the journey.

But this was not the case apparently, for, to our dismay, no less than four other passengers, two large women, an old man, and a doctor, who was bound to the first town only, came in, making, with the chauffeur, his assistant, and ourselves, nine persons. Then a huge trunk was lashed on to the forward step, and a collection of miscellaneous baggage slung behind. The only place vacant for the assistant was upon the top end of the over-grown trunk, and he certainly looked quite at home there.

We started at a bewildering rate, and smashed through the town in a most inspiring fashion, taking the corners in quite a sporty manner.

As we left the outskirts we were followed by many small boys, some of whom miraculously succeeded in clambering up behind, whilst others contented themselves with throwing stones. Upon reaching the high road our driver "let her go," quite disregarding the fact that we were so severely overloaded, and that the roads were in really execrable condition.

Everything here was bone-dry through the prolonged drought; there was foot-deep dust everywhere, which only served to camouflage the large pits and ruts which cut the highway into a veritable ploughed field.

Our man appeared to treat everything—road, boulders, holes, and dust—with the most profound contempt. He evidently only had regard

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for time and distance; but I remembered with some satisfaction that we were to be at our hotel door at ten-thirty prompt. The chauffeur was a bit of a wag in his way. As we spun dizzily round a bend, and almost grazed the trunk against a projecting rock—causing even our monkey-like assistant to squirm—we came full upon a horseman, a drunken fellow reeling in unmistakable fashion upon his patient steed. Our driver, in pure fun, let forth a truly terrifying Honk! Honk! Honk! The horse reared, very nearly throwing his rider—who must, I think, have clung on by his enormous spurs.

But verily, this drunken rider had no proper sense of humour, for, recovering himself with an effort, he drew his shining *machete*—whose bright blade flashed in the moonlight—and, rushing to intercept our car, slashed furiously at us all collectively, but at poor Larkin more particularly.

"He rushed to intercept our car, and slashed furiously at us all collectively, but at poor Larkin more particularly."

Our young American got the fright of his life. He sprang right across the tonneau and landed full upon me, whilst I was struggling to get out my heavy walking-stick, which had slipped to the floor of the vehicle.

We passengers had no firearms, and were for the moment at the mercy of this mad rider.

Luckily, he was too intoxicated to aim straight; his horse shied, and before he could recover himself for another attack, our agile little assistant had slipped from his perch, and, having drawn a large revolver, was threatening our assailant, after seizing the startled animal's bridle with his left hand.

Drunk as the horseman was, the view which he was given down the business-end of the gun did not seem to his liking, for, somewhat cowed, he desisted from his efforts to hack at us.

With another defiant Honk! Honk! our car sprang forward, as our plucky defender nimbly sprang aboard.

It was just eight o'clock as we entered the first little town, El Rosario, at a tremendous pace.

Round a sharp corner we lurched into the main street, and just then something went with a sharp crack, causing us to stop with a violent jerk. Our front axle had snapped in two, and further progress was impossible.

The doctor took advantage of the confusion to slip down, forgetting in his hurry to pay his fare.

Here was a nice go, but I remembered with satisfaction M. Loup's assurance that we would be in the capital by ten-thirty sharp.

At the same time I wondered how this was to be accomplished,

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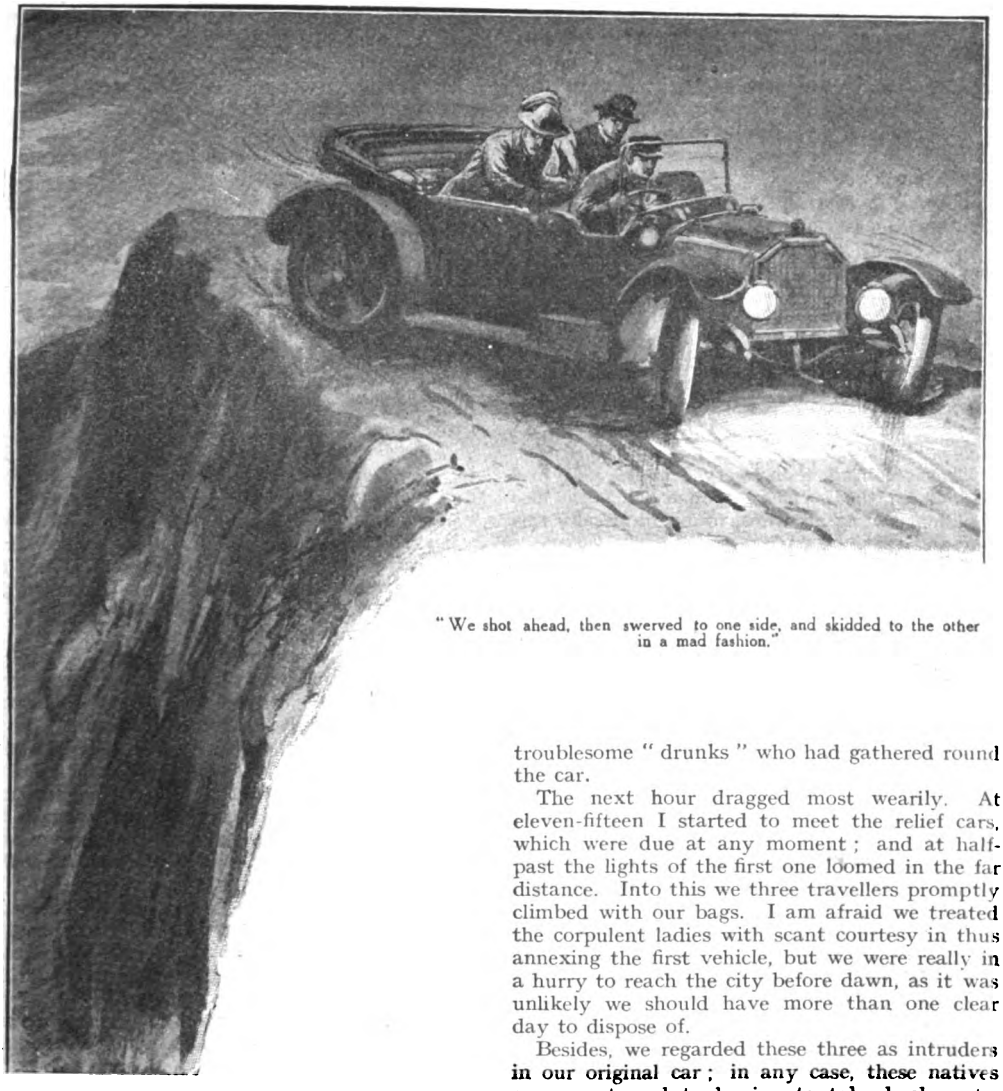

"We shot ahead, then swerved to one side, and skidded to the other in a mad fashion."

We were, however, fortunate in one respect. Our breakdown had occurred at the very door of the local telephone station, and this service is surprisingly efficient in the Republic of El Salvador.

Our chauffeur, having 'phoned to the capital for two cars to replace the collapsed one, at once assured us that the relief had already left the garage and would be here in three hours.

We lighted up fresh cigars and prepared to accommodate ourselves to these weary hours of waiting, for there was absolutely nowhere to go in this little country town. Shortly after our mishap two other cars, which had left with us, passed through, and we were greeted with rather disparaging remarks from the inmates.

We were much relieved when the chauffeur and his youth returned from some mysterious errand, for they were both well armed, and in time we succeeded in clearing away many troublesome "drunks" who had gathered round the car.

The next hour dragged most wearily. At eleven-fifteen I started to meet the relief cars, which were due at any moment; and at half-past the lights of the first one loomed in the far distance. Into this we three travellers promptly climbed with our bags. I am afraid we treated the corpulent ladies with scant courtesy in thus annexing the first vehicle, but we were really in a hurry to reach the city before dawn, as it was unlikely we should have more than one clear day to dispose of.

Besides, we regarded these three as intruders in our original car; in any case, these natives are accustomed to having to take back seats, being glad if they arrive safely at all.

So off we went, this time with a fresh chauffeur. He was a fine driver, and, the road just here being better, we made good progress.

Then we reached a part of the country where rain had been falling heavily, and our tyres, of smooth rubber, began to skid in a very nasty manner. Several times we nearly came to grief in the ditch.

It was after two a.m. that, passing through the lonely village, San Marcos, which nestled comfortably against the mountain side, we, to our surprise, saw the rival cars, which had passed us at El Rosario, drawn up empty outside the little hostelry.

We could not, for the moment, account for this, but as we started to mount the fairly steep hill, our car skidded furiously, then stopped, as our wheels rotated through the slimy mud without mounting the slope.

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Then we knew why the others had had to give up. They had been unable to climb this hill, and had perforce been obliged to return and pass what was left of the night in this out-of-the-way hamlet.

Jumping out, we carefully examined the road. At one side was a sort of cinder-path. So we industriously took handfuls of cinders, sprinkled them some distance in front of the wheels, then told our man to have another try.

We started up all right, then skidded and swung round; finally we obtained some purchase on the path, and by keeping well to one side, succeeded in surmounting the hill after no end of manœuvring.

The upper portion formed a regular ridge or saddle connecting two hills, and over this hump our road lay with a sheer drop of many hundreds of yards upon either side. Our driver put on full speed.

We shot ahead, then swerved to one side, and skidded to the other in a mad fashion. The chauffeur swung his wheel round frantically this way and that.

At times our car was nearly at a complete right angle to the road, and we were in deadly peril of being thrown over the precipice.

I make no bones about it, I was "scared stiff." I kept the door at my side half-open, ready to jump clear if the car appeared to be falling the other way.

I could see Larkin with a scared, white face doing the same on his side.

Old Bonhomme bit clean through his cigar in his excitement.

When we afterwards compared notes, we could not decide who had really been in the greatest funk; nor were we ashamed to admit it either, for during several brief moments our lives were literally in the balance.

But we *did* get across safely, and pulled up at the other side—all of us, including our wonderful driver, proceeding to mop the perspiration from our brows.

Our chauffeur had several rather nasty little corners to negotiate, but nothing like that horrible ridge, which—he assured us—was always exceedingly dangerous after heavy rain, and this had fallen in plenty since he had passed there on the way to pick us up.

At last, at 3.30 a.m., we completed the long, exciting journey, and drew up at the Nuevo Mundo Hotel, San Salvador.

Thus, M. Loup was only five hours out in his prediction.

Two or three hours' heavy sleep and a cold shower-bath, then *café con leche* in our rooms, put us in fair feckle for work. I then engaged in one of the most strenuous days of my life, for we had to leave by early train next morning for Acajutla.

Upon looking up the Mexican Line agents, I had been informed that our steamer—on account of Easter week—would call neither at Acajutla nor the Guatemalan port of San José, but would continue direct to Salina Cruz, Mexico.

We who had booked to San José would, he inferred, have to abandon our luggage aboard, and kick our heels here for a month or two.

Then I saw red!

I curtly told the agent he had better get busy and cable the superintendent of the line at headquarters to arrange for the steamer to carry us to our destination or prepare for vast and lurid trouble.

We three consulted with our respective Consuls, and the agent was kept employed explaining to the worthy and active representatives of Great Britain, France, and the United States just why the subjects of these nations were to be stranded without reason.

The steamship representative started to burn up the cable with fiery and urgent messages to his principals, who, realizing that we meant business, thought fit to retract their orders for change of schedule.

Thus next day, after seven dusty hours in the train, and an hour's delay for *almuerzo*, or late breakfast, at Sonsonate, we boarded the *Dopico* at Acajutla, and were duly carried north.

And so ended our memorable journey across Salvador, the details of which will for ever live in my memory.

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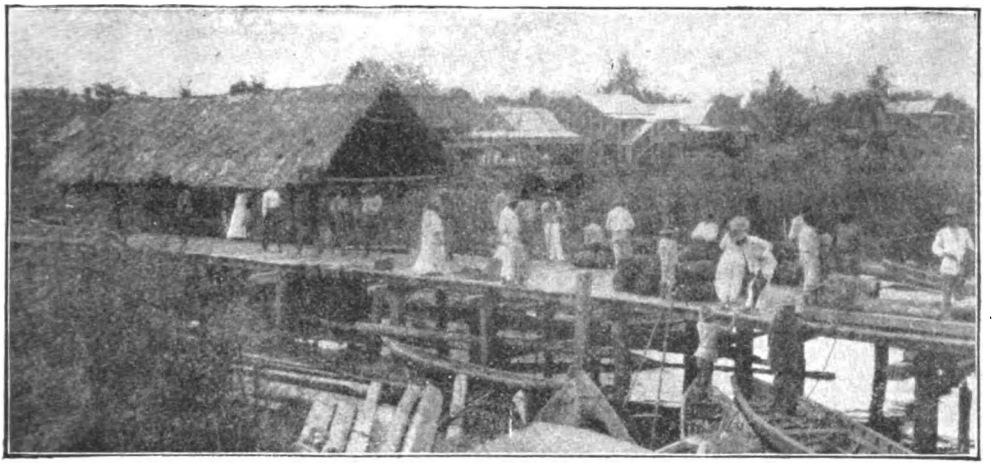

Morawhanna, the chief port of the north-west district, is a little town on the banks of the Barima River.

IN UNKNOWN BRITISH GUIANA.

By A. HYATT VERRILL.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is no exaggeration to say that British Guiana, a vast stretch of territory on the shoulders of the South American Continent, is one of the least-known portions of the globe. Here are great primeval forests, mighty rivers, huge waterfalls, extensive plateaus, and great mountain ranges, where dwell strange Indian tribes and quaint animal life of which virtually nothing is known. The Author, who has made it his business to penetrate into the unknown interior of this land, has specially written for "The Wide World Magazine" an account of his journeys and adventures, which will be found of absorbing interest. He discovered large rivers and mountains whose existence was unknown, and stumbled across primitive races who had never seen a white man before. His striking photographs give an added value to a fascinating narrative.

V.

ALTHOUGH the north-west district of British Guiana has been fairly well explored and mapped, yet it holds much of interest to the geographer, the naturalist, the geologist, and the ethnologist. Moreover, travelling in the north-west is much easier and less dangerous than in most portions of Guiana, for it is mainly low, flat country with few hills, and the rivers, being unimpeded by falls or rapids for long distances, are navigable for steamers and launches for nearly a hundred and fifty miles inland, while the streams are so numerous that one may visit nearly every part of the district by boat.

Until quite recently the north-west was claimed by Venezuela, and it was not until 1899 that it was definitely awarded to the British by the Boundary Arbitration Commission at Paris.

The present boundary line is formed mainly by the Amakura River, and, oddly enough, this arbitrary boundary seems to be a natural boundary as well, for there is a distinct line of demarcation between the two neighbouring countries in flora, fauna, geology, and people.

Thus, while the head-waters of the Yarikita River and the Aruau are separated only by a low sand-ridge less than three-fourths of a mile wide, yet many of the aquatic plants of the two streams are distinct, and species found on the Venezuelan watershed do not, and will not, thrive on the Guiana side, and *vice versâ*. So, too, many of the birds found west of the Amakura are rare or lacking east of that river, and certain

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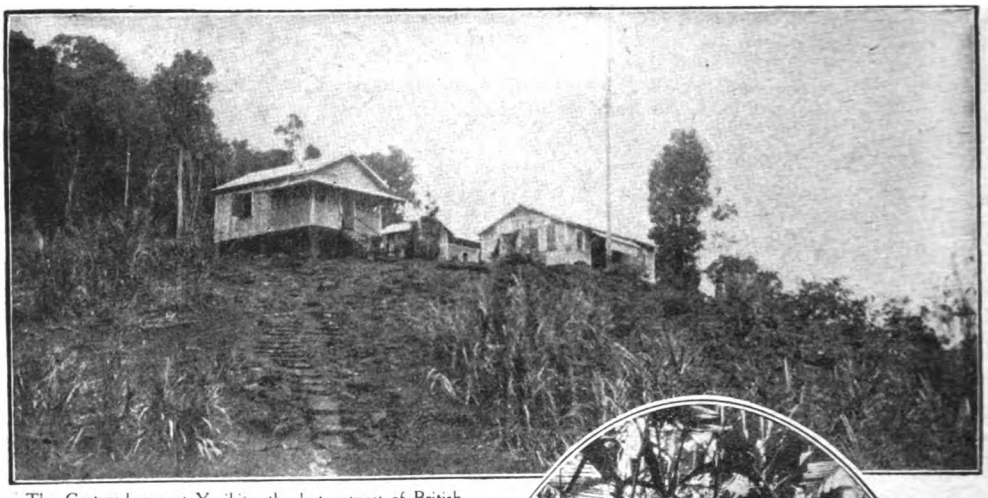

The Custom-house at Yarikita, the last outpost of British Guiana in the north-west.

of the aboriginal Indians look upon the Amakura as the boundary to their tribal territory. This is the case with the true Caribs and the Chiamas, and although civilized members of the two tribes may be found on the other's territory, yet the primitive Caribs are confined to British Guiana and the primitive Chiamas to Venezuela all along the Amakura.

As in all other parts of British Guiana, lack of adequate transportation has greatly hampered the development and prosperity of the north-west. Although the mouth of the Waini River is scarcely one hundred miles from Georgetown, yet to make the journey one must travel in a small, uncomfortable, poorly-conducted steamer for twenty-four hours or more.

Entering the Waini, the traveller looks upon a vast area of mud flats and swamp, covered by a dense growth of mangroves. But as the steamer leaves the river and enters the Mora Passage the swamps rapidly give place to dry land and forest. This Mora Passage is a natural canal, or "itabu," connecting the Barima and Waini rivers, and is very deep—one hundred feet or more—and yet is so narrow, and with so many sharp turns, that there seems scarce space for the steamer to pass between the walls of verdure; and one constantly expects the vessel to crash into the forest. It is an interesting trip, and the stranger's interest is constantly aroused by the wealth of rank tropical growths, and the flocks of gorgeous scarlet ibis, which are always in sight, either flapping lazily ahead in a wonderful cloud of vivid red, or alighting upon the waterside trees, where they appear like masses of intense vermilion flowers, and marvellously beautiful against the background of greenery.

A typical scene in the swampy ground of the north-west district.

Morawhanna, the chief port of the north-west, is a tiny town on the eastern bank of the Barima, a few rods above the mouth of the Mora Passage; but, small as it is, it is the most cosmopolitan spot in Guiana. From this little outpost of civilization launches ply up the rivers to Mount

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Everard and Arekaka on the Barima, to the estates and plantations on the Aruka, and to the sawmills on the Waini; while an occasional boat makes the trip to the head of the Aruau, where goods are portaged over to the head of the Yarikita, and thence to Venezuela.

There is one great drawback to the north-west district, and that is rain. According to popular tradition and belief, there are two wet and two dry seasons in Guiana; but in the north-west there are two wet and two wetter seasons. To be sure, during the so-called dry months the rivers are lower than in the wet season, and one may have some pleasant weather; but I have travelled over the district in both seasons and have invariably been drenched from start to finish of my trips. On one expedition it rained incessantly for twenty-one days and nights, and only on three days did the sun break through the clouds for a few brief moments. Travelling and camping under such conditions are most trying. The rivers rise and flood the level, forest-covered land, and to leave the boat means to flounder through mud and water up to one's waist. It was impossible to dry our clothing; blankets or hammocks were wringing wet; food moulded and supplies spoiled; it was often impossible to find dry fuel or to build fires for two days at a time; our matches were ruined and we were compelled to fall back upon the primitive Indian method of making fire with two sticks; and, worst of all, it was next to impossible to find a camping-spot.

Indeed, on several occasions my tarpaulin was spread between trees on floating islands—accumulations of leaves and roots—which tipped and rocked if several of us stood near one side, and which had a disconcerting habit of breaking away from the surrounding forest and drifting down stream while we slept.

But, as a rule, we could not even find such accommodation, and we were obliged to paddle up tortuous, tacuba-choked creeks for miles in search of isolated Indian settlements, which were frequently reached long after midnight. And, in addition to such little inconveniences, there are other difficulties brought about by the excessive rise of the rivers. In the main streams the current becomes so swift that it is impossible to make headway against it, even with a motor. On one occasion I attempted to run up the Barima, and although my boat was capable of making eight miles an hour in still water, yet for two hours the boat remained practically motionless, and finally I gave up the attempt. In navigating the smaller streams and creeks during rainy weather one is obliged constantly to cut a way through fallen trees and a tangle of vegetation which at other times would be far above the level of the water. At such times it is often necessary actually to hew a passage through the jungle, and three miles a day is good progress; while, to add to the traveller's troubles, biting ants, scorpions, and centipedes fall in showers from the retreats to which they have been driven by the flood.

Many a time have I been obliged to jump overboard into four feet of mud, while my men unloaded the boat and destroyed the unwelcome voyagers who had taken possession of our craft.

But such matters are mere incidentals and all in the day's work when travelling through the Guiana bush, and one soon becomes accustomed to them.

My first expedition into the north-west was made with the object of visiting the Carib Indians, who are almost entirely confined to the interior of this portion of British Guiana. On a later expedition I visited the Warraus of the swampy coast-lands and the Chiamas of the Venezuelan border, and also excavated numerous prehistoric mounds in the district, with very interesting results.

Although many Indians may be seen at Morawhanna, and there are camps and villages scattered all along the rivers, yet these are civilized, uninteresting vagabonds who, as is invariably the case, acquired all the vices of the whites and blacks when they donned the garb of civilization. To find the Guiana aborigine in his unspoiled, primitive state one must journey far from the beaten track, and my objective-point in the north-west was the wild, little-known country between the head-waters of the Barima and the upper Cuyuni rivers.

From Morawhanna a noisy, malodorous kerosene launch carried me and my belongings for some fifty miles up the Barima to Mount Everard—a low hill of lateritic formation, which, with a similar eminence on the other side of the river, known as Mount Terminus, is the first high land one sees on the Barima.

Mount Everard—named in honour of Sir Everard Imthurn, whose house still stands above the landing-place—is a tiny settlement consisting of three or four huts, a couple of shops, and a few rude open sheds, and is only of importance as a stopping-place for gold-diggers and balata-bleeders bound to or from the interior.

Continuing our journey, our ancient rattle-bang craft roared and pounded its noisy way up stream for twenty hours, until Arekaka was reached, about one hundred miles from Mount Everard and at the head of navigation on the Barima. Arekaka is a small settlement of little importance. From here a twenty-eight-mile road has been built across country to Towakaima, on the Barima.

The Government warden at Morawhanna had kindly offered me the use of the Government mule at Arekaka, and I looked forward to a very easy trip over the road to the Barima. Had I dreamed what was in store for me I would have avoided that beast as I would the plague, for he was the most obstinate, contrary, perverse, and abominable creature that ever stood on four legs, and it required far more exertion to keep him going than to walk.

When a bridge was reached—and there proved to be something over two hundred on that miserable road—it was necessary to dismount and lead the beast across the slippery, shaky structure, and at the first night's camp he broke loose and led us a chase of several miles through a drenching rain. Not content with this, he had a playful habit of walking on the very

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verge of every precipice we passed, as if intent on trying to see how far he could tempt Providence. His only redeeming feature was that he was not gun-shy, and as the forest roadside teemed with game I shot enough to supply all our needs without moving from the saddle.

Twenty-eight miles may seem a short distance, but when travelling with Indian carriers loaded with one hundred pounds each and riding over a slippery, muddy road through a tropic jungle in drenching rain, twelve miles a day is good going. On the afternoon of the second day Sam (my black boy-of-all-work) and myself had far outdistanced the Indian *droghers*, when we found a huge fallen tree barring our way, only four miles from our destination.

The mule could not go under the tacuba and he refused to climb over. We had neither hatchet, axe, nor cutlass, and the rain was pouring down in sheets. Sam was carrying the lantern, and we made futile attempts to start a fire by means of kerosene, but everything was so sodden and it was raining so hard that even when a fire was started the flames were extinguished in an instant.

For hour after hour we waited, cold, wet, hungry, and miserable, each moment expecting the Indians to arrive with axes and machetes, until finally, at 10 p.m., deciding they had camped for the night, we tethered the source of our troubles in the bush and started forward on foot. It was fortunate for us that we had the lantern, for by its flickering gleams we managed to avoid breaking our necks on fallen trees and limbs, and succeeded in keeping to the road without tumbling into the river or the ravines which bordered the path.

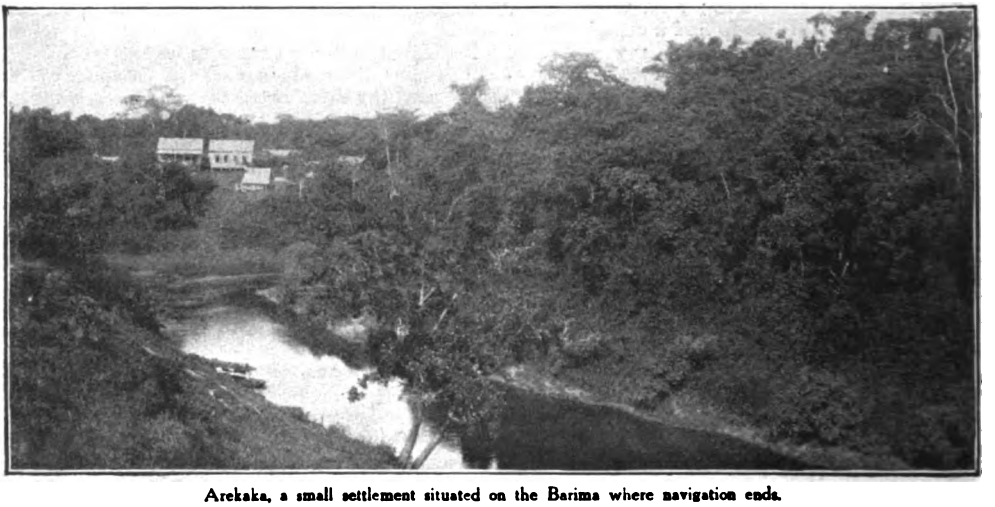
Never have four miles stretched into such an interminable distance. At last we heard the yelping of dogs and caught the gleam of a fire, and knew we had reached Towakaima. The dogs and fires were in a tiny Indian *logi*, or camp, and, passing this, we clambered up the steps of the Government rest-house and threw ourselves down in the welcome shelter of the gallery.

We had had nothing to eat since daybreak, we were chilled and wet through, we were utterly exhausted, and all our provisions, dry clothes, and hammocks were with the Indians somewhere on the road.

Stripping off our wet garments, we dried them slowly over the lantern, and then prepared to sleep upon the bare floor. Hardly had we settled down when a voice called out of the inky darkness, and in response to our reply a light gleamed in a hitherto invisible shack, and presently arrived a black man. He proved to be the Government caretaker and the sole representative of law, order, and civilization in the district, and to us he proved a friend indeed. In a few moments he had provided us with clean, dry garments, blankets, and hammocks, and then busied himself preparing a welcome, if simple, meal.

Our troubles were over for the night, and soon after daybreak the Indian carriers arrived, and with them the accursed mule.

It appeared as if good luck was with me after all, however, for Shepard, the warden, told me there were a number of Caribs camping near, and that they were all going up the Barima to a grand Cassiri feast and dance. The dance, it seemed, was a very important affair, and was being held as part of the ceremonies attendant upon deserting a camp where a woman had died two months previously.



Arekaka, a small settlement situated on the Barima where navigation ends.

Most of the Guiana Indians desert their homes or villages when one of their number dies, the body being buried in the hut of the deceased; but the Caribs go a step farther, and, burying their dead in their provision fields, abandon crops, fields, and village after two months' time, and celebrate the occasion by a feast and dance as a sort of farewell to the spirit of the departed.

Shepard also told me that he had been expecting

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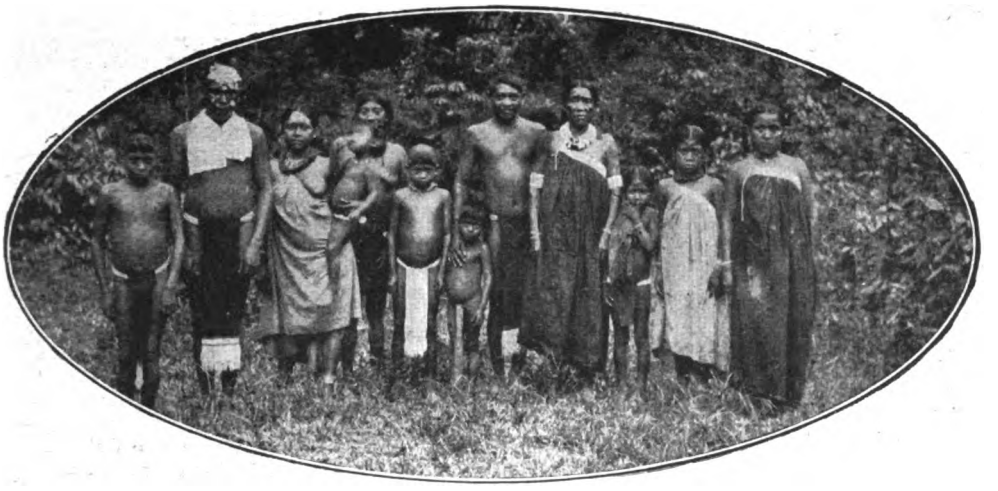

A group of Caribs.

us since the day before our arrival, as some of the Caribs had told him a white man was coming to take them to the war. This advance notice of my movements puzzled me, for no one had passed us on the road and no word had been sent ahead. Later, I discovered that the Caribs have a marvellously perfect method of signalling by means of blasts upon a large fresh-water shell used as a horn, and that my departure from Arekaka had been signalled to Towakaima, twenty-nine miles distant. As the noise produced by blasts on the shell is not audible for more than a few miles, I have no doubt that the message was relayed from one Indian to another, for there are numerous individuals and families dwelling in the bush between the two settlements.

The explanation of the Caribs' belief that I was coming to carry them to the war proved somewhat humorous. It appeared that in their wireless code there was no provision made for signals meaning I was studying Indians and collecting specimens, the nearest approach being a signal denoting "catch," and as the Caribs could see no other reason for an armed white man "catching" Indians, they assumed it was to conscript them.

While Shepard was telling me of the forthcoming dance, several Carib women passed down the trail, on their way to the river for their morning bath, and at Shepard's call three of them approached the house, followed by a couple of men

They were fine-lookng people and far superior to the other Guiana aborigines in physical development and features. In colour they were clear brownish-yellow, much lighter in tint than the other tribes, and there was little of the Mongolian in their faces. One very old woman was naked save for a lap or breech-clout of blue cotton, but the other girls and women were all clad in single skirt-like garments, suspended over one shoulder. These I afterwards learned are donned only when near the settlements, or when walking through the bush, the women at other times wearing only their cotton breech-cloths. Around their necks were immense coils of beads, and their legs were decorated with fringed and cotton bands woven tightly about the limb. All had their lower lips pierced and carried pins in the aperture, and as they chatted they would slip these pins out and in their lips by means of their tongues in a most remarkable manner. The men were naked with the exception of long fringed and beaded laps held in place with woven cotton belts, and all were armed with long, powerful bows and arrows, while several carried lances or javelins of Etah-palm tipped with ten-inch steel heads.

The women's hair was coiled upon their heads, while the men wore theirs cut short, except for a tuft of long hair over the forehead. This scalp-lock-like tuft is typical of the Caribs, and to it is attached the white down of the king vulture, the tribal emblem of the true Carib.

The Caribs, shy and reticent at first, became very friendly when I spoke to them in the dialect of the Dominican Caribs. They willingly consented to be photographed, and agreed to take me and my party to the Wanu dance in the afternoon. Then, chattering and laughing like a bevy of children, they scampered off to their delayed bath.

An hour later we strolled over to their camp and found our Carib friends absolutely unrecognizable in their festive attire. Their smooth yellow skins were painted vivid red with anotto and grease, their faces were decorated with wonderful designs in blue, black, scarlet, and white, their hair was wound and tied with bright-hued ribbons, great necklaces of jaguar and peccary teeth were about their necks, and their cheeks and foreheads bore great tufts of the white vulture down. Altogether they presented a most wild and savage appearance, and it was hard to believe we were not in the heart of the jungle amid untamed cannibals.

Some time was devoted to distributing presents

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to the score or more of Caribs at the camp and to securing measurements and photographs, and then, everything being in readiness, we embarked in the big Carib woodskins and started on our journey up the Barima.

For some distance we paddled up stream until the first falls were reached, where all disembarked, and loads and woodskins were portaged around the cataract and the journey was resumed. Suddenly, through the silence of the wilderness, came a faint, far-away sound, a rhythmic, pulsating beat, and though so thin and dim that it seemed felt rather than heard, yet it was unmistakable—the measured boom of an Indian drum. And as again the throbbing sound was borne to us on the bosom of the forest-bordered river my pulses quickened, for there is something indescribably wild, something that savours of primitive, savage man, of cannibal feasts and weird orgies, in the sound of an Indian tomtom quivering through the still and humid air of a tropic jungle.

Then, as our craft swept towards the half-hidden entrance to a narrow creek, the resonant throb of the drum-beats reverberated louder and louder, until, in a moment, the river was lost to view, and, rounding a bend in the creek, the woodskin was run gently upon the muddy shore beside a dozen others of its kind.

Up from the landing-place a gigantic fallen tree formed a natural bridge and pathway to the summit of the bank, and in single file we picked our way along the slippery log and entered a narrow, winding trail through the forest. Ever louder boomed the drum as we proceeded, and presently, emerging from the woods, we came forth upon a good-sized clearing, within which stood half-a-dozen benabs, or native dwellings.

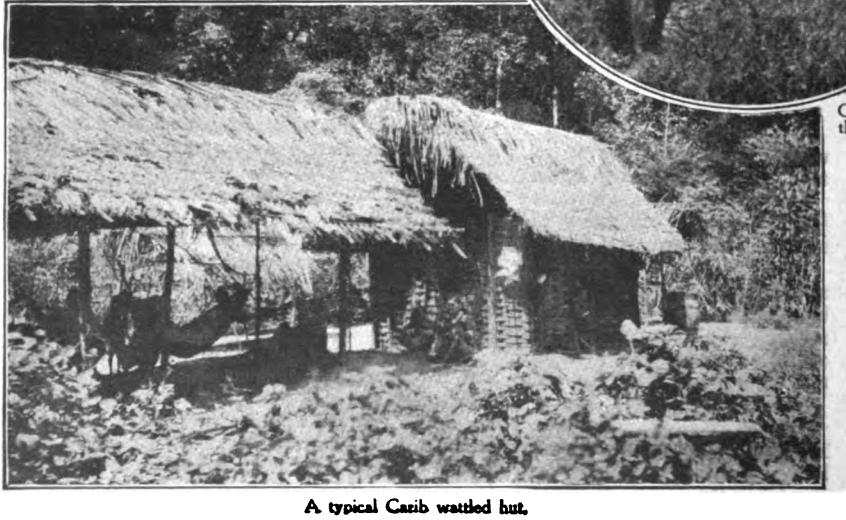
Close at hand stood a neatly-wattled hut; adjoining it was a large, open benab, and in its shelter, standing about, reclining in hammocks, or squatting on low, carved, wooden stools, were a score or more of women. Some were clad only in their laps, others were garbed in their single bag-like garments, but all were arrayed in barbaric finery and were gorgeous with paint and colour. A few yards distant, beneath another thatched shed, were the men, one and all hideously painted, while upon the forelock of each, as well as on each woman's forehead, was the tuft of snowy king vulture down, the symbol of their race.

At the entrance to the men's benab was seated a very tall and splendidly-built Carib, wearing the ornamented, fringed, and tasselled cotton crown of a chief, and holding between his knees a drum of cedar and baboon hide, upon which he beat the monotonous rhythm of the Wanu dance with human bones for drumsticks.

Close by stood two great troughs of paiwarrie, and constantly to and fro between these and the men and women passed a young girl, with her face curiously adorned with scarlet—the "paiwarrie governor," whose sole duty was to keep the drinkers' calabashes ever filled with the vile liquor.

Although I had come unbidden and unannounced, yet the Caribs showed no surprise at my arrival, and while at the time I attributed this to true Indian stoicism, I learned later that my coming had been signalled to the camp by shell-blasts from Towakaima. Seating myself in an unoccupied hammock, I accepted the proffered calabash of paiwarrie, for

Caribs on the way to the dance which the Author attended.



A typical Carib wattled hut.

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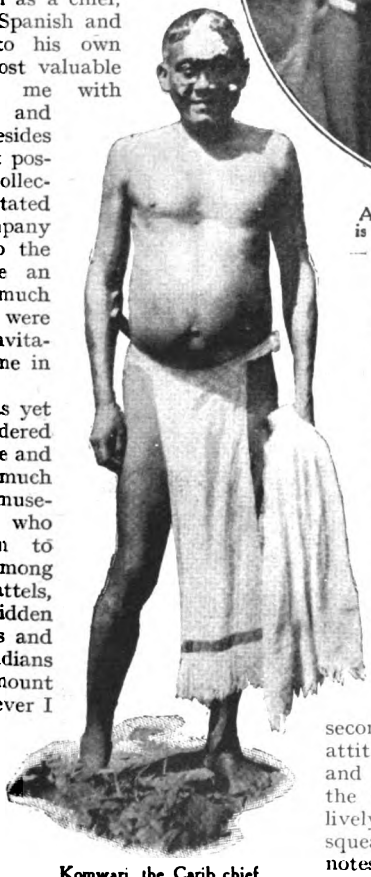
to refuse this is to offend and insult the Indians beyond words; and while a squeamish person might refuse to swallow the beverage—knowing how it is prepared—yet, if one is to win the Indians' confidence and obtain an insight into their lives, all such scruples must be cast aside and one must do as they do as far as possible.

A liberal distribution of presents soon established friendly relations, and even old Komwari, the chief and master of ceremonies, unbent from his surly aloofness and, vowing I was his brother, took me in charge and placed his benab at my disposal. He was a very intelligent old chap, a peaiman, or medicine-man, as well as a chief, and, as he spoke both Spanish and English in addition to his own tongue, he proved a most valuable friend, and furnished me with vocabularies, folk-tales, and general information, besides disposing of his choicest possessions to add to my collection. Moreover, he stated that if I would accompany him and his people to the Takutu I would have an opportunity of seeing "much plenty" Caribs who were truly primitive—an invitation which I lost no time in accepting.

A Carib family; the instrument on which the man is playing is the primitive type of fiddle used in this part of the world.



Komwari, the Carib chief.

The dance had not as yet commenced, and I wandered at will among the people and explored their benabs, much to the delight and amusement of the Caribs, who thought it great fun to watch me rummaging among their goods and chattels, stowed in baskets and hidden in out-of-the-way nooks and corners. The Guiana Indians possess an enormous amount of curiosity, and whenever I arrived at a camp or village they invariably went through my belongings with a thoroughness which would shame the most officious Customs officer; but they are absolutely honest, and replaced every article with the greatest care. Evidently they judged others by themselves and thought it nothing strange that a white man should wish to paw over their things, and whenever I brought to light some choice specimen of bead or feather work they would go into peals of laughter. Indeed, they seemed to look upon my specimen-hunting as a sort of "hide the thimble" game, which they enjoyed almost as much as haggling over the trades when my house-to-house search was ended.

But the Caribs' interest in my movements did not interrupt their drinking, which continued without pause. Much to my surprise, however, there were no signs of intoxication, although the Indians had consumed enormous quantities of the sour, ill-smelling paiwarrie. The only visible effect of the liquor was to produce a lethargic, listless, dull condition, the men and women lying or sitting motionless and silent, but with no signs of drowsiness, and apparently wrapped in the most serious and profound thoughts. They were often so inert that they would not trouble to lift the drink to their lips, but, opening their mouths, waited for the serving-maid to pour the liquor down their throats.

In an hour or two after my arrival the paiwarrie began to exert its secondary effect: the lethargic, morose attitude of the Caribs gave way to laughter and gaiety; they chattered and sang; the droning boom of the drum became a lively tattoo; rude fiddle-like instruments squeaked; bone flutes added their shrill notes to the barbaric discord; and the boys and girls commenced to prance about, turning and twisting, stamping their feet, and stepping high in time with the drum-beats.

Soon the men joined the dance, always in couples, and, casting aside their single garments, the women followed in rapid succession. Each sex, however, formed a separate group, the women and girls dancing on the smooth open space before their benab and the men occupying a similar space before their shelter, while the boys dashed about here, there, and everywhere, shaking calabash rattles and yelling like fiends.

Doubtless there were definite steps and figures to the dance, and these unquestionably had their symbolic meanings, for the "spree" was

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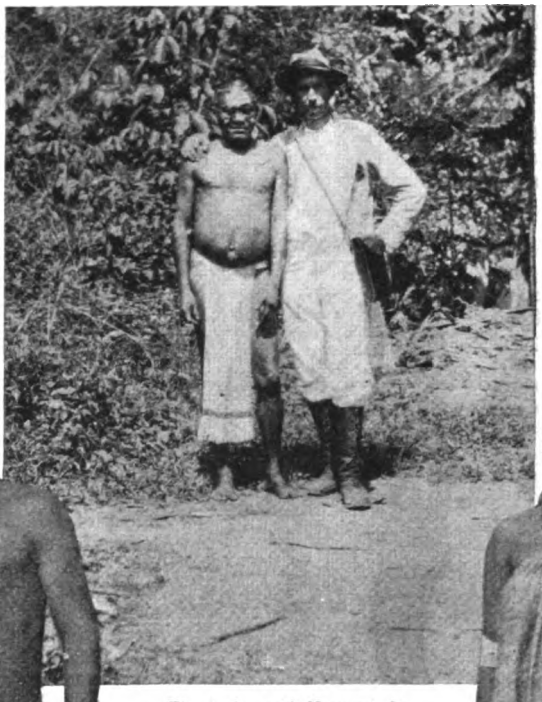
of a ceremonial character; but only a Carib could have interpreted the intricate movements and the mad gyrations of the dancers or the significance of the various forms of ceremonial clubs wielded by the men. To civilized eyes it appeared a confused jumble of leaping, prancing, naked bronze figures; a kaleidoscopic whirl of colour and a deafening din of yells, shouts, the piercing sound of flutes, the thumping of wooden clubs, the stamp and shuffle of bare feet, and the whir of rattles, the whole punctuated and impelled by the resonant hollow boom of the drum.

For a time I, an interested spectator, watched, making notes and taking photographs as opportunity offered; such an event as a paiwarrie spree did not fall to their lot every day, and they were determined to make the most of their opportunity. Luckily, one of my men was a Waika, and, being unfamiliar with the Carib tongue or Carib ways, found himself a mere wallflower. With him and trusty Sam I slipped away unnoticed, and, embarking in my woodskin, dropped down the river to a promising camping-spot. As we drifted down with the current in the waning light the distant boom of the drum was borne to us on the breeze, and far into the night the faint, far-away reverberations told us that hilarity still held sway among our Carib friends.

(To be continued.)



The Author, with Komwari, the Carib chief.

A Carib hunter. He is wearing a tuft of white down on his forehead, the tribal mark of his race.

but as paiwarrie was constantly pressed upon me, and as I had no desire either to drink more or to offend the Caribs by refusals, and as there was nothing more to be accomplished, I prepared to leave the dancing, half-drunken throng to themselves. We had been given the chief's house, but realizing that it would be impossible to obtain any rest while festivities continued, I decided to drop down the river a few miles and go into camp until old Komwari was ready t start on his promised journey into the Carib country.

But my "civilized" Carib boatmen could not be coaxed, cajoled, or threatened into leaving—

A Carib girl. She also is wearing the Carib tribal mark.

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MY EXPERIENCES WITH GORILLAS.

By JOHN ALFRED JORDAN, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

That the gorilla—the largest, most powerful, and fiercest of the great apes—still exists in the African forest is evident from the following thrilling narrative; for the Author, a well-known game-hunter and traveller, relates the story of his encounters with these remarkable creatures, and the stern fight they wage when attacked.

VERY little is known concerning the gorilla, the largest and most dangerous of the anthropoid apes. They are found in West Africa from the Congo to the Cameroons, and eastwards to Uganda. Many naturalists formerly regarded the gorilla as of the same genus as the chimpanzee, but this theory has now been proved erroneous, the gorilla constituting a genus by itself. That there are local types is quite certain, but whether they are a distinct species or crosses with the chimpanzee still remains to be established. The specimens presented by Paul B. du Chaillu to the British Museum convince me that they are crosses between the gorilla and the chimp.

The male may be found up to six and a half feet in height, the female being smaller. The features distinguishing gorilla from gorilla-chimp are the small ears, deep groove along the nostrils, the heel of the foot, and the canines being like those of carnivorous animals. Full-grown adults have never, to my knowledge, been captured alive, but although many young ones have been brought to this country, they have never survived long. A few have lived for nearly two years, and I have heard that one at the Zoological Gardens lasted for six years; but whether these have been true specimens I do not know.

The gorilla is classed by the natives as being one of the most dangerous animals to attack. Their strength enables them to attack a lion and kill it with their teeth while holding it down with feet and hands. I have seen a gorilla easily dispose of a leopard. I was out after meat for the camp in the great Congo forest, when I heard a troop of monkeys chattering, as if with fright. Thinking investigation might be worth while, I proceeded to the spot. A big male leopard had seized a monkey and was in the act of eating the entrails. I managed to get a shot at him before he bounded away, breaking his hind leg. The country was fairly open, the trees being big, with very little undergrowth; so thinking he could not go far, I followed, and at last spotted him trying to lick the wounded limb. He heard me before I could get another shot in, and ran away on three legs, making good speed. I did not chance a running shot because of the trees in the line of fire, so I hurried after him. The animal came to a clearing made by the natives, and then I saw what I took to be a giant of a man standing in front of the leopard. I shouted and increased my pace, only to find, instead of a native, a huge gorilla.

This animal had the leopard on the ground and was tearing it literally apart—limb from limb—with his powerful arms—I heard even the bones break; and fearing I might suffer the same fate, I withdrew some distance, so that, whilst watching the proceedings, I might have a chance of a few shots if the gorilla came for me. The leopard seemed like an ordinary domesticated cat in the hands of this monster, which picked it up as if it weighed only a few pounds and threw it on the ground, although there was no more life left in it. Then the gorilla, after deliberately stamping all over the carcass, pulled it along to some castor-oil trees and proceeded to bury it beneath a collection of big boughs. When this operation was finished to his satisfaction he stood up and looked my way, but I was well concealed behind a good tree. I did not wish to kill the human-like beast unless I was forced to. Seeing nothing suspicious, he thumped his chest and gave out a few sharp "whoofs," and went down on all fours and ambled away.

I waited a little while and then went over to the buried leopard. On removing the branches I found the leopard smashed to a pulp; not a bone in the body had escaped destruction, and if I had not seen it with my own eyes, and had just found the dead leopard, I should have unhesitatingly said it had been killed by an elephant. I took a look round the clearing to see if I could notice anything else, but found only a place where the gorilla had been feeding. He had torn down a lot of plantain trees, with no sign of fruit on them. He had obviously fed on the young shoots. I returned to camp without my meat, and the incident passed out of my memory till I again encountered one of these animals.

While camped on the banks of the Congo River I told the natives I was very anxious to capture a young chimpanzee, and said, further, that if anyone could find me one I would make him a present. The following morning a native told me that he had heard some chimpanzees at the back of his village; they had been raiding

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his plantations, and he was certain they could not be far away. I was only too willing to accompany him. We set out, and quickly arriving at his village, took up the "spoor" from the plantation where the quarry had made free play with the banana trees. We travelled through the forest for about three miles, and, coming to an abandoned village, soon heard the beasts of which we were in search. Approaching cautiously, we noticed a large animal pacing up and down between the trees.

Peering intently through the bush, I saw four huge creatures and one much smaller sitting together. At once I knew them to be gorillas and not chimps. I hoped there might be a baby amongst them which I could attempt to capture; but no, I could see no others, and watching the five closely I came to the conclusion that the group consisted of two male adults, two female adults, and a female half grown. I crouched in some thick bush about twenty yards away. The terribly ferocious look of the head made me feel far from comfortable. The girth of the bodies and long, powerful arms gave me an idea of what would be one's fate if embraced in anger. The native whispered to me to shoot, and I felt inclined to follow his advice, in view of the magnificent proportions of one of the males as he stood upright; in height he looked about seven feet. He seemed very suspicious, glancing all round as if expecting an attack. He gave out a sharp "whoof," which drew the others to him, and they also stood up in a listening attitude. A smashing of bush attracted my attention. I thought it was more of the family party; but instead of gorillas a fine bull-elephant came into view and stood for a time flapping his enormous ears. The gorillas uttered what appeared to be sounds of rage. The elephant, rubbing his shoulders against a tree, gave me a chance of a deadly shot; and seeing that he carried ivory weighing about a hundred pounds a tusk I thought it would be folly to let him escape. I fired, and the elephant fell. This so surprised the gorillas that they started off, passing quite close to the dead beast, of which they seemed not the least afraid. I raised my rifle at a male, but unfortunately one of the females got in line just as I pulled the trigger, and the Express bullet catching her in the centre of the head, killed her instantly. The sight of their dead companion made the rest of the gorillas stop, and one of the males threw himself on the corpse, making sounds of grief. Now I could not have killed another if I had been paid to; the sight was too pathetic. The others gathered round, making a cooing noise. The male, who I suppose was the mate of the fallen one, then picked up the body and carried it away, the others following in single file. For the moment I did not know what to do. If I followed there was bound to be trouble, and I should more than likely have to kill others; so thinking the male would not take the body far when he found it to be lifeless, I decided to go back to camp, return in the morning, and, while the boys were

"I found, instead of a native, a huge gorilla."

getting out the tusks of the dead elephant, search for the dead gorilla.

On the morrow, while the boys cut out the tusks, I returned to the forest, taking the guide and a gun-bearer with me in search of the ape. We encountered a lot of branches and grass laid under trees in the form of beds, and from the impressions saw that they had been used for some days or nights. We also noticed that there were parts of the rinds of popiao and bananas, the spoil of raided plantations. At last the guide, more by luck than good tracking, found the dead body concealed under a lot of brushwood. The other beasts had evidently broken down all the scrub and covered over their dead companion, which the male had deposited under a tree. She was too heavy to carry back to camp, so after taking the

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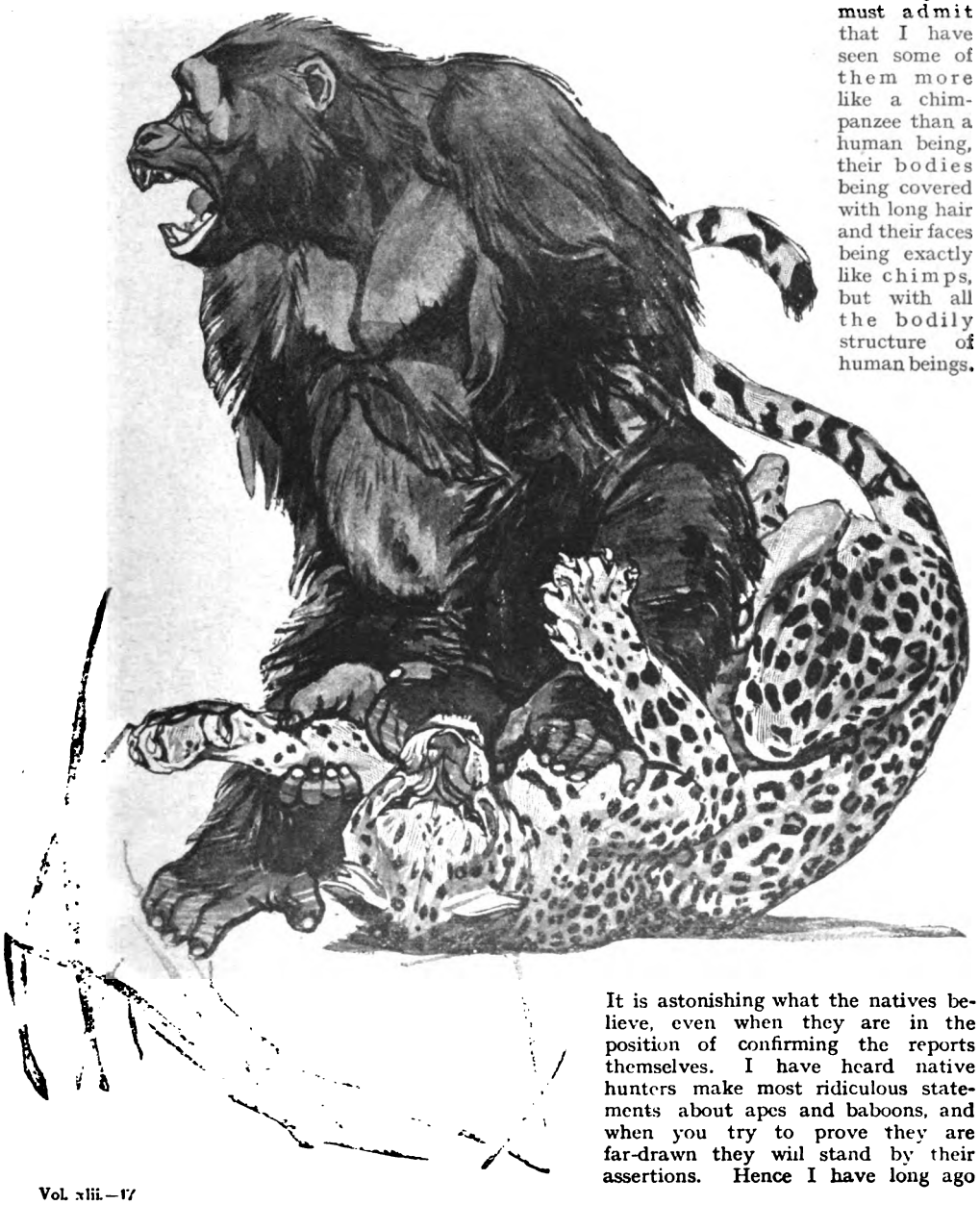
measurements I told the boys to skin her. She was five feet two inches in height and sixty-four inches round the chest. The ape was an old one, the black hair being tipped with grey—very profuse on the shoulders. While the boys were skinning her I had a search round to see if I could find any trace of the others. I discovered the fresh "spoor" of that morning, and followed it till I came to a stream where they had drunk; but, losing it, I returned to the dead beast. On the way back to camp I questioned the native about the habits of these apes.

I asked him if it was true that they had ever been known to capture native women. He replied that he had heard so, but had never known a village from which a woman had been taken. I asked how the story originated, and he said that it was generally believed amongst the Mabuties—"pigmies" who lived in the gorilla region, and who were supposed to be able to talk to them. He himself thought the gorillas and the pigmies lived together on the best of terms. This statement was difficult to accept, I having hunted with the little people: and I had never heard them mention the gorilla, although I must admit that I have seen some of them more like a chimpanzee than a human being, their bodies being covered with long hair and their faces being exactly like chimps, but with all the bodily structure of human beings.



It is astonishing what the natives believe, even when they are in the position of confirming the reports themselves. I have heard native hunters make most ridiculous statements about apes and baboons, and when you try to prove they are far-drawn they will stand by their assertions. Hence I have long ago

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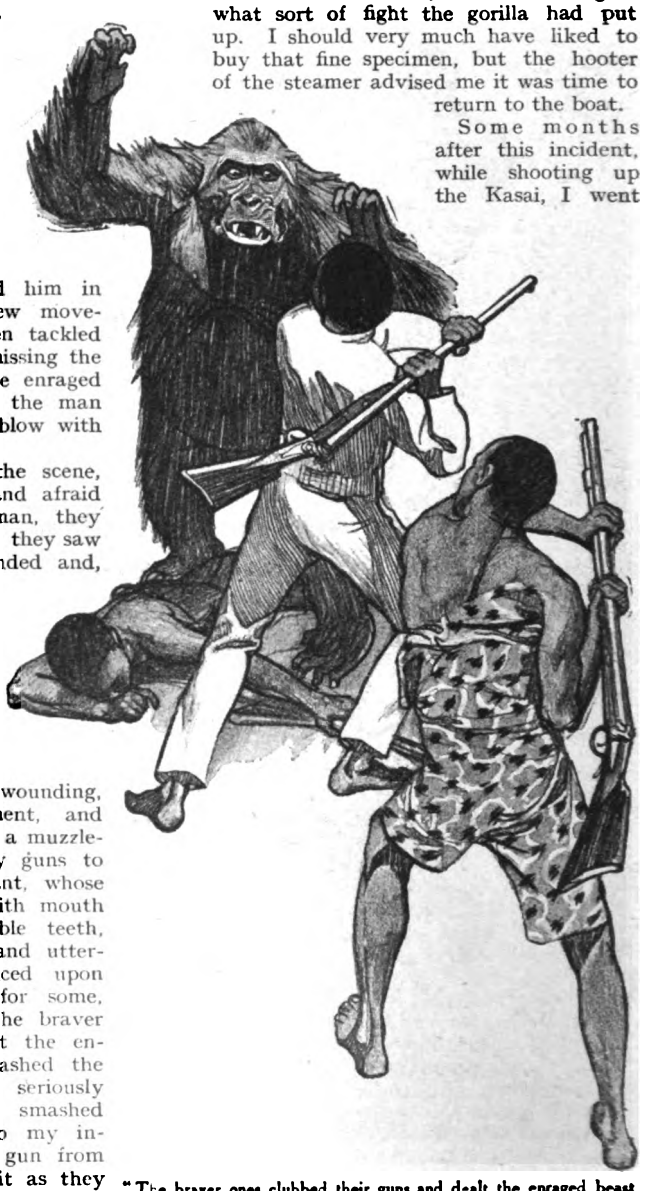
given up believing them until my own eyes have confirmed them.

On my way down the Congo River we put in at a French port, and in strolling up to the native market I found great excitement over the killing of a huge gorilla. The brute was tied up to some scaffolding to show his height, and it measured six feet six inches and over eighty inches round the chest. It had been badly shot about; as a fact, the face was nearly blown in. A native near me informed me that as the ape had been robbing the plantation, a party of men armed with muzzle-loading rifles went out in search of the marauder. Two of the men leading suddenly came upon the beast sitting under a tree; one had his gun ready charged, but the other had not fixed the cap in the nipple; and while he was hastily adjusting his weapon the other fired at the ape, some of the pieces of old iron with which the gun was loaded inflicting a few slight wounds. The injuries were just enough to rouse the temper of the brute, and before the other man could disable it the gorilla had taken the one who had wounded him in his powerful grip and with a few movements broken his neck. He then tackled the other, who hastily fired, but missing the animal he tried to run away. The enraged ape, however, barred his path, and the man in his desperation tried to deal a blow with the butt end of the gun.

The others had now come on the scene, and witnessing these proceedings, and afraid to fire in case they killed the man, they waited. According to their account they saw the ape catch the rifle as it descended and, reaching out his long arm, clutch the man by the wrist so forcibly that the arm was pulled out of the socket. The men, thinking their companion had been killed, now rushed in; but the animal being still keen on battle, it left its victim and made ready to meet them, uttering shrieks of rage. The natives fired a volley, some wounding, some missing. In their excitement, and seeing that it takes time to load a muzzle-loader, they had only their empty guns to defend themselves against the giant, whose eyes were gleaming like a devil, with mouth wide open, showing his formidable teeth, bleeding from numerous wounds, and uttering fiendish sounds as it advanced upon them. The sight was too much for some, and they fled for safety; while the braver ones clubbed their guns and dealt the enraged beast hard blows which smashed the stocks. Several of the men were seriously injured, and one had his skull smashed in. This was done, according to my informant, by the gorilla wresting a gun from one of the natives and clubbing it as they were doing. It might have been true, or one of the other men in his excitement might have done the deed, because natives, when very excited, strike out right and left, not caring where the blows fall. I have seen them slash each other with spears and knives in dangerous times. However, I took his word for it, and heard further that the gorilla would have killed them all if four men who had run away had not returned with their guns reloaded. They joined in the *mêlée* and placed the muzzle of their guns in the face and body of the ape, killing him.

The party of hunters had consisted of sixteen men, and of that lot three had met their deaths and seven had broken limbs; so one can imagine what sort of fight the gorilla had put up. I should very much have liked to buy that fine specimen, but the hooter of the steamer advised me it was time to return to the boat.

Some months after this incident, while shooting up the Kasai, I went



"The braver ones clubbed their guns and dealt the enraged beast hard blows which smashed the stocks."

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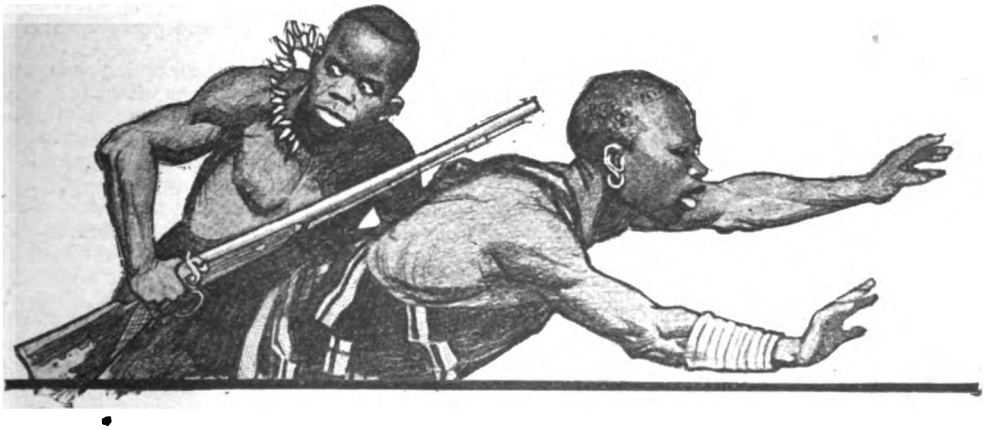
on board a Portuguese steamer which put into the station for wood, and there found a young gorilla about three feet six inches in height. He was heavily chained to a rail, and the engineer to whom he belonged advised me not to go too near, because it was such a savage brute and generally had a fit of the sulks. I thought otherwise; he looked quite amiable to me, so I approached and offered him a banana, which he took, smelt, and threw overboard.

This was not a good beginning, so I got a tin of milk, opened it, and gave him that. This at once proving the right bribe for friendship, he allowed me to handle him, and showed a most tractable disposition. I petted him and started to walk away, only to be drawn back by sounds of indignation. I tried to unclasp his fingers, which he let me do only to put his arms round my neck. I don't know how long we should have stayed in that position if the engineer had not arrived on the scene; but as soon as the ape saw him he shrank up to me in fright, showing that the man ill-treated him. I asked for another tin of milk, and while he was drinking that I placed a little distance between the animal and myself. The gorilla threw the empty tin into the water and then held out his arms to me, looking really pathetic.

I had very little ready cash on me, but intending to buy the animal if possible, I asked the Portuguese what he would take. He said he did not wish to sell, and from his conversation I gathered that he thought the ape was a chimpanzee; so knowing twenty-five pounds was a good price for a chimp, I offered him that amount; but no, he would not sell. I increased my offer to fifty pounds; he would not say either yes or no, but promised when they returned down the river in ten days that if he had not been able to tame it he would sell. Alas, when the steamer returned he brought the news that the animal had died the day before! I feel certain I could have brought it up, because I had been lucky with chimpanzees, and gorillas only need the same care and kindness to make them love one.

A few weeks after this I had my last experience with gorillas. A Dutch captain was giving me a passage in his cargo-boat down the river, and when tied up for the night, it being too dangerous to run down-stream, he suggested that we should go ashore and look for buffalo. We soon found some, these animals being very plentiful in that part. I killed mine, and having only wounded his, he followed it up. I sat alongside my dead beast waiting for the boys to come. The captain had been gone about ten minutes, when he came rushing back without his rifle, and gasped out that a huge monkey had stepped out in front of him and seized his rifle, on which he had promptly fled. I laughed at this statement, thinking more than likely the buffalo had charged and he had thrown his rifle down and bolted; but he swore so seriously that his statement was true, that I offered to accompany him back to the scene of the outrage.

We soon came to the spot, but I could see nothing till he gripped my arm and hoarsely whispered, "Look!" I looked towards the spot and saw a huge figure striking a tree with something. I raised the rifle and fired, but in that light missed, the bullet entering the tree within an inch of the beast's head. The gorilla turned towards us and shook some bushes which it grasped in each hand, and then walked away just like a human being. We went over to the tree and picked up the thing he had been battering against it. It proved to be my friend's rifle, but one he would never use again; the triggers were knocked off, the stock splintered, and the barrels bent. I still doubt that the ape took the rifle out of the captain's hand, and think the latter dropped it in the surprise of meeting such a terrifying beast. The animal, seeing something strange, probably picked up the weapon, and scenting something human about it thought it needed killing, and killed it accordingly to the best of his ability.



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How I Built My Dream Palace.

As told by FERDINAND CHEVAL *and set down by* J. B. BRANDRETH, F.R.G.S.

Eastern front of the postman's Dream Palace, at Hauterives, France. It is all the work of one man, a postman named Ferdinand Cheval, wh se portrait is shown above.

At the little borough of Hauterives, in the pretty valley of the Galaure, not far from the town of Valence-on-the-Rhône, in France, there exists an extraordinary building known locally as the "Dream Palace," or the "Postman's Folly." This building is the sole handiwork, from start to finish, of one man, a rural postman, named Ferdinand Cheval. In the following narrative, M. Cheval gives an account of how he came to conceive and build his "Dream Palace," a remarkable instance of human tenacity and perseverance.

A GOOD many visitors, after examining my "Ideal Palace," or my "Dream Palace," whichever you prefer to call it—find it difficult to believe that all this is the work of a single person. Yet the entire adult living population of Hauterives can testify to the fact that in building this palace I was my own architect, my own contractor, and my own stone-mason. Nobody had anything to do with the putting up of the building but myself.

How did the notion come to me? Well, for many years, and throughout the year, in all weathers, my duty as a rural postman took me over a twenty-mile daily tramp. What is a man to do when walking across country by himself but to cogitate about anything and everything? Sometimes I would turn over in my mind what I had read in the morning newspaper. At other times I would wonder what the country between Hauterives and Tersanne, through which I walked, was like in prehistoric ages when covered by the sea—I must tell you I was always a bit of a dreamer in my way—and I had learnt from local geologists how to observe from the nature of the land deposits—alluvions, for instance—where the ancient seas had left their traces.

One day somebody lent me an old illustrated book of Eastern stories, and one of the pictures in this book was of a remarkable palace that some Indian Prince had built. Somehow or other, the picture of the Indian palace, and the description of it in the book, haunted my mind. I began to dream of a palace of my own.

In imagination I built it up day by day, and

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gradually, as the result of over a couple of years' dreaming—I scarcely like to describe my day-dreams as properly-thought-out plans—I knew the palace of my dreams all by heart. In fact, I had it all pictured out in my brain as I would build it—if I had the means. The grottos, towers, gardens, sculpture-work, and terraces of my dream palace, as I intended to carry them out, were all photographed with the greatest clearness in my mental vision.

One fine spring morning, an insignificant incident led to my dream becoming a reality. I slipped up on a round stone which nearly sent me head over heels into the little stream which ran by the side of the road. I kicked the stone away, and then, noticing its curious round shape, picked it up to have a good look at it. It was

North-western view of the postman's Dream Palace.

beautifully smooth and of a handsome bluish grey colour, and evidently one of those that spoke of the passage of the sea in these parts. I put the stone into my letter-box (French postmen carry their letters in an oblong wooden box strapped over their shoulders), and when I got home I resolved to see if there were many more of these stones to be found in the same place.

That same afternoon I went off on a journey of exploration, and much to my own satisfaction I discovered a considerable number of these stones, of all shapes and sizes, and nearly all of a bluish-grey colour. Next day, as soon as my duty was over, I took my wheelbarrow to the place, six miles off, where I had seen the stones, and came back with a load of them, which I put in the little garden in front of my house. I did this every day for several months, and eventually had a pretty large pile in my garden. My neighbours began to take notice of this daily trundling after these stones. At first they thought I was accumulating material to sell to the road surveyor, but I soon disabused their minds of such a notion.

"Then what do you intend to do with them?" they would ask.

"I am going to build a palace," was my reply.

People would look at me wonderingly when I answered thus, and soon the report was spread about that Cheval, the postman, had a bee in his bonnet—"a spider on the brain" as we say in this part of the country.

I took no notice of this, but went on, during my spare time, accumulating all the stones I could find—and there was a prodigious quantity of them on the banks of the river and on the adjacent hill-sides.

One day my postmaster said to me: "Cheval, do you know that everybody on the country-side thinks you are cracked?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, they say that you talk of building a palace, and that instead of cultivating your kitchen garden, you are continually filling it with old stones."

"Well, postmaster, if that is a sign of madness, I suppose I must be daft. Some people take their pleasure in fishing in the river, others play cards at the village inn, others play quoits. It is my hobby to collect stones, for the purpose of building a sort of show palace. Everybody does not find relaxation in the same manner."

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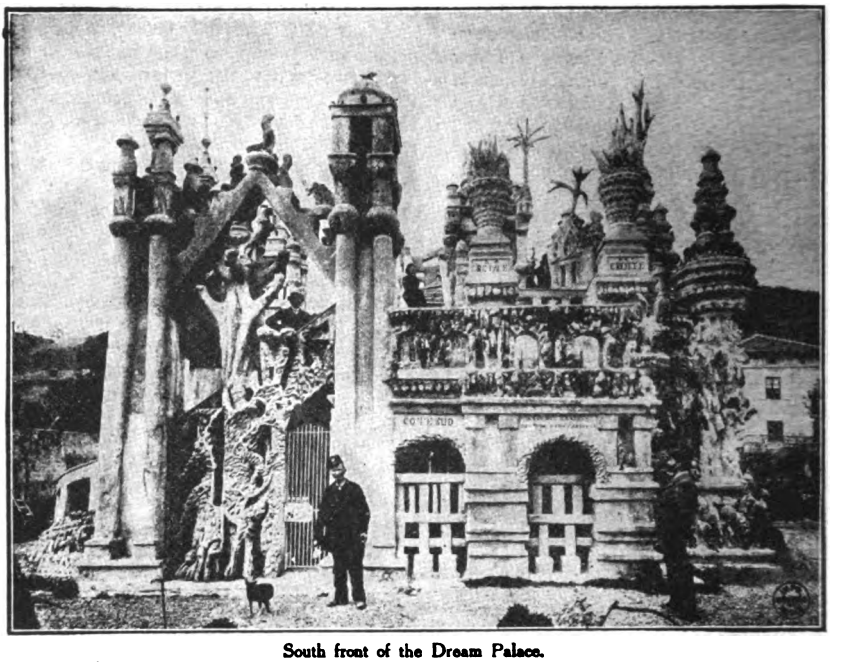


South front of the Dream Palace.

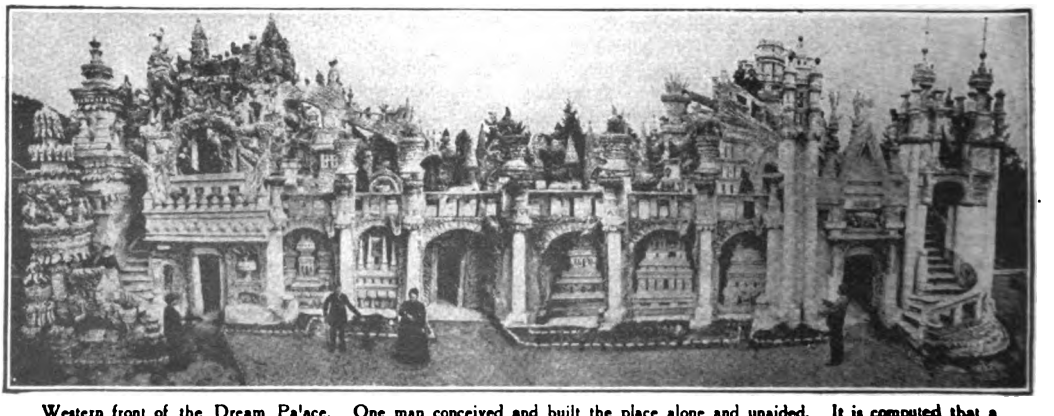
The postmaster laughed, and replied: "Why, I suppose you are right. Anyway, your madness is not the kind that does any harm, so they won't shut you up in a lunatic asylum, and so long as your work is not neglected the matter has nothing to do with me."

When I had accumulated sufficient stones to make a start, I fished out the folio in which I had put all the bits of paper upon which I had sketched, in a crude sort of manner, all my ideas about the building of the palace, as they had occurred to me, and resolved to make a start on the foundations.

I was forty-three years of age at the time, and, mark you! I had never touched a trowel in my life, but I had picked up a good deal of knowledge from watching stone-masons and bricklayers at work. However, I spent a great many sleepless nights thinking about the work, and I made a good many false starts before getting on the right track.

To avoid the annoyance of the quips and sarcasms of passers-by, who saw me with my wheelbarrow, I took to fetching my material after dusk, and often worked far into the night. Very little sleep has always been sufficient for my needs. Indeed, six hours' rest was as much as I have ever required out of the twenty-four, so I went to bed late, and yet was up betimes in the morning.

I started the work of building my palace in the spring of 1879, and kept at it for no less than thirty-four years! During this long period I put in nine thousand days of work, or sixty-five thousand working hours—for I kept a journal of my work, and the time spent on it. I had to



Western front of the Dream Palace. One man conceived and built the place alone and unaided. It is computed that a thousand cubic yards of stonework enters into the construction of this building.

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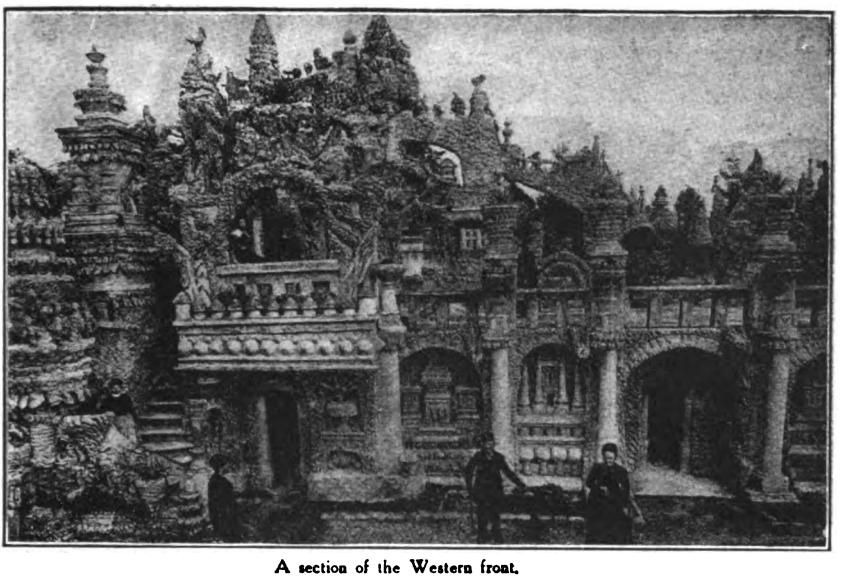
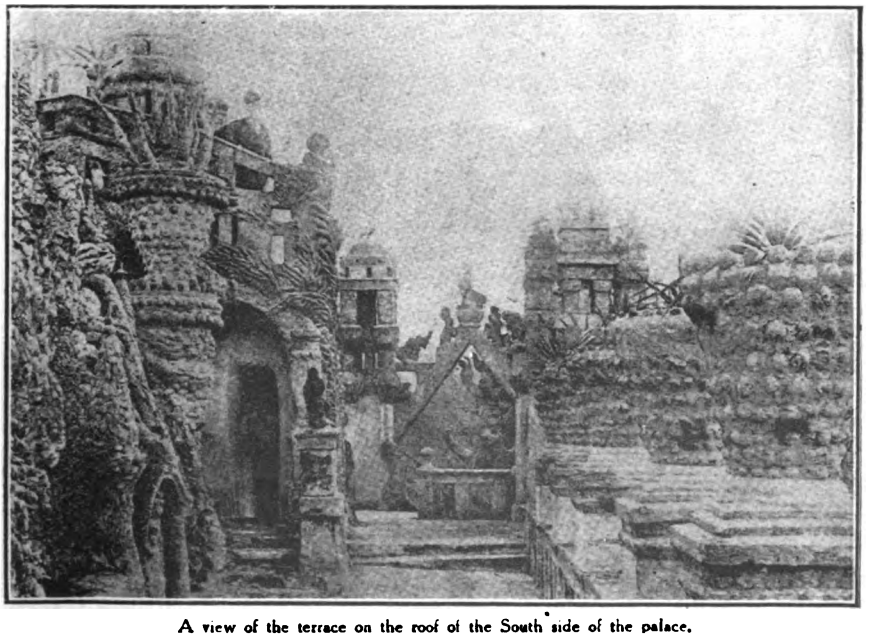


A section of the Western front.

buy no less than four thousand bags of lime and cement, which I paid for out of my small savings as a rural postman, and out of the sums that were presented to me by visitors attracted from far and near by the rumours of the extraordinary building I was engaged in putting up.

Indeed, as a consequence of the reports spread by folks who had seen the gradual erection of my dream palace, Hauterives soon became a popular Sunday excursion for cyclist clubs and other tourists, and I netted quite a considerable amount in this way from the fifty centimes (fivepence) I charged each visitor. This money was spent in tools and material for the carrying on and completion of the work.

The building of the dream palace was entirely completed in the autumn of 1913, and nothing gives me so much satisfaction as to know that I have been spared to complete the work, and to listen to the criticisms, or praise, of visitors who come in large numbers to see the monument born of my imagination. I am now eighty-three years of age, and in as perfect health of mind and body as a man of that age can expect to be.



A view of the terrace on the roof of the South side of the palace.

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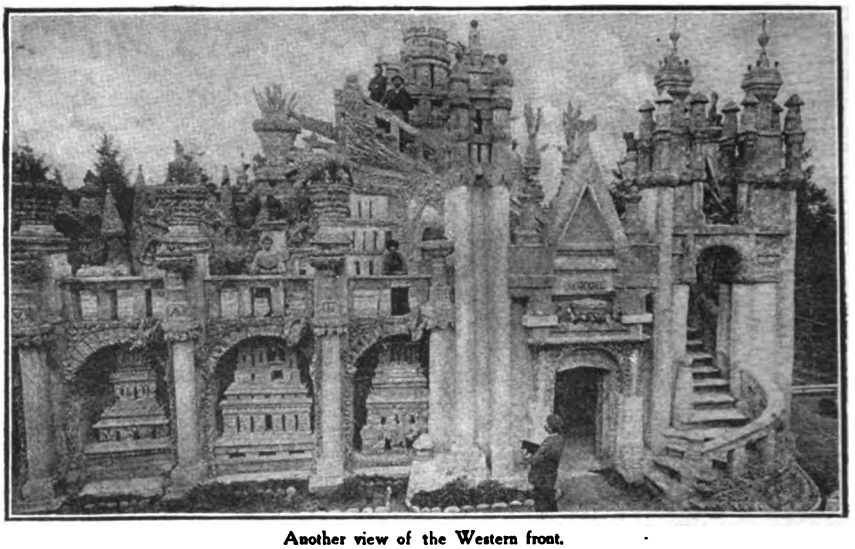
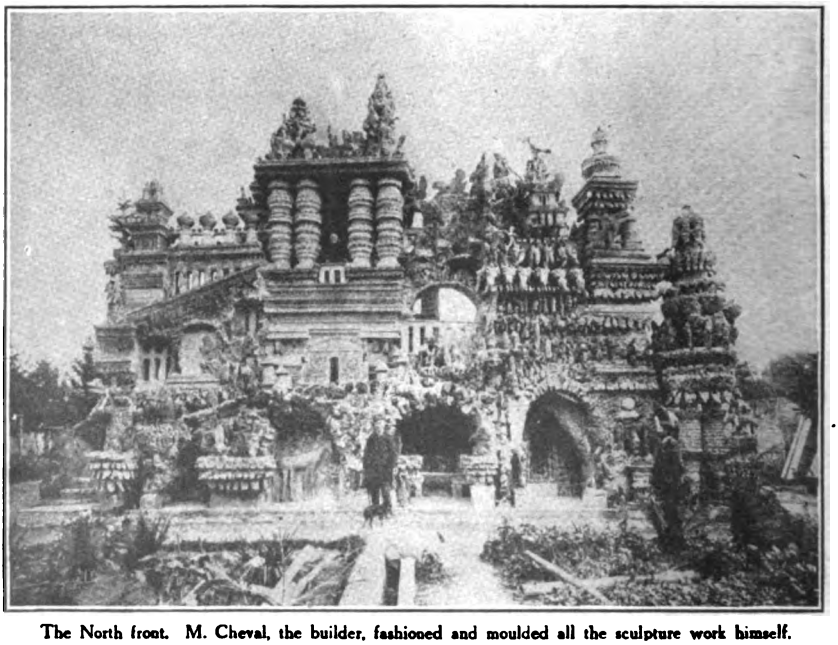


Another view of the Western front.

In fact, I have never had a day's serious illness in my life. It is true I have always been a hard-working man, living very soberly in the matter of food and drink.

I have consumed very little meat, certainly not more than twice a week on an average, but plenty of potatoes, beans, and green stuff. Not a day passes without my adding an onion or a little garlic to my food. I also eat plenty of bread. As for drink, a very little red wine, mingled with a glass of water, has always stood me in good stead. Coffee is good in its way, but it has too exciting an effect on the heart to be taken with impunity, especially now I am getting old.

Tea, did you say? No, the only time I have taken tea has been on two or three occasions when I had the "migraine" (headache) or an embarrassed stomach; then my wife—who is now dead—prepared me a dish of tea. I likewise had a son, but he is dead, too, and I now live with my daughter-in-law and her two children, and I show visitors round my dream palace. Ah! a smoke, yes! I don't mind that. Some doctors say smoking is bad, but we all have our little weaknesses, and I always found



The North front. M. Cheval, the builder, fashioned and moulded all the sculpture work himself.

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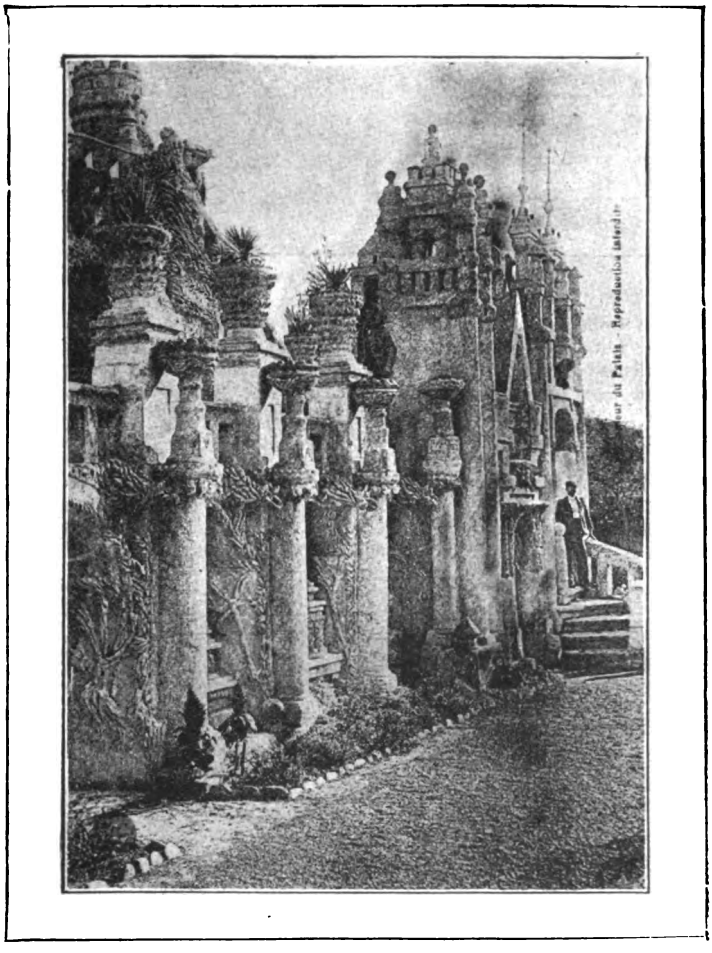
that a well-filled pipe, after meals, was a great comfort.

The east side of this remarkable building is eighty-five feet long, and varies in height from twenty-five to thirty feet. The frontage is not, as might be supposed, even, but juts in and out in various forms. There is an extraordinary amount of rude sculpture-work, entirely carried out by M. Cheval, such as the three giant human figures, surmounted by a Barbary tower. This frontage likewise shows the entrance to an Indian temple, and is worked out in details of the most weird and fantastic character. Two stairways lead up to a platform which forms a terrace seventy-four feet long by six feet wide, from which a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained.

The façade on the west side is also eighty-five feet long, and between twenty-five and thirty feet high. The features include a mosque, a Swiss chalet, a feudal castle, a square Algerian house, a curiously shaped tower, and numerous other features, including sculptured eagles, ostriches, and other birds and animals. Many of the figures are quite grotesque. The Swiss chalet is built entirely of small marine shells of the same colour; the white house of small white pebbles taken from the beds of rivers. Blood-red stones constitute the "feudal castle."

The east and west façades are connected by a covered passage way, or gallery, sixty feet long, twelve feet high, and six feet wide. At each end of the gallery there is a small maze full of sculptured figures of the most varied character, including representations of bears, elephants, waterfalls, and weird human figures such as would rejoice the soul of a "futurist" painter.

The south façade is forty feet long, and the features include a number of sculptured flowers, pillars, grottos, and fantastic figures of all kinds, worked out in various coloured stones. The north façade, forty-five feet long, includes the



The Mosque on the Western frontage.

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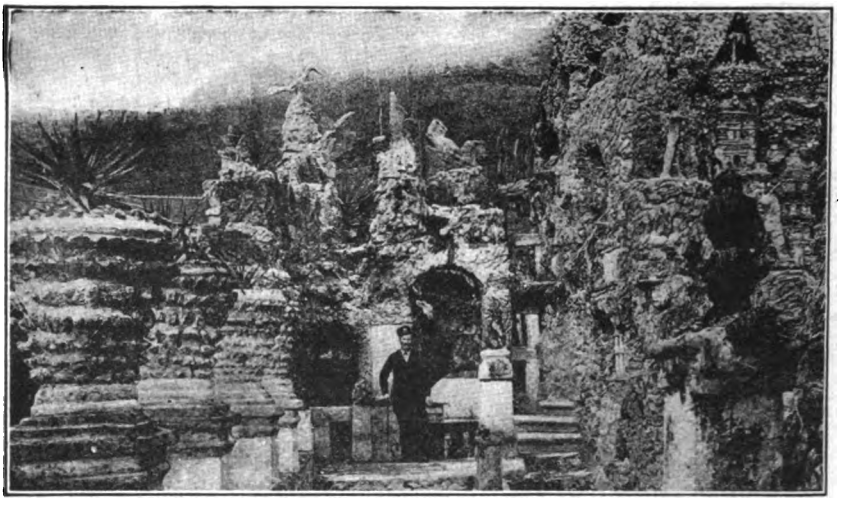
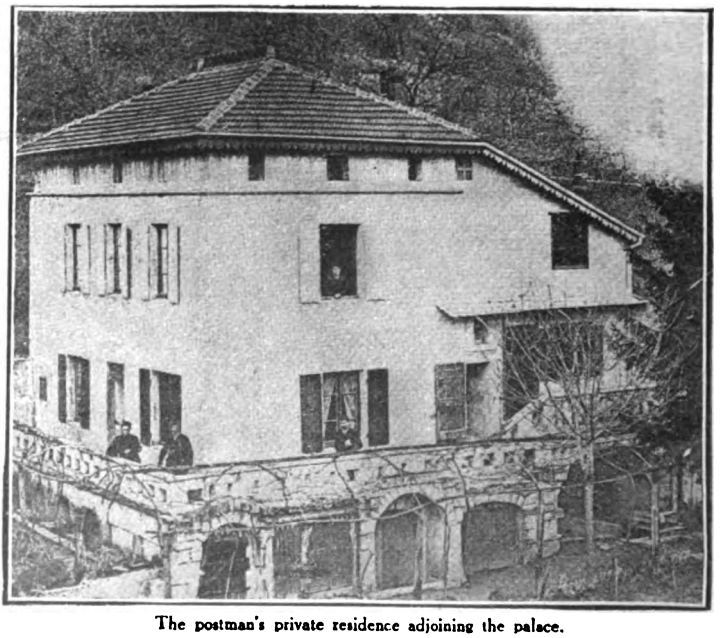


The roof terrace on the Northern side of the palace.

entrance to an Indian temple, and a multitude of other features. Within, approached through a gateway, is an unfinished Druidical tomb with two stone coffins, ten feet below the surface. Cheval intended this tomb for himself and his wife, but the authorities refused a licence for this place as a burial ground. The old man is now busily engaged in building a monumental tomb for himself in the village cemetery, where he has purchased a plot for that purpose.

M. Cheval lives in a cheerful white house a few yards away from his dream palace, the various coloured stones of which scintillate in the sunshine, producing a remarkable effect.

Though M. Cheval was educated at an elementary school in the country, he has taught himself a great many things, and amongst others the art of writing doggerel rhyme in a very pleasing manner. Indeed, he will set any subject to verse in a very short time, and this is not the least of the self-taught old fellow's accomplishments.



The postman's private residence adjoining the palace.

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The FINEST FIGHTER in FRANCE

The Story of the Remarkable Career of René Bertrand

By Bernard St. Lawrence

ILLUSTRATED BY A. MORROW.

In that regiment of heroes, the 21st Colonial of French Infantry, there are two descriptions applied to one of their number, René Bertrand. The first is the title of this stirring contribution, while his many wounds have caused him to be regarded as "the man with a charmed life." Our Author, who has met this gallant son of the Republic, gives a graphic account of his heroic deeds and miraculous escapes.

BUT for the brilliant array of decorations on his breast, I would never have dreamt that the man to whom I had been introduced at a *café* on the Boulevard des Italiens was the celebrated René Bertrand, of whose deeds of valour all Paris—nay, the whole of France—had been talking. Not that I would have failed to recognize him as a hero, who had passed through a storm of shot and shell. He is minus an arm and a leg. A hero, no doubt about that. Only, without the Legion of Honour, the Croix de Guerre adorned with seven palms and five crosses, and the British Military Medal, I would not have recognized him as that particular hero, whose body bears evidence of no fewer than thirty bayonet wounds, in addition to that of a terrible mutilation, and whose escapes from death have been so numerous, so miraculous, indeed, that he has come to be known as "the man with a charmed life."

René Bertrand—"the finest fighter in France"—is a young fellow of twenty-six. There is a smile upon his moustached lips which seems to say: "What care I for wounds? Really, there's nothing remarkable in what I've done or suffered. Why make all this fuss? Hadn't you better give up the idea of extracting from me the story of how I won all this *ferblanterie?*" Never indeed was man farther from the thought of singing his own praises; never was "brave" so far removed from such a thing as boasting. There is nothing of the swashbuckler about René Bertrand, and though his breast is covered with "tinware," he wears it modestly—nay, almost diffidently; and in spite of all his experiences he remains simply a great boy of a Parisian, full of the slang and banter of the great city, and yet also full of the artlessness of the youth of his class.

Born in the capital twenty-six years ago, René Bertrand enlisted in the 21st Colonial Regiment at Evreux at eighteen years of age. This regiment, let me explain in passing, is jokingly called by the name of a well-known purveyor of Paris—as who should say, with us, "Lipton's Regiment"—because it is mostly recruited in the capital for service in the Colonies—and because the Parisians must needs have their joke. Yet the 21st Colonial is a regiment of heroes, distinguished in an army every regiment of which has shown its bravery. Is not the 21st authorized to wear the "*fourragère,*" or special red shoulder-braid given to chosen regiments for particularly valorous service? One of the regiments of the Foreign Legion—that band of daredevils—wears it, but there are not many which may do so. Well, in this famous regiment Bertrand enlisted, and three years later, in 1913, went with it to Morocco There was trouble in that country, and it was there that the young soldier, now thoroughly seasoned to the rough life of military men, first came into touch with the fighting from which for years to come he was to have no respite.

It was at Boun-Nib. He, his captain, a lieutenant, and half-a-dozen men were surrounded by tribesmen, and matters looked bad. His comrades were all shot down. Bertrand, with the two officers, continued the resistance, and the young soldier kept the savages away while the officers were getting to horse. Thanks to his bravery, the three were able to escape with a couple of wounded comrades. Bertrand received a wound in the thigh in this encounter, but after a fortnight's stay in hospital at Colomb-Béchar he rejoined his regiment and was soon engaged in fresh adventures.

The Great War broke out, and René Bertrand was hastily embarked with his regiment for

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"Seeing no alternative, he threw up his hands and cried: 'Kamerades!'"

France. He fought at Charleroi and at the Marne; he was one of that valiant band which hurled the Germans back from the gates of Paris, and in the course of various engagements he received a number of bayonet wounds from which he recovered without even going into hospital. His first mention in army orders was for an act which was typical of the dashing soldier's career. The deed is related summarily enough in the official report—and it is more difficult to get René Bertrand to speak of his feats of arms than it is to induce most heroes to talk. He smiles, shrugs his shoulders, and says, "Anyone else would have done it"—which, perhaps, is not quite the case.

One evening, at Vaux-sous-Laon, Bertrand and three daredevil companions were sent on patrol duty. Regardless of the risk they were running, they advanced until they were almost within the enemy's lines. Suddenly, in a clearing of the wood through which they had been threading their way, dodging behind trees and sometimes crawling on all fours, they espied two German kitchens on wheels. A slight breeze was blowing at the time in their direction, bringing with it a tempting odour of cooked food.

"Smells good," whispered one of Bertrand's companions in his ear. "It's just upon the Boches' dinner-hour, I suppose. Everything ready to be taken to the neighbouring trenches, eh? Look, there go two of the *cuistots* with the dishes for course number one."

"Yes," replied Bertrand. "Let's bag 'em before they take all the good things away. It'll

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be a rare lark to deprive the Huns of their rations this evening, and I dare say our fellows won't object to an addition to their *popote*. But we'll let those two cooks get some distance away before we start operations. That leaves five of them to deal with. Now, boys, this is what we've got to do."

And Bertrand, motioning to the others to draw near, unfolded his plan of campaign, which consisted in springing out on the kitchen attendants on three sides simultaneously, and shooting them down if they offered the slightest resistance.

The attendants were wholly taken off their guard. Nevertheless, three of them managed to get to their weapons and put up a fight, in the course of which one of our hero's comrades was shot. However, four of the Boches were soon accounted for by Bertrand and his remaining supporters, whilst the fifth, seeing no alternative, threw up his hands and cried: "*Kamerades!*"

"Quick! Harness him to one of the kitchens, and *en route* with both of them to our trenches," said the quick-witted Bertrand.

Whereupon the three of them set to work to move the kitchens down a pathway in the forest, Bertrand the while keeping his right hand, holding his revolver, free and his eye on the prisoner lest he showed signs of being awkward. As a matter of fact, the Boche did need a little powerful persuasion, for after they had gone about a hundred yards there arose a great commotion in the depths of the forest and shots were fired in their direction. One or more of the attendants had, presumably, returned and, finding their kitchens gone, had set off in pursuit.

"I proved to that Boche," said Bertrand, "that I meant business if he showed the slightest disposition to slacken his pace. Indeed, I made it clear to him that he must quicken it; and so we got clear away and back to our trenches. You should have heard the cheers when the steaming food was handed round."

Bertrand comes of a family of fighters. Not only were his four brothers also in the army at this time, but even his father volunteered at the age of fifty-three, gained the rank of lieutenant, and was killed in September, 1914.

Bertrand's coolness and daring under fire soon attracted attention. He fought on the Yser and on the Somme. Never was there such a fighter; though several times wounded and several times made prisoner, he always escaped, and nothing seemed to check his ardour.

In one of the engagements on the Somme his regiment was collaborating with an English force. It was after a day of particularly hard fighting, and a village was being cleared of the enemy. The Huns clung like barnacles to cellars and bits of ruined buildings. Suddenly Bertrand, bayonet fixed, rushed towards a dugout, and found himself alone facing a party of dogged Germans. Quickly he lunged his weapon into the first man, shouted behind or beyond him to comrades who existed only in his imagination, tackled his second man, still shouting directions to a supposed file of French soldiers, and bluffed the enemy so effectually that they dropped their weapons and surrendered. Before they could recover from their astonishment Bertrand had returned to his own people, driving before him ten sheepish German prisoners. The English witnessed this feat, and the young Frenchman received the Military Medal as a reward for his valour and initiative. It was about this time, too, that he won the Croix de Guerre of his own country, his Cross being to-day, as I have said, adorned with seven palms and five crosses.

One of his escapes after being taken prisoner is told by Bertrand himself with grim humour. Wounded, weak, and bleeding, he was disarmed by a burly Bavarian, who with a bayonet at his throat ordered him to surrender, and the Frenchman had perforce to obey. He was following his Boche captor when a shot from another direction hurled him to the ground, and he rolled over. With the quick resourcefulness that always characterized him, Bertrand "shammed dead" and lay still on the ground. His captor, with a look of infinite disgust and a muttered curse, kicked him in the side, rolling him over again, and left him.

"Then," said Bertrand, "I fainted in earnest, and when I revived found myself lying in the dust and the dusk surrounded by dead and dying Germans. I waited until it was quite dark, and then crawled back to the French trenches."

On another occasion Bertrand was put into a train with other prisoners for conveyance to the "Fatherland." Feigning sickness, he was allowed to leave the truck which was his temporary prison Seizing his opportunity, he managed to slip from the wagon, and hid under a buffer while his captors were searching for him. Finally he dropped to the ground and escaped across country, with innumerable hairbreadth escapes of recapture.

After eighteen months of fighting such as might have sufficed for any ordinary man, René Bertrand, learning that volunteers were being sought for the Eastern theatre of war, offered himself and was accepted. It was early in 1916, and he went through the famous campaign which terminated in the taking of Monastir.

Serving in the 44th Colonial Regiment, he was the hero of a series of exploits and adventures so astonishing that they might appear fabulous if they were not so well authenticated by witnesses.

One day a small band of men in charge of machine-guns got separated from the main body of the Allied troops, Bertrand being among them. Forward and forward they pushed, and finally took up position on a piece of rising ground which commanded a road, and flanked by woods and rocks which afforded them some protection. In front of them was a battalion of Bulgarians trying to storm the ridge. On they rushed and down they were mown by the machine-guns, which spat and barked and spluttered like chattering demons of hell. Soon the space before them was filled with the enemy dead, but rapidly, too, the little

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"Suddenly Bertrand, bayonet fixed, rushed towards a dugout.

band of fighters was itself diminished, as one after another was bowled over, and one machine-gun after another was put out of commission. Still the unequal battle raged, and there were only a few machine-guns left. Bertrand was firing two of them, but the man at his side fell with a groan, and the indomitable Parisian continued to do the almost miraculous, serving the three machine-guns himself in face of the diminishing but still game enemy. Eventually the tiny band of heroes was relieved, when almost at their last gasp and with last cartridge spent. All the rescuers had to do was to take the surrender of the two hundred survivors of the enemy battalion which had with such heroic doggedness been kept at bay.

Bertrand's feats cannot be told with all the detail that they merit, as the hero himself is so modest and reluctant to talk of them; but one of the most wonderful deeds in all his career was his rescue of his captain and a female nurse at the taking of Monastir. They had been caught in the zone between the fire of the two armies. Bertrand had been wounded in one arm, which hung limp and helpless. Under heavy fire he dashed forward, rescued his wounded captain, and brought him back to his own lines. Then he set out again to save the nurse. Nobody expected him to return. Shrapnel and gunfire were raining around him. It seemed madness. But this soldier bore a charmed life. He saved the woman, though in the very act of doing so he was struck in the lower part of the body by an explosive shell which horribly mutilated him.

The poor wreck of a man who had performed

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and found himself alone facing a party of dogged Germans."

such wonderful deeds was taken to hospital at Florina, where for months he lay between life and death, suffering the cruellest agony. It might have been thought he had filled the cup of human suffering, as of human valour. But more was reserved for him.

After a period of convalescence Bertrand was embarked abcard the *Sidi-Brahim* to be returned home. He was looking forward like a boy to seeing Paris again, sad though his home might be, for two of his brothers had been killed on the field of battle.

Less than two days out the vessel was torpedoed. Bertrand, in his cabin, was aroused by the explosion of the machinery, portions of which fell on him and crushed one of his legs, nearly tearing it away. Calmly and coldly he sat down and cut away the remaining portion of the leg, and hardly had this been accomplished than, with the others on board—those left by the explosion—he was hurled into the sea. All around him were portions of floating wreckage, for the vessel had gone down, and there had scarcely been time to launch a boat.

The young man seized one of the pieces of floating wreckage, and as he did so he caught sight of the captain of the vessel, both of whose arms had been torn away, and who was on the point of sinking. The instinct to save others was second nature with Bertrand, and, disabled and handicapped though he was, he caught hold of the unfortunate seaman and dragged him on the floating spar, to which he too clung.

As the sea settled down upon the vessel and its human cargo they beheld a waste of shapeless litter which was gradually separating into

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Bertrand saved the woman."

small specks in the darkness, to some of which clung for a time human forms; but by the morning none of these was to be seen. There, clinging to one frail spar in the waste of waters, were two disabled men, without means of sustenance, almost without strength to hold on to their fragile barque.

"It was the worst time in all my life," Bertrand said, in narrating his experience. "The captain was suffering terrible agonies, and the pain in my leg—or where my leg had been—was almost more than I could bear. We saw no prospect of being saved, for there was no other living thing in sight, and we did not dare think how long our strength might last or how long the winds and waves might leave us there. We scarcely spoke; I think most of the time we were both in a half-conscious state through our wounds and our feebleness. What did we think about? I, for my part, did not think at all, monsieur. Sometimes I was awakened to consciousness of our position by the groans of my comrade, who was a brave man, but could not help giving way occasionally to his feelings. How we held on I do not know, for we had no food and no water, and our strength was gradually ebbing away."

It was indeed a miracle. Their martyrdom lasted three days before they were sighted by a Spanish vessel and taken to Barcelona.

In the Spanish seaport, Bertrand spent many months in hospital, and it was only his wonderful physique and his indomitable nature that brought him through at all. His companion in misfortune, the captain of the *Sidi-Brahim*, after lingering some months, died of his injuries.

Bertrand was treated with a care and devotion that could not have been bettered, and he was finally landed in his own country. He was taken to hospital at Marseilles, where he received the medal for life-saving, to place beside the constellation that already adorned his bosom, from the hands of General Duchesne.

So ends the warlike career of René Bertrand. Apart from a few short crowded years full of fighting, his life has been a sad one; for all his four brothers are dead, the last one having succumbed, blind and maimed, while he was in hospital in Spain. The mother of this band of heroes having also passed away recently, René is left alone in the world, save for a young sister, nine years of age.

He is one of numerous heroes in the 21st Colonial Regiment—"*le régiment de Félix Potin!*"

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ELEPHANT-HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

By JOHN ALFRED JORDAN, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARCH. WEBB, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

The days of elephant-hunting for profit, says the Author, are over; the sportsman who secures enough money to pay the expenses of his trip is a very lucky man. In this article Mr. Jordan describes some of his adventures while in quest of "tuskers" in the Belgian Congo.

THE great ambition of the majority of modern big-game hunters is to shoot two elephants—all that are allowed on the licence in British East Africa—with large enough tusks to pay the expenses of the hunting trip. I venture to say that, at the present time, there is no part of either British or "German" East Africa where one's receipts for ivory would be at all likely to foot the bill. One does not have to look far for the reasons of this. For many years great numbers of sportsmen, generally from among the wealthier classes of England and America, have annually visited British East Africa. The result is that the cost of the licence has been raised from fifty pounds to sixty pounds, and the restrictions have also been very considerably increased. Moreover, the recent military operations have resulted in a big depletion of the game to feed the native troops and carriers.

Before the war all the "tuskers" in that country had been almost entirely killed off, and the hunter who was fortunate enough to meet with one considered himself extremely lucky. It will therefore be clearly seen that it is quite impossible at the present time to shoot elephants profitably in British East Africa, and that the sport has become a luxury only to be indulged in by the wealthy classes. I would therefore caution men of moderate incomes not to expect to make enough money from the shooting of elephants to go far towards the expenses of their trip.

This advice is the result of sixteen years' experience. I have shot over every part of the Colony, and long ago realized the impossibility of "carrying on" profitably. I therefore turned my attention to the Belgian Congo, in which country I found that the licences were not only very reasonable and profitable, but that elephants roamed about in huge mobs, numbers of them carrying good ivory, running in weight from fifty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds a tusk. The cost of the licence in the Belgian Congo is fifteen hundred francs, which authorizes the hunter to kill two elephants. With this document, however, there is also issued a supplementary licence, upon which one is entitled to kill as many elephants as one feels inclined to pay for at the rate of four hundred francs per head. This money, of course, has to be paid in cash beforehand. The following facts will illustrate what this may mean to an intending purchaser of a licence in the Belgian Congo.

In the spring of 1911 I took out a supplementary licence for twelve elephants, for which I paid four thousand eight hundred francs, which, with the two elephants on the fifteen hundred franc licence, brought my possible total up to fourteen elephants, my initial licence outlay being six thousand three hundred francs.

I fully realized the very great difficulty I should have in locating good elephants, and it appeared to me at the time that the finding of fourteen good "tuskers" would keep me pretty fully occupied for twelve months.

I left Kasindi, the Government station where I had obtained my licences, and proceeded to the Semliki Valley, about fifteen or twenty miles distant. After crossing the Semliki River I ran across an enormous quantity of elephant spoor, and accordingly selected a suitable locality for permanent camp. The first night in camp was a terrible ordeal, owing to the dreadful noise made by the elephants all round.

Leaving my tent about five o'clock next morning, I ascended a slight eminence about three or four hundred yards away, and there I saw, stretching for an interminable distance, a gorgeous panorama; but what made my blood tingle more than the beauty of the scene was the presence, in the valley immediately beneath me, of three mobs of elephants, numbering altogether certainly over a thousand. I hastened back to my tent to get my rifle and two gun-bearers, and we cautiously approached to within sixty yards of the nearest mob. Picking out a good bull, I managed to drop him with a slanting neck-shot. The other elephants, numbering about three hundred, at once cleared off. There were amongst them a considerable number of large "tuskers," and I could easily have shot at others, but was afraid of merely wounding them and driving them away altogether, and so refrained.

I then cautiously approached one of the other herds, about two miles away, which, on account of the distance, had not been troubled by my

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isolated shot. Before I could work for a suitable position, however, they scented me and started ambling away. The whole valley, stretching for many miles, was literally teeming with elephants, and I bagged another before returning to camp. We weighed the tusks when they were brought in, and found that those of the first "kill" topped the scale at just over eighty pounds each, and the second sixty pounds each—a satisfactory morning's work.

I spent a fortnight in that valley, during which period I killed four more elephants. I could have killed a much larger number, but did not wish to shoot any animal bearing ivory weighing less than seventy pounds per tusk. The six elephants that I bagged averaged seventy pounds.

Returning to Kasindi I sold my ivory at six rupees a pound to an Indian merchant named Alidini Vissram. He had under his control a large number of general stores throughout the country, and was of great assistance to sportsmen generally. He not only supplied them with all the provisions for their trips, but through his numerous agencies throughout East Africa, both in the British territory and Belgian Congo, he arranged transport and post; in fact, everything that the sportsman required can be supplied by this remarkable man, and he always pays the best market price for ivory. My advice to every sportsman who visits this region is to seek an interview with this man if in any kind of difficulty.

Elephant tusks eleven feet in length.

I remained in Kasindi a little while longer to obtain additional provisions, and then proceeded to Beni, which is about four days' journey distant, and situated at the entrance of the Equatorial Forest, which stretches for thousands of square miles.

While at Kasindi I met a Greek trader who informed me that the forest elephants carried far heavier tusks than those of the valley. Having plenty of time on my hands I decided to investigate the matter for myself and discover whether there was any truth in his statements. We accordingly marched to Beni, on the outskirts of the forest. I found it a very fine station, with a *Chef de Secteur* in charge, Captain Bonivi by name. There were also two doctors, a Frenchman and an Italian, and I was treated with great hospitality, all of them assisting me in every way they could with particulars about the district.

Entering the forest next day, I proceeded along a fairly decent road for some hours. Rest houses had been built at intervals of twelve to sixteen miles for the use of Europeans. They were roomy places, built of wattle and daub, and very well kept.

At my first camping-place I met a Goanese who was shooting there. He had been in that district about a week, but had only succeeded in wounding his elephant, the animal having escaped in every case. He informed me that the extraordinary thickness of the undergrowth and the general character of the forest rendered it impossible to follow an animal up. He was shooting with a ·450 Express, and I was quite unable to understand how it was that he had failed to kill outright, so I questioned him closely. It was soon made clear to me, from our conversation, that he never waited long enough to obtain a chance of a deadly shot, but fired carelessly at any part of the elephant which he saw first. I was very disheartened to hear this man's gloomy narrative, but decided to continue, notwithstanding his advice.

Not wishing to interfere with his shooting, I moved on the following morning to the next camping-place, about fourteen miles away, and made inquiries there among the natives, who informed me that the Goanese had wounded two elephants near their camp, and that "tuskers" abounded all over the place. I therefore decided to continue farther the next day, and to commence shooting in a virgin part of the forest. It proved a pretty stiff march of about eighteen miles. We came across plenty of elephant spoor throughout the whole distance, some of the tracks being old and some as recent as that morning. I also heard numerous elephants squealing in the forest on both sides of me.

My camp was a fine one, and I decided to remain there for some time and thoroughly test the surrounding country. The natives in this region were overjoyed at my decision to stay, as they were starved out, and badly wanted meat. They flocked to my camp and bewailed the loss of their crops, and narrated to me how mobs of elephants continually passed through their plantations, trampling everything underfoot.

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routing up their crops, and tearing down their banana trees. They were, in fact, so poverty-stricken in consequence of these frequent depredations that they had had to beg or borrow from neighbouring tribes, miles away in the forest, who had not similarly suffered.

After arranging my camp I made a tour of inspection of the native kraal and examined the extent of the damage, and it was obvious to me that the natives had not exaggerated the state of affairs in the least; their potato plantations and the crops that had been sown months before had been rooted up and utterly destroyed. I determined to get even with the elephants for the damage that they had done.

Ivory being placed on board steamer at an African port.

About three o'clock that afternoon, however, my hopes of a successful hunt were shattered by the appearance of a man named Fleischer, an Austrian, who camped alongside and informed me that he had been in that district for some time, searching for large tuskers, but that for more than a month he had found nothing over sixty pounds. As his licence only authorized him to shoot four, he naturally did not wish to kill anything with tusks under a hundred pounds. I retired to bed that night feeling very depressed, and inclined to think that my trip would prove profitless. The next morning Fleischer left, and after his departure I discussed the subject with the native chief, who persuaded me to test the country myself, and to take no notice of the Austrian's story.

Accordingly I took my rifle and, accompanied by two gun-bearers, departed for the forest about eight o'clock in the morning. Elephant spoor covered the ground in every direction, and it was not long before I heard the smashing of timber, which denoted the presence of these destructive animals. Approaching very carefully, I saw a huge bull elephant. I manœuvred for a view of his ivory, and, when I eventually succeeded in getting a glimpse of it through the thick scrub, decided that it was good enough to try.

Thinking to make sure of him, I took my double-barrelled .500 Express from my gun-bearer, handing him the 9mm. Mauser I had been carrying. Aiming for the shoulder, I pressed the trigger and heard the bullet's resounding smack on contact, but instead of falling the great brute came charging towards us with a scream of rage, his ears well forward and his trunk extended. Hoping to turn him, I fired my second barrel straight at the trunk. The bullet struck the centre of that sensitive part and turned him from his objective, making him swerve back into the thick scrub. We had seen his splendid ivory when he tried to make our near acquaintance, and, not wishing to follow the example of the Goanese, I determined to make a good finish to a bad start. It was quite easy to keep on the spoor, the track being covered with blood, and we followed as fast as the thick undergrowth would allow, occasionally coming across places where the animal had stopped, evidently listening to find out whether anyone was on his track.

At last we came to a small swamp which he had crossed, and I was lucky enough to catch sight of his hind quarters on the opposite side. I at once emptied both barrels into him, and he went crashing down. Thinking it was all over, I handed my Express to my gun-bearer and took my light rifle. We hurried round the side of the swamp, my gun-bearer leading, and had got to within a few yards of where we thought the dead beast was lying, when out rushed the animal, seized the boy with his trunk, lifted him high in the air, and threw him away into some thick grass and bush. I promptly dodged behind a tree and fired into him with my light rifle, which diverted his attention to me. Not wishing to share the unfortunate native's experience, I gave him the remaining four cartridges from my

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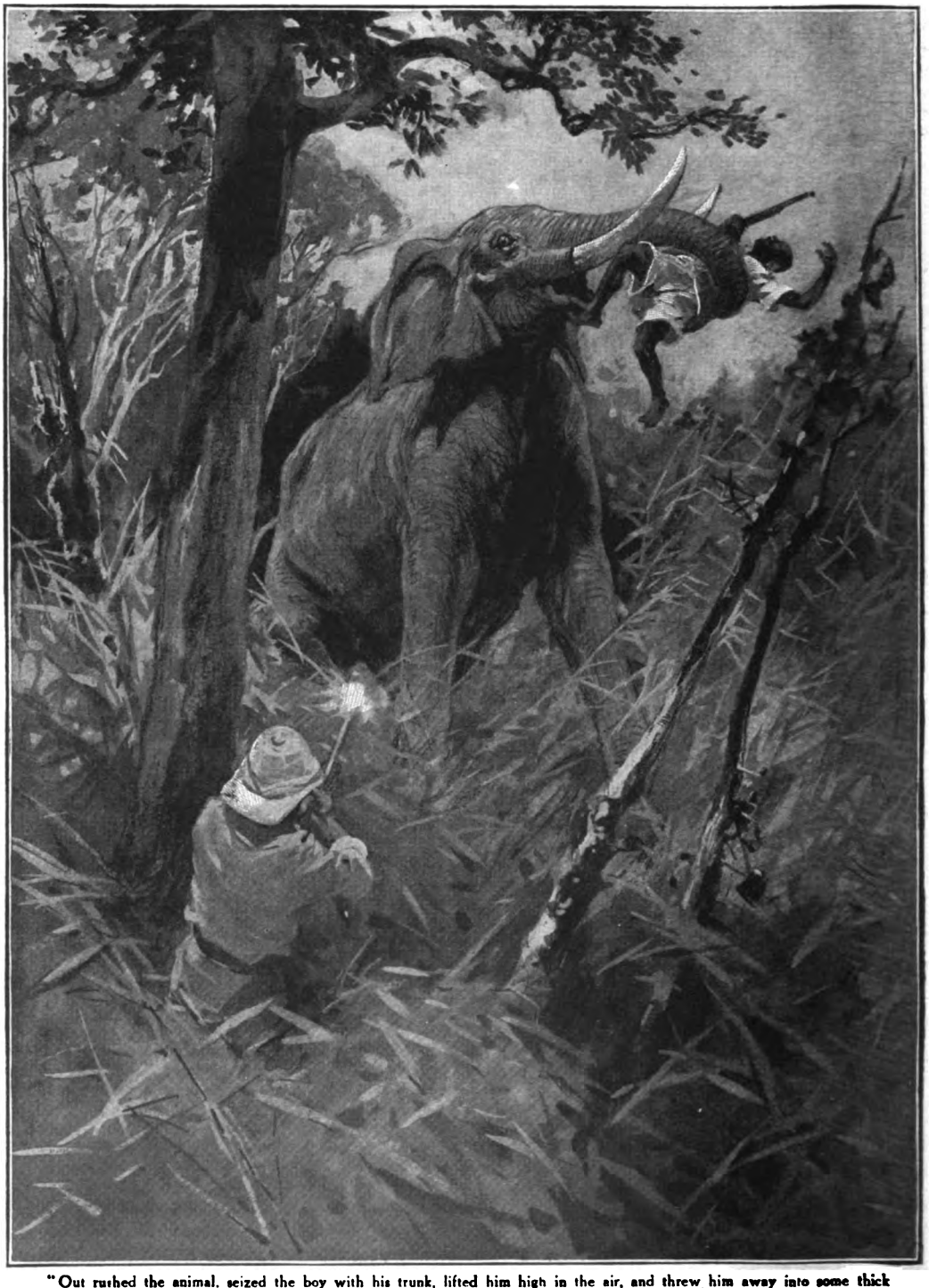

"Out rushed the animal, seized the boy with his trunk, lifted him high in the air, and threw him away into some thick grass and bush."

magazine. This was more than he could face, and he turned back into the thick grass, very "groggy."

I quite expected to find my unfortunate boy badly smashed, but as I crept towards the spot where he had been thrown I met him crawling

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A good "bag." Fine tusks as a result of the hunt.

on his hands and knees towards me, and was agreeably surprised to find that he was only badly scratched and shaken.

Not wishing for any further accidents we consulted as to what we had better do. The elephant was still somewhere in the grass, and very badly wounded, but at this kind of entertainment the fewer risks one takes the better, so my boy climbed the tree under which I had sheltered, no doubt preferring to view the animal from a safe point of vantage after his recent trying experience. He soon whispered down to me that he had a good view of him. I handed up the Express rifle —which he had pluckily retained in his grasp when the elephant threw him —and quickly climbed up. As I now had a good view for a shot, I perched myself on a substantial bough, rested my rifle on another, and, taking very steady aim, fired. The bullet found the brain, and the animal slid to the ground hind quarters first, which always denotes a death-shot. We watched him for some time before scrambling down and approaching him, discretion being the better part of valour.

After an inspection of the tusks, which made us more than satisfied with our morning's work, we returned to camp.

Next morning I visited the scene with boys and axes to cut the tusks out. While they were thus engaged we heard an elephant some few hundred yards away in the forest. We immediately went in pursuit, and on pushing our way through the thick scrub came to a native village clearing where there were quite a number of plantation trees growing. Here, feeding on the stems of these trees, we saw an enormous bull with tusks larger than those of the one I had killed. I carefully worked my way towards him through the dead trees lying about on the ground, got within twenty yards without being discovered, and dropped him with my first shot. The first elephant's tusks tipped the scale at a hundred and eight and a hundred and ten pounds respectively; the second pair weighed a hundred and fifty-four and a hundred and fifty-six pounds.

My luck continued to the end of that month, by which time I had succeeded in killing six more elephants, with no single tusk weighing less than sixty pounds. I took the ivory with me into Beni, and found the Austrian there. When he saw my tusks he was so jealous that he walked away without speaking a word.

From this little experience it will be clearly seen that the sportsman must never take the slightest notice of any of the numerous stories that he may hear from the hunters and travellers he meets, but must personally test and examine the surrounding country and satisfy himself before he gives up hope and leaves for another region.

I disposed of my ivory at the prevailing market value, and took out another supplementary licence for twenty elephants, which, at four hundred francs (or sixteen pounds) each, cost me three hundred and twenty pounds. These twenty elephants took me nearly twelve months

A dead elephant among the grass.

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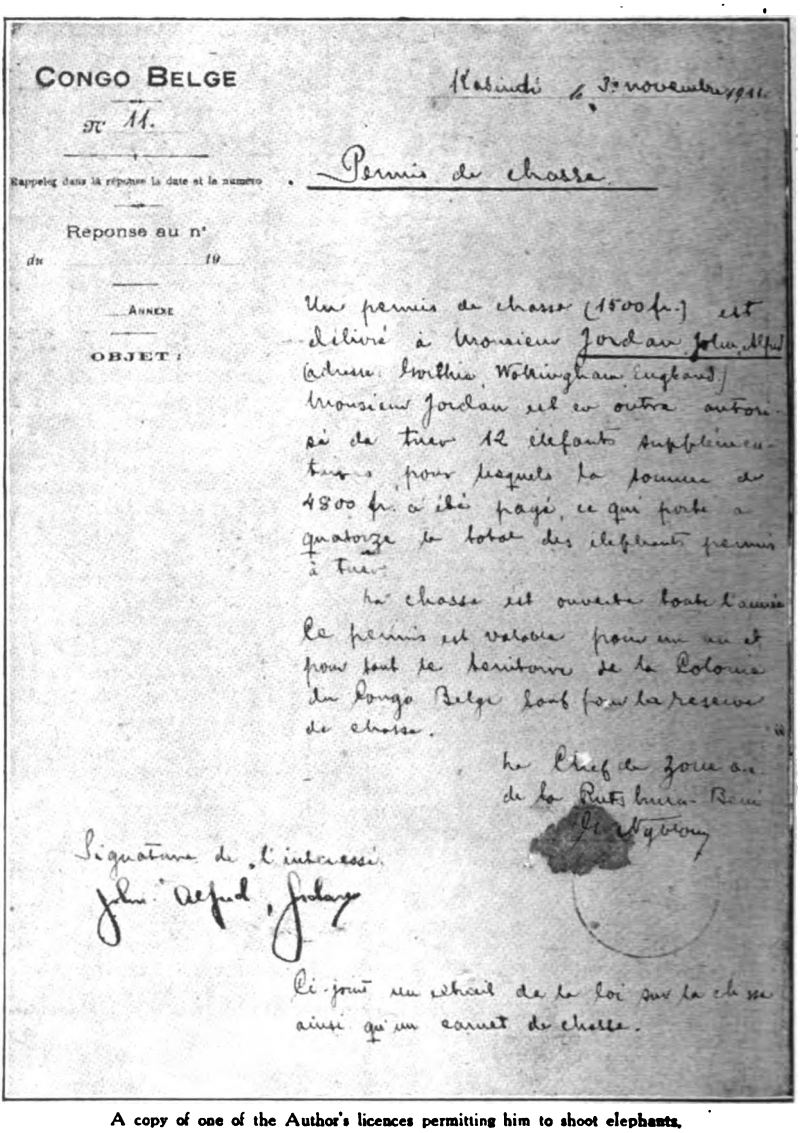
to kill. At the end of that time I had the singular good fortune not to have killed a single elephant bearing tusks weighing less than a hundred and twenty pounds the pair.

The two documents, or licences, referred to, and one of which appears on this page—one for fourteen elephants, issued to me on the 3rd November, 1911, and one for twenty elephants, issued to me on the 8th February, 1912, will confirm what I have said, and act as a guide to the reader should he desire to visit that country.

I expect to be criticized by stay-at-home folk for killing so many elephants, but if the reader had seen, as I have done, village after village devastated and deserted, and the unfortunate natives living on roots to avoid starvation, through having no crops left after the depredations of these destructive brutes, I am certain they would have felt the desire to kill any elephants they could. In reading about elephant-shooting one is apt to think of the docile, intelligent Indian elephant seen at the Zoological Gardens carrying children about, but the reader must not place the African and Indian elephant on the same footing. The Indian is a very mild animal compared to his African brother; the sizes, too, vary considerably, the aver ge Indian being only just over eight feet at the withers while the African averages just over eleven feet, some being as much as twelve feet four inches. These African elephants are among the most destructive and cunning animals in existence, and not only cause great poverty amongst the natives but—what is more serious—they have been proved to carry the germ of the dreaded "sleeping sickness," which kills off thousands of people every year. Elephants are always to be found in great numbers in the swamps which the terrible tsetse fly frequents.



CONGO BELGE

N° 11.

Rappeler dans la réponse la date et le numéro

Reponse au n°

du 19

ANNEXE

OBJET :

Kabindi le 3 novembre 1911.

Permis de chasse

Un permis de chasse (1500 fr.) est délivré à Monsieur Jordan John Alfred (adresse: Gorthie, Wokingham England.) Monsieur Jordan est en outre autorisé de tuer 12 éléfants supplémentaires pour lesquels la somme de 4800 fr. a été payé, ce qui porte à quatorze le total des éléphants permis à tuer.

La chasse est ouverte toute l'année. Ce permis est valable pour un an et pour tout le territoire de la Colonie du Congo Belge sauf pour la réserve de chasse.

Le Chef de Zone a.i. de la Ruts hura-Beni

G. Nyblom

Signature de l'intéressé.

John Alfred, Jordan

Ci-joint un extrait de la loi sur la chasse ainsi qu'un carnet de chasse.

A copy of one of the Author's licences permitting him to shoot elephants.

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FREE BE A CERTIFICATED ELECTRICIAN

YOU MEN—LISTEN! The country needs more trained, graduate electricians! Thousands have gone into the Government service and there is such an unusual demand for competent electrical men that I am making a wonderful offer at this time. HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! I want to send you my splendid offer now.

Don't hesitate because of age or experience. There is a wonderful opportunity now for men who will qualify as trained electricians. Prepare yourself for a real position, by my Home Study Course in Practical Electricity. I am Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works. I have trained thousands of men and can help you better than anybody else. We also have large, splendidly-equipped shops where you can come at any time for special instruction without charge. No other correspondence school can give you this.

SPECIAL OFFER: Right now I am giving a big, valuable surprise, that I cannot explain here, to every student who answers this ad. Write today

$46 to $100.00 a Week

Go after some real money. Qualify for one of the thousands of splendid positions open. All you need to start is a few months' snappy, practical instruction from a competent engineer. Come to me—NOW. I'll give you my personal care to ensure rapid and efficient progress. My course is intensely practical. It is highly condensed, simplified, up-to-date and complete. I am so sure you will make a splendid success in this study, that I will Guarantee Under Bond to return to you every cent paid for tuition, if you are not entirely satisfied when you receive your Electrician's Certificate granted you as a graduate of my school.

FREE—Lessons and Outfit—FREE

Send me the Free Outfit Coupon at once. Do it now! For a limited period I am making a slashing cut in the cost of tuition, and giving each new student a grand outfit of Electrical Tools, Material and Instruments—in addition—Absolutely Free. I will also send you—free and fully prepaid—Proof Lessons to show you how easily you can be trained at home to enter this great profession, by means of my new, revised and original system of mail instruction.

Use this "Free Outfit" Coupon

CHIEF ENG. COOKE, Dept. 11
441 Cass St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SIR: Send at once—fully prepaid and entirely free—complete particulars of your great offer for this month.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Pop. Mech. 1-19

ACT PROMPTLY

Get the full benefit of this great offer. Send the Coupon or a postal for free information without delay. Do it now—before my free offers and guarantee are withdrawn.

CHIEF ENGINEER COOKE

Chicago Engineering Works

DEPT. 191

441 Cass Street CHICAGO, ILL.

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ODDS AND ENDS

A Novel Cradle—A "Corn" Dollar, etc.

AS the travellers know, India is a land of many strange customs—it is too often forgotten that many of these have arisen from sheer necessity. Hence, the wages of the men being very small, the native women have to carry their younger children with them to work; so that the portable cradle is a convenience both for mother and child. The basket, of which the

Quaint way of carrying infants in India.

cradle consists, is generally lined with cloth, and when not carried on the head it is securely strapped from the shoulders of the parent.

Mr. George Heeren, an ingenious cabinet-maker of Pella, Iowa, has just completed making a "corn dollar," which is at once unique and artistic. The dollar is made up of separate kernels of Iowa corn, carefully selected as to colour and size and glued to a background consisting of composition board reinforced with wood. The corn coin is more than thirty-two times the size of the dollar, and there are over thirty different shades of colour, the grains being of various sizes and shape. The Iowan was over six months making the curiosity, and it is estimated that more than a quarter of a million kernels of corn were used. The dollar weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and has a prominent place in the maker's home.

A huge "dollar" made out of corn.
Photo, Robert H. Moulton.

The Superintendent of Railways on the island of Hawaii is a man of resource and thoroughness. Having equipped his Cadillac with specially designed locomotive wheels, he is able to travel both by auto and by "rail" at one and the same time, an arrangement which affords many advantages. In the first place, it enables him to go and return whenever he wishes, as well as to ride in comfort. It also confines his travel to the property under his supervision, eliminating all roundabout routes between stations, and bringing the railway property under his constant inspection. Incidentally, his steering-wheel needs little of his attention, and he knows no speed regulations. With a natural knowledge of train schedules, and provided with a derailing device, it is an easy matter to make "siding" for the occasional trains.

Photo.] [*C. A. Rust.*

Motor-car with locomotive wheels for travelling on railways.

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"More money than I ever earned before!"

"A bigger, more responsible position in the work I like best!"

"The thrill of success, of knowing I'm getting ahead in the world—and all because I turned my spare time to profit!"

With the new year, thousands of men are receiving promotions and salary increases as a result of spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. They looked ahead, they saw that in every line *trained* men are wanted and they grasped the opportunity to secure that training right at home in hours they had been wasting. Over two million men and women have prepared for advancement in the I. C. S. way in the last 27 years. Over 100,000 are getting ready for bigger jobs right now.

Let this new year mark the real starting point in *your* career. Wherever you live, whatever you do, the chance for bigger things awaits you. No matter what work you like best, what position you want, there is an I. C. S. Course that will get you ready for it.

This *can* be the most important year of your life. Let the I. C. S. help you make it so. The way is easy. The time to start is *now*. And the first thing to do is to mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 3749, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

- ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Electric Lighting and Railways
- ☐ Electric Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer and Typist
- ☐ Cert. Public Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Teacher
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Italian

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

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This is a French official photograph, giving an illustration of the truly wonderful manner in which soldiers who have lost limbs in battle are enabled to undertake almost every kind of agricultural work. The men are digging market-garden land at Rennes, and the apparatus which takes the place of the arm or leg may be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions of surgical mechanism to the welfare of the wounded.

One-armed French war heroes digging market-garden land. A special apparatus enables them to use a spade in the ordinary way. [*French Official Photo.*]

The Portola Festival is the Pacific Coast's celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nunes de Balboa. The illustration shows the large Portola sign on Yerba Buena Island, opposite San Francisco. This is the largest sign ever built in the world. It faces San Francisco as well as being the first object seen by travellers entering San Francisco from the East. The entire sign is one thousand four hundred feet long, consisting of two lines of gigantic letters, reading

PORTOLA FESTIVAL.
October 22-25.

The letters are large trenches dug into the side of the island, to construct which it was necessary to remove five hundred small trees and innumerable shrubs. As long as five ordinary blocks, the sign is one hundred and thirty-six feet from top to bottom. The top letters are forty-eight feet long, and each line in them is eight feet wide and four feet deep. The bottom row of letters is made of trenches as wide and as deep as the upper letters, the lower letters being forty feet long. Between each letter is a space of forty to fifty feet wide. Thirty tons of lime was used in the trenches. The name "Portola" has been retained from a celebration held in October, 1909, to celebrate the discovery of San Francisco by Gaspar de Portola.

One of the largest signs in the world is the wording "Portola Festival" and date, on Yerba Buena Island, opposite San Francisco. *Photo. H. E. Zimmerman.*

A close view of one of the letters. It is a trench forty-eight feet long and eight feet wide. [*H. E. Zimmerman Photo.*]

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How Quickly Can You It'

WIDE WORLD

PRICE 15 cents.

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

Feb. 1919

Read "The Most Savage of Beasts" in this Number

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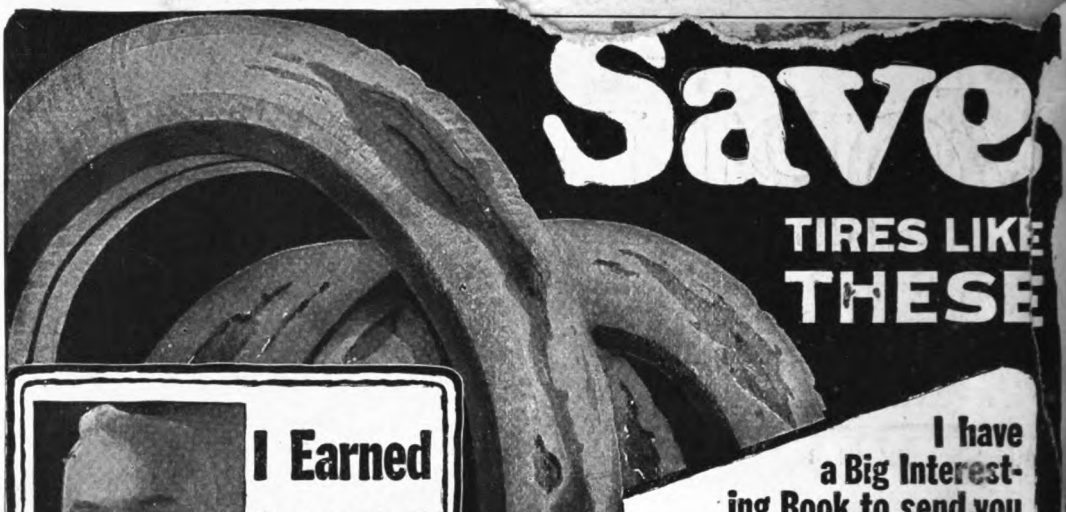

Save

TIRES LIKE THESE

I Earned $2200 IN Four Months

This is Richard A. Oldham

Mr. Oldham was telegraph operator for the Illinois Central Railroad for twenty years. He is fifty-eight years old. One day he read one of my advertisements and the possibilities of making money in the Auto Tire repair Business. In a few weeks he had purchased and installed a Haywood outfit, and was doing business for himself. A short time ago he wrote us that his income in four months was as much as it had been in Two and One-Half years as Telegraph Operator.

You write me as Mr. Oldham did. If the locality in which you live is not one you would like to make a permanent home—or if one of the 4,000 Haywood Plants are there—I will tell you of other desirable locations.

Address,

M. HAYWOOD, *President*,
835 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

I have a Big Interesting Book to send you

—a book about tires—it tells all about them—how they are repaired by the New Scientific Haywood Method—explains this business—gives inside figures and profits.

Automobile tires like these shown here *can be saved* and give the owner 4000 to 5000 extra mileage. There are 5,000,000 automobiles now in use.

20,000,000 Auto Tires Wearing Out

These automobile tires are aiding in solving the transportation problem, and are helping to keep business going.

Tire prices advancing, Crude rubber becoming scarcer. Tire manufacturers are urging that tires be repaired. This they have *never* done before. But now with the importation of rubber reduced more than one-half there is no alternative. Tires *must be repaired*.

See the opportunity for opening Haywood Repair Stations. You can start for as little as $90.00. Those now at work

WITH THIS HAYWOOD OUTFIT

Earn $2500 to $4000 Per Year

You should investigate. We teach you *how* to do the work. See Oldham's statement. He filled in a coupon just like the one in this advertisement. *You* fill in the coupon and get the facts as Oldham got them—and as many others have.

There are 10,000 new repair stations needed now—right now to save the tires that are wearing out.

What these men have done you can do. $2500 to $4000 a year is conservative. One machine will give you a start. All you do is open a shop—put out a Haywood sign, and auto owners will come to you. There is a big opportunity awaiting you. Sign the coupon and mail it today or send a post card or letter.

M. HAYWOOD, Pres.
Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
977 Capitol Avenue Indianapolis, Indiana

WRITE TODAY

M. Haywood, Pres.
Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
977 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIR: Please send me your book on Haywood Tire Repair Plants, and full particulars of your National Tire Repair Service and details of your free school of tire repairing.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

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How Quickly Can You Learn To Write These Words In PARAGON Shorthand ?

It's Fascinating Try It!

See the trial lesson below for the six characters used in writing.

These words in PARAGON

Men
Mend
Mode
Monday
May
Moan
Ada
Adam
Amen
And
No
Nod
Nome
Ed
End
On
Ode
Demon
Deem
Dean
Dome
Down
Day
Known

PARAGON Shorthand is written Phonetically. For example, the word "Day" is written "Da" the Y being silent. The silent letter in each word on the right has been crossed out.

Learn

Paragon Shorthand in 7 Days

Send No Money - Just The Coupon

We make this flat, positive statement that you—anybody—even a boy or girl of school age, can learn Paragon Shorthand in 7 days. We will prove this to you beyond the shadow of a doubt by giving you the complete Course of lessons for your own examination, study and approval for 7 days **free of cost to you.** Use it just as if it were your own, and if, at the 7 days, you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us **and you will owe nothing.**

THE SIMPLEST IN THE WORLD

The simplicity and brevity of Paragon Shorthand is a perfect revelation to everybody who tries it. It eliminates, for instance, all but 26 of the thousand word-signs of the complex systems of shorthand known. It dispenses with intricate theories of "position"; of writing on, or above or across, or below the line. It requires no "shading" of lines. It goes right down to the very fundamentals of shorthand and teaches you the essentials as logically and clearly as longhand.

ONLY $5 IF YOU KEEP IT

Instead of the drudgery and awful mental tax experienced in mastering the old-time systems, the study of Paragon is as fascinating as it is easy. Simple as is the little lesson shown at the right, and easy as you will find it to write the various words given above, **you will already have learned 6 of the 26 characters comprising the Course!** Now you can learn 6 of these characters during one, two or three hours of an evening, it is conceivable, is it not, that you could learn the remaining 20 in 7 evenings' study? Then the end of 7 days you begin practising for speed, if it is your desire to take a stenographic position. All of this can be done during your spare time at home evenings, without interference to your duties during the day! Paragon Shorthand, being practical for all purposes, and easily mastered in 7 days, why devote 5 to 6 months studying the old-time systems at a cost of $50 to $75. The complete Course of Paragon Shorthand will cost you only $5.00—but **only after you are convinced of its merits by free trial.**

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Paragon has been in use for 25 years. It is used by the most highly paid shorthand writers in the offices of the Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, the great Shipbuilding and Munition Works, the offices of the United States Government, etc. Its marked simplicity enables writers to acquire amazing speed. You can use it for **dictation**, taking down **telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony, etc.**

SEND NO MONEY

The complete Course of 7 lessons is now only $5.00—the lowest price for a complete Course in Shorthand ever known. But you do not pay for the Course until you have tried it and have satisfied yourself that it is all that is claimed for it. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it to us. We will immediately forward the Course to you, prepaid. Study it for one, two, three or seven evenings, just as if it were your own, and if you feel that you can afford to be without this valuable knowledge another day, mail it back to the Institute and **you will owe nothing.** Send in the coupon or write a letter **today.**

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Paragon Institute Home Study Dept.

601 Broad St., Suite 330, Newark, N. J.

You may send me the Complete Course of PARAGON Shorthand with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either remail the Course to you or send you $5.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....Wide World 2-19

Try This Lesson Now

Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain / This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E.** o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed.** ?

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus ? will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus ? and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and o will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m*, which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke ——

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus — and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have — (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

The longhand letter *m* which has 5 strokes, is written in Paragon with **one** stroke, thus— (same as the letter **M,** but shorter).

You now have 6 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix contractions and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

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The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor. WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

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IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

BUT YOUR NOSE?

Before

After

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1117 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N.Y.

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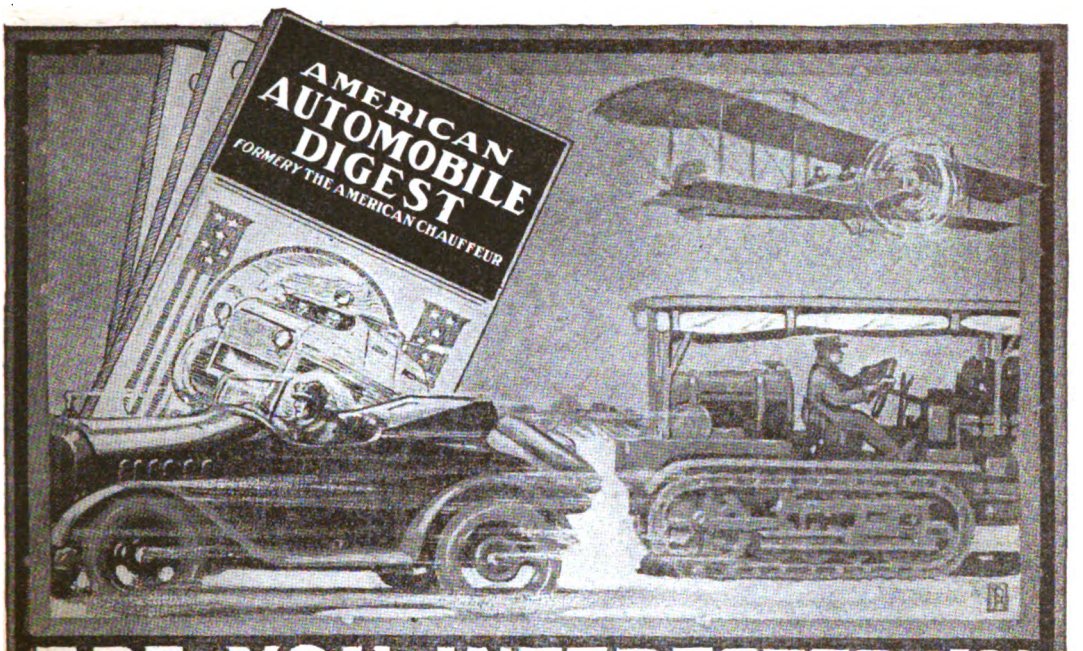

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OPPORTUNITIES

always open for "men who know". The real big progressive fellows are constantly seeking knowledge of modern industry. Men who want to learn more about Automobiles, Tractors and Flying Machines, read the **American Automobile Digest**; it is a monthly digest of the automobile field; a practical monthly magazine brimful of instructive, helpful and money-saving information. It is virtually a complete course of instructions coming to you monthly, keeping you posted on all new things also. The highest salaried specialists in America are regular contributors. The editorial staff is a specially picked body of trained men who have the exceptional faculty of explaining vital points in the simplest and most easily understood language. Such subjects as steering systems, carburetors, magnetos, vaporizers, proper lubrication, tire problems, economical maintenance, home repairs and a hundred other money-saving stunts are clearly explained and illustrated. Every Car Owner and Chauffeur should read it regularly. ¶ **AUTOCRAFT** is a 257-page, profusely illustrated, DeLuxe bound volume, overflowing with instructive, helpful information on the automobile. The author, **R. Engelman**, has carefully and thoroughly explained every part of the automobile so that you will be able to make minor repairs and adjustments yourself. It will save you many dollars yearly. This is the very book you have been looking for.

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The price of a year's subscription to the AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE DIGEST, twelve big issues printed in colors, is $1.00. Send us your subscription for the next twelve big numbers and we will promptly mail you, postpaid, a volume of AUTOCRAFT ABSOLUTELY FREE. This special offer is limited and will be withdrawn April 1st, 1919. Don't delay! Fill out coupon, send it with a dollar bill, personal check or money order immediately.

Money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE DIGEST,
322 Butler Building,
CINCINNATI, OHIO

References: Any Bank in Cincinnati

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE DIGEST 322 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enter my subscription to the AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE DIGEST for one year, for which I am enclosing $1.00, and you are to send me ABSOLUTELY FREE a copy of Engelman's AUTOCRAFT.

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Street.....

City..... *State*.....

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"RASPUTIN WAS STANDING UP IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM UNDER AN IKON. HE SEEMED TO BE EXERTING ALL HIS WILL TO STAND UPRIGHT."

(SEE PAGE 274.)

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN RUSSIA.

Adventures of a British War Correspondent on the Eastern Front.

By ROBERT WILTON

(*Petrograd Correspondent of the "Times"*).

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM PEDDIE, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

In the last of his series of entertaining articles on the inner life of Russia our Author deals with her rulers. To some it may appear a little startling to learn that it is Mr. Wilton's belief that the Czar is still alive. Here it may be added that there walked into this office a few weeks ago an Englishman who had just returned from Siberia, where he had spent twenty years. He declared that he had evidence that a Russian, who was the very image of the Czar, was shot, his body was embalmed, placed in one of the churches, and during the requiem was seen by hundreds of thousands of peasants. Many French officials who have returned from Russia are of the opinion that the Czar is alive, as also are many of the Japanese. Some even go so far as to state that he was alive as late as the end of September. It is their contention that the make-belief murder is a German move, a clever piece of stage-play which is to benefit the German cause. It may be that the Czar was not murdered as originally reported, but has met with his death since. We think it only fair to record these assertions and publish Mr. Wilton's opinions for what they may be worth. His life-long residence in Russia entitles him to speak with authority on the country, its ruler, and its people.—Ed.

VI.

WAS Nicholas II. assassinated or not? The reports which came through after the event was supposed to have occurred were not verified by any independent authority. We have nothing to go upon except the statements of German newspaper correspondents and a wireless announcement from the Bolshevik Council. All these versions agree in one respect. The ex-Czar was done to death by the soldiers who were guarding him. The names of the regicides are, however, given variously by different German correspondents. The German and the Bolshevist reports coincide in stating that there was no trial, and that the Imperial captive was summarily shot lest he might be rescued by Czech or Slovak troops who were then approaching Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Urals, whither he had been transferred from Tobolsk some months before by order of the Bolsheviks. The murder—for it can be called nothing else—is reported to have been perpetrated on July 16th; but even on this point there is some confusion, one version giving the date as June 16th. Some of my best-informed Russian friends disbelieve the story. They prefer to believe that somebody else was shot. Hence my own doubts.

Doubts, indeed, regarding the authenticity of German reports are well justified. One of the newspapers in the Fatherland described with a wealth of detail how Generals Alexieff and Korniloff had been brought out into the public square of Rostoff, on the Don, early in the spring of 1918 and there executed. Both were, however, known to be alive and well in the month of July. There was a deliberate purpose in this prevarication, just as in another German tale—the alleged acceptance of German rule by the constitutional democratic leaders. The Germans wished to discourage Allied intervention in Russia, and for this reason they invented reports of the death or disaffection of prominent Russians who were known to be faithful to the Allied cause.

To simulate the death of Nicholas II. was also in accordance with the German plan. It was well known that the Germans intended to re-establish the autocracy. The reported murder of the ex-Czar was calculated to revive popular sympathy for him. When the opportune moment came he could be produced by the Germans; his superstitious subjects would be led to believe that he had escaped by a miracle, and his restoration to the throne would then be an easy matter. The tenacity of popular legends regarding the survival of former Czars lends a certain plausibility to this whole scheme. It will be remembered that three hundred years ago a great part of Russia was convulsed by Pretenders who claimed to be the Czar Peter III., although that ill-favoured German had been strangled by order of his wife, who afterwards became Catherine the Great. One of these

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A striking photograph of the Czar, taken shortly after his abdication. He is sitting on the stump of a tree felled by himself. Note the guards in the background.
Photo. I.L.N.

Pretenders was the celebrated Pugachev, an untutored Cossack of the Urals, who, like the celebrated claimant in the Tichborne case, had "forgotten" not only foreign languages, but also all knowledge of orthography. Later still, the Emperor Alexander I., who died somewhat suddenly at Taganrog on the eve of the Crimean War, was believed to be living many years later as a hermit in Siberia.

Whether Nicholas II. was really shot at Ekaterinburg in June or July, 1918, may perhaps never be definitely ascertained, but we may be sure that, whatever may have been the circumstances of the case, the Germans will know how to make political capital out of it.

One of my Russian friends, who succeeded in making his escape at about the same time that the ex-Czar was supposed to have been murdered, would not believe the story of his death.

"I have been captured and sentenced to death by the Bolsheviks five times within as many weeks," he said to me. "And I know how easy it is to escape from their hands. There were many people in Russia who looked like the Czar. The ignorant peasant soldiers who guarded him may easily have been misled or mistaken. You will remember that early in the war soldiers at the front often brought in a prisoner whom they took to be Wilhelm or Hindenburg. Once out of the hands of the jailers, nothing was easier than to procure false passports. During the Bolshevist *régime* establishments were doing a roaring trade in every town and village, where one might obtain for a

The kitchen garden at Tsarskoe Selo, in which the Czar was often seen at work during the early days of his confinement.
Photo. I.L.N.

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few roubles any passport or document. There is another reason for my scepticism," he added, in conclusion. "The local Bishop Germogen enjoys such popularity that the Bolsheviks dared not molest him. He would certainly have saved the Emperor."

I first saw Nicholas II. when he was a mere boy. The whole Imperial family were embarking in one of the Imperial yachts, moored opposite the English Church in St. Petersburg, for their annual summer migration down the river to Peterhof. I remember the burly form of Alexander III. crossing the gangway beside his graceful and diminutive Consort, the kindly Empress Marie, who was then, as she always remained, beloved by all the Russian people. They looked a happy, loving couple, giving a cheerful word and smile to all who surrounded them. The youngsters seemed to be as delighted as their parents over the prospect of enjoying a summer holiday in the country. The two elder boys wore sailor costumes. Nicholas looked a frail lad, far less developed than his brother George, who died in early manhood of consumption. George had all the brains of the family. He was also good-looking and altogether better equipped to fill a monarch's part. The tragic destinies of the Romanoffs were exemplified in his case. When the physicians sent him as a last hope to the South, he insisted on making long excursions in the hills on his bicycle. One day a peasant found a young man stretched lifeless on the roadside in a huge pool of blood. It was the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch of Russia. He had burst a blood-vessel and bled to death.

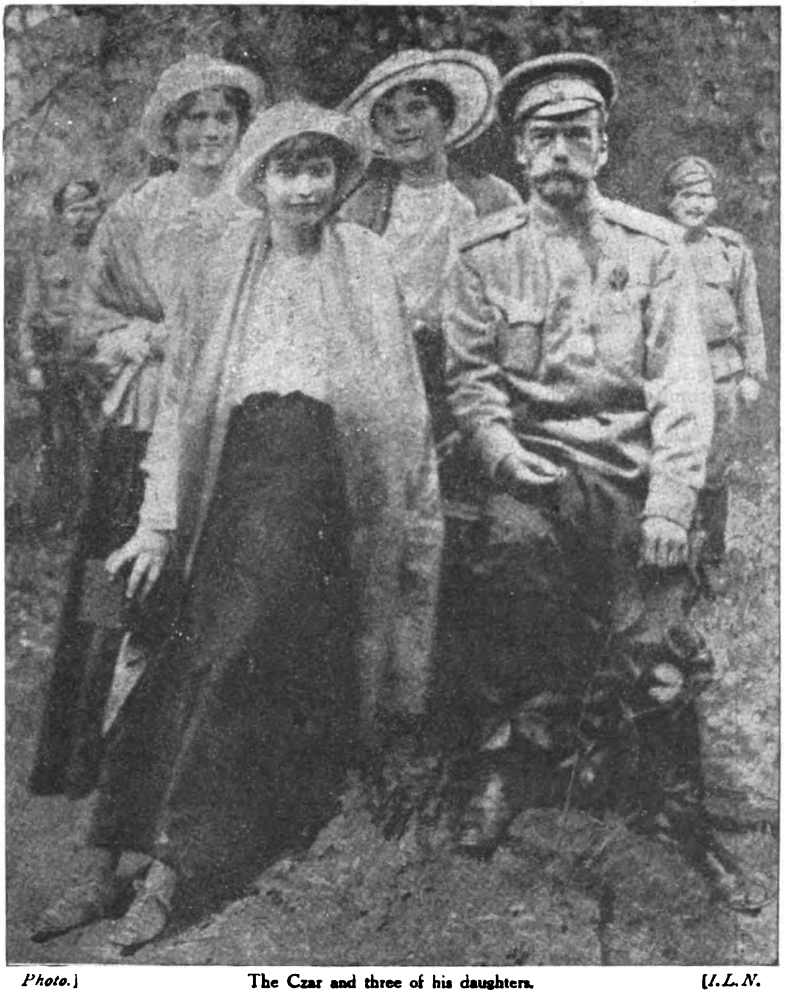

Photo.] The Czar and three of his daughters. [*I.L.N.*

Mr. Heath, the English tutor to the young Grand Dukes, took great care that they should have a thoroughly English bringing up, and probably to this fact Nicholas II. owed his development into robust manhood. When I next saw him he was sturdy of figure and sonorous of voice. Outdoor sports and pastimes after the English style had made a strong man of the weakly, undersized lad. But, unfortunately, it had been impossible to remove the defects of character. The body became strong, but the will remained weak. He was naturally intelligent, like many of his countrymen. A kindly disposition, superadded to a good education, made him a charming companion, but lack of character converted these good qualities into positive defects. His willingness to listen to everybody, without a corresponding firmness of will and purpose, left him an easy victim to courtiers and sycophants. But, like many persons of weak character, he could be extraordinarily obstinate, particularly when any of his pet hobbies were concer..ed.

These unhappy traits of character were known to his intimates even before he came to the throne. To an outside observer it would have seemed impossible that the young Prince, who looked so shy and self-conscious, could be capable of such dissimulation; and I confess that, although one of his nearest and closest friends told me about them years ago, I always experienced some hesitation in regarding them

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seriously. Some of the leading events of his reign fully demonstrated their correctness. It will be remembered that Nicholas II. concluded a secret treaty with the German Emperor directed against France. This was an instance of cunning and dissimulation which was in complete discord with Nicholas II.'s reputed straightforwardness. I think that in this case a desire to excel the tortuous diplomacy of the Czar Alexis brought out the latent defects of character I have just noted.

In Nicholas II.—the man as well as the sovereign—we have two distinctive and conflicting individualities, the one entirely good, the other capable of unworthy compromises. As one of his kinsmen remarked in an historical letter, his first impulse was always a good one, but he was prone to act on second thoughts, which in his case were not the best.

Perhaps the worst that can be said of Nicholas II. is that he never singled himself out in any way. From his youth up he was colourless. There was no mischief in him when he was a boy. He had no youthful escapades. He was just a mediocrity. He never sowed his wild oats because he had none to sow. The wildest form of dissipation in which he ever indulged in earlier and later manhood was an occasional carousal with the officers of some of his Guards' regiments. This took the form of the absorption of large quantities of wine and

"One day a peasant found a young man stretched lifeless on the roadside. It was the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch of Russia."

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spirits; after which some larking and rough play would follow. At least, that was the programme whilst Nicholas II. was still heir-apparent. After he had donned the Imperial purple the second part of the programme was excised. Nicholas II. was of a convivial disposition, like most of his countrymen, and among his brother officers he thoroughly enjoyed a sociable evening. On such occasions he was quite like one of themselves. I may add that in later life, when he became a father of a large family, he was just as simple and unaffected in his tastes. Nothing seemed to delight him more than the nursery games with his youngsters; and it is said that his affection for his little son was so absorbing that he insisted on tubbing him. The English nurse who had been engaged to look after the child was somewhat indignant to find herself dispossessed of her functions by the Imperial father. I ought to say that I heard this story at first hand.

The Czarina, whom many blame for the Emperor's downfall.
Photo. Stanley.

Up to the time when Nicholas II. met his future spouse (he was then twenty-four) only one episode savouring of romance had marked his career—an attachment in which the name of a celebrated ballet-dancer, Mlle. Kshesinskaia, figured. But as this lady, who was distinguished for her social graces as well as for her beauty and Terpsichorean talent, was on the best of terms with many of the other young Romanoffs, it would be very rash to suppose that the intimacy between her and Nicholas II. was of an exclusive or all-absorbing character. The ballet-dancer's magnificent villa on the Kmeoostrovsky Prospect, facing the Neva and the fortress, and her country seat at Strelna, on the Gulf near Peterhof, were frequented by many of the Grand Dukes. Even long after his marriage Nicholas II. occasionally joined the Strelna party. As the list of Mlle. Kshesinskaia's acquaintances was a very comprehensive one, her *salon* was often the scene of the strangest meetings between royalty and people who had little connection with official and Court circles. It was a matter of common gossip that in this *salon* affairs of State and of finance were often arranged with much personal advantage to hostess and guests.

By the irony of fate, it was the dancer's town villa that Lenin selected as his headquarters when he went to Petrograd in April, 1917, to preach Bolshevism. From the balcony of this bijou residence he rallied the populace to his jehad of destruction and slaughter. For months the fair owner tried in vain to expel the unbidden guests. When they finally did leave nothing remained except the bare walls. The beautiful furniture the dainty hangings and priceless bric-à-brac had all been converted into a heap of soiled rags and broken rubbish. Needless to say, the well-stocked cellars contained only broken or empty bottles.

Nicholas II. met the Princess Alix whilst on a trip to Darmstadt, and, as Court chroniclers like to put it, "fell in love at first sight." But the young Princess did not respond to his suit. It is quite possible that she may have heard some gossip which did not tallywith her English-bred ideas of a candidate for her ownhand. But when she was summoned to the death-bed of Alexander III., who expressed an ardent wish that she should accept his son, she consented. The domestic life of the young couple proved that the Empress Alexandra—she changed her name on entering the Greek Orthodox Church—could not have chosen a more faithful spouse. The private life of royalties is often open to the prying eyes and ears of scandalmongers, but never a whisper of scandal was heard about Nicholas II. Unkind critics may say that he was simple, incapable of bestowing his affections outside of the beaten track—that in his later years he was just as neutral and unoriginal as he was in his boyhood and youth.

He had no hobbies and predilections. His sports and pastimes were simple and homely. He was a great pedestrian. He liked to go out in a boat. His little electric yacht at Peterhof was frequently in request, but he preferred an ordinary row-boat, taking the sculls himself.

He did not like bear-shooting or any other dangerous sport. His vast game preserves in Poland and Lithuania saw him very seldom. His favourite excursions with the gun were devoted to shooting grouse.

Like the other Imperial princes, he had to go through a military training, and in his case he served both in the army and in the navy. But he never displayed any particular keenness as a soldier or as a sailor. In the latter capacity his experiences were almost exclusively confined to

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pleasure trips on the Imperial yachts, but most of the time was spent at anchor in the Bjorke roadstead, near Viborg, in Finland. To an ardent sportsman these sojourns would have seemed the acme of dullness.

Perhaps to an English reader the outdoor life of Nicholas II. appears to have been even more colourless than to the average Russian. His countrymen, especially those of the leisured classes, are not so much inclined as the average English country gentleman to open-air sports and pastimes. The Russian climate is a powerful deterrent. In another respect he was still less comprehensible to the average Englishman, and here he closely resembled his own subjects—I refer to his mystic inclinations.

The monk Rasputin, who corrupted the Court and Russian Society. Our Author tells the true story of his tragic end.

Long before the days of Rasputin, the Court of Nicholas II. devoted much of its time and attention to occultism. Charlatans of various nationalities were honoured guests at the palace. Among them was the notorious Philippe and the equally well-known Dr. Papus, both of whom were imported from Paris to direct spiritualistic séances at Peterhof and Tsarskoe Selo. Considerable impetus was given to this tendency on the part of the Emperor and Empress by two Montenegrin princesses who were resident at the Russian Court. One of them, the Princess Militza, afterwards became the wife of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, the famous Generalissimo.

It should also be remembered that the Russians are proverbially religious; it would be more correct to say superstitious. The great bulk of the people were, and are, peasant-farmers, labouring under the twin evils of ignorance and superstition, and, until very recent times, dominated by feelings of reverence for the Church and the Czar. But in their daily lives they were preoccupied by two matters only. The first was land, the second was drink. Both represented an insatiable craving. The peasant could never have enough land or enough vodka. His beliefs, obscured by ignorance and by the obsessions of land and liquor, were liable to lead him into strange paths.

This tendency accounts for the rise of weird and repulsive sects among the peasants: self-immolation and mutilation, coupled with indulgence in bestial orgies which I cannot explain in detail. Entire communities would lock themselves in and set their homes on fire. The Khlysty, or Flagellants, practised mutilation with a view to extinguishing the human race. Among the other sects the Dukhobortsy, or spirit-wrestlers, held everything in common, repudiating property and family. All these tendencies were more or less opposed to the existing State system. For this reason the authority of the Church was invoked to suppress them. Gradually the Church was converted into an instrument of oppression. Instead of devoting itself to spreading education among the masses, the old *régime* preferred to combat the symptoms of popular ignorance rather than the disease itself. Superstition remained unchecked, and found an outlet in other ways.

The attitude of the people towards the clergy displayed their superstitions. It was considered to be an unlucky thing to meet a

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Rasputin photographed at one of his séances.

notic, influence, which was all the more remarkable because he himself was an ignorant, illiterate, and vicious peasant. A great deal of romance has been woven around his name and highly-spiced narratives have been sent forth regarding him and his career. The truth is at once more simple and more astonishing than all the fiction. Like Iliodor, he exercised his sway over women, but I have never heard of him being able to influence the male sex. A drunken ne'er-do-weel (the very name which he assumed, Rasputin, means in Russian "The Rake"), born in a West Siberian village, he had obtained a smattering of Biblical phrases while employed as a servitor in a monastery.

Russian women belonging to the leisured classes used to periodically visit monasteries far and wide. The poor peasants would walk thousands of miles for a similar purpose, living on alms during the journey, and bringing a few coppers as an offering to their favourite shrine. The wealthier travelled comfortably by express trains or vehicles, and were housed in special apartments or hostels at the monastery. One of these ladies took a fancy to Rasputin and brought him to Moscow, where he soon pervaded

priest, and peasants surreptitiously spat over their shoulders on such occasions in order to counteract a "bad omen." Strange as it may seem, Russians of high degree and of good education were influenced by similar prejudices. Perhaps if the parish priests had been better educated, and had been able to educate the people, things might have been different. But as matters stood in Russia prior to the Revolution, there was very little respect for the clergy as a whole.

On the other hand, individuals, both lay and clerical, were able to exercise enormous and apparently inexplicable influence. Some were sincere and worthy men. There was, for instance, Iliodor, who wielded extraordinary prestige among the women of the Lower Volga. Tens of thousands followed him on pilgrimages to popular shrines. His adherents built a huge monastery, strong as a fortress, where he successfully defied all the authorities, lay and clerical.

Rasputin was another case of mysterious, almost hyp-

Председатель
Петроградской Военно-
Цензурной комиссіи
17 декабря 1916 г.
№ 18042
Петроградъ.

В. Оре ве.
Секретно
Циркулярно.

Милостивый Государь
Господинъ Редакторъ.

Прошу васъ сдѣлать безотлагательно распоря е ніе о томъ, чтобы въ редактируемой Вами газетѣ не помѣщалось никакихъ рѣшительно сообщеній, замѣтокъ или перепечатокъ со свѣдѣніями о смерти Григорія Распутина.

Примите увѣреніе въ совершенномъ почтеніи и истинной преданности
И. Адабашъ

Notice from the Russian censor to Mr. Wilton prohibiting any reference to Rasputin's death or even the mentioning of his name.

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fashionable *salons*, and finally reached the precincts of the Court.

How he put a spell upon the young Empress, who believed that he was able to cure her boy and save his life, and eventually began to play an enormous part in the affairs of the whole Empire, with disastrous consequences to the prestige of the monarchy, need not be repeated. The facts are too well known. It is equally notorious that the army got rid of him because he was considered to be a baneful influence working in the interests of Germany. I propose here to recite only such circumstances of his death, and subsequent developments connected with him, as are little known outside a very limited circle. The great amount of fiction which has been interwoven with the truth makes this absolutely necessary from an historical point of view.

At the end of the year 1916 a group of young Guardsmen in Petrograd decided to execute Rasputin. He was lured to the palace of the young Prince Felix Yusupoff, a connection of the Czar by marriage. A beautiful dancer from Moscow, Mlle. C——, was the "bait." The other guests included the young Grand Duke Dimitri, a cousin of the Czar, and a well-known deputy, M. Purishkevich. As usual, Rasputin drank heavily. He was then served with a glass of poisoned wine. The young ballet-dancer had already taken her leave.

Rasputin's hosts watched him, expecting every moment that he would fall down dead. Perhaps the poison was not strong enough, or maybe it did not act because he had already consumed so much wine. Presently he staggered to his feet and made for the door. Yusupoff and his friends waited a few moments; then the young Prince got up and followed, expecting to find Rasputin dead outside. To his amazement, he saw him standing up in the corner of the adjoining room under an ikon, and speaking to one of the Prince's servants. He seemed to be exerting all his will to stand upright. The Prince then drew his revolver and fired at Rasputin's breast. He collapsed in a heap on the floor. Yusupoff now felt sure that he was dead.

Rushing back to the adjoining room, he told his friends what he had done—as indeed the shot had hinted to them. All arose and came out to look at the corpse. Another surprise met them. Rasputin was crawling along the floor trying to get out of the house. Then each of them drew his revolver and fired. This time Rasputin was killed. The body was immediately carried out into a waiting motor-car, conveyed to the outskirts of the city, and thrown into the river, whence it was fished out next day.

Such is the true story of Rasputin's death as related to me by an eye-witness. But the sequel is still more weird. It is notorious that Protopopoff, the half-demented Minister who tried vainly to cope with the Revolution, and the distracted Empress firmly believed that Rasputin's death would bring about the overthrow of Russia.

But the consequences for Yusupoff and his young wife are little known. At first they felt elated over the disappearance of such a noxious personality, but as the months went by each of them developed strange symptoms of mental obsession.

The young Princess spent her days drawing mysterious little figures on paper. She said that her hand was guided by Rasputin. Nothing could cure her of the fixed idea that her hand was automatically tracing ikons—for her husband had shot "The Rake" whilst he was standing under an ikon, and therefore under the protection of the Almighty. Hence this innocent victim fell into a deep melancholy.

Prince Felix Yusupoff, a bright and exceedingly handsome young fellow, a general favourite when he was at Oxford University and in London society, became subject to fits of moodiness. He also was haunted by the vision of Rasputin standing under the ikon as he shot him. He also felt that he had committed an act of sacrilege not for shooting "The Rake," but for having done so whilst he was standing near a holy object. Grave fears, I understand, are entertained for Yusupoff's sanity.

Verily the Russians are a strange and mysterious race, possessed of characteristics so different from those of the other peoples of Europe that it is difficult for us to understand them.

Let us now return to the subject of Nicholas II.

In the popular imagination he lived under the constant threat of being murdered by the Terrorists. I will not venture to say that his life was never in danger. In his younger days he and the rest of the family had a narrow escape from being assassinated wholesale in the wrecking of the Imperial train at Borki while they were travelling from the Crimea northward. The secret police were, of course, always discovering "plots," and the Empress Alexandra never had a quiet moment when the Czar was away from her side. This circumstance helped to rivet the shackles of domestic life, which were ever the bane of Nicholas II. as a ruler. But it was pretty well known that the Terrorists, as an organization, did not seek to destroy the Czar. In fact, their leaders some years ago issued a sort of reprieve in his favour, ostensibly because they had reason to suppose that he was not personally ill-intentioned. In reality they considered him very useful for their purposes. This may seem strange. The explanation is, however, an easy one. His lack of character, and the confusion thereby introduced into the affairs of Government, helped to break down the old *régime*. The Revolutionaries appreciated this fact, and therefore regarded Nicholas II. as their accomplice.

High officials of State with whom I was in friendly and confidential relations repeatedly complained to me about the subversive influence of the Czar's interference in public affairs. As he was always changing his own mind, none of his Ministers could carry out a consecutive and consistent policy. In short, administrative anarchy prevailed in Russia long before it assumed an openly destructive form under the rule of the Soviets.

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Barricades erected in the streets of Petrograd during the Revolution.

Nicholas II. was by no means lacking in physical courage. He had all the fatalism of the Slav. He was also most conscientious and hard working. His day and part of the night were passed in reading, annotating, and signing papers. But frequently he would make conflicting remarks on the margin of one and the same document, just because he had heard two different views from callers or people of his suite before he could get to the end of the paper. Lack of individuality was in his case aggravated by a hermit-like existence. Although an absolute ruler over one-fifth of the surface of the globe, he lived like a *petit bourgeois* in the bosom of his family, poring over his account books, utterly incapable of initiative or of creative imagination. It would have been difficult for a man of genius to conduct the affairs of State in a broad-minded, efficient manner within such limited surroundings. He saw no one except functionaries, each of whom had an axe to grind. He had absolutely no living contact with his people.

This unhealthy existence tended to make him indifferent to the realities of life. When thousands of people were crushed to death at the Coronation *fêtes* at Moscow, he did not seem to realize what had happened. When news was brought to him of the naval tragedy at Port Arthur he calmly continued to play a game at tennis. Unfortunately, his wife's influence only helped to intensify this deficiency. She cordially disliked the Russians. Her disdainful manner and the administrative seclusion of the Imperial household deprived them of the popularity that his father and mother had enjoyed.

Typical street scene during the Revolution.

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Grand Duke Michael, the Czar's only surviving brother. He was appointed Regent at the time of the Czar's abdication.

Nicholas II. could not be himself. He was always trying to be someone else—impersonating the Czar Alexis or the latest caller. He could not control his Empire, nor could he even manage his own household. An ambitious, narrow-minded woman was supreme in the home, and afterwards became supreme in the country. I do not believe that she had any evil intentions. On the contrary, she was convinced that she alone was, or could be, right. Therein lay the tragedy of Nicholas II. and of Russia.

I had seen Nicholas II. on several occasions during the last twenty years of his reign. He had always impressed me as being a man of tragedy, and I may add that he left the same impression on all who came into contact with him. There was a dreamy, fateful look about his eyes which made people say :—

"That man will come to a tragic end."

Few people, however, imagined that the tragedy would assume the form of a revolution. The bomb of an assassin or a poisoned cup—such was the nature of his possible end ; and no one could foresee that it might be infinitely worse. Even two months before the Revolution, when I saw the ill-fated monarch at headquarters, it seemed impossible to expect such a contingency as murder by his own soldiers—and I am not yet quite certain that it has taken place.

The sufferings of the wretched captives in Siberia will be known some day in all their sordid horror. What ordeals the four unfortunate and delicately-nurtured girls had to endure cannot be imagined, but to me the fate of the young Czarevitch is perhaps the most pathetic incident in the Imperial tragedy. He was such a mischievous, winsome, and clever boy—so human and attractive. Even the physical weakness that he had inherited could not repress his high spirits. He had the makings of a striking individuality, possibly of a great ruler. Among the three-score descendants of the House of Romanoff he alone gave promise of wearing the purple for the real good of his people and country. That this bright lad should have died of neglect, possible ill-treatment, and actual starvation is surely the most pathetic of all the incidents of the Revolution.

The Czar's only surviving brother, the Grand Duke Michael, escaped from his prison at Perm and disappeared. Among his kinsmen he was noted for his goodness and loyalty. He was not very clever, but he long ago saw that a tragedy would come if his brother and sister-in-law did not mend their ways. Yet he would not join the other Grand Dukes in a collective remonstrance. For this he has been blamed, I think unjustly.

He voluntarily resigned his rights to the throne in order that the people might be free to decide, and declared that he would assume power only from their hands. That shows a proper democratic spirit. But he, like his brother, is burdened by an ambitious wife—the outcome of a morganatic romance with a Moscow lady.

And now I come to the end of this account of the inner life of Russia and her fallen sovereigns. The Empress Marie, writing from her place of imprisonment in the Crimea, told her relatives abroad about the tribulations of her elder son. In his last letter to his mother Nicholas II. said : "All that we have undergone is sad beyond words, but I am grieved above all by the fact that my country has been brought so low as to fail in her duty towards her Allies."

His better self, perhaps the true Nicholas, had emerged from the wreck of all his hopes.

The Czar and his little son, who was heir to the throne.
Photo. Stanley.

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The Most Savage of Beasts.

MY ADVENTURES WITH THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

By JOHN A. JORDAN, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

All sportsmen are agreed that the most cunning, vindictive, and fiercest of all big-game animals is the buffalo. Our Author, a well-known African traveller and hunter, herein gives first-hand information regarding the strange tactics of this creature when seeking human foes and the difficulty and danger of bringing the terror of the African forest to earth.

HERE are two specimens of African buffalo: the Cape or water buffalo, and the Congo buffalo. With both these species I have had a long association, with ample opportunities to study their habits. The first range from Rhodesia to the northern boundaries of the Congo, and are to be found from east to west of the continent. The smaller members of this species are red in colour and roam all over the Congo district.

The Cape buffalo is the most cunning and vindictive of the big game, and is respected and feared by all professional hunters and natives. It stands about five feet at the shoulder, and is very heavily built, with enormous fore-quarters. Its colour is black, and it has large massive horns covering the skull, and nearly meeting in the middle of the forehead.

It is generally to be found in herds, varying in number from five to two hundred, which frequent the swamp and forest during the day. They graze all the night up to about six in the morning, but on very cold rainy mornings I have seen them feeding right up to ten o'clock. Usually in the day they like to lie asleep in the shade of the trees, out of the heat of the sun.

This beast invariably shows fight when wounded, and in following it up you have to take great care that the tables are not turned and the hunter become the hunted. It has a very nasty habit of circling round to the rear and then getting wind of your trail and following it up. When it gets fairly near the brute will charge, and you must fire very accurately, making sure of bringing him down, as trying to sidestep the rush is of little use; nothing can save you except either killing or badly disabling your savage antagonist. Firing at the head is extremely risky, because the enormous horns will cause the bullet to glance off, and it requires a dead shot to get a bullet home between the bosses. If not disabled this animal will certainly gore its antagonist, and will then indulge in its peculiarly horrible habit of scraping all the flesh off with its sharp hoofs, till the mutilated form is beyond recognition. The majority of animals will turn from the sudden flash of the rifle at close quarters, but not this devil incarnate when wounded and intent on revenge.

Occasionally you encounter a lone bull, and then you are up against the fiercest and most vindictive opponent to be found in the animal kingdom. The solitary beast has usually been driven out of the herd by the younger bulls, and the solitude has evidently preyed on its mind to such an extent that it becomes entirely obsessed with the thought of revenge on everything and everybody. It has been known to trail men for a whole day for no reason whatever, and many a native has been treed by these homicidal attentions. I have many times listened to the experiences of natives who have been forced to climb trees to get away from one, and they do not differ in the slightest degree.

The first thing the maddened animal does on these occasions is to charge the tree repeatedly from each side, to try to shake its intended victim out of the branches. Finding this operation does not succeed, he trots away at a good pace, endeavouring to make the treed one think that he has gone and the road is clear for him to continue his journey; but the natives who live in those parts are generally as cunning as the buffalo, and they refuse to be drawn into the trap, knowing that the beast has only circled round, and is waiting and watching for him to descend. The man-hunter waits some time to see if his manœuvre will prove successful, and then, finding that it does not, he again charges the tree, throwing his mighty weight against it with all his force, making it rock in a manner very terrifying to the fugitive clinging to its branches. The native generally ties himself on to the limbs of the tree by his sword-belt, cloth, or whatever he might be wearing suitable for the purpose. The brute repeats this tree-charging performance many times, and then in disgust drops his excreta under the tree, hoping that the fumes, which are exceedingly strong, will bring his victim down; but the wily native remains perfectly quiet, knowing that to keep on shouting will further madden his infuriated antagonist. Therefore if no assistance is near it is best to keep quiet. He will generally be kept a prisoner in the tree any time up to twenty-four hours, when the animal either forgets him or his attention is drawn off by some other movement, causing him to abandon his desire for human blood. The scared person may then descend from his refuge and resume his journey with safety.

I myself know what it is to pit my brains against this dangerous animal when wounded. If it cannot see or scent you, it will hold its head on one side, listening for the slightest sound,

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such as your breathing, and many times after a hurried flight, which has caused me to breathe heavily, I have had to bury my face in the grass so that it could not get my direction.

The Wanderobo, who are the most fearless and skilful hunters in East Africa, and think nothing of individual encounters with all kinds of animals, including the lion, never attack the buffalo unless they are in sufficient numbers. Before starting out they always make their plan of campaign with the greatest care. They first mark down the forest to which the herd comes for their daily rest, and then post their men in all the surrounding trees available. Then dead silence prevails till the beasts enter the forest and lie down. The man nearest to them then throws his skin cloak, which he has generally been wearing for a long period, amongst, or as near as possible to, the unsuspicious animals, who at once jump up and, scenting the strong human smell from the skin, make a charge towards it. These wild forest huntsmen, who are all armed with arrows three feet long barbed with three inches of iron, which have previously been covered with deadly vegetable

"The huntsmen immediately start shooting at the excited brutes, who plunge wildly through the forest."

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poison, immediately start shooting at the excited brutes, who plunge wildly through the forest looking for their foes, receiving many arrows as they pass the warriors hidden in the trees. If the poison, which each hunter prepares himself, is fresh, it is not long before the wounded succumb to its effect. If the poison is stale the animals go a long distance before they die, and in some cases have been known to recover. I have shot buffaloes with arrow-heads still in them.

I will relate one interesting encounter that I had with a lone buffalo, when, from a safe position, for the duration of half an hour I had an opportunity of studying his methods as the object of his fury.

I was camped at the Eldama Ravine, near a Masai kraal, when one afternoon a small boy, who had been herding goats and sheep with an old man, came rushing into the kraal to say that the old man had been attacked and killed by a buffalo. According to the boy's story, they had been grazing the flock near a patch of forest, when suddenly, and for no reason, out had rushed one of these beasts, which, after goring the old man, was trampling on him when the youth came for assistance.

The warriors immediately rushed for their spears and shields, and I, snatching up my rifle, accompanied them. All the way across the plain, which had to be traversed before reaching the forest, they bragged of what they would do to the slayer of one of their old men. On arrival at the scene of the tragedy we inspected what remained of the corpse, and I never wish to behold a more ghastly sight. There was no face left, and all the flesh on the body had been reduced to strips and small pieces by the pawing of the sharp hoofs. The spectacle made the warriors yell with rage, and they at once entered the forest in search of the killer.

I stayed outside waiting in case the beast broke cover. It was not long before I saw and heard the gallant warriors bolting out of the scrub as fast as they could come, and they only stopped running when they were some distance away. I at once hurried towards them for information. Drawing near, I heard them reproaching each other for cowardice; a veritable case of the "pot calling the kettle black." I soon heard the story. After they had penetrated the forest for about fifty yards the buffalo had charged towards them, and they one and all had scattered for safety. There were still two of their number unaccounted for, and I inquired if the beast had gored them. They were not quite sure about this. The only thing they could remember was their hurried endeavour to escape. I told them what I thought about their action in my plainest language, and asked how they dared leave their two comrades behind, after the way in which they had been bragging. I made them feel so ashamed of themselves that they were only too eager to accompany me back to the scene of the first rush.

When we reached the outskirts of the forest we heard a man shouting inside, and on answering back were informed that the two men were up trees, with the buffalo mounting guard below them. This seemed to me fairly satisfactory, as now directions could be called out as to the best method of approaching and overcoming their jailer. I was armed with a double-barrelled five hundred Express rifle, and had no fear of not killing, if I could only get a shot home before I was seen or heard.

I ascertained the position of the trees where the men who awaited my assistance were, and approached as stealthily as I could. Proceeding a short distance, I managed to secure a glimpse of the man-killer about sixty yards away through an opening between the bushes. Sighting a good tree which could easily be climbed, about twenty yards nearer the animal, I crawled towards it, and was soon concealed behind the broad trunk, and perceiving that I had a risky opportunity for a shoulder-shot, I at once took my chance and fired. At the moment I fired the bull plunged forward on one of his butting attacks on the tree containing one of the natives, and my shot glanced off the shoulder, wounding him, but not severely.

This accentuated his rage; he stopped short and turned in my direction. I lost no time in shinning up the tree, nearly dropping my rifle in doing so. He charged furiously underneath the tree, evidently not having seen me, then turning he charged back again. I shouted and waved my rifle, eventually attracting his attention, when, without a moment's hesitation, he charged, striking the tree squarely with the boss of his horns with terrific force. The tree fairly shivered under the impact. Again and again he repeated the attack, then, with legs well apart, flanks heaving, nostrils dilated, and blood-stains foaming from the mouth, he glared up at me with fierce, blood-shot eyes, from a distance of about fifteen yards.

From my secure position I had ample opportunity to study his methods, and finding that he was sensitive to ridicule I gibed him on to repeated attacks. In his impotent rage he snorted fiercely and tore up the turf, but, although showing symptoms of exhaustion, was always game for another terrific charge. Finally, having satisfied myself that there was no more to be learnt from this unequal contest, and with a murmured tribute to his pluck, I dropped him with a shot through the heart, and then descended from my aerial perch.

The animal had a very poor spread in horns. The natives, no longer in fear of their terrible opponent, were not long in skinning him. I selected what meat I required for myself, and gave them the remainder; and the skin, which in value is considered equivalent to the worth of a young heifer, was given to the son of the old man who had been killed. The buffalo skin is valuable for making shields.

The Congo buffalo, with the exception of very old bulls, is of a red colour. Its height at the shoulder is about three and a half feet. The horns are very small, crinkled at the base, flattened and turned upwards, and end in very pointed tips. They roam about in large herds, sometimes numbering hundreds, and frequent the banks of the rivers running through the

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Congo. They are not nearly so formidable as their relations—the black species. Personally I have had very good luck with them, but have heard of other Europeans being killed by these dwarf buffaloes.

On one occasion I was charged by a herd after killing two of their number. They dashed right up to the ant-hill behind which I was concealed, and I thought I was in for a rough time, but after standing with their noses in the air for a few minutes they turned and galloped away. I fired after them, dropping another, but the remainder continued their course, taking no notice of the fallen one.

It is very difficult to see them in fairly long grass owing to the shortness of their legs, which are out of all proportion to their large bodies, and it astonishes one to see the speed with which they cover the ground. They have their favourite feeding spots, which they visit again and again even after being persistently shot at. Sometimes they allow a day or two to elapse before they return. Their flesh is more palatable than that of the water buffalo.

In concluding, I must say that it will be a good thing for Africa when they are shot out. Not only are they carriers of the germ of sleeping-sickness, but they are always surrounded by the tsetse fly, which pest is nearly always fatal to domesticated stock. In parts of Africa they have become such a nuisance that they are classed as vermin, and the natives have permission, of which they are not keen to avail themselves, to kill all they can.

"He charged furiously underneath the tree."

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A Hero of the Soudan

HOW THE FIRST CIVILIAN'S VICTORIA CROSS WAS WON

by FRANCIS J. DICKIE

Illustrated by Frank Wright.

It is not generally known that there is a special Victoria Cross for civilians. It was due to Sergeant Farmer's heroic deeds in the deserts of the Soudan that Queen Victoria broke the regulation and issued this coveted decoration to a civilian.

Sergeant J. J. Farmer, who won the first Victoria Cross ever awarded to a civilian.

THERE was recently elected as a life member of the American Club of Vancouver, British Columbia, Sergeant J. J. Farmer. As a further mark of their esteem, the members also presented him with the latest model of an artificial limb. Farmer, though minus a leg, can claim to be on active service, for he is serving with the 11th Special Service Company of Vancouver.

For him Queen Victoria had a medal specially struck, known as the "Civilian's Victoria Cross," for though he wears a uniform now he was a civilian when he won this decoration, the most coveted and certainly the most famous valour honour in the world. And Farmer deserved it. For thrilling experiences and daring exploits in war, few can equal his record. But, like most heroes, he is modest. The other week, however, an intimate friend told his story to the members of the American Club, and such is the warm feeling in Canada between Uncle Sam's residents there and their Allies in the Dominion, that they decided to elect Farmer as a member of their institution.

As Rudyard Kipling's Kim knew India, so Farmer knew Egypt from babyhood. When the famous campaign under Kitchener against the Arabs began in 1883, Farmer was a boy telegraphist. As a civilian who knew Arabic fluently, he was invaluable to the administration.

With Sir Valentine Baker he was at the rout of Tokar, and carried back the news to Suakin, at great personal danger. Later, with six

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"But luck was against him, for when safety seemed assured his

intelligence officers, he helped map the country between Dongola and Khartoum. A short time afterwards he set off from the latter place armed with despatches for the fort of Gadaref. But in the meantime the famous slave-driver, Osman Digna, had caused an insurrection. The fort was surrounded and in great peril. Disguised as an Arab, however, Farmer, from his long knowledge of the people, and the perfection with which he spoke their language, made his way through the lines of the slave-driver's army. Under cover of darkness, he delivered the despatches within the fort, and came away again with answering ones for Khartoum.

Again he made his way safely to where he had hidden his horse. As he rode along on the second day he was sighted by a band of hostile Arabs, who gave chase. Farmer had a good steed and a long start, and he rode for his life. So superior was his mount that he gradually drew away from his pursuers. But luck was against him for when safety seemed assured his horse put its foot in a hole and came down with a broken leg.

Seeing escape was now impossible, the despatch rider brought out the precious papers he carried. Quickly, in the face of the oncoming Arabs, he committed as much as he could of these to memory; then, when the Arabs were fifty feet away, he tore up the papers and scattered them on the sand.

He was roughly seized, bound, and thrown upon the back of a mule. For a whole day the Arabs travelled with him to their camp across the barren desert. His knowledge of the language gave Farmer the doubtful pleasure of hearing his own execution discussed. It being late, and everyone tired, the fate of killing the Infidel was put off until the next day.

During the night Farmer managed to work himself free, his bonds having become slightly loosened during the long ride on the mule. With death on his heels, he crawled out between his two sleeping guards. Wriggling snake-like along the ground, he gained the outskirts of the camp where the horses were picketed. Fortunately, it was dark. Untethering one of the animals, he rode out into the desert. He pushed his horse until it fell from exhaustion. Then he moved forward on foot, arriving a week later at

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horse put its foot in a hole and came down with a broken leg."

Khartoum almost dead from hunger and thirst. Here he verbally delivered the contents of the despatches.

Shortly afterwards he was sent to a lonely outpost station on the Government railway far out on the desert. One day he learned from a friendly native boy that Dervishes had scattered a large quantity of explosives on the track some five miles away. A heavy loaded troop train was due to pass this point very soon. Only quick action would save the lives of the oncoming soldiers. Farmer made a desperate race for the spot. The track here was laid across a stony and barren stretch of country. Running under the terrible Egyptian sun, Farmer was almost fainting when he reached the spot. Despite his condition, he at once proceeded to gather up the explosives and carry them to a safe distance from the track.

The Dervishes, believing their plan completed, had ridden away. Thus Farmer was not interrupted in his work. With still quite a lot of combustible material to remove, he heard the rumble of the approaching train. Gathering up the remaining explosives as quickly as possible, he moved hurriedly away. As he did so the last of the missiles—a small dynamite cartridge—fell, and, striking on a piece of rock, exploded. Farmer's right leg was shattered to above the knee, all his ribs on that side were broken, and the side of his face badly injured. He was rendered unconscious. But the train was saved, and a few moments later went rushing by without anyone noticing the fallen man lying a few yards from the rails. For four days Farmer lay upon the desert suffering terrible agonies from heat, thirst, and his wounds. He was finally found by a reconnoitring party and taken to the nearest hospital.

For this brave deed he was recommended for the Victoria Cross by Sir Garnet Wolseley. But here arose a difficulty, for the Queen had created this famous medal only for exceptional acts of bravery performed by men of the Army and Navy. However, when informed of the case, Her Majesty promptly solved the difficulty by creating a special cross carrying the added designation, "Civilian's" Victoria Cross. This was presented to Farmer at Buckingham Palace

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"A small dynamite cartridge fell and, striking on a piece of rock, exploded."

in 1889, and was the first reward of its kind. Since then only one similar distinction has been awarded.

In recognition of his services, Farmer was for many years engaged in clerical Army duties in England. He later emigrated to Canada. When war broke out he applied for enlistment. Though he had only one leg, his past record secured him a position in the Special Army Service Company of Vancouver, where he does his "bit" by handling Army details, for which his long experience so well fits him.

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My Niggers

By

LIEUT. J. RAILTON HOLDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST NOBLE.

A humorous account of the writer's experiences of Gyppies while in camp on the banks of the Suez Canal. The Egyptian labourer may prove a blessing or the reverse—a good worker with a cheerful grin, or a slacker up to every trick.

BALLAH was one of the "cushiest" billets in Egypt, a P.B. man's paradise, or, as my niggers would say: "Stop here, very good! Go back to camp, rotten!"

I say "my niggers," because I soon came to consider them as much my personal property as though I'd bought them in the slave market. To them I was father confessor, medical adviser and dispenser, commander-in-chief, quartermaster-sergeant, and a little tin god thrown in.

Their acquisition was due to a piece of diplomacy that ought to have earned Lieutenant Farrar a post in the diplomatic service.

One day he approached me in one of his "winning" moods. By "winning" I don't mean that he wore the smile a girl fabricates when asking her dad for a five-pound note. "Winning" in the Army sense means acquiring, obtaining, inheriting, or otherwise pilfering something for which one has not filled in an Army form. To pinch from one's own unit is stealing and immoral. To rob the A.S.C. or R.E. park is "winning," and leaves the eighth commandment and a Tommy's conscience untroubled. In plain English, Farrar was out for loot.

"Good morning, Corporal!" he said.

"Good morning, sir," I answered.

"I want you to go down to the Egyptian Labour Corps and procure (notice the word) two strong, healthy Gyppies (Egyptian natives)," he said.

"Very well, sir! Any particular breed?" I asked.

"Um—no! They must be used to handling boats, though," he added.

"Right-o!" I replied.

I got Marshall, one of the P.B. men, to take the other oar, and by superhuman efforts we got the old screw to the E.L.C. camp.

I arrived back about noon to report my non-success. Either I hadn't stated my case as plainly as I should have done, or I'd stated it too plainly and the O.C. of the E.L.C. had smelt a rat.

The same afternoon Lieutenant Farrar, with half-a-dozen bottles of his famous "Dog's Head" stout, boarded the old screw and paid the E.L.C. a visit.

He arrived back about tea-time minus his six bottles and plus a huge smile.

"Any luck, sir?" I asked.

"Corporal Holden," he answered, "in addition to your other arduous duties"—(I smiled)—"you will in future be O.C. Gyppies of Ballah Signals!"

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"He emptied his pockets of 'Dog's Head' on the table."

The yarn I got out of him proved Farrar to be a diplomatist of the first water.

He had entered the mosquito-netted, veranda-surrounded mat hut which served the O.C. Egyptian Labour Corps as his Suez-side bungalow and emptied his pockets of "Dog's Head" on the table.

"A couple of Gyppies, please!" he ordered.

The O.C. smiled, but shook his head.

"Can't be done, Farrar; I'm sorry."

"So am I"! replied the Lieutenant. "But why?"

"Well, we can't spare the niggers, for one thing," began the autocrat.

"Rot!" murmured Farrar, carefully filling a glass with his dark-brown drink.

"And you've plenty of P.B. men to row your boat, for another."

"Bosh!" replied Farrar. "A P.B. man couldn't pull a wheelbarrow, let alone a boat, and my own men are hard at work laying cables to Kantara."

"I'm sorry," said the O.C., "but I can't let you have them!"

"Well, cut out the sorrow and have a drink!" said Farrar, throwing his reserves into the skirmish.

And when the six bottles of stout began to make their presence felt, Lieutenant Farrar had a brain wave.

"Just let me use your 'phone for a second," he asked.

"I haven't a 'phone in the place!" answered the O.C. "Only wish I had. It would save me a lot of extra work."

"Not a 'phone here?" exclaimed Farrar, in pretended surprise. "I thought every unit on the east bank was connected up with our office!"

"We aren't, worse luck!"

"Oh, I shall have to remedy that!" said Farrar. "I'll send a working party out to-morrow and have you connected up by noon."

"Thanks, awfully, old chap!" replied the O.C., gratefully.

"I must have used up a bottle of Eau de Cologne to protect my olfactory nerves."

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"It will be rather awkward, though," mused our wily officer. "We shall have to run out the working party to the Kantara line in the morning and sha'n't have anyone to row the boat. Afraid it can't be done after all. Unless, of course, you let me have those two Gyppies!"

Luckily the O.C.'s sense of humour hadn't run dry in the Egyptian climate, for he burst out laughing at this barefaced "graft."

"Take your blessed Gyppies!" he exclaimed. "But don't forget my telephone to-morrow."

The two niggers arrived the next morning, and that's how I came to be their "umbasha" (great big chief). But what a contrast! I have seen some evil-looking, filthy Gyppies around the native quarters of Port Said and Suez, but never one that came up to Mahomed. I must have used up a bottle of eau-de-Cologne a week to protect my olfactory nerves. He was a wall-eyed, squash-nosed individual, clothed in a potato sack and a turban.

But Selim, the second Gyppy, was a pearl of great price. He soon found out that a moderate amount of work would satisfy me, if it were well done, and he worked like a—well, like a nigger. When he wasn't working he was swimming—a thing Mahomed would never dream of doing.

Mahomed's stay in the Signal Camp was a very short one. At the oars he was like a camel on a ballroom floor. After his first day as a boatman, during the whole of which he was continually catching crabs and disappearing under the fore deck, I handed him over to Jack Plunkett, the cook, for instruction in the art of scullerymaid.

He was kept at work the whole morning cleaning up the camp, emptying rubbish tins, washing out dixies, and looking after the cook-house fire. At lunch-time he came to his father confessor with a tale of woe.

"Me boatman!" he protested. "Cookie plenty sticky-stick."

In other words, he reckoned it was below his dignity as a boatman to clean up camp, so I threatened to send him back to the E.L.C.

"No, umbasha, no!" he exclaimed, on hearing this. "Stop here, very good! Go back to camp, rotten!"

"Here, Jack!" I yelled to the cook, "come and take this nigger of yours!"

"No fear," replied the cook; "he's pinched half my bag of onions and let my fire out twice since he came. I don't want to see him again. If he comes near my cookhouse I'll slit his throat for him with this!"

"This" was a huge meat-knife, at the sight of which Mahomed fled to the boat as if ten thousand genii were at his heels.

Jack followed him up, rolling his eyes and fingering the knife in pretended ferocity. In a panic Mahomed cast off the mooring-rope and rowed frantically into mid-stream. Not until he considered himself safe did he relinquish his oars. Then he shouted: "Cook magnoon, umbasha, cook magnoon!" while the men sat on the bank roaring with laughter.

"Mahomed fled to the boat as if ten thousand genii were at his heels."

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I handed Mahomed over to Mick Whelan and George Crossley after this, to help with the horse lines.

Lieutenant Farrar arrived back in the afternoon from another "winning" expedition. He had been down to see Captain Neil, our genial engineer and pontoon wallah, and had begged, borrowed, or stolen a mast and lug-sail.

By dint of hard work we had made a jib-sail and fixed brackets for the mast. After fixing the latter we found that the wire stays were too high and interfered with the sail, so we reared a ladder up against it while Mick Whelan made the necessary alterations. Lieutenant Farrar steadied the mast whilst I hung on to the ladder. Selim made himself generally useful and Mahomed, as usual, made himself a general nuisance.

As Mick mounted the ladder the boat began heeling over. The more I tried to steady it the more it rocked. Then I spotted a grin on Lieutenant Farrar's face, and was just in time to leap backwards on to the jetty before the whole bag of tricks went over, throwing Mick into the water with a splash and immersing Lieutenant Farrar up to the waist. In reaching the jetty I bumped into Selim and accidentally knocked him off the jetty. Then Mahomed laughed for the first time since coming into the camp. This annoyed me so much that I kicked him off the deep end. He scrambled on to the jetty, spluttering with rage, and advanced towards me jabbering away in Arabic. So I pushed him in again, to teach him respect. The second time he came up he was nearly "magnoon," and would have knifed me with the greatest of pleasure if he had had such a weapon handy. As he approached me, his eyes blinking with fury, I pushed him in again to teach him sense, and turned to give Mick Whelan and the others a hand in righting the boat.

By tea-time she was ready for her trial trip. The crew consisted of Mick, myself, Selim, and Mahomed, with Lieutenant Farrar at the helm. She sailed like a Cowes racing yacht with a following wind, and Mahomed was all smiles.

But on the return journey she behaved like a cow's trough, and Mahomed and Selim were disembarked with a rope to pull us along the bank. This didn't suit Mahomed at all, and he grumbled all the way back.

That night Lieutenant Farrar decided to go on an all-night fishing stunt and took Mick Whelan and my two niggers with him. I wasn't there to see the fun, for important despatches had to be delivered. Next morning Mick told me that Mahomed had bungled the sails and nearly capsized the boat. Lieutenant Farrar immediately kicked him overboard and told him to swim ashore. He was sent back to the E.L.C. camp next day in disgrace, and we had Saïd, Selim's cousin, in exchange.

"Stowi, the strong."

Selim by this time had become a person of some importance, as he had got into the camp routine and never had to be told what to do. He would clean out my tent every morning and wash my dishes after every meal, run and fetch water for the cook, keep the fire going, and peel potatoes. He even learnt to fill my acetylene generator, which I had made out of two creosol tins and a few yards of lead piping pulled off the submarine cable. This generator was sufficient to supply three strong lights to the Signal office all night, and Selim was immensely proud when he was allowed to look after it.

When Saïd arrived, Selim handed over his cookhouse work to him and contented himself with the boat, my tent, and the acetylene generator. Saïd knew something about fishing, and bought hooks and lines for us from the Berberin and Gyppy boatmen on the "feluccas" that passed. When work was over for the day the jetty would be crowded with signallers, military police, and Patiala lancers, all fishing. But the best sport was angling for the five-pounders at night.

To get our bait we would lie down on the jetty with an acetylene lamp to attract the small swordfish. As they swam up to the pier we had only to hook them out with our hands. Later we caught them on the wholesale principle. Selim had bought us a round net and we fastened this right along the jetty. Selim would then strip and stand in the water holding the net below the surface. When the swordfish and little minnows came up to the light he would pull on the net and capture nearly a score. In a very few minutes we had sufficient bait to last us all night.

Everything went like clockwork while Selim and Saïd were with us. They would row across to the A.S.C. in the early morning, get our stores for the day, and have the fire lit by the time Jack Plunkett was ready to cook breakfast. Then, one day, Selim's time was up. He was off to Cairo. He had worked so well that I made him a present of some of my Army cigarettes, which were unsmokable. The other men did likewise.

After Selim came Stowi the strong. He was a "beefy" nigger and could lift anything. He broke two oars for us the first two days he was with us and strained his arm badly the third. Unfortunately he developed elephantitasis and had to be returned, much against his will.

Mahomed II. duly made his appearance, and the fun in camp started again. He was a walking advertisement for tooth-paste and Beecham's pills. The only time I ever saw him without a perpetual grin on his face was one

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day when he had been swimming and had trodden on a barbed-wire shell.

The gash stretched right across the ball of his foot. Walking on the dirty sand did not improve matters, and when he came to me with a woebegone face and showed me his foot I had to burst out laughing at him. The Field Ambulance had just removed their quarters, so I took on the surgeon's job *pro tem.*

After washing the foot in hot water, during which opération Mahomed chanted the Koran in ever-rising tones, I put in four khaki-cotton stitches, well waxed, and bound the foot up with a first-aid outfit and some zinc ointment. Later on I found he had wrapped an old shirt round it and was hobbling about accompanied by his usual smile.

"Very good, very nice!" he exclaimed. "You very good doctor!"

He was installed as assistant cook until his foot was better. Evidently the job suited him, for that foot never did get better until the day before he went to Cairo, when the bandages disappeared all of a sudden.

One of Mahomed's jobs was fetching water in a dixie for tea. Nobody saw where he got it from, and, as most kinds of water look the same in a dixie, Jack Plunkett brewed the tea as usual. Shortly afterwards came a yell from the mess hut.

"I borrowed a meat-saw, an axe, and a pair of Army wire-cutters."

"Cookie! what's the matter with the tea?"

Jack Plunkett's head appeared through the window.

"What is the matter with it?" he asked, flaring up. "If you don't like it, make it yourself."

"Well, just taste it, Jack," suggested Mike Whelan, in honeyed tones. "They must have given you that rotten shilling-a-pound stuff at the A.S.C. this morning."

Jack tasted it and spat it out.

"Where's Mahomed got to?" he yelled.

But Mahomed had heard his name being called in hostile tones of voice and had disappeared. He had got the water for tea from the Suez Canal!

On the whole, Mahomed was a genial soul, and the men were always having some fun at his expense. It was a pity that his liveliness didn't carry with it a passion for work, as we should have got on much better. He was always contracting diseases or declaring he was ill. Toothache was his favourite malady. He would come to me and display a cavernous mouth filled with flawless teeth.

The first time he came to me a mouthful of tobacco cured him.

The second time I borrowed a meat-saw, an axe, and a huge pair of Army wire-cutters from the cook.

Mahomed's eyes fairly bulged when he saw these preparations and his toothache vanished immediately.

The third time he complained of toothache I handed him over to Corporal Waldron, who made a lasting cure. He made him row him up and down the canal for over an hour whilst he sat in the stern and smoked. The toothache never recurred.

Mahomed went the way of all good niggers when his time was up; he went to Cairo.

"His toothache vanished immediately."

A few months later I was in Cairo carrying despatches. I took the opportunity of visiting the Pyramids while there, and whom should I meet but my old Gyppy Selim with a camel in tow. He had invested his savings and had become a camel wallah, carrying tourists round the Pyramids. I always said Selim was born the wrong colour. He ought to have been a white man. Nothing came amiss to him and he was always willing and on the look-out for something to do. When I left the camp, Hamid and Karim, our latest acquisitions, were going strong. I sailed shortly afterwards for France, and often wondered whether that queer assortment of Gyppies ever missed their old "umbasha."

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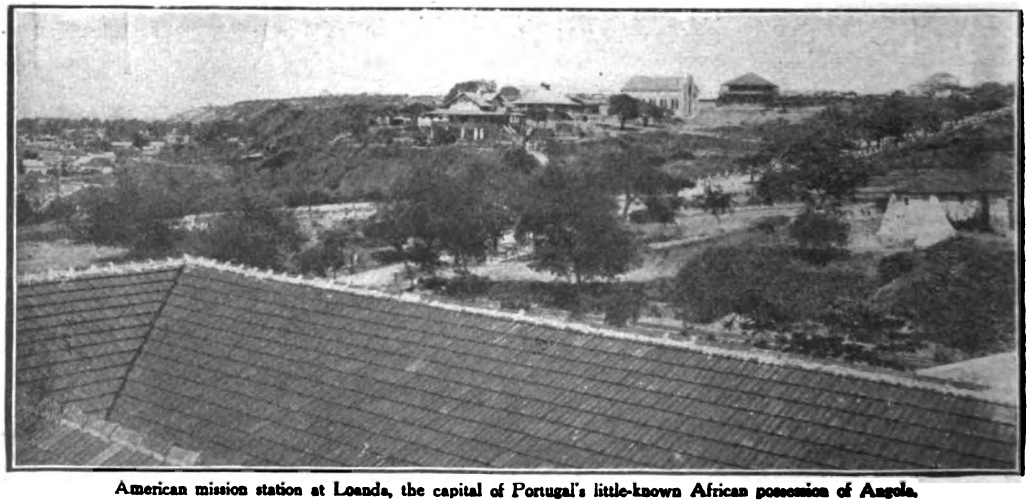
MY WANDERINGS IN

by Mrs. Harry A. McBride

The quaint native boat of Angola on the Cuanza River. This is the most important waterway in the colony.

Of all African Colonies the least known to Europeans is Angola, Portugal's principal possession on the west coast. Its vast hinterland is still the real Africa of Stanley and Livingstone, where the native rules supreme in a semi-civilized state. In the following entertaining narrative the Authoress describes a recent journey she made into the interior of this unknown land and the strange tribes she encountered, and their weird and wonderful customs. Added interest is given to the article by the striking photographs the Authoress secured.

MY husband was in the Consular service at Lisbon when he suddenlyannounced his intention of making an extensive trip into the heart of Angola, and offered me the choice of accompanying him. I must confess that at that time I had a very vague notion of where Angola was. Yet it is Portugal's principal African possession, a vast and wonderful tract of land nearly half a million square miles in area, with a seaboard on the Atlantic equal to the distance



American mission station at Loanda, the capital of Portugal's little-known African possession of Angola.

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LITTLE-KNOWN ANGOLA

from Edinburgh to Rome. It is certainly the least-known to Europeans of all the African colonies.

It was early one morning when the captain of our steamer announced that Loanda, the capital, would be sighted in a few hours. The steamer slowly entered the bay formed on one side by cliffs, almost as high as those at Dover, and on the other by a long, narrow sand-spit, which makes the port entirely calm. On this island of bright yellow sand were three or four little white buildings and a group or two of drooping palm trees, which were the only outward indication that we were actually in the tropics. Going to the port side of the steamer we had our first view of the town and, after the disappointing aspect of the coast along which we had been running, were pleasantly surprised. The pictures we had conjured up of a little jungle town with mud houses and thatched roofs had vanished—we saw, instead, a charming city of some thirty thousand souls, with the white, pink, yellow, and green

A native warrior. The lower picture shows a sleeping-sickness patient being conveyed to the mission station for treatment.

business blocks, all with red-tiled roofs, lined along the water-front, and behind them, on surrounding elevations, the smaller residential houses—much like Portuguese seaport towns the world over. Indeed, the inhabitants declare Loanda to be the finest town in West Africa.

Probably its most interesting sight for the few—very few—tourists who call at Loanda is the Fortaleza São Miguel, a real old-time fortress with its dazzling white walls, ramparts, dungeons, and signal staff, from which floats the green and red banner of the Portugese Republic. It is used now only as a prison, and, when we were conducted through it by the Commandante, was inhabited by

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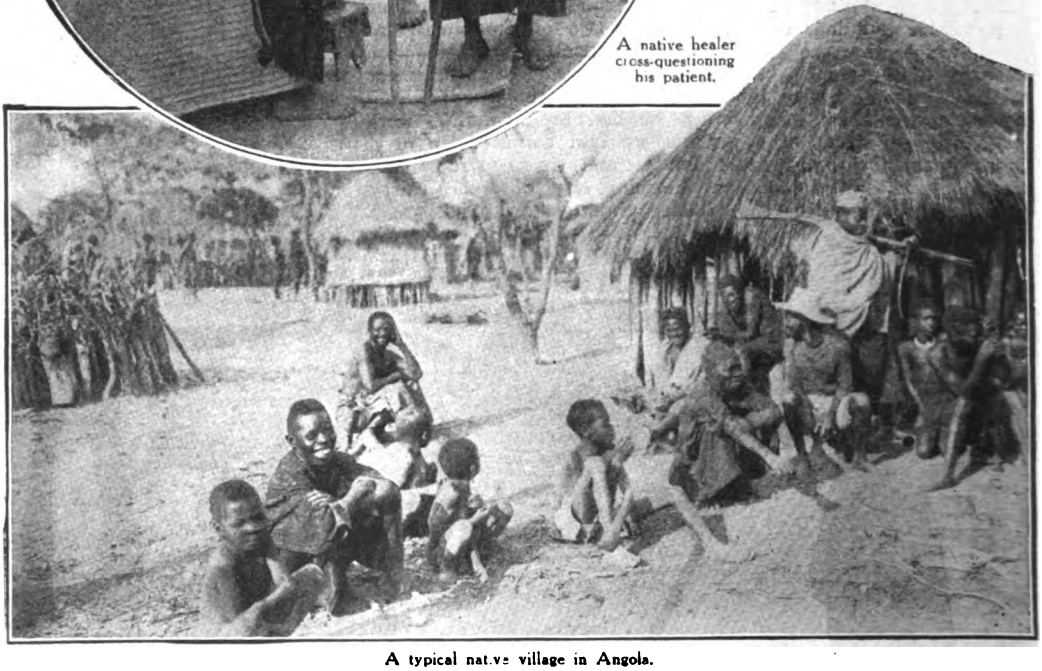
A native healer cross-questioning his patient.

town of Benguella — much smaller, about a hundred and fifty miles farther south; besides which are the newer towns of Mossamedes, Lobito, Ambriz, and Ambrizette, all on the sea coast.

The vast hinterland is the real Africa of Stanley and Livingstone, and only two or three white men's towns are found in the whole country. There the native rules supreme, and we find him still in his semi-civilized state. There are three railways from the coast towns to the interior, but once off the main arteries of trade the traveller must take to the native paths.

A tour in the vast, quiet, unknown interior is a never-



A typical native village in Angola.

thirteen hundred convicts sent thither from the mother country and from various other Portuguese colonies—a conglomeration of colours and races—white, yellow, mulatto, and black. The patios were beautifully clean and full of pretty little flower-beds brilliant with acacias, frangipanis, and oleanders. The Commandante led us to one special little corner where he had carefully grown some wonderful roses, and presented us with a bouquet such as would be difficult to match in the leading florists of Europe.

But what of the rest of this immense colony? Were large modern towns scattered all through it? The answer is in the negative, for we found only one similar settlement—the old

to-be-forgotten experience. A caravan of twenty to thirty carriers is required, as the traveller must take with him not only all food supplies to last during the entire trip, but also his house—that is: tents, canvas-chairs, tables, etc. All packages for the porters must be small and none must weigh more than twenty-five to thirty-five pounds, because the natives know only one way of carrying a package, and that is balanced neatly on their woolly heads. There are no domestic animals to bear the burdens—they do not thrive in this jungle-land, where, in many regions, the dreaded sleeping-sickness is rampant.

The tent is struck at daybreak and the caravan

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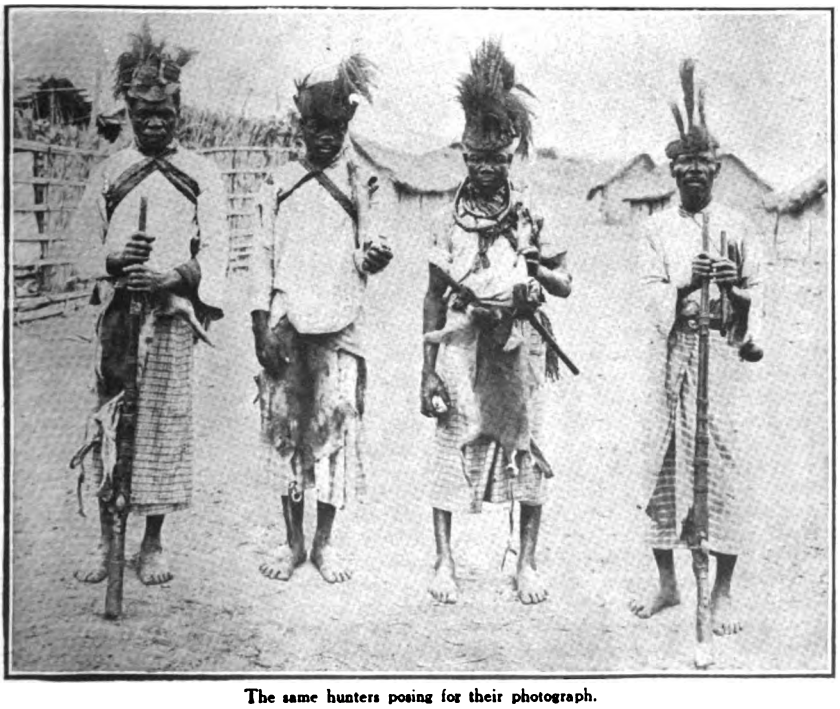
starts off with the "capita," or head boy, in the lead. At ten o'clock a short stop is made for luncheon, and then the march goes on until about noon, when a new camping-ground is found, the tent pitched, and dinner prepared for all hands, after which everyone turns in to rest until the cool of the evening.

The first few days out I am afraid our speedometer, if we had had one, would have recorded only about five miles, because walking along rough, narrow native paths, usually through "elephant" grass eight or ten feet high, requires a certain amount of training, but a caravan usually averages from fifteen to twenty miles per day. At intervals of two or three days native villages are reached, and there we usually made ourselves as comfortable as possible in camp for a short halt. Far from the coast and the railways the natives live much as they did before the white man's advent, but on a slightly higher plane of civilization. The villages are laid out irregularly—perhaps it would be more true to fact to say they are not laid out at all. Each man builds his hut of mud or bamboo, with roof of thatched grass, wherever his fancy indicates. In some sections the huts are built on stilts, on account of snakes, leopards, and other unwelcome visitors.

The streets of beaten earth in and out among the huts were swept clean and the interiors of the huts themselves were kept in a fair state of cleanliness. We found the black men to be early risers. Every morning at sunrise the women were moving about preparing the morning meal; soon after babies were strapped on their backs, hoes and baskets gathered up, and they were off for the little clearings near the village, where they cultivate manioc, peanuts, and corn, while the men and boys, who disdain agricultural pursuits, start into the forests to hunt, to the river to fish, or more often to the bush to gather rubber. The rubber vines are beaten until the bark is separated from the pulp, left to dry, and then taken periodically by large caravans to the nearest trading station, to be bartered for the cotton prints which are used for wearing apparel, and for other goods of

The costumes of the native hunters are decidedly quaint and their weapons primitive.



The same hunters posing for their photograph.

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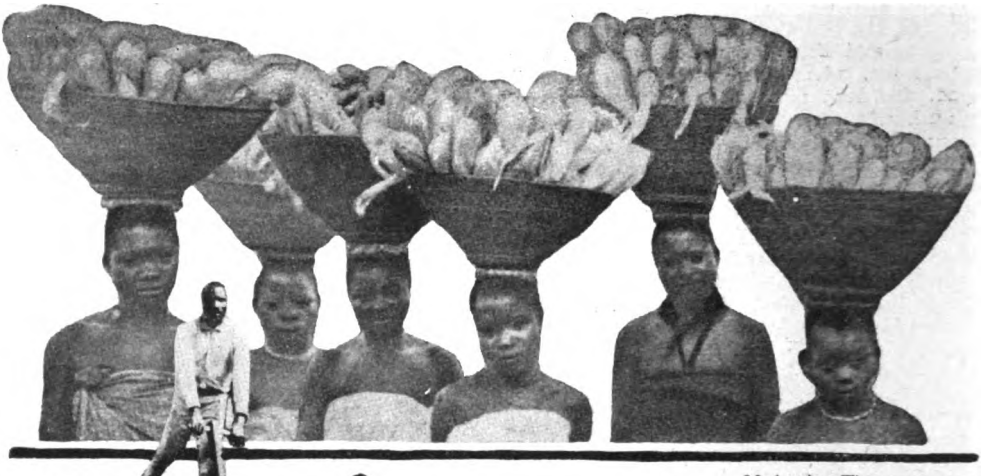

Market day. The women are seen carrying the native-grown corn in baskets on their heads.

Portions of the country are rich in timber. Primitive saw-mill in the heart of the forest.

cheap and flimsy character that may catch the black man's eye.

Natives come into the markets from miles round with their rubber, palm-nuts, gum copal, peanuts, pigs, fowls, and native-woven cloth and hats. Indeed, a native market presents a very animated scene.

A group of natives at their evening meal.

During the middle of the day the villages are nearly deserted, except for the little boys and girls and the old people, but towards the middle of the afternoon the women begin to wander back from their labours, bringing water and firewood. By sundown, when the men and youths returned, the evening meal, which is the principal repast of the native's day, was ready for them. The women dished the food out of pots set over their fires into wooden platters, tin pans, and other receptacles of great and wondrous variety. Then groups of ten or twenty would gather round, squatting on their heels in front of the huts and losing no time in starting in—not fancifully, with dainty knife and fork, but rather after the fashion of a little boy in the pantry who has only a moment to spare—dipping in with their fingers and gulping down large mouthfuls.

Always before entering a native town the white traveller sends the "capita" on ahead to notify the chief of the white man's arrival, and, as a rule, when the caravan moves into the village the chief and his advisers are there to meet the guests. The chief sits on a box or chair in the "palaver" place in the centre of the town. His costume is always of great and wonderful variety. One wrinkled old chief, with grey, kinky hair, was attired in a long-tailed coat quite green with age, which had seen better days years before in Europe. Both sleeves were missing from this garment and the chief's bare

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A collection of Angolan fetishes or gods. The natives are very superstitious and firmly believe in charms and fetishes.

old silk hat from which the top had been cut, and sticking up all around it was a carefully-arranged row of painted feathers. I imagine that silk hat had cost many loads of rubber at some trading port far away on the sea coast.

A great favourite among chiefs is the old long-tailed red coat with brass buttons and gold braid, such as British soldiers used to wear when on dress parade. These second-hand coats were formerly sent out from Europe by crate-loads, and formed a lucrative article of barter at the trading ports.

As the caravan enters the town the chief stands or sits, staff in hand, and through the interpreter you inform him who you are, how long you intend to "sit down" in his town, and how many chickens, or eggs, or other articles you wish to buy from him. Then, most important of all, it is customary for you to offer the presents you have brought for him. These usually take the form of pieces of cotton prints, bags of salt, beads, and other trinkets. Formerly little brass rods were the most acceptable gifts, as they passed as currency throughout the land. The natives who make bangles and other curiously-wrought ornaments from the brass used to gauge everything by its value in brass rods—even their right arm was decorated with no fewer than six heavy brass bangles, while around the left upper arm a copper wire was wound in close spirals. Around his body and coming down to his knees was a garment made of many small skins, below which protruded his bony bare legs. On the left leg was a light blue sock and on his feet a pair of old tan shoes. The headdress was an

wives. Now, however, the use of money is gradually becoming recognized; but even to-day, in some parts, a traveller, should his supply of cloth, salt, beads, etc., run out, might find himself in the peculiar predicament of being unable to buy a chicken, even if his pockets were full of silver coins.

Far inland there are many tribes who now use

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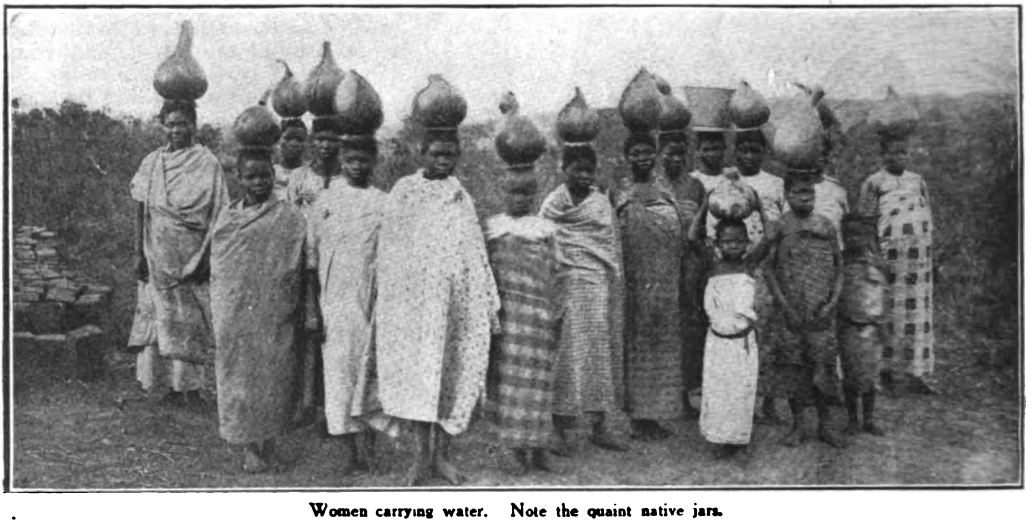
tiny sea-shells as currency. These are pretty little shells, pink in colour and regular in shape and size, and their value was derived from the fact that they came from the far-away sea-coast and were thus difficult to obtain.

At Loanda we paid a visit to the "mint" and saw how these little shells were gathered. It was on the seaward side of the low narrow sand-spit opposite the town. Native women clad in loin-cloths, their brown skins glistening with water, would stand in the surf with large, native-woven, sieve-like baskets in their hands. When a large wave rolls in, they dash into it and scoop up a basket-full of the in-coming water and then run to shore. The water pours out of the basket and in the bottom remain handfuls of the tiny shells. These are sold to traders, who, in turn, pack them into boxes and send them by caravan far into the interior, where the traders use them in the purchase of native products.

In the interior we found that the natives of



Women carrying water. Note the quaint native jars.

all this part of West Africa still adhere, to some extent, to the belief in their charms and fetishes. They have a fetish doctor or medicine-man, whom they call "N'gangas," for every imaginable contingency.

For instance, during a long march of many days to a market or to one of the trading stations far away, one of the members of the caravan may stub his toe on a rock or on a tree-trunk lying across the path. This is considered a very ominous sign indeed, and the victim feels fully convinced that when he returns to his village he will surely find one of his children has died during his absence, or one of his wives has fled, or at least that his good luck has left him. So he immediately seeks a medicine-man who has a fetish, reputed to be specially strong, and one of these charms I saw was no more than a large snail-shell rammed full of a concoction composed of various herbs mixed liberally with the red powder made from little native peppers.

The victim gives the medicine-man a chicken or even a goat, if he happens to be rich enough. The animal is killed and some of its blood poured into the shell. The fetish is then placed upon the ground while the N'ganga dances frantically around it, firing off a gun or exploding little piles of gunpowder in order to arouse the charm to action, so that all evil spells may be warded off. A liberal fee is charged for this service, and the native who stubbed his toe goes on his way rejoicing that the evil spell is broken. The N'ganga then proceeds to make a very satisfactory meal of the animal he has killed.

When a native is very ill, medicine-men are called to try the effect of their charms. There is great beating of drums, shouting, and blowing of whistles all night long to scare away the devils which have bewitched the sick man. They do not believe that death is natural, so, if the man dies, it is the fault of the evil spirit which has entered into him. Then, if the deceased has had an enemy, suspicions immediately arise that perhaps the evil spirit was put upon him by the native who wished him harm. Sometimes, fortunately not so often as in the olden days when the white men first penetrated into the interior, this enemy is openly accused of witchcraft and of purposely causing the death.

Then another N'ganga—a witch-finder—is called, who ascertains after a great ceremony whether or not the native actually bewitched the dead man. If the witch-finder decides that he is guilty, the accused still has one chance of proving his innocence. This is by undergoing the ordeal of the bark. An ordeal-giver is called to administer a medicine made from the bark of the N'kasa, or Sapo-sap, tree. All the villagers gather round to watch this solemn rite, while the ordeal-giver grinds the poisonous bark into powder and administers dose after dose to the accused. If the native vomits three times, that is proof of his innocence and he is left to recover from the effects of the drug as best he may. If he does not vomit, the poison kills

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The curious fish-nets used by the natives for catching fish.

him, and his corpse remains unburied in an open field.

This ordeal is rarely given nowadays except in the most remote regions, where civilizing agents have not yet reached the black man. The lesser charms and fetishes are, however, still to be seen everywhere in the interior. One native had in his hut an ugly wooden image to protect and guard his goods, another wore a charm around his neck to prevent the evil spirits from going down his throat when he swallowed his food. Nearly all have necklets or armlets to keep them in good health, and some even wear charms to aid them in stealing or in successfully cheating their customers in the market-place. They also invoke the aid of fetishes to bring them luck in hunting and to guide them to the places in the rivers where the fish are most plentiful.

Of course, all these charms must be treated with great respect, so chickens are killed periodically as a sacrifice and a few drops of blood poured on them because their powers must be thus invigorated from time to time.

So, far in the hinterland, Angola, as well as most of the other West African colonies, is still a veritable land of superstition, where a study of the native brings to light many an interesting and curious belief—some childish and others quite ingenious.

A group of fetish doctors. They exert considerable influence over the natives, who consult them on every conceivable occasion.

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The MECHANICALLY-MINDED SKIPPER

by J.S.Cowie. R.N.R

Illustrated by G.Henry Evison.

The story of a captain who was interested in mechanics, and the tricks played upon him by his engine-room staff. If the "Old Man" knew little about the engines of his ship, he proved himself equal to the task of driving away a submarine. "The story is quite true," writes the Author, "and the events happened as I have described them. Whether the U-boat was damaged or lost as a result of the captain's bombs I cannot say."

THE *Peerless* was a good, comfortable, eight-thousand-ton ship, and we were a fairly happy, contented crowd, taking things all in all.

The captain, Tobias Meddling by name—known as "Toby is Meddlesome"—was a decent old fellow in all respects bar one. He couldn't resist poking his nose into other people's business, and he was obsessed by the idea that his special forte was marine engineering. Therein lay the trouble.

He was always in and out of the engine-room, and in the mess his talk was always about some new plan or model invention he had in hand. Engineering subjects were his craze. Like most laymen, however, his inventions and plans when put to the test never answered.

On one occasion he made a boiler after his own design out of a soup and bouilli tin. He burnt his nose and cheek severely while testing the heat of his soldering-iron, and scalded his hands, face, and neck rather badly when the "boiler" blew up. For weeks afterwards one couldn't see his face for bandages. But that didn't cure him.

His next exploit was to buy a second-hand gramophone, from which he made a potato-peeling machine. The cook got it started, but it took the coal-hammer to release its affectionate hold upon his hand, and a bottle of Johnnie Walker to solace his injured feelings.

This incident happened while we were lying at Sourabaya, Java, loading sugar, before proceeding to Delaware Breakwater for orders.

It was a good long run, with but one stop, so we'd been giving the engines a thorough overhaul where needed. The chief was a fine fellow—an engineer through and through—but decidedly too easygoing with the skipper. We got clear of the Java coast and the good ship had settled down to a steady gait of eleven knots. Day succeeded day, and the machinery ran quite smoothly.

We arrived at Cape Town without mishap and filled up our bunkers, taking some extra coal in bags, which we stacked round the funnel.

We had a good survey of the engines, packing a gland where necessary, and also adjusted the L.P. (low-pressure) bottom end, which was slack. We were only twelve hours in Cape Town, then off again. Things went along without incident for a week or ten days, then a tube burst in the centre boiler. Our "button" stoppers being old-fashioned, we had to ease steam and draw fires in that particular boiler. Then we put wet canvas and planks in the furnace below the nest of tubes containing the leak. One of us crawled into the back end, trimmed the tube-end flush with the plate, and screwed the button home on the stopper rod. This set the boiler going again, and all was O.K.

The Old Man was very interested in the operation, as he had never had such a mishap before in any ship under his command. Of course he wanted to know all about it. How did it happen? What was the cause, and how was it remedied? Agreeing among ourselves upon the same yarn, we told him it was plugged up with fireclay, which he apparently swallowed.

We got into a bit of a blow a day or so before we were due to reach Delaware, and the H.P. engine (high-pressure) gradually developed a knock, which eventually became a heavy thump. I wanted the chief to stop and put it right, and the Old Man was of the same mind, the latter

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saying that all his engineering instincts were outraged by hearing an engine work like a steam-hammer.

"Far better stop, chief, and tighten your bottom end; I'll never get a wink of sleep with that noise," declared the skipper.

"Don't you expect to get in to-morrow morning, then?" asked the chief.

"Aye, we ought to be in early in the morning," answered the skipper.

"Oh, then we won't bother about the knock, particularly as it is a far bigger job than a bottom end," said the chief.

"A bigger job than the bottom end!" exclaimed the captain. "Whatever can make more row than that?"

"Oh, I expect someone has left something in the cylinder; the stokehold anvil is missing," replied the chief, grinning.

"Great Scot!" exclaimed the skipper, laughing. "You ought to know better than try and pull my leg in that fashion. I am more of an engineer than you give me credit for, and I know that can't be."

"Well, think what you please, but I'll bet you a month's pay that that thump is caused by something in the cylinder," said the wily chief.

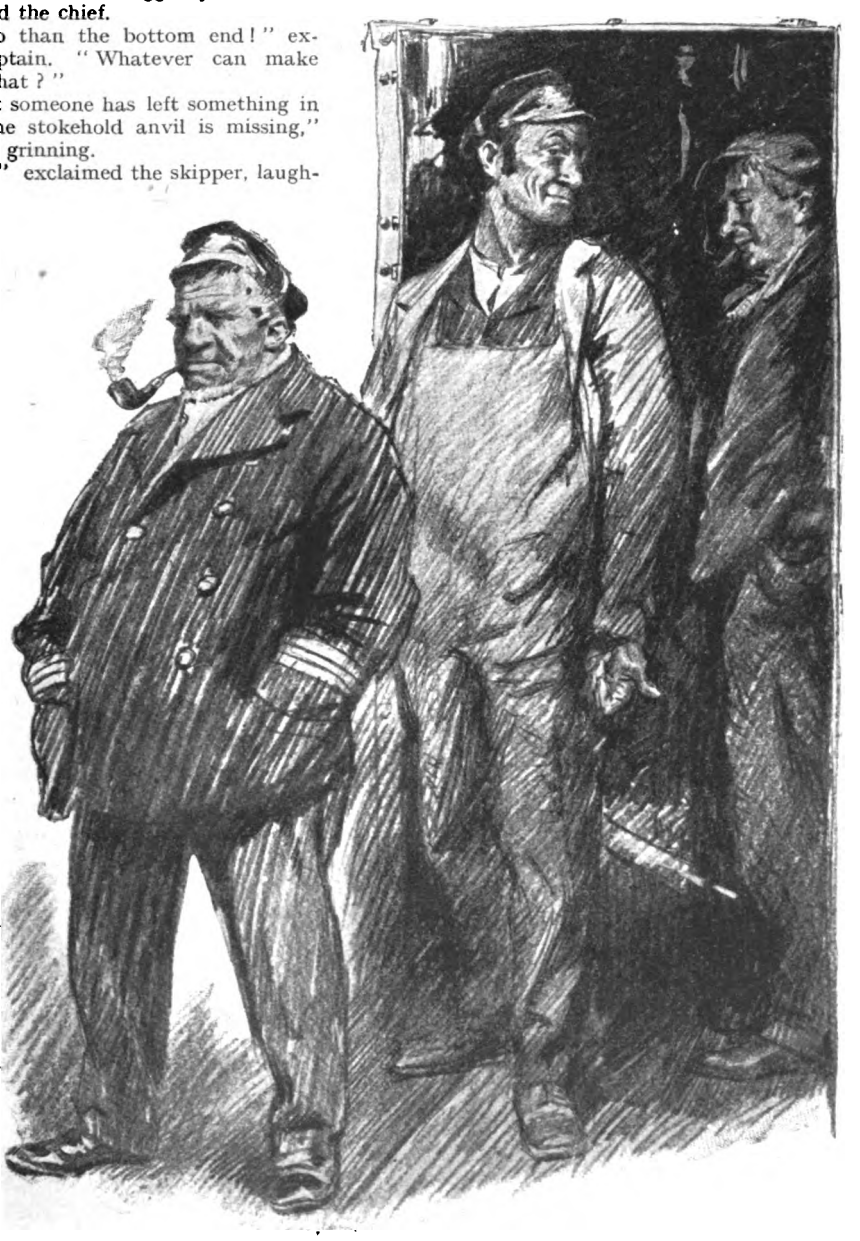
"Let me go on the 'tops' and listen, will you?" returned the skipper, much interested.

"Certainly, sir; go ahead. Blest if I know what I'd do without you," ironically answered the chief, winking at us.

"Aye, man, sure enough the trouble seems inside," said the skipper, with his ear to the H.P. cover. "Why didn't the knock start at the beginning, if there is something inside, instead of waiting until the journey's end?" he asked the chief.

"It may have been wedged in the port, or jammed between the junk ring bolts," said the engineer.

"Well, yes, I never thought of that, and, of course, the ports are a good size; but, man alive, someone's been devilish careless to leave the thing inside!" replied the captain. "That's the second's look-out, isn't it?"



"'Certainly, sir; go ahead. Blest if I know what I'd do without you,' ironically answered the chief, winking at us."

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"Yes, I'll put the blame on him; but he's a very careful chap usually," answered the chief, flicking an eyelid in my direction.

"But why the deuce don't it smash the cover?" queried the Old Man.

"Oh, we've shortened the stroke this trip to save coal on so long a run, and there's plenty of clearance, luckily," lied the chief.

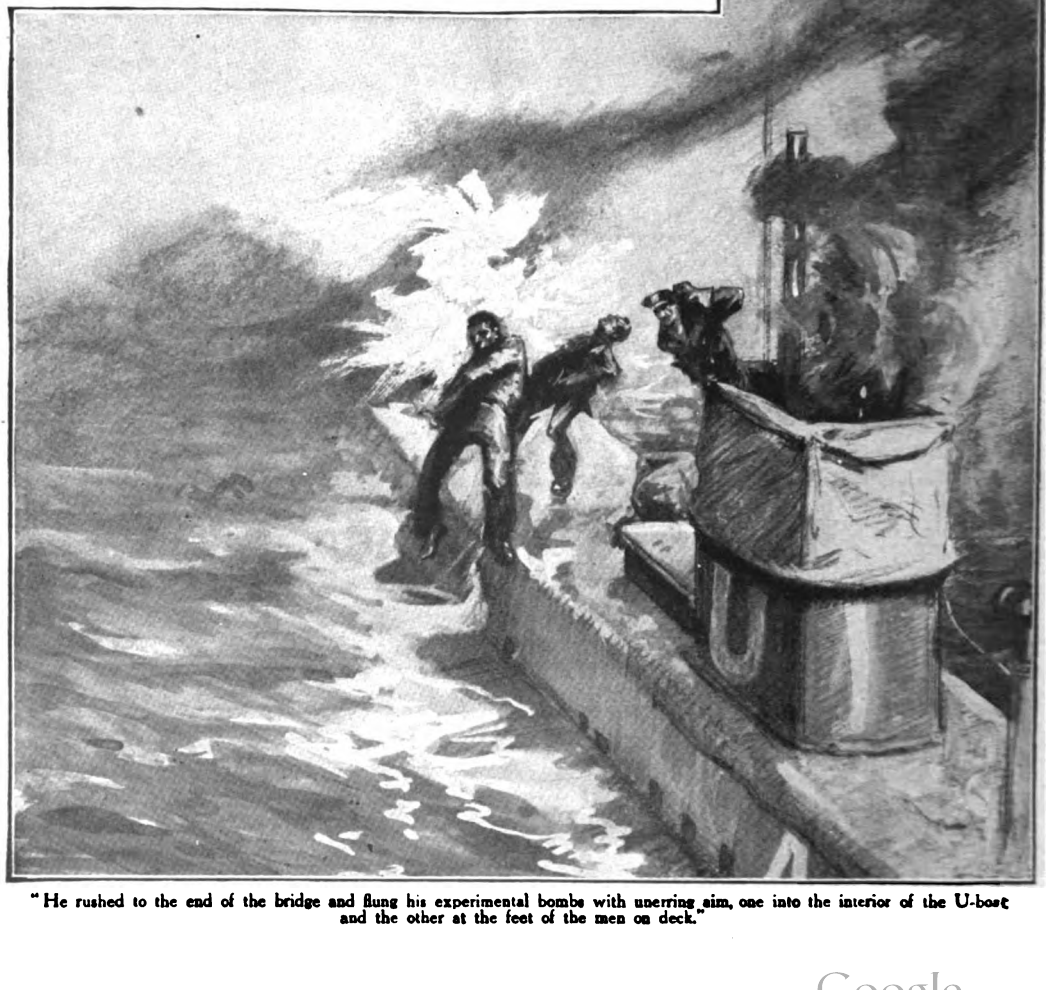
The skipper went away, quite convinced that he'd learned a few more wrinkles on marine engineering; but he never inquired how the stroke was altered.

We anchored at the Breakwater early next morning. The Old Man went ashore for orders. Immediately he'd gone we turned to and lifted the H.P. cover, and found—as the chief had told me previously—that the dowel-pins holding the liner had worked loose. We drilled the holes slightly larger and deeper and put in new pins, and made a thicker joint for the cylinder cover. Then, according to plans made overnight, we sent the firemen and juniors for'ad, and I brought up the anvil from the stokehold. We turned the H.P. engine half-stroke, placed the anvil on top of the piston, and dropped the cover on, putting in half-a-dozen nuts, and leaving the blocks as though we were ready to lift the cover.

All being ready for "gulling" the Old Man, we had a couple of "pegs" and awaited his return. We laughed so much in anticipation of the fun to come that the chief thought we'd give the "show" away. In the afternoon the Old Man got back with orders that we were bound for New York, and wanted steam for 8 a.m. the following day. This suited us A1. I was standing by the H.P. cylinder waiting for a prearranged signal from the chief, whilst the firemen were wondering what the delay was in finishing the job. The skipper and chief came along just as I was taking the last nut off the cover.

"Got the cover up yet?" asked the chief.

"Just lifting it now, sir. Heave up, boys!" I added, to the mystified firemen. We hove up the



"He rushed to the end of the bridge and flung his experimental bombs with unerring aim, one into the interior of the U-boat and the other at the feet of the men on deck."

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cover and slid it out of the way, and the skipper's face when he saw the anvil was enough to make a cat laugh. Turning to the chief, he said :—

" Come along aft, old man, and sample some rye whisky I bought ashore, and I'll pay you your bet. I would never have believed such a thing if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. The idea of an anvil being left in a cylinder ! "

" Oh, never mind the bet, skipper, you didn't really take it on, you know ; but I'll sample the whisky," laughed the chief. Then, turning to me, with a flick of the eyelid : " But I must say that you've disappointed me. I gave you credit for more care. Try and keep a stricter look-out in future."

We sailed for New York next morning, and the engines worked beautifully ; the H.P. liner being now fast, there was no sign of the recent thumps.

We arrived in New York all well, discharged, and loaded again for Liverpool, and were at sea again within ten days of arrival. There were innumerable yarns floating around regarding the presence of undersea boats and raiders in the North Atlantic, so the skipper ordered a strict look-out to be kept. There's not a doubt, you can bet your boots, that we were on the alert, especially as we were all Britishers, not having a foreigner aboard, which was quite unusual for our class of deep-sea tramp. The weather was splendid all the way across, and the old " coffee-mill " worked as smoothly as butter until within a few hours of the Mersey. Then we had more boiler tubes go, and also ran into a dense fog—a regular " pea-souper." We eased down to dead slow, and managed to get the tubes stopped.

It still kept foggy, and, the engines being stopped, we drifted without a sound, as the Old Man had issued orders not to strike the bell or use the whistle, for fear of enemy vessels in the neighbourhood. The captain was rather worried, being in narrow waters, and expected to pick up a pilot any time if it cleared up. He had another experiment in hand—above all unlikely things—bombs, made of tins and Davy Jones alone knows what else, and he was simply itching for some object to try them on.

The fog seemed to get worse—if that was possible—as time went on, and two hours before midnight the Old Man went back on to the bridge with a couple of his latest ideas in hand—the bombs—much to the annoyance and discomfort of the third mate on watch.

Hour after hour passed by, engines still stopped, and the Old Man still tramped from end to end of " Monkey's Island."

Suddenly, between 6 and 7 a.m., the fog lifted and rolled away like woollen curtains ; and there, practically alongside, was a German submarine, on the surface, with its conning-tower open and a couple of hands on deck.

It was hard to say who were the most surprised ; nevertheless, our Old Man was equal to the occasion.

He rushed to the end of the bridge and flung his experimental bombs with unerring aim, one into the interior of the U-boat and the other at the feet of the men on deck.

Instantly a dense, acrid smoke arose, which caused our chaps on deck to spit and cough ; but there was no explosion, as the skipper evidently expected.

A moment or two later the submarine dived. The skipper rang " Full-speed ahead," and we moved away at an ever-increasing speed. We never saw the submarine again. Whether the skipper's bombs had done any serious damage it is impossible to say.

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Stories of the War

CAPTURING SEVENTY-NINE GERMANS SINGLE-HANDED.

By STUART MARTIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

The gallant exploit of a Canadian offier who, during the conquest of the Vimy Ridge, fooled seventy-nine Germans (including two officers) into surrendering and sent them back as prisoners to the British lines.

HE is Major T. W. MacDowell now, but he was Captain MacDowell when the incident took place, and he had already gained the D.S.O. for gallantry and fearlessness in attack. To speak to him one would never think this man went into a deep German dugout by himself, fooled seventy-nine Germans (including two officers) there into surrendering, and then sent them back to the British lines as prisoners.

Yet that is what Major MacDowell, of the 38th Canadian Infantry Battalion, did during the great fight for and capture of Vimy Ridge in the April of 1917. Even now the general public probably may not quite appreciate the full value of that operation of the Canadian troops. It was the climax of a task which the Allied commanders had long desired, and it was accomplished only after much thought and preparation had been spent on the preliminary work of the attack.

The Ridge had been held by the Germans since the previous year, and from their positions they could see practically every big movement of troops which the British made, while their guns on the slopes had the range of the British trenches to a yard. The possessors of the Ridge could command the enemy positions for miles; and now, after that famous battle of April 9th, 1917, the Ridge is in the hands of the Allies.

Those who have been over the ground know that under the Ridge runs Zouave Valley, and here the Canadians collected in tunnels and dugouts which had been dug throughout the winter preparatory to their advance. Never had a big operation against the Germans been kept more secret and never was such an attack more brilliantly carried out in face of every kind of obstacle.

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For days before the attack Captain MacDowell, with his brother officers, had been poring over maps and charts of the ground to be taken. They knew to a few yards just where their companies were to land in the first rush, where they were to dig in, and when the succeeding waves of men were to pass through their ranks in the advance towards the next objective. Aeroplanes had been spotting the German positions, taking photographs, and noting the enemy concentrations for days beforehand; and it was characteristic of Captain MacDowell that as he pored over the maps he actually selected the particular German dugout in which he said he would establish his headquarters when he took the position.

The attack began early in the morning after the enemy trenches and support trenches had been subjected to a most terrific bombardment by every kind of gun. The ground over which the Canadians walked to their attack (for Vimy Ridge was particularly a Canadian victory) was in a frightful state—all shell-holes and liquid mud, into which the men slid and fell, some of them being drowned in the advance when the German barrage started to reply to our bombardment.

Captain MacDowell was in command of "B" Company of his battalion and he wasted no time in trying to locate his point of attack. In the dim light, however, and in consequence of the heavy machine-gun fire which was pouring into their ranks, the company went some distance to the right of the Captain's intention, and though his men entered the German trench near him the Captain found himself with only two men near the dugout. The two men with MacDowell were really runners, but they did more than runners' work that day.

Both men carried a supply of bombs, while the Captain had only his revolver, but with these weapons the three worked their way along the trench towards the dugout. They met no great opposition on the way, but when they reached the dugout they found it more formidable-looking than they had anticipated. Instead of an ordinary dugout, as it had appeared on the aeroplane photographs, it was evidently a great underground chamber, and was situated in a trench which had been named "Baby Trench," in order to differentiate it from others in the vicinity.

Looking down the steps which led underground the Captain turned to his two men for a

"With one accord up went the hands of every Prussian in the room."

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moment. There was no time for hesitancy, no time for getting up reinforcements, for the German artillery was sending shells into the trench on either side, and to stay where they were meant that they would soon be buried under the terrible barrage.

"We must go down here, boys," said the Captain. "Are you game?"

"Sure thing, sir," they replied, simultaneously, fingering their bombs meaningly.

"We can chuck a few bombs down first."

They threw several bombs down and heard them explode in the depths, the concussion throwing up clouds of dirt and mud and stones. The Canadians, who lay down on the ground immediately they delivered their bombs, fortunately escaped injury from this source, and when the effect of the bursts died down the Captain determined to descend.

Stationing his two men, Kebus and Hay, at certain points, he descended the steps which the Germans had cut in the earth.

There were about seventy steps, and when MacDowell arrived at the bottom he found that a broad passage led far into the dark interior. Nothing daunted, he followed this passage, his revolver in his hand, ready for emergencies. The passage continued for a considerable way, then turned sharply to the right. As he rounded the corner Captain MacDowell found himself at the entrance to a large room, all timbered and lit by lanterns, and facing him, watching his every movement, was a large company of Germans!

For a moment there was a tense silence in that underground hall, every eye turned on the Canadian officer who had thus intruded on the company hiding from the British guns in their retreat. A false move would have betrayed him at once and he would have been a dead man, for the rifles of the Germans lay in piles around the room, and they were no mere decrepit specimens of humanity into whose presence he had walked. They were a company of the famous Prussian Guard, every man tall, well-built, and fit to fight for his life. But in that instant Captain MacDowell did some quick thinking; then, quick as a flash, he turned towards the passage behind him and began to call out directions to an imaginary force of Canadians.

"Come on, boys," he called. "Charge!"

But there was no intention on the part of the Germans to wait for a Canadian company to come at them with the bayonet. With one accord up went the hands of every Prussian in the room and their hoarse voices uttered the word which caused the intrepid Canadian to breathe with relief.

"'Kamerad!'" they exclaimed. "Kamerad, Canadian!"

But if this was satisfactory, the beginning of Captain MacDowell's worries had only arrived, for how were he and his two runners to take back this crowd of prisoners? He saw that once these men recognized that he was but one of three, and that he had tricked them into surrendering, they would probably turn on him and kill him. He decided on more strategy.

Ordering them to pile their rifles outside in the passage, he called to his runners and told them that he was going to send up the prisoners in batches of twelve, and that they were to be marshalled and sent back to the Canadian lines as soon as they appeared. Among the prisoners were two German officers, and these were kept apart from the men. The first twelve were ordered to mount the steps and reach the trench above where the runners awaited them.

But here another feature presented itself which the Captain had not considered. A Canadian sniper, who had advanced with the 38th Battalion, had stationed himself at a point which overlooked the dugout and lay near the parapet, cradled in sandbags, watching for a chance to pick off any Fritzes who might appear. This sniper was an enthusiast at his work. His rifle-butt was already notched with his record of "bag," and when he saw the stolid twelve Germans begin to march out of the dugout he settled down to enjoy himself thoroughly. He drew a bead on the entrance and had already got several of them before Captain MacDowell was notified and shouted that the men were prisoners. The sniper ceased to fire at them, but he grumbled that they might need his attention yet, and his words came true.

There is one thing that the average German can never understand—at any rate, it has been proved time and again in this war—and that is that when he has once surrendered he has ceased to take part in the fight. Repeatedly have Germans surrendered to our troops and then, when they thought there was a chance of overcoming their guards, they have cast aside their word and tried to kill the men who were taking them to the rear. This was such an instance. When the Germans saw that they had but three men to deal with, one of them snatched up a rifle and fired point-blank at one of the Canadians. Then another German snatched another rifle, and for a time things looked ugly; but MacDowell was not the man to be beaten when he had succeeded so far. He settled the first rebel Prussian and he and his two runners soon subdued the others, though several of them took to their heels and bolted across the broken, shell-torn ground in the hope of getting to the German side. But they did not get far, for the Canadians had their rifles up to their shoulders in a moment and the racing figures were brought down as they fled. After that short, sharp lesson the remainder gave in and allowed themselves to be sent to the rear.

There were seventy-seven Prussian Guards and two officers in the dugout, and Captain MacDowell counted them with great satisfaction as they mounted the steps. With the exception of the few who turned rebels and who were dealt with as mentioned, they all reached the battalion headquarters and were sent farther down the line to the collecting stations. What those stalwart Guardsmen thought at being fooled by an officer and two men in khaki has never been discovered, though it may be imagined.

When he had dispatched his prisoners Captain MacDowell set himself to explore the underground

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"MacDowell settled the first rebel."

fortress, for such it proved to be. The Prussians had just arrived at that point the previous night, having relieved a company who had been there a considerable time, and they had brought plenty of provisions with them, as well as large stocks of cigars and wine and Perrier water. They were a machine-gun company, and the place had been one of their strong points. Down in the safety of the chambers they were secure from the heaviest shells. They had machine-guns placed in position, and from the entrance to the steps they could command a large tract of land on every side, and a handful of men could have held the position against a regiment almost. The place underground was all wired, the wires apparently being connected with the German company headquarters; but as it was probable that some of the wires were connected with explosive charges which might go off at any moment the Canadians diligently cut every wire they could see. The dugout was a very large one and was capable of accommodating about three hundred men, while an underground passage, which was later examined, seemed to lead far into No Man's Land.

It was not long before the German gunners found out that this stronghold was lost to them, and as if to vent their spite on the new occupants, and with the intention of destroying the place, they began to bombard the dugout with heavy shells and artillery of all descriptions during the next two days. But Captain MacDowell and his two men remained there safe from the shelling, and ultimately, when he had reported his position and success to his battalion, reinforcements were sent up. A few days later when he walked into his headquarters he was warmly congratulated on his feat, and in due course King George handed to him the Victoria Cross, a fitting reward for an act of gallantry which even this war of gallant deeds cannot outclass.

THE BATTLE FOR THE LAKE.

By HARWOOD KOPPEL.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. HOLLOWAY.

The lake in this instance was that great inland sea in Central Africa, Tanganyika. It was dominated by German warships, and how they were ousted from these waters by British armoured motor-boats sent out from England to the Cape and transported overland to its shores is vividly told in the following narrative.

He was on his way back to England when he told me the story of his heroic adventure in the very heart of Africa. It concerned two little British motor-launches and how they had vanquished for all time the German dominance of a territory the size of several European kingdoms. He had taken part in the adventure—this quiet, youngish-old-looking British officer, with his

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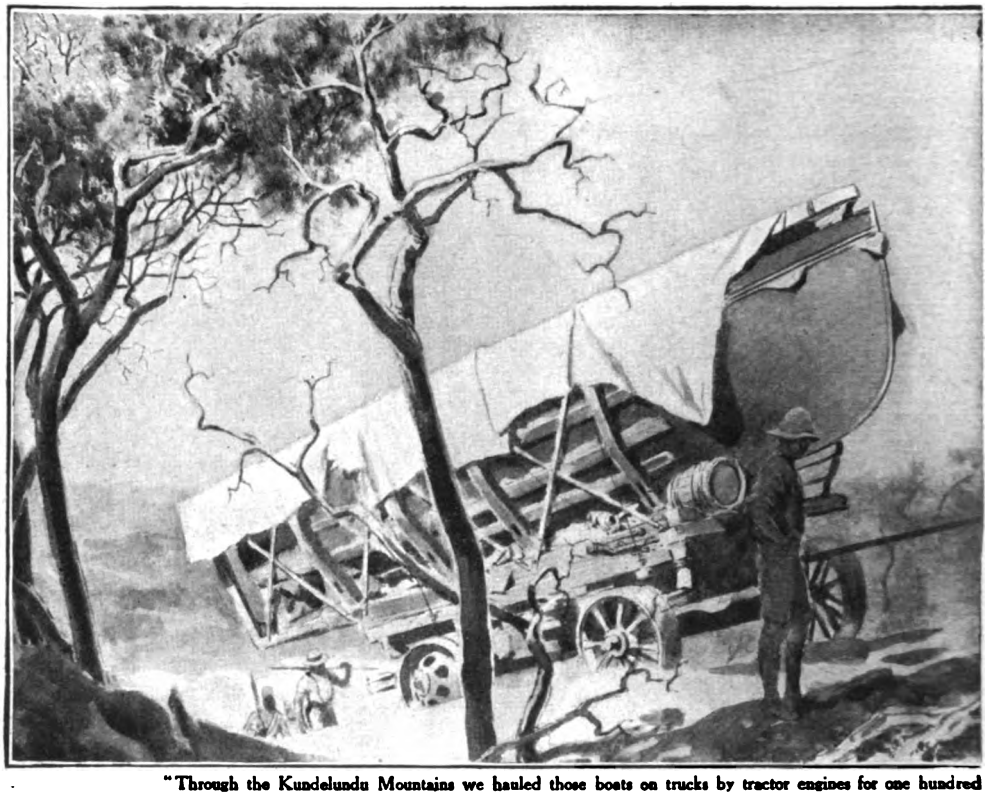

"Through the Kundelundu Mountains we hauled those boats on trucks by tractor engines for one hundred

good-looking bronzed face and his tanned hands. His steamer had put into Gibraltar, where I was stationed at the time, to take coal, and he had wandered ashore.

I found him on the walls of the city overlooking the harbour, and when he had borrowed a cigarette from me and we had seated ourselves on a bench that commanded a view of the big massive "Rock," a little urging brought forth his narrative. I shall try to give it as he told it to me. He was Lieutenant —— of the Artillery.

"It was about April, 1915," he said, "when Lord —— conceived a plan to wrest from the Germans the control of Lake Tanganyika, and the adjacent territory of the Belgian Congo on the west and German East Africa on the east. To the south of the lake is Northern Rhodesia, and at the northern end it comes to a point, at the place where the boundaries of the Belgian Congo and German East Africa meet. The lake is about thirty miles wide and four hundred miles in length, forming a great inland sea. There you have a geographical location and general features.

"There were many difficulties for us to overcome, not the least of which was the objection of the Admiralty. At first they did not think the plan feasible, but finally declared that it might be done, though they doubted if it were worth while, as the results that we could hope to obtain would be small.

"The Germans held control of Lake Tanganyika by means of three armed vessels, and our plan was to have shipped out from England to Cape Town, at the very southernmost tip of the African continent, two motor-boats with an armament and a speed that would outclass the vessels of the Teutons.

"Finally, after braving the perils of the long ocean trip from England to Cape Town, the two boats arrived, and were landed at the south pier in the outer harbour. I cannot vouch for the manner in which their names were acquired, but the tale runs that the conversation in the officers' mess on the night after their arrival turned on the subject of "Ballet girls I have known." Several of the chaps present were to be members of the small expeditionary force under the command of Commander ——, who was in charge of the craft, and it was suggested that the two boats should be christened *Mimi* and *Toutou*, in honour of two of the most famous Parisian queens of the ballet. As one young officer put it, Mimi and Toutou, of the Paris music-halls, had been real spitfires, just as the motor-boats would prove themselves to be when they faced the Huns. One young officer is said to have clamoured loudly that one of the boats should be called after his friend Fifi, another popular French ballet girl, and was only placated with the assurance that the first German craft captured should be re-christened *Fifi*.

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and fifty miles through country that ranged in altitude from two thousand to six thousand feet."

"This was towards the end of June, and it took us until two days before Christmas to get our 'little girls' to the lake. Undoubtedly the Germans must have had some word of our expedition, but they evidently refused to take it seriously, and one can hardly blame them, for it seemed practically impossible for us to transport two boats of between thirty and forty tons from Cape Town to the heart of Africa. And we almost despaired of accomplishing it ourselves at times.

"From Cape Town we took the boats on flat cars by rail through the Great Karroo belt to Kimberley. A short stop here and we were on our way again through British Bechuanaland, *viâ* Vryburg, to Mafeking. There, after another short stop, we travelled through the Bechuanaland Protectorate and the Khamas country and on into Bulalima-Mangwe, and so to Bulawayo, in Southern Rhodesia. We had now accomplished about one-half of our journey, but it had been comparatively simple and was by far the easiest part.

"Leaving Bulawayo we passed through Matabeleland and made our next resting-place Livingstone, on the Zambezi River. Still on the railway we passed through Northern Rhodesia, touching at Kalomo, and on to Elizabethville, in Balama, in the south-eastern tip of the Belgian Congo. Here we made our serious preparations and then resumed our journey a short distance to the end of the railway at Hambove, having travelled over two thousand three hundred miles on the cars.

"Our route now lay in a north-easterly direction through Haut-Luapala and Utembo, over roads and by rivers that were all but impassable. Through the Kundelundu Mountains we hauled those boats on trucks by tractor engines for one hundred and fifty miles through country that ranged in altitude from two thousand to six thousand feet. There were periods when officers, men, and native carriers went for days at a time with just a mouthful of water doled out at midday. We gave up our allowance for washing in order that the boilers of the tractor engines might have enough to make steam to continue the journey. We were filthy black, and it was hard to distinguish a white man from a native as a result of our going for weeks without a wash. But it was necessary if the boilers were to be kept supplied.

"Then we travelled for four hundred miles down the Lualala River—under our own power part of the time and the remainder of the journey on improvised lighters. Shoals of rocks abounded, and barrels had to be lashed under our boats and under the lighters to reduce their draft. These barrels we had to make ourselves from timber cut from the forests. The last portion of our long journey was by rail again, to the small Belgian port of Lukuga, and we were all mighty glad when we got there.

"If you have never worked in a broiling

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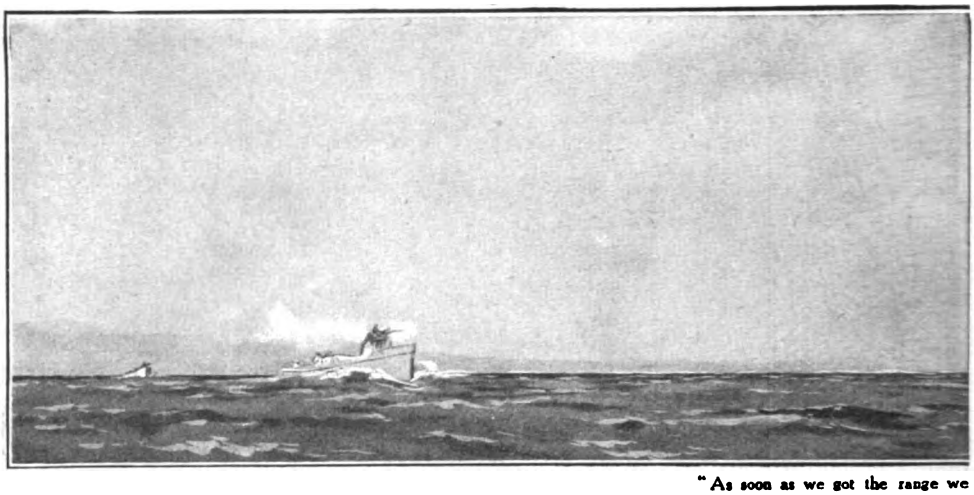

"As soon as we got the range we

African sun without shade and with the thick dust thrown up by tractor engines you cannot appreciate what we went through. Worse still, we had little water to drink and none to wash in. Everyone in Cape Town who had been over the route assured us that it was sheer madness to attempt to take tractor engines by such a road, and more than madness to try to haul two boats by this means. Sub-Lieutenant ——, who was the transport officer in charge of those tractors, did a work that has seldom been equalled in the best annals of the British Army, and he was a Navy man ashore.

"I was attached to the *Mimi*. Our first encounter with the enemy took place the day after Christmas. We had been busily engaged tuning up in the harbour of Lukuga, when the *Kingani*, a German gunboat of between thirty and forty tons, was sighted about seven miles off shore. She was steaming south and apparently entirely unaware of the existence of my ship and her sister craft. We immediately sounded general quarters and with our little vessels stripped for action set out to the attack.

"The *Kingani* was at a disadvantage in having no gun aft, and we accordingly attacked her from the stern. As soon as we got the range we opened fire from our Hotchkiss gun. We were using high-explosive three-pounder shells. Our first shell struck the enemy's gun-shield forward, killing the two gunners and the German commander, who was standing near by directing operations. One of the men fell over the side. As he struck the water a black scaly body made a rush for him, and a moment later he was furnishing a meal for a crocodile. The *Toutou* was standing off some distance, but peppering merrily away at the enemy's craft. After a few more shots the remainder of the *Kingani's* crew surrendered. By this time the German craft was in a sinking condition, but we managed to tow her into the harbour and soon had her repaired. As she was somewhat larger than our own boats we were able to mount heavier guns on her. On our own two launches we had to be content with three-pounder Hotchkiss rifles, but on His Majesty's ship *Fifi*, as we duly re-christened her in obedience to the promise made the chap back in Cape Town, we mounted a twelve-pounder gun.

"Undoubtedly her capture was of the utmost value to our naval forces, for our flotilla now outnumbered that of the enemy. The new year came and passed, but we could not induce the Germans to venture out of their strongly-fortified ports. Finally, on February 9th, 1916, the *Hedwig von Wissman*, a vessel of about the size of our *Fifi*, was discovered by us while patrolling the lake. After a running chase of about three hours, during which time we were fighting almost every minute, we sank her.

"Skilful manœuvring of our vessels by our commanders was largely responsible for the final victory in this engagement. The Germans had lost the *Kingani* because she had no gun aft. They had learnt the lesson, and had mounted a gun aft on the *Hedwig*. We accordingly approached the vessel from astern and by skilful manœuvring managed to keep out of range of her fire. This caused the enemy to tack from side to side in order to bring his larger and longer-range gun to bear upon us. This delayed him, and enabled the *Fifi* to come up, which at that time was several miles astern of us.

"During the height of the engagement a high-explosive shell from the *Fifi's* twelve-pounder crashed into the *Hedwig's* engine-room, putting the machinery completely out of commission. She began to fill rapidly and the Germans, seeing the hopelessness of continuing to struggle and not wishing to furnish further meals for the crocodiles, took to their boats and abandoned the ship. These creatures had already feasted on two Germans and three natives who had been killed during the engagement. The latter had been ruthlessly thrown over the side by their shipmates. We picked up the crew and brought them into harbour as prisoners.

"We would have given much to have got a

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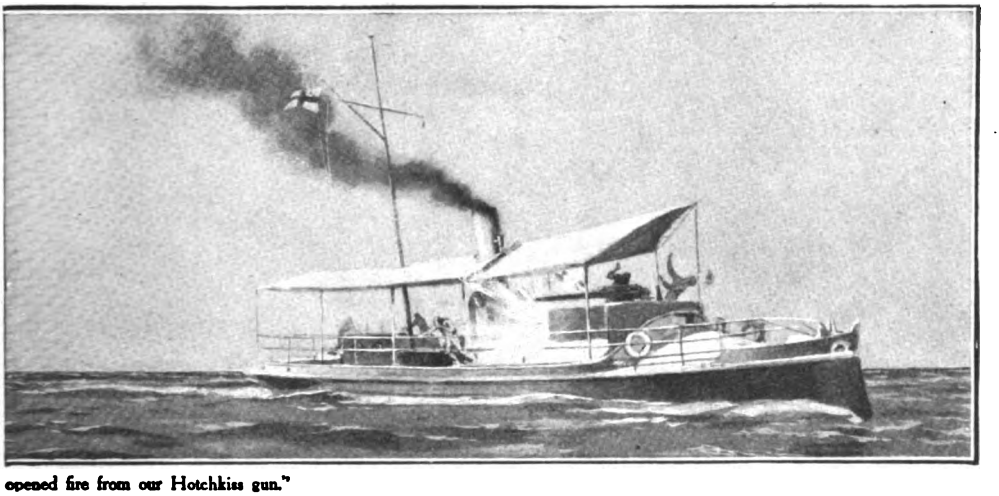
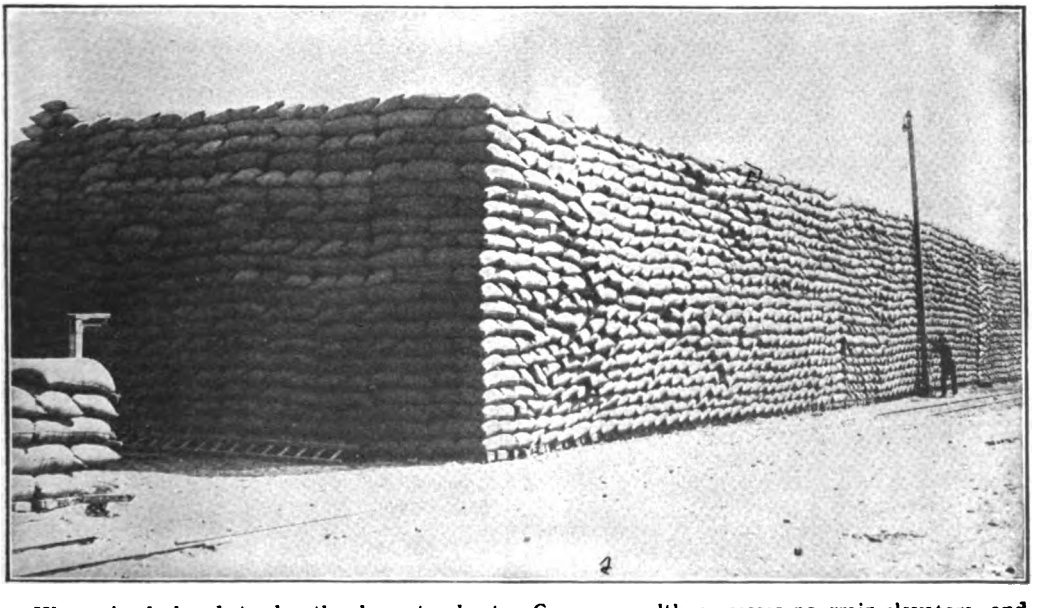


opened fire from our Hotchkiss gun."

shot at the *Graf von Gotzen*, the third and largest of the enemy's flotilla. This was a ship of four or five hundred tons, armed with one four-inch gun and two of smaller calibre, but notwithstanding their superiority of armament they refused to take up our challenge, although we sailed boldly up and down the lake. A Belgian airman bombed her as she lay in the harbour of Kigoma, close to the town of Ujiji, on the eastern shores of the lake. Later the Huns scuttled her to prevent her falling into our hands.

"Thus ended the German command of Lake Tanganyika. Our naval success was important, not so much because of the material loss of the three gunboats, but it did much to enhance British prestige among the natives, not only along the borders of the lake, but in the adjoining territories. Runners carried the tales of our success back into Rhodesia and into German East Africa. This served effectually to destroy German supremacy in Central Africa, which had for years been recognized as unquestioned."

WORLD'S LARGEST WHEAT STACK.



WHAT is declared to be the largest wheat stack in the world is that depicted in the above photograph, taken in South Australia. The Commonwealth possesses no grain elevators, and stores her cereals in stacks. There are now over ninety thousand tons of wheat awaiting shipment.

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Our Grizzly Bear Record

by Francis J. Dickie

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood

How the Author and a companion set up a new world's record in the killing of grizzly bears. They accounted for four of these shaggy monsters in half a minute.

THE best grizzly bear hunting to-day on the North American continent is in the Canadian Rockies, situated in the province of British Columbia. This I can vouch for, as, with one companion, I have just returned from establishing a new world's record in grizzly bear killing—one unique in the annals of hunting, one never before equalled, and, if I live to the age of Methuselah and spend every minute of the time hunting bears, I know it will not again happen to me.

I have said the best grizzly bear hunting lies in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. And the best of this best lies along the line of a partly-built railroad, called the Pacific Great Eastern. You reach the Pacific terminus of this road at Squamish, about forty miles from Vancouver. You ride on a dinky little railroad through some of the most scenically grand mountains in America. Some day the railroad will be a great trunk line more than a thousand miles long. At present it has a hundred miles of line operating from Squamish on the Pacific coast to the inland town of Lillooet, a hundred odd miles away.

A few miles back of this one hundred mile stretch of line is the greatest grizzly country in the world, the last stronghold of this splendid creature. And it is new country. The usual run of big-game sportsmen have not "smelled" it out. That portion of these same mountains stretching along the lines of the older railroads—the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and Canadian Northern—has been the objective point of big-game hunters from all over the world. American millionaires, British noblemen, and even German princes have come to the Rockies at vast expense with gorgeous and costly outfits, and for the most part have gone away without any game. Not because there was no game, but because they didn't have the right stuff in them. One of the most interesting examples of this is that of two of the Kaiser's sons.

Some few years before the beginning of the war two of the German Princes travelled out to the Canadian Rockies, near Banff. They carried with them every variety of high-powered rifle known to man, and had a retinue of servants and a camping outfit typically German in its volume. To this they added some dozen pack-horses and about half as many guides. But they were not hunters. During all their years of killing game they had been accustomed to going to one of their own estates and having the game literally driven past them by keepers, hundreds of whom were summoned for such occasions. This was a favourite sport with the Kaiser also. At least, sport it was considered on the Continent; though against so easy killing the blood of every real sportsman boils, for your true hunter is a man who matches wits, eyes, and skill in woodcraft against the thing he hunts. Your true sportsman never shoots a sitting bird; in short, never does anything which robs the game of a fighting chance for its life. But the hunting of

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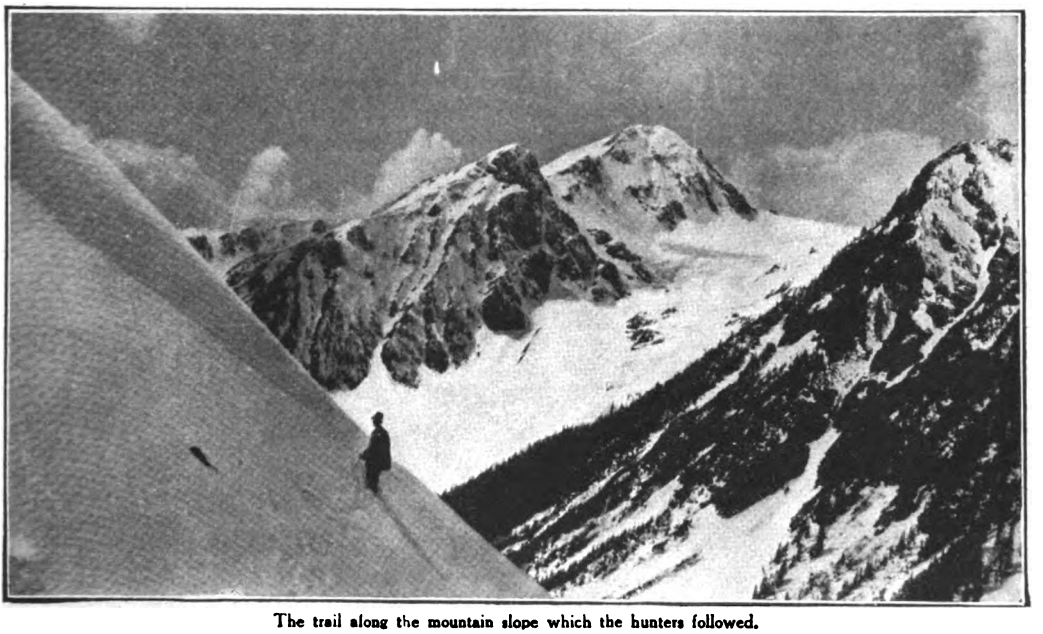
grizzly permitted of no such tactics as the German Princes had been used to. To hunt grizzly successfully you must be able to climb like a mountain goat and crawl on your stomach like a snake. Such manœuvres were, in the eyes of the German princes, undignified, and the result was they got no game.

On to a Pacific Great Eastern train I stepped one day late in May, accompanied by my hunting partner, Jack Rognon. He is one of the type of men you read about in books—prospector, veteran Alaska sourdough, and a sportsman who has hunted all the way from Mexico to the Arctic. He has a marvellous ability for finding virgin wilderness stretches, and the rougher they are the better he likes to travel over them. And he knows more about bears than the old she that mothered them.

Ninety miles inland we left the train. The road is still in the hands of the construction department, and it had taken us all day to travel this distance. We camped on the shore of a lake that night. We began our climb up the mountains early next morning. We carried fifty pounds apiece in pack-sacks, and we found the ascent trying. We had fifteen miles of it along a footpath cut long ago by a prospector to his mine. The trail was overgrown and endlessly blocked by wind-fallen trees.

When we started up a blazing hot May sun poured upon us. Rank growth of ferns, flowering shrubs, and berry bushes surrounded us. But soon all these disappeared. The air became chill. Endless miles of towering, snow-covered peaks reared up before us and filed forlornly on and on into the distance. Across the valley below we occasionally caught sight of goats frolicking on the rocks. The kids were just recently born and very playful. It is one of the marvels in the world how these creatures can live up among the rocks and snow. As far as I could see there was not one single edible thing to support them.

We walked all day. At dark we struck snow—soft, treacherous, melting mountain snow. Through this one flounders, sometimes up to the ankle, sometimes to the hip, nearly always to the knee. Our snow-shoes were on ahead of us in a mountain cabin about three miles farther on, which was our objective point. In ordinary seasons we should not have encountered snow where we did. But the season was very late. It took us five hours to make this last stretch, not over two miles and a half, and we crawled in more dead than alive. It was too dark to take photographs of the herculean labours we performed. But next day I walked back a short way and had the photograph reproduced above taken, though without a pack. It will give the reader an idea of the trail we had to follow with fifty pounds' weight in our packs.



The trail along the mountain slope which the hunters followed.

The cabin, which we had used on previous occasions in the mountains, is built at a height of seven thousand feet. Here we rested a day. Then, travelling light, with only a week's grub, a light tent, and a blanket apiece, we started for seven days' hunting in a farther range which was real bear country, the finest grizzly ground in the world. From this trip we intended to come back to the cabin and get fresh provisions and go on to another virgin ground. This, however, did not happen, for reasons of the best, herewith soon to be given.

As every pound counts in the mountains, our cooking utensils were exceedingly meagre—a frying-pan and a large coffee-tin with a wire

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"The next instant one young bear, a male, recovering from his first frightened surprise, came charging up the hill, madly ferocious."

handle affixed. From this it may be gathered that our menu was modest to a degree. In fact, during those days we ate to live. We were so hungry that we could have swallowed with gusto a little boiled dog, or even a platter of cold crow. But eventually we had much better than that—bear-steak, marvellously juicy, tender, and more than we could consume. In fact, we left near two thousand pounds to rot upon a lonely mountain-side.

As already stated, we started off with a week's provisions for the real bear country. It took us eighteen hours to cover seven miles. During this time we climbed over two divides and finally dropped down a couple of thousand feet pretty near sheer in decline, to the bed of a creek. It was man-killing labour, but it brought us into real bear country: long, sloping mountain-sides, where snow and rock slides had made bare places. Here in the spring grow sweet, succulent grass and a peculiar plant resembling somewhat a cabbage lettuce. On this grass and the roots of the "cabbage lettuce" the bears browse for all the world like gentle milch-cows. Indeed, grizzly bears and cows have a number of things in common, among which are that they

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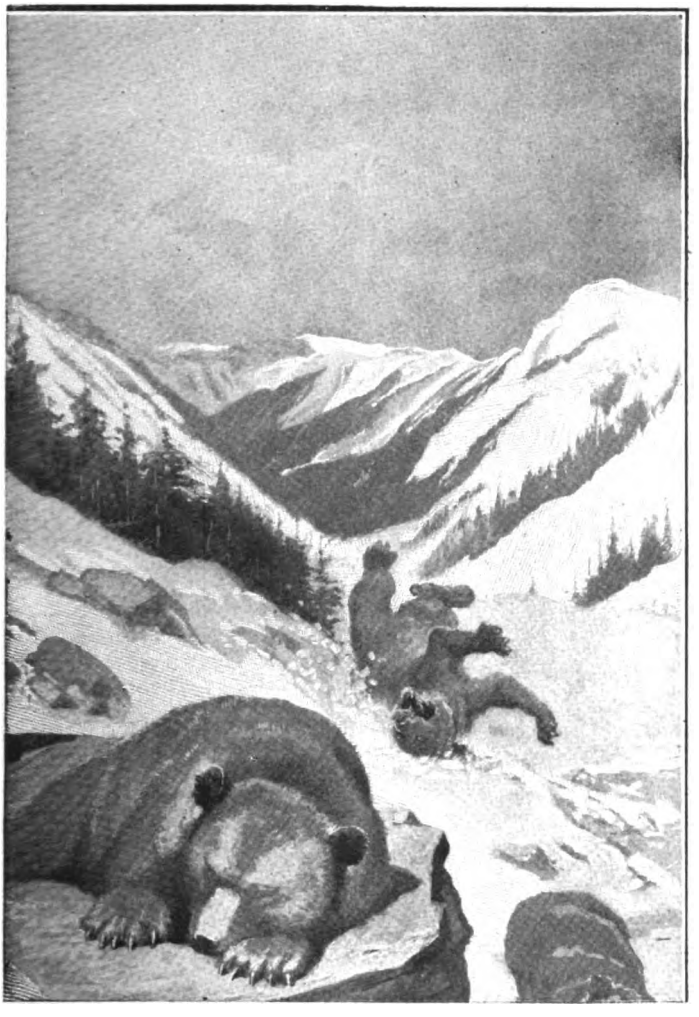

browse on grass alike, and neither can climb a tree; also the steak of both is good, provided always the bear is not too old; which is true also of "bossy." We made camp on the banks of a creek, but even here the snow lay deep. It truly was an exceptionally late season.

The sun shone with terrible brightness on the snow, causing a glare which forced us to revert to the old Eskimo way of avoiding snow-blindness. The Eskimo takes the soot from the bottom of his copper or stone kettle and rubs it all around his eyes and along the side of his nose. This deflects the bright rays. In our case we used charcoal, which answered the purpose very well.

A little while after leaving the camp we spied four large grizzlies, feeding together on a mountain-side on the opposite bank of the creek and about half a mile above us. It was a sight that makes the heart stand still a moment, and then sets it beating faster than ever. Many a big-game hunter of vast means has spent five and even ten thousand dollars and never gained a sight like this.

With that caution absolutely so necessary to grizzly hunting we began our long stalk. Up the mountain-side we went. Now, the grizzly, though not keen-sighted, has a nose marvellous in its powers. Fortunately the wind was in our favour; that is, blowing from the bears to us. But in these mountains the wind veers freakishly and with remarkable quickness; so our idea was to get well above them, and then come down upon them. Then if the wind changed we were secure.

We crossed a long patch of snow, then a bare, pebbly stretch of mountain-side covered with dry stalks of some growth like a large fern. Ah, the ghastly moments of that crossing! Gasping for breath, yet fearing lest a wheeze might carry a warning to our quarry, we went on. Once, twice, the hob-nails in the leather sole which I had put on my moose-hide shoes the better to climb with grated on hidden stones, lying concealed beneath that light brown soil of the mountain-side. My partner wore rubbers — soundless things, but slippery on grassy places. He cursed me with his eyes when I made a noise on those stones; then the next moment stepped himself upon one of those dried stalks, and I cursed him silently back. For perhaps two hundred yards we could no longer see the quarry by reason of a clump of dwarf spruce, and for half that distance more by reason of a fold in the mountain. At last we came out into the open. Lying on our stomachs, we stared at the slide where a few moments before the bears had been. They were gone.

But not far. Finishing eating, they had walked a dozen feet or so, to where a ledge of rock jutted out from the sloping mountain-side, and there lain down to drowse in the warm sun. We were still several hundred yards above them. So down we crawled. And that jutting ledge was their doom, for its three-foot wall against the mountain-side was almost sheer, and cut off their view above. We crawled to within a hundred feet of them—a unique record in itself. Then up we sprang, both guns speaking together.

One bear lay still, as though yet unroused.

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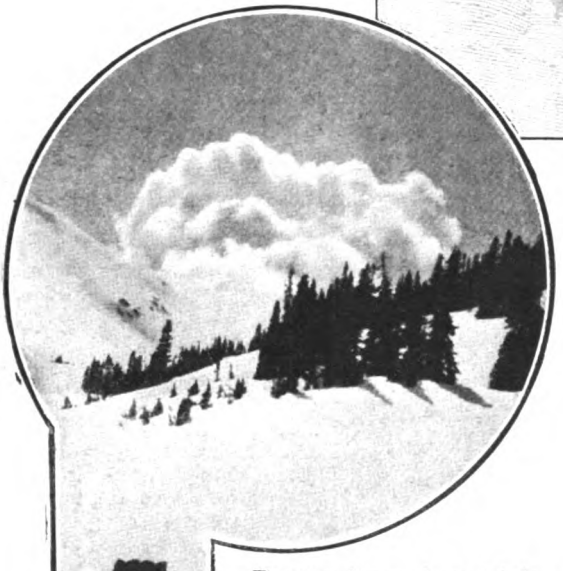
Death had come before she awakened. A monster she was, too, near nine feet in length. The next moment all was leaping bears going over the ledge edge. Then, the next instant, one young bear, a male, recovering from his first frightened surprise, turned back, and came charging up the hill, madly ferocious. Brave, brave creature, swift and strong to avenge the death of his mate, he came on heroically, fearless of death, reckless of consequences. Even as I fired I honoured this wild thing that sought my life even as I now took his. My bullet caught him fair in the neck, and he crumpled up and lay still. Meanwhile the third bear had fallen to my partner's gun, after three running shots, marvellous exhibitions of marksmanship, for the animal was moving fast, and the country was rough and very steep. We found the fourth bear a moment later, lying dead at the bottom of a tiny mountain rivulet just beyond. Although mortally wounded, he had crawled some forty yards.

The record kill—four grizzly bears in half a minute.



The return journey. It occupied three days. The heavy skins had to be carried on the men's backs.

It takes long to tell it, but the whole episode took but thirty seconds. One little half a minute, and four great bears lay dead about us. We had made a new world's record — four grizzlies in thirty seconds, with only two men firing! And the smallest of these bears was seven feet from tip to tip. They were all killed within a radius of less than fifty yards. Close as were the dead beasts to one another, it was no easy task dragging them together, the largest of them weighing at least eight hundred pounds.

It took us three days to get back to civilization with that load of green skins. A very precious load it was, for all the hides were in prime condition. Another very odd thing about these beasts was that upon the flesh of all four was fat. Never have I found fat upon a bear in spring. Our hunt proved a record in every respect.

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Pipe Town

WHERE BRIERS ARE MADE *for the* "TOMMIES" *and the* "POILUS".

by *Bernard St. Laurence*

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BOYER, PARIS.

Every pipe-lover, every "Tommy," and every "Poilu" who has an affection for a good brier will be interested in the following article on that unique little town in the Jura, Saint-Claude, which annually manufactures between thirty and forty millions of the finest brier-root pipes in the world. The Author visited this distant nook in company with the members of the Canadian Economic Mission that toured the French provinces with the object of opening up trade relations between France and Canada.

I WONDER how many smokers of brier-root pipes have heard of the little town of Saint-Claude? Very few, I make so bold as to say. "Pipe Town," though the excellence of its wares is known to every dealer in pipes throughout the world, has so far been content to hide its head modestly behind the mountains of the Jura. There, in a distant corner of Eastern France, almost on the borders of Switzerland, it lies, picturesquely situated, at an altitude of one thousand four hundred and eight feet, at the confluence of the Bienne and Tacon rivers, and surrounded by Mont-Bayard (three thousand and fifty-nine feet), the Pain de Sucre (two thousand eight hundred and forty-one feet), the Montagne d'Avignon, and other high mountains. And there, I imagine, little Saint-Claude would have continued to live unknown to the great army of smokers (to whom these lines are dedicated) but for two important events in its history: a predatory invasion by business rivals and a friendly visit from Canadian manufacturers.

The former took place some years before the outbreak of the war, which, in a sense, it foreshadowed. One by one German workmen arrived at the town and settled there, until at last there were some thirty families of them, all keen to learn the secrets of brier-root pipe-making. Having discovered everything, as they thought, they departed, and, strange to say, their departure almost coincided with the declaration of war. I need hardly add that this opened the eyes of the good people of Saint-Claude and prepared them to receive the members of the

A "Poilu" corporal enjoying a tranquil smoke while watching the horizon from a front-line trench.

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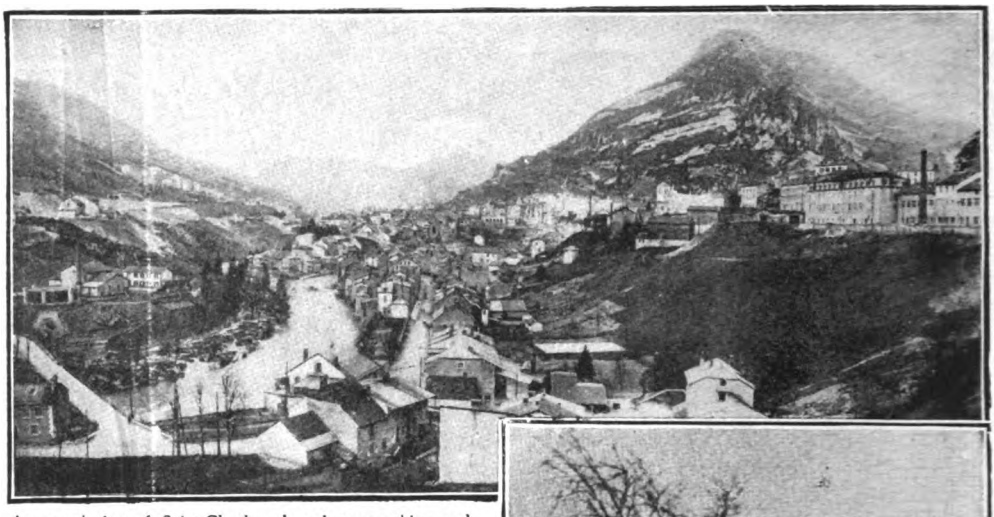

A general view of Saint-Claude, where between thirty and forty millions of the finest brier-root pipes in the world are manufactured annually.

Canadian Economic Mission, on the occasion of its tour through industrial France in July, 1916, with open arms.

They began to see that a new era had opened. An attempt had been made to rob them of their trade secrets. Therefore they must defend themselves in the future. Their Canadian friends, allies in business and on the battlefield, had, by coming so far to see them, taught them transatlantic methods and the virtue of advertising. Henceforth, they determined, the name of Saint-Claude should resound from the tops of the Jura Mountains throughout the world.

Saint-Claude has been making brier-root pipes for half a century. Between thirty and forty millions of them are manufactured there annually. In view of the increased demand for these pipes among the English, French, and Belgian soldiers, the higher figures may even, indeed, have been exceeded since the beginning of the war. About two thousand five hundred workers—men, women, and children—are engaged in the industry, which is interesting historically, mechanically, and even botanically.

Let me first of all point out that tobacconists who announce they have "briar" pipes for sale are incorrect in their spelling, and thereby mislead the public. Brier-root pipes are made from the roots of the tree heath (*Erica arborea*), not of rose-wood, as the incorrect name might lead one to suppose. "Brier" is a corruption of the French *bruyière*, which means heath. The tree heath is abundant on the hills round Hyères and in other parts of Southern France, notably in the Pyrenees, and we are told that "the woody roots are dug up and prepared for the manufacturers by the peasants of the mountain valleys, who find it a remunerative occupation, though their industry bids fair ere long to extirpate this beautiful and interesting plant."

Up to 1850 Saint-Claude manufactured, not pipes, but snuff-boxes, made from box-wood,

French soldier smoking his brier in a communication trench in winter time.

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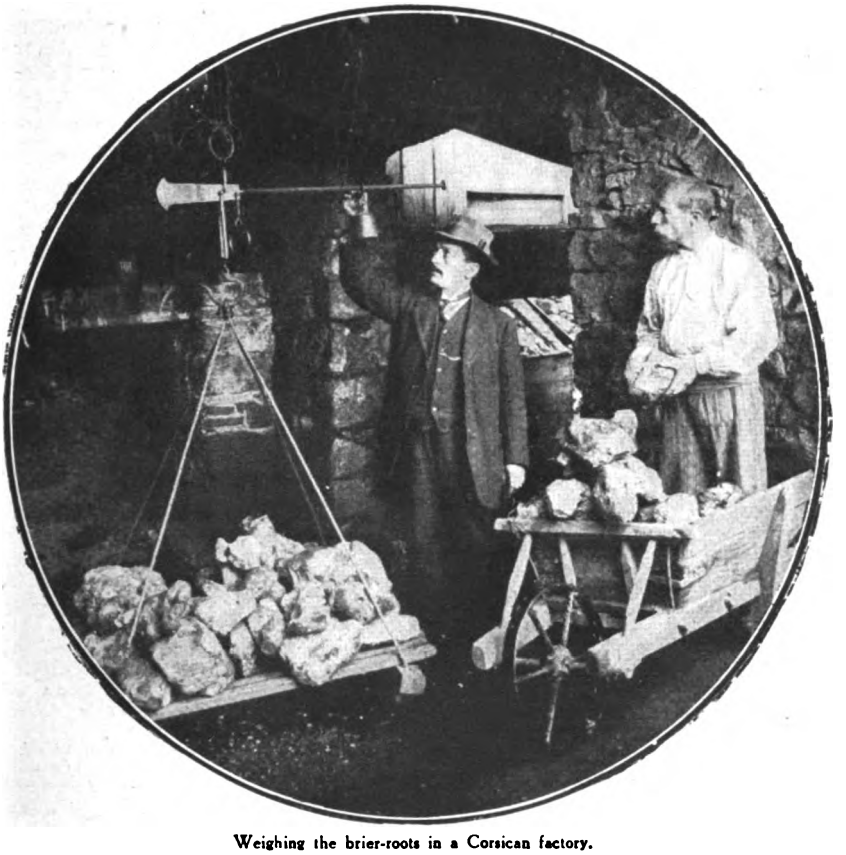
which was sent to the manufacturers from the Jura, the Ain, and the Pyrenees. Now it very often happened that roots of the tree heath were found among the blocks of Pyrenean box, and as the former were not very suitable for making snuff-boxes the problem arose as to what was to be done with the material. Someone —doubtless as fond of his pipe as he was of his snuff-box—hit upon the idea of manufacturing pipes. And thus the world-wide reputation of Saint-Claude, until then very little known, was established.

At first all the operations in brier-root pipe-making were done by hand. Then, about 1870, small factory of his own, where he made a speciality of carved brier-root pipes.

The bowls of these pipes represented the heads of well-known men of the day, with their features so delicately carved that I was under the impression the work was done by hand. He explained, however, as he presented me with a specimen bearing the head of "Père" Joffre, that "it was all done by machinery," and that his wood-carving machine was capable of carving twelve such pipes simultaneously. I hastened to inspect this marvel, and found that it was based on similar mechanical principles to those of the carving machines employed in Italy



Weighing the brier-roots in a Corsican factory.

machinery began to make its appearance on the banks of the Bienne and Tacon. Motive force was there ready to hand—that inexhaustible *houille verte* and *houille blanche* which the French employ so wonderfully for the production of electricity. Gradually all the factories were transformed. All are now run and lit by electricity. Some of the machines at the most up-to-date works, as those of M. A. Delacour, where some of the accompanying photographs were taken, are extremely interesting. But the most ingenious machine I saw at Saint-Claude was one invented by a native of the town—a simple workman who possessed a for the production of commercial art objects. Yet he assured me his invention was an entirely independent one, and he showed me his patent.

Not all the tree heath roots now come to Saint-Claude from Hyères and the Pyrenees; the bulk come from Corsica, Italy, Spain, and Algiers. They are received in blocks of various sizes, known technically as *ébauchons*, and they have previously undergone a prolonged cooking, which preserves the wood and prevents it splitting when exposed to the air. As soon as the *ébauchons* arrive they undergo a methodical drying for four to six weeks in well-aired ovens

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French "Poilus" smoking their briers, whilst playing a quiet game of cards in the trenches.

kept at a temperature of twenty degrees centigrade. They must not be dried too rapidly, or the wood will split.

When the drying process is considered to be complete the *ébauchons* are sorted and then passed on to the circular saw to be levelled all round. The object of this trimming is to give them the necessary dimensions for the pattern of pipe desired.

The trimmed *ébauchon* passes to the hands of another workman, who turns the bowl by means of a lathe turning at the rate of three thousand revolutions a minute, and which, at one and the same time, gives it its exterior form and pierces its interior. Another of his companions then carries out the same operation for the stem.

After these two operations the pipe undergoes what is known as *fraisage*. Fraises of various types complete the mechanical work of the preceding "roughing out"; they first of all remove the wood that remains between the stem and the bowl. Then, with the aid of rasps and files,

Hollowing the rough blocks for brier-root pipes in a Saint-Claude factory.

Trimming the roots of brier in Corsica.

other workmen give the pipe its almost final appearance. However, when the bowl is completed, the stem has still to be squared with a trying-plane.

The next stage in the evolution of a pipe is called "selecting." The pipes go to a special department, where they are carefully examined and classified. Not very

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many smokers know how few really perfect pipes can be produced from a block of brier-root. Only a fourth or a fifth of the *ébauchons* are flawless. The remainder have so many cracks and holes that the manufacturer can find no other use for them than as fuel during the cold days of winter in the Jura. As to the selected pipes, they are arranged in the storerooms, awaiting the arrival of buyers—representatives of firms in various parts of the world who find their way to Saint-Claude to renew their stocks and look out for new patterns in pipes.

As the orders are given the pipes are fitted with a special kind of putty that is not only very hard when dry, but is also able to resist heat. Inequalities in the grain of the wood are removed by means of sand-paper and pumice-stone. The pipes are then dipped in a bath, which varies according to the quality of the goods. Defects in poor pipes are hidden by means of a dark colour, whilst a light one is used for bringing out the veins of a beautiful piece of brier-root. In the case of an absolutely perfect piece a colourless oily bath is employed to bring out the lovely stripes and streaks of the wood.

The finishing touches are also put to the pipes

One of the preliminary operations when making a brier-root pipe. Sawing up the "ébauchons" in a Saint-Claude factory.

with mouth-pieces and completed. Mouth-pieces are made of all kinds of material, but horn, vulcanized and rubber, and celluloid are chiefly used at the present time. Amber is exceedingly scarce just now, and has been for some time, owing to the high import duties in France. The trade in this material was practically monopolized by the Nuremberg pipe manufacturers.

When the pipes have been filed, classified, and fitted with mouth-pieces they are next carefully examined by women workers, who proceed to remedy any little defects they may have. Small cracks and other inequalities are almost inevitable, so these have to be filled up by women. They are held against cloth-covered wheels, revolving at a tremendous speed, until the bowls and stems and mouth-pieces present that beautifully-polished appearance that smokers so much admire.

As to the metal-work on pipes—the silver and gold mounting, and the various novelties that are introduced on the pipe market from time to time—glass tubes, or other interior mechanism, for collecting the nicotine and enabling the smoker to clean his pipe rapidly and efficiently—Saint-Claude has nothing to learn from other places where pipes are made. "Pipe Town" is, indeed, the most ingenious and versatile little place I have ever visited in that land of artistic

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Colouring and varnishing ordinary brier-root pipes.

ingenuity and versatility, France. There are several other trades to which it devotes its attention. It is one of the principal centres for the making of silver and metal handles for walking-sticks and umbrellas. All sorts of articles in vulcanite are prepared there. Semi-precious stones—many of them found in the mountains of the Jura—are polished there; and a good trade is being built up in paste diamonds.

Women polishers working on pipes in a factory at Saint-Claude.

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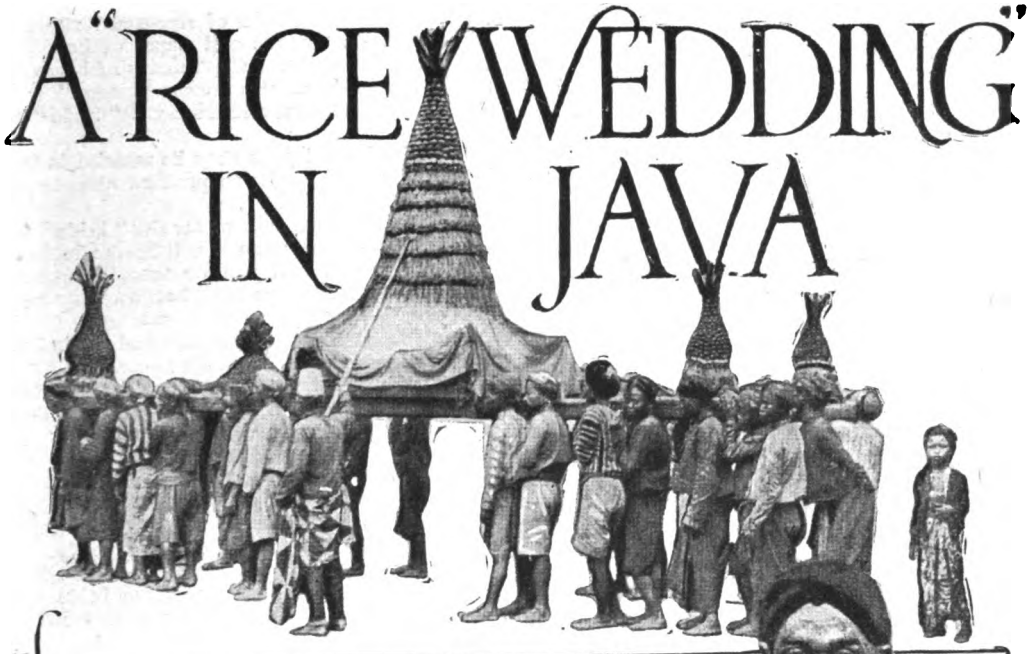
A "RICE WEDDING" IN JAVA



by C. J. B. BRANDRETH, F.R.G.S.

The large tropical Island of Java, the jewel of the Dutch East Indies, is one of the fairy spots of the earth. Among the peaceful and contented native inhabitants many curious customs and ceremonies of a symbolic character exist. The "Rice Wedding" described below is one of many such ceremonies.

PAH SIDIN, after taking a look at his rice-field and seeing it was ripe for the harvest, went to see the "Dookoon-Sawah," or rice-doctor. He found the old fellow sitting cross-legged on the bamboo matting, with a large book in front of him.

"The rice is bursting, Sang-Parta," said Sidin, addressing the Dookoon. "When shall the harvest be?"

"Patience, patience, Pah Sidin!" replied Sang-Parta. "Remember that haste cometh of the Evil One. It shall not be for to-day, nor yet for the morrow, but for the day after. Invite, then, all your neighbours for the day after to-morrow to hold your 'Pari Penganten,' and all will be well."

The "Pari Penganten," let it be explained, is—in a Javanese "dessa," or village—the mystical ceremony known as the "Wedding of the Rice," which immediately precedes the beginning of the rice harvest.

No Javanese cultivator would dream of selecting his own day for the beginning of the harvest. He invariably has recourse to the

Our top illustration depicts a wedding procession to the rice-field with its pile of sacrificial food. The lower picture is a rice-doctor.

Dookoon-Sawah, or rice-doctor, who is a learned old gentleman taken very seriously by the villagers—and also by himself. The Dookoon, having been consulted by the landowner or farmer, proceeds to make a number of very elaborate calculations of an astronomic and cabalistic character, into which enter the date of birth of the landowner, the unlucky days to be avoided, and the influence of certain evil spirits.

Nominally, the Javanese are followers of Islam, and a little mosque will be found in the

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centre of every village, or dessa. They learn to read the Koran by heart and to follow its precepts, but curiously mixed up with their Mohammedanism are to be found remains of the ancient "Nature worship," such as is still followed by some of the peoples and tribes in British India. The Javanese believe that the whole of Nature is imbued with divine life, and that even trees, plants, and flowers have souls of their own, and are, each in their respective way, as much alive as a human being is. Invisible spirits, both good and bad, take up their abode in the water, in the rocks, in animals, birds, and fishes. On the principle that a good spirit can do no harm, and need not therefore be feared, more sacrifices are offered up to the evil spirits, because the latter, being mischievous, require to be propitiated.

Two spirits are supposed to dwell in the rice-fields: one of these, the good spirit, the protector of the rice crops, is Mother "Dewi-Sri"; the other, the mischievous spirit, is known as "Pertijan Siluman."

On the day appointed by the Dookoon-Sawah, the landowner assembled all his friends, relatives, and neighbours—indeed, all those who had helped him to plant the rice-fields—and, headed by the Dookoon, proceeded to the plantation.

Having entered the field and lighted some dry rice-straw which he holds in his left hand, the Dookoon-Sawah thus addresses the spirits of the rice-field:—

"O dear Mother Sri, protectress of the rice seed, we have come to reap the rice crop, and require thine aid and protection. Bring together all the members of thy family, thy children, thy grandchildren, and thy great-grandchildren, that they may all help us in gathering in the harvest. We implore thy gracious protection. Fear not that we will harm thee! Tremble not! All of us are well disposed towards thee. I am about to prepare a sacrifice which shall be dedicated to thee and to all thy family spirits who shall protect the harvest whilst we gather it in."

Having delivered himself thus, the Dookoon next turns his attention to the evil spirits. After placing a number of rice patties and various kinds of sweetmeats on a little altar of bamboo, at the left-hand corner of the rice sawah, or plantation, he says:—

"O thou wicked Pertijan Siluman, now lurking in the rice-field! Do not spoil our labour! Harm not the rice crop! Remember all the labour we have expended upon the plantation! Here on the shrine have been placed for thy delectation many well-cooked dishes and sweets, lovingly made to suit thy palate. But shouldst thou dare to harm the rice crop, or should the harvest be spoilt, then shall I smash thy head in twain, shall I put out thine eyes, and kick thee in the small of thy stomach! Therefore work not any malicious act against this plantation, O invisible Pertijan Siluman!"

The Dookoon now proceeds to select the "rice bride and bridegroom." This he does by carefully choosing two long and stout stalks of rice with fully-ripened ears, growing close to each other. Then, close by but a little distance behind, six more stalks of ripe-eared rice are selected as the "maids and pages of honour." The stalks representing the "maids of honour" are tied together, as also are the "pages."

Then the Dookoon addresses the "bride" as follows:—

"O Rice Bride! Wilt thou be married to this bridegroom and promise to produce abundantly for the next harvest?"

And the Dookoon answers for the "bride":—

"Yes, Dookoon-Sawah, I will be the bride of this bridegroom, and will consent to produce abundantly so that the next harvest may be a glad one."

Then, addressing the rice stalk that symbolizes the "rice bridegroom," he says:—

"O thou male rice seed! Wilt thou have this female rice seed to be thy bride, and wilt thou promise to produce exceedingly with her?"

And the Dookoon makes reply himself:—

"Yes, Dookoon, I will take this female rice seed as my bride, and will produce exceedingly with her so that all the inhabitants of the dessa may be plentifully supplied with rice next year."

All the stalks surrounding the bride and bridegroom are now cut away, and the bride and bridegroom, being painted with a sweet-smelling yellow ointment, are tied one to the other with a strip of palm-leaf. This done, a small awning, also of palm-leaf, is placed over the bride and bridegroom to protect them from the sun. Then the Dookoon says:—

"I invoke upon this rice-wedded couple the blessing of Dewi-Sri. May she bless their efforts exceedingly!"

All the party then sit down to a "slamettan," or feast, the various dishes being composed of the rice patties and sweetmeats which have been offered up on the little shrines as a sacrifice to Pertijan Siluman. Spirits, being ethereal beings, are not supposed to eat material food, but only to partake of the fumes, the flavour, the aroma thereof. Therefore, after the foodstuffs have been left a sufficient time for the spirits to complete their meal, the dishes are taken from the shrines and eaten by the assembled visitors—a very practical way of offering sacrifice!

When the feast is over, the Dookoon rises and solemnly announces that the hour for reaping the harvest is at hand. He then proceeds to cut off the two stalks representing the rice bride and bridegroom, and to plant them in a small brass pot that has been brought for the purpose. The maids of honour and the pages are also cut off and planted in like manner in two other pots. All are placed under a palm-leaf awning to await the end of the harvest.

Then, with a knife the blade of which is no larger than that of a large penknife, the Dookoon cuts off an ear of the rice as delicately as though he were culling some precious rosebud. All the people present proceed to do likewise. The bamboo handle of the knife is held in the right hand, and the thumb presses the ear of rice against the blade. It will be seen that this is a very slow proceeding, and that, under such circumstances, the harvesting of a field of rice takes a considerable time. The Dutch Colonial

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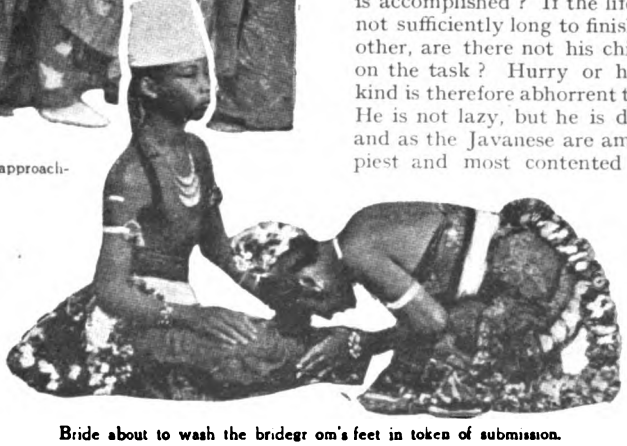
A Javanese wedding. The bride's father (on the right) accompanied by the men of both families, who are about to conduct the bridegroom (in the white fez) to the mosque to be married.

The home of Hassan, the bridegroom in the story.

Bride and bridegroom slowly approaching each other.



Bride about to wash the bridegr om's feet in token of submission.

Government has often tried to introduce the use of the sickle for the rice harvest, but the Javanese peasant is strongly attached to ancient customs, with which a sentiment of religion is closely bound up. He believes that the goddess herself, Dewi-Sri—the ruling spirit of the rice plant—first taught the human being how to gather the rice by assuming the form of a "gelatik," or rice-bird, and delicately snapping off the ear of rice with her beak.

Repeated attempts have been made, both by the Dutch authorities and by the British rubber plantation managers, to make the natives understand the value of time, but the Javanese only shrugs his shoulders disdainfully and smiles blandly. The European notion about producing so much within a given number of hours seems absolutely ludicrous to his mind. What is all this talk about the value of time? Are there not many hours in the day and many days in the year? What does it matter whether the task is done sooner or later, so long as it is accomplished? If the life of one man is not sufficiently long to finish some work or other, are there not his children to carry on the task? Hurry or hustling of any kind is therefore abhorrent to the Javanese. He is not lazy, but he is dreadfully slow, and as the Javanese are amongst the happiest and most contented people in the world there is something to be said in favour of his methods, from his own standpoint.

When, at last, the harvesting of the rice plantation is over, and each of the workers has received a share corresponding to the help he or she may have given in preparing the field for cultivation, in sowing, in tending the growing plant, and in harvesting

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the rice, a procession is formed to convey the rice to the village granary in the owner's house in the dessa. Two of the reapers, gaily bedecked with coloured paint and flowers, are given the great honour of carrying the rice bride and bridegroom to the village. The owner's house has been swept clean for the occasion, and the bride and bridegroom are deposited in a corner of the rice barn partitioned off from the rest of the rice by a bamboo partition. Then the Dookoon invokes the blessing of Dewi-Sri :—

"O Mother Dewi-Sri, sleep, I pray of thee, in this rice barn! Protect the rice so that thou mayst provide for all thy children!"

Then the door is locked, and for forty days it would be almost sacrilege to unlock the barn. This is supposed to be the period of the rice couple's honeymoon. At the end of that time the owner and his friends open the door and call out :—

"O happy rice couple, your honeymoon is now ended! Come for a row on the river. The rowers await you and are ready to pull the oars evenly and strongly."

This is merely the Javanese way of intimating that the husking of the rice grain is about to begin.

It invariably happens that this mystic ceremony of the "rice wedding" is followed by real weddings amongst the young people who have worked together during the harvest in the rice-field, and have got to know and to like each other. But a wedding in the country districts of Java is by no means the plain and straightforward affair that it is in Europe. The parents of the bride demand from the parents of the bridegroom a sum of money about three times as great as they expect to receive. A great deal of bargaining goes on, and no marriage would be possible until this is settled. Finally, the matter is arranged and the bridegroom sets about preparing for the "happy day." He begins his preparations by visiting the local dentist, who files his teeth almost down to the gums, and then blackens them so that they shine like japanned ware.

"Oh," will say the mother and sisters of the prospective bridegroom to their neighbours, "come in and see our Hassan! Never was there such a handsome mouth! It makes you thirsty only to look at it! It is like a ripe pomegranate, with the black seeds showing through the red flesh."

And the neighbours come in all day and inspect young Hassan's lacquered teeth in presence of the lad's admiring female relatives.

Every day the bridegroom that is to be goes to spend a couple of hours with the village mullah, or priest, who teaches the young man the words of the marriage service from the Koran. Hassan has to learn this off by heart, sitting the while immersed up to the neck in a tank of cold water behind the mosque. The mullah stands beside the tank and reels off each sentence, which Hassan has to repeat until he knows it thoroughly. Why it should be necessary for the prospective bridegroom to sit immersed in cold water during the lesson is not very clear, but no doubt there is some old-established legend on the subject.

It will be seen that the bridegroom, in preparing for marriage, has rather an arduous time of it; but the bride has an equally difficult time to go through. As soon as the marriage has been decided upon she begins to starve herself, so that she may get as thin as possible for the marriage day. A bride so thin that you can see her ribs through the flesh is the very ideal of Javanese beauty in a young bride. In order to attain this desirable condition the girl drinks several cups of hot water during the day and eats no more than a couple of teaspoonfuls of rice during the twenty-four hours.

For fully a week before the marriage ceremony great preparations are made for the marriage feast, and on the appointed day the father of the bride, with a number of male friends, goes to the bridegroom's home, where he is received with much ceremony by the parents of the bridegroom.

A procession is then formed, and the bridegroom proceeds to the mosque, *where the mullah marries him—not to the bride, who does not figure at all in the religious ceremony—but to the bride's father, acting as his daughter's representative.* It is not considered the "correct thing" in Java for a bride to be present at her own wedding.

The bridegroom is then conducted in state back to his home, where he is painted up with boreh ointment until he shines like a new shilling. Elaborate silver ornaments are placed over his naked breast and entwined on his arms, and around his sarong petticoat are hung garlands of jasmine flowers. Thus equipped, and wearing a white fez, he mounts a richly-harnessed pony and is conducted to the bride's house.

Meanwhile the bride has been undergoing all the morning special treatment for the meeting with the bridegroom. The women have roused her up at sunrise, and have spent a couple of hours in doing up the girl's hair in an elaborate fashion, such as is only worn on wedding days. Each tress must first be saturated in salad oil, and is then tightly coiled and entwined with jasmine flowers. Little imitation curls are painted over her forehead, and a sort of crown, or coronet, of silver, with five or six protruding spikes covered by ornamental silver balls, is fixed into her hair. Half-a-dozen silver bracelets are placed on her arms and wrists, and around her neck, so as to fall over her bosom, is hung an elaborate silver brooch. Her arms, legs, and feet are then painted with yellow boreh ointment, and her face is powdered quite white.

As soon as the bridegroom has entered her house the father of the bride, or the nearest male relative, claps his hands, and the bride is slowly led out of her private room by two bridesmaids into the presence of the bridegroom.

Like two wax figures they stand looking at each other for a minute, and then begin to move very slowly, with short steps, towards each other, stopping every now and then to gaze at one another as though transfixed with mutual admiration.

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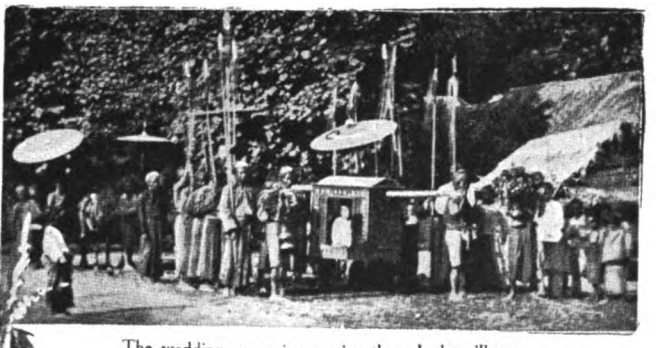
When they are within a couple of yards of one another the bridesmaids and pages hand to each of them a bag of betel-nut mixed with chalk. The bride and bridegroom immediately throw these bags at each other's heads. If the bride's bag hits the bridegroom in the face, all the women are delighted, for it is a sign that it is the wife who will "wear the breeches" in the future household. As soon as the bride reaches the bridegroom she falls down at his feet and kneels very humbly,



The wedding procession passing through the village.

A closer view of the wedding procession, showing the bride.

embracing the hem of his short petticoat-like garment.

The bridegroom now sits down, and with a basin of water and a towel held ready by the bridesmaids, the bride proceeds to wash the bridegroom's feet, in token of future submission to his will. As soon as this grave ceremony is over the bridegroom gets up and raises up the bride from her squatting posture on the floor. Holding her by the left hand, he solemnly and slowly conducts her to the place of honour specially prepared for the bridal couple in the middle of the room. Here the bride squats down astraddle on a piece of bamboo matting, and holds out in front of her a bright-coloured handkerchief, into which the bridegroom throws a number of silver coins, a quantity of rice, and various kinds of beans, as a symbol that he is, from now onwards, bound to keep his wife in food. He then squats down beside his bride, and taking a dish of rice balls he puts three of the balls into his wife's mouth, which she slowly eats, whilst the bridegroom finishes up what is left in the dish.

Bride and bridegroom sitting in solemn state after the wedding.

A grand procession through the dessa now takes place, headed by cardboard giants carried

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by men hidden under the cardboard. After the giants there follows a band of Javanese musicians. Then a number of men prancing about on the "hobby-horses" so often used in the comic scenes of our pantomimes. Next follow a

A typical wedding procession in Java.

number of young women carrying peacock's feathers and various kinds of paper flowers. The young women are followed by priests chanting a monotonous and never-ending song, in strong nasal accents. Now follows a litter borne by six or eight men, in which sit the bride and two of her maids. The litter is surrounded by four men bearing huge parasols, and by a bodyguard carrying long rods or pikes the tops of which are bedecked with flowers. The bridegroom, on horseback, and the wedding guests bring up the rear of the procession. After passing twice round the village the procession halts at the bridegroom's house, where the bridegroom's family, seated in a semicircle, are waiting to receive the newly-wedded couple. The bridegroom then solemnly introduces his bride to each of his family in turn. Both bride and bridegroom kneel down and kiss the naked feet of each member of the family. The elder members of the family then conduct the bride and bridegroom to a feast which has been spread out for them on perfumed bamboo mats, apart from the wedding guests, who are now invited to enter and take part in the feast that has been prepared. It is not customary for

A Javanese bride (on right) and bridegroom.

the womenfolk to sit down with the men. On the contrary, the women wait upon the men and serve them. As soon as the men have gone the women sit down, amongst themselves, to feed.

Such is a Javanese wedding. Notwithstanding all this symbolic solemnity the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety prevail at the feast. Everybody chatters together, and, when there are any Javanese actors to be procured, the day ends with a long drama in fifteen or twenty acts, which lasts far into the night.

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SOME STRANGE ESCAPES FROM GERMANY.

Including My Own Adventures Whilst In Captivity.

Related by LIEUT. ——, and set down by BERNARD ST. LAWRENCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. BATES.

From time to time " The Wide World Magazine " has published stirring stories of prisoners' escapes from their camps in Hunland. During his forty odd months of captivity Lieutenant —— made three daring attempts to regain his freedom, and in the first two was retaken only at the eleventh hour, when crossing the frontier. Nevertheless, his adventures deserve to be recorded, while added interest is given to the narrative by the Author's account of how other prisoners he knew managed to break their prison bonds.

I.

IT was at the Battle of Mons that I fell into the hands of the Hun as a prisoner. I shall not attempt to describe my calvary into Germany, the insults—and worse—which were heaped upon us as we travelled in cattle-trucks from town to town, tortured the while by hunger and thirst. That has been done so often that the British public is fully alive to the brutality of the Hun. Nor shall I say anything about the horrible insanitary conditions under which we lived at this or that prisoners' camp. I was taken first of all to Munster—which was then far from being the fairly well-ordered place it is now said to be. I remained there for five months, until, in fact, I made my first attempt to escape.

No sooner had we settled down at Munster than we began to think of a means of getting away. Everyone had his own pet plan. After a couple of months I succeeded in letting my relatives know through the ordinary channels that I was alive and well.

The German authorities allowed us only to read news of the war printed in German for home consumption, and, as they foresaw, it had a most depressing effect upon us. According to their reports it looked as if the end of France and the British Empire had come. I was most anxious to know the truth, and became seized with a great desire to read a few English newspapers, or scraps of newspapers if I couldn't get complete copies. In time I managed to procure pieces of English newspapers, which gave us the correct news. How they were smuggled through I cannot here tell. I also managed to get hold of a compass and some English sovereigns. I now determined to make my first dash for liberty.

I timed it for the beginning of February, 1915, when the nights were particularly dark. My route towards the Dutch frontier, a distance of some forty to fifty miles, had been decided upon. My disguise had been thought out with the greatest care. It consisted of a number of odd garments—an old coat, a cast-off slouch hat, and a pair of nondescript trousers, etc. For weeks I had studied the habits and customs of the guards and officials; I knew the times of their comings and goings to a minute, their weaknesses and idiosyncrasies. There was a guard, for instance, who used to have a quiet forty winks between half-past twelve and one in the morning; he used to march up and down outside our hut, and then have a good long snore, resting on his bayonet. This was the man I determined to trick.

Slipping into my old clothes as soon as my three companions in the hut were sound asleep, I glanced out of a little window looking out on to a portion of the guard's beat. The night was exceedingly dark, so dark that I had to judge of the man's movements rather by the sound of his footsteps as he went to and fro than by his form. For fully half an hour I listened to him tramping backwards and forwards. Then I noticed that his pace became slower, and finally, at the hour when he had his customary nap, that he had come to a standstill. Fortunately, he took up his position within a few yards of my look-out, in fact, under the lee of the hut, doubtless as a precaution against being detected in the act of breaking regulations. I gave him ten minutes to get sound asleep, then hoisted myself up, and slipped feet first through the window. It was an awkward piece of work to wriggle through in that way, and I experienced a horrid feeling that I might be caught there by the arms and shoulders and be brutally bayoneted by the awakened guard. But he remained sound asleep. I made the drop of half a yard on to my stockinged feet without mishap, and, having made sure that the boots slung round my neck by their laces were safe, crawled away into the darkness.

Twenty yards away I sat up and put on my boots. Then I rose to my feet and, taking my courage and my life in both hands, strode

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forward down the main thoroughfare leading to one of the exits to the compound. It was a bold thing to do, but I had my plan, which was to hide for a while behind a shelter I had noticed more than once at that northern exit and there await a favourable opportunity of dodging, on all fours, the sentry I knew I should find there. Well, to make a long story short, my patience was rewarded at about three in the morning, and at the very hour the guard was being changed I passed beyond the danger zone.

What a feeling of relief it was to find myself in the open country! My sense of freedom and strength was immense. I knew that I had a good four hours before my disappearance would be discovered. By that time, I calculated, I should be more than twenty miles away, for, once having ascertained the direction in which I was moving (which I did at the first cross-roads I came to, thanks to a sign-post, my map, and a cigarette-lighter), I decided I would develop my good four-miles-an-hour stride into a jog-trot.

When dawn broke I began to meet country

"'*Das ist gute wasser, nicht wahr?*' said a voice behind me.

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people going to their work in the fields. I passed them a "Guten morgen" in my very best German. One man stopped me and asked me for a light. He became talkative and not a little inquisitive, but I managed to satisfy his curiosity, and, without too great abruptness, got away, thoroughly determined that I would not allow myself to be caught in that way. Seeing a little wood on fairly high ground on my right, I made for it with all speed and, penetrating to the very heart of a secluded clump of brushwood, threw myself down on the ground to sleep.

I awoke about three o'clock in the afternoon, judging by the sun and the light. I ate greedily the only food I had been able to bring with me: my last half-dozen biscuits from England and a crust of wretched brown bread. Then I went to sleep again, until the sun set and darkness crept over the land and it was time to start again. I continued to follow the main road leading towards Holland. My goal was Zutphen.

A thrill of joy went through me when, at dawn next day, I beheld the frontier post. But the figure of a soldier standing before it soon cooled me down. I struck off at right angles from the highway and set about making a long *détour* along a number of little paths that wound here and there. The whole of the frontier was not then barred by electrified wires as it is now.

For the next quarter of an hour I went on leisurely. But I was terribly thirsty, not having had a drop of anything to drink since the night of my escape. So I began searching for a stream and after a time heard the pleasant sound of rippling waters. I hastened to the spot and, squatting down on the bank, took a good drink. Time after time I held my hands under the cool water and brought it to my mouth. Just as I was having a final drink something occurred that made my hands part, spilling the nectar, and brought my heart into my mouth.

"*Das ist gute wasser, nicht wahr?*" said a voice behind me.

I rose from my squatting position and looked round—to see, as I instinctively feared, a German soldier with rifle in hand and revolver by his side.

"Yes," I replied, keeping control of myself.

"Been on the tramp long?" asked the soldier, suspiciously.

"I've come from Zutphen," I replied.

"That's a long way off. Why are you out of your own country I should like to know?" said my inquisitor, sharply.

"Out of my own country?" I queried, with a puzzled air. "You don't mean to tell me I'm not in Holland?"

"I do. Allow me to tell you that you are in the Fatherland. Holland and the frontier is fifty yards away. Now, you may or you may not have wandered across into Germany. But I want to be quite certain. Where are your papers?"

"Sorry, but I have left them at home."

"That was foolish, when you know we are in war-time. I, too, am sorry, for you've got to come with me to the nearest military post and satisfy my superiors as to your identity. Who knows but what you mayn't be one of those damned English swine?"

At those words my blood fairly boiled. Nevertheless I managed to keep my temper. I tried to argue the point out with him, to appeal to his generosity, and, finally, to hint that I might make it worth his while to let me go. But he was obdurate. Then I determined to stake my last card; to attempt to bribe him with an English sovereign or two. He looked at the money as I held it towards him with an expression that held out a momentary hope; and I verily believe he was on the point of accepting at one time. But suddenly he seemed to pull himself together and thrust everything aside save his duty.

"You seem very well provided with English gold," he remarked, dryly, looking me in the eyes. "No; you've got to come along with me. Now, then, march on in front."

And he made a motion with his rifle which told me that there was nothing else to be done but to go down the hill-side back into captivity. Had I resisted I should have been shot like a dog.

How I was taken to the military post and cross-examined, how I remained for twelve hours in a guard-room whilst inquiries were being set on foot, and how my captors at last heard of my escape from Munster, need not be told in detail. Suffice it to say that I was taken back there, a very disappointed and embittered man, and a week later removed under a strong escort to Ruhleben, where I spent the next five months under such close supervision that any further attempt to escape was an impossibility.

At S———, my next prison in Southern Germany, some eighty miles from the Swiss frontier, the regulations were not so stringent, and I determined to try my luck once more.

This time I timed my departure for dusk, just before the turning-in hour. I hung behind the others after the evening "meal"—a bowl of dish-watery soup and a plate of stringy meat and tasteless vegetables—and managed to slip away unobserved behind a row of low wooden buildings used as the kitchens. It was just the hour, as I knew, when a number of auxiliary workers—cleaners-up, dish-washers, and the like—left the compound for the adjoining village of S——. Some of them came out of the kitchens as I strolled forth in my disguise; others were coming along the avenue, in ones, twos, and threes. They directed their steps towards the exit. Turning up my coat collar and pulling my hat a little over my eyes, I joined in the stream, and successfully passed the guards. Like the rest I threw them a cheery "Good night!"

Darkness had already fallen when S—— was reached. Then I put my best foot foremost and disappeared down a dusty road, fitfully lit by the moon shining in a cloudy sky.

I walked by night and slept by day on that eighty-mile tramp to the Swiss frontier. Food and drink I bought furtively at dusk in the

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"Hunnish features full of suspicion and anger surrounded me and, amidst shakes, demanded who I was and what I was doing there."

smaller towns and villages through which I passed. As to sleeping accommodation, my bedroom was the open air, which, the month being August, was quite all right.

No adventures marked my path until I came within sight of the land of liberty.

I had been advised that I should find crossing the frontier difficult, especially since those two Frenchmen, Prieur and Tartre,* got away from Hammelburg and slipped across the line at Emmishofen. Ever since then the Boches have been on the *qui vive*, and it had been whispered to me that there was a cordon of sentries all along the frontier. It was long past midnight on a very dark night when I arrived at the frontier. The place was a wild mountainous spot between Lindau, on the Lake of Constance, and the River Iller. I crawled towards the invisible line over the hard stony ground, covered here and there with sparse brushwood.

* See "Across Germany to Freedom," WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, November and December, 1917.

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Not a sound was to be heard save the quick scurrying now and then of some creature of the earth—that and the faint scraping on the ground of my boots as I dragged myself slowly along. My hearing, however, was so hypersensitive and the silence so intense that the slight noises I made seemed to proclaim my presence for many yards around. The progress I made was terribly slow owing to the innumerable stoppages. I reckoned that at such a snail's pace I should take fully an hour to accomplish my journey. After that time, I reasoned, I ought to be able to rise to my feet and make a dash for it. By then I should surely have passed out of the danger zone. So on and on I went until it seemed that the time fixed upon had elapsed.

But just as I was about to raise myself up I was abruptly stopped by a noise which set my heart thumping violently. It sounded like the deep breathing of some wild animal. Then it suddenly stopped and deep silence reigned once more. I waited a while before daring to move a muscle. As nothing further transpired I began to crawl forward once more.

I could not have gone more than fifteen yards farther when I made another strange and most disconcerting discovery. As my hands felt their way along the ground for any hidden stones there might be in my way they encountered space, and the distinct crumbling away of earth and stones gave me the horrible impression that I was on the edge of a precipice. A cold sweat broke out on my brow at the thought that but for my crawling I might have pitched headlong into unknown depths. This vision of death was further accentuated by a recurrence of the heavy breathing, which, sounding still nearer than before, set me trembling like a man with ague.

Whilst withdrawing my hands from the edge of the precipice more earth and stones broke away, while there came unmistakable evidence of a man being rudely aroused from sleep—an indignant protest and an oath in German, and then the sudden flash of a powerful electric torch, which gleamed here and there before finally settling on my face.

Further hesitation was an impossibility. I scrambled to my feet and fled backwards into the darkness. But only for a few yards, for I encountered rocks and fell so heavily that I remained stunned. That was my undoing. Simultaneously a rifle-shot rang out; I became dimly aware of the sound of heavily-booted feet moving here and there, of the harsh guttural voices of a number of pursuers, and of the flashes of many torches. Then I realized that I had failed once more.

It was ill-luck being captured in that way. The light of those torches converged until they centred upon my prostrate form. Powerful hands dragged me to my feet. Hunnish features full of suspicion and anger surrounded me and, amidst shakes, demanded who I was and what I was doing there. I maintained a sullen silence, and when it became evident that nothing was to be drawn from me one of my captors, who was evidently of superior rank to the others, gave orders that I was to be marched off and guarded until morning.

The explanation of my second failure came with daylight. What I had mistaken for a precipice was merely a deep square hole in the ground, in which a sentry was posted. All along the frontier, at intervals of twenty yards or so, there were these hidden pits—pitfalls indeed for the unwary deserters or escaped prisoners who might attempt to cross into Switzerland. That was then a comparatively new dodge of the Boches.

When, about ten o'clock the next morning, I was taken off to an adjoining village to be examined, the officer thought at first I was a deserter, and I verily believe, judging by his brutal manner, he would have shot me there and then had I not enlightened him as to my identity. There would have been no reason in trying to mystify him.

(To be concluded.)

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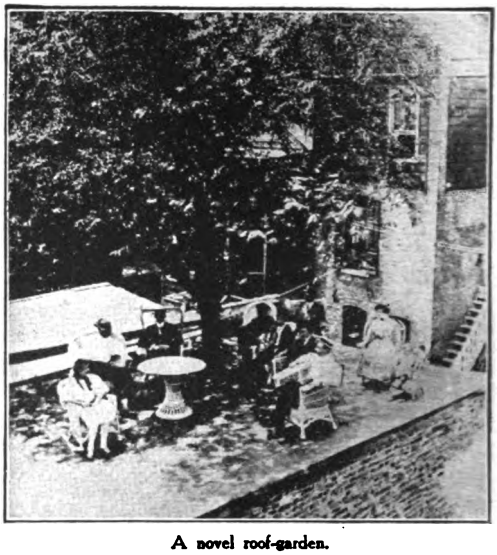
ODDS AND ENDS.

A Coat of Elk Teeth—Novel Roof-Garden, etc.

THOSE who are in a position to know tell us that three dollars, or twelve shillings, is an average price for an elk tooth, such as are sold to jewellers and to members of the Elk order. Much higher prices are paid for very good specimens. A curio dealer in Steubenville, Ohio, has a coat covered with three thousand three hundred elk teeth, which he values at ten thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds, and does not wish to sell it at that or any other figure. It is undoubtedly the most expensive garment of its kind in the world, and at the same time one of the most novel. The coat proper was made by an Indian in Manitoba, Canada, and is sinew-sewn. This coat, the only one of its kind in the United States, weighs, with the teeth on it, twenty-eight pounds. The gentleman, who has been dealing in elk teeth for twenty years, had these teeth sewn on the coat. The two rows of teeth down the front edge of the coat are those of antelopes, and number one hundred and fifty-nine. They were bought from a Sioux Indian by a priest, and are worth two hundred dollars. The owner of this coat is a prominent Elk, and wears it at all the conventions. It is needless to say it attracts a great deal of attention.

Coat made of elk teeth.

A gentleman of Chicago who wished to erect a building at a certain place, found that a large tree was in the way. Not wishing to destroy the tree he decided to erect the building around the tree. As can be seen in the picture, this makes an ideal roof-garden for his family and friends in the summer. Our photograph depicts this novel roof-garden taken when its owner was entertaining a party of friends. The tree rises virtually in the centre of it, and its wide-spreading branches form an attractive and novel shelter.



A novel roof-garden.

Here is a picture, writes a correspondent, that tells its own story. Bossy was "nosing around" where she had no business. A barrel half-full of apples was left in the yard of an Indiana fruit-seller, and during the night this cow found the barrel and, thrusting her head into it, proceeded to place the apples where they would do the most good. But, unfortunately for Bossy, when she attempted to withdraw her head she could not do so. In her frantic efforts she thrust her horns through the staves. The next morning she was found in this amusing di emma, and it became necessary to saw off the barrel.

A picture that tells its own story. In attempting to get at the apples in the barrel the cow got her head jammed and was unable to release herself.

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My Escape From Russia.

By MADAME SEMENOFF.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. PRATER.

The Authoress of the following stirring narrative is a Russian lady and a friend of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. She describes how she escaped from Petrograd when the city was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, who sternly refused to allow anyone of the governing and wealthy classes to leave. Murder and loot was the order of the day, and everyone carried their lives in their hands. Through a friend she managed to get away, and though she lost her fortune and personal property, she considers herself lucky in escaping with her life. "The incidents," she writes, "are given exactly as they happened." It is a striking document of the terrible state of affairs not only in Petrograd, but in Russia generally.

MY last days in Petrograd were full of excitement. The few Russian newspapers which the Bolsheviks allowed to be published brought us news of the German advance through Esthonia and the Petrograd Government. All sorts of rumours circulated. We heard that the Government intended to leave for Moscow, and that Petrograd was to be declared a "free town." In a day or two the Germans were expected to enter the city. Everybody was afraid of the soldiers, who, it was rumoured, had said that before leaving they would set the place on fire, loot private houses, and burn all the books in the banks, in order to take as much money as they pleased.

I had tried twice to get a passport for abroad; had waited hours for the Commissary for Foreign Affairs—but had been refused both times.

"We can't let you go," the man said to me, "because we cannot allow the 'bourgoni' to leave the country and perhaps escape their due punishment. As you are an aristocrat you have to stay: that's all."

My position in Russia was terrible. As the banks were all in the hands of the Bolsheviks, it was already three months since I had seen a penny. My parents were in England, and I was quite alone. I had asked for work many times, but had, of course, been refused. I almost lost all hope.

It was then that I met an American friend whom I had not seen for some time. He told me that he was leaving within the next few days and asked me what I intended to do. When he heard that they would not let me out of the country he decided to stay and help me, and proposed that we should go to the Commissary at once.

"I have a plan," he declared, "and I know how to talk to these people. If you can get the papers you need, you can leave with me and a few others who are going by the same route."

So we went to the Commissary. We had to stand in a queue, but in Russia there were queues for everything, and we were used to it. At last we stood before the man who proudly called himself Commissary for Foreign Affairs, and who was a little, miserable-looking Circassian. He looked us over with an air that seemed to say: "Well, I am sure that I will do nothing for you," and then asked us in a sneering voice what we wanted.

My friend speaks no Russian, and he began in French, but the Commissary did not understand him. A little Jew, clad in a brown velvet jacket, was sitting in a big arm-chair, cleaning his nails with an air of busy preoccupation. He slowly rose and offered to interpret, as he was the secretary. My friend, therefore, made him a long and eloquent speech, telling him that I was his secretary and that he had already sent me twice to the Commissary in order to get my passport. He demanded to know what they meant by refusing it to me, as I had to take very important business papers out to Stockholm for him, as he himself intended to stay to the last moment and would leave the town only when the Germans were quite near. He informed them that they had no right to make people lose time like this and keep them from attending to their business. How did they dare to do it? He took a card from the Soviet of Sucolna out of his pocket and threw it on the table.

"They know me there," he said. "Shall I go to them and complain, or will you give us the papers? Yes or no? Do you think I have time to run about after you, waiting for these papers? We must have them to-day. Through your fault we have already lost time."

Meanwhile I, standing by, admiring the wonderful imagination and eloquence of my friend, was struggling with a violent desire to laugh.

The long speech, pronounced in a loud voice and with very strong expressions, together with the card from the Soviet, worked wonders. The

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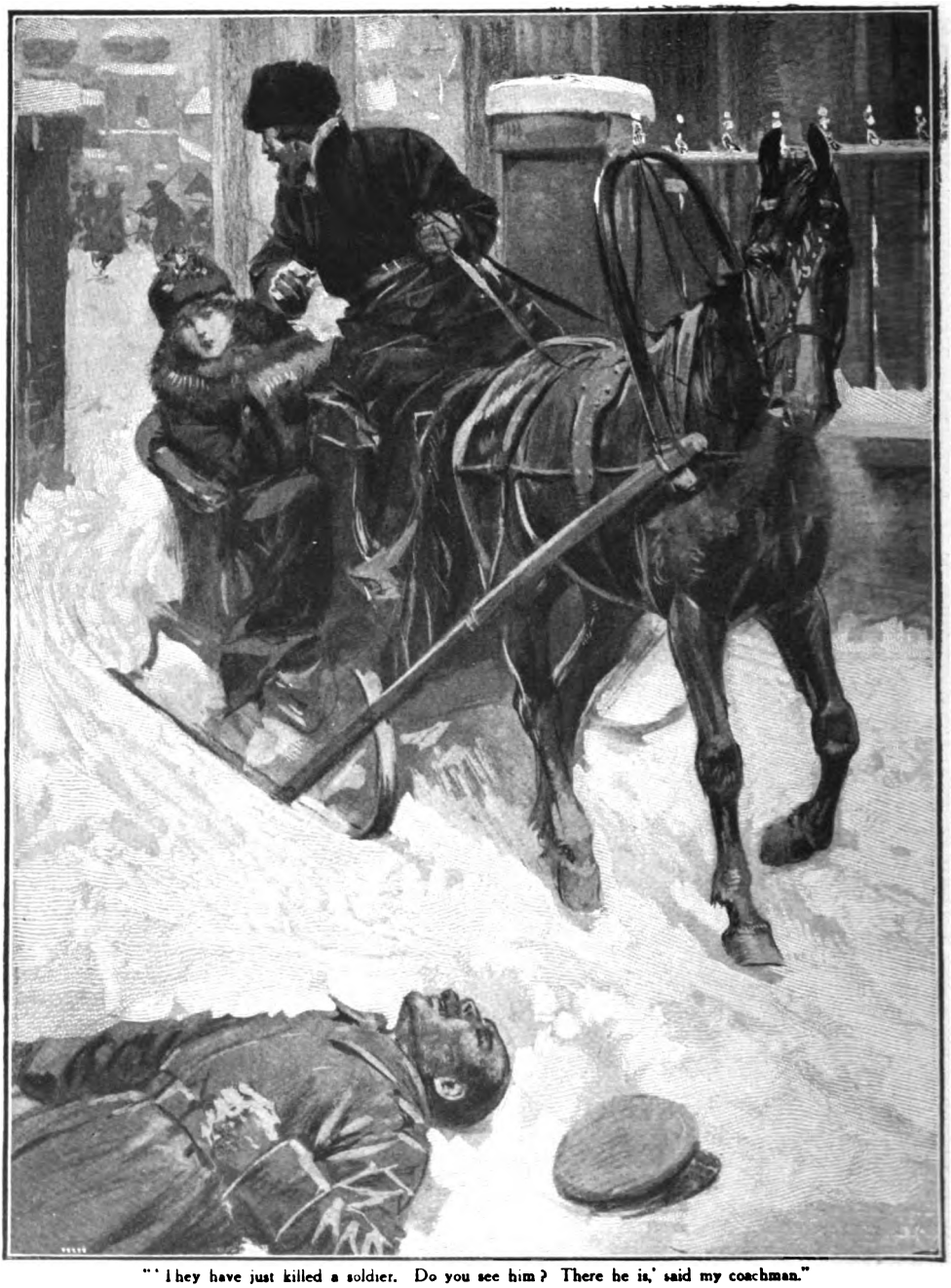

"'They have just killed a soldier. Do you see him? There he is,' said my coachman."

Commissary looked very astonished—probably having never before been addressed like this—and tried to say that I had never mentioned before that I was the secretary of such an important man as Mr. X. But my friend interrupted him, asking once more whether or no he would give us the papers that day. This last question was put in a threatening tone, and the little Jew in the velvet jacket offered us a seat, while the Commissary, ringing the bell, gave immediate orders to prepare my papers.

I had the honour to sit next to him, and as he was the first Bolshevik with whom I had had dealings, I asked him if he were proud to belong to that noble party. Proud? Of course he was, and so was every one of them—so he informed me. Even if their cause should fail and they be condemned to death by the Germans—a distinct possibility, since the Germans were so

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close at hand—they would all meet their end as brave men do, and at the very gallows he would look back with satisfaction and be proud to die for such a noble cause.

"We may die," said he, "but others will rise and hold the red flag high, and it will spread all over the world, and there will be a day of great glory and victory for us."

He got so excited that I was really glad when the secretary brought my papers, and I could leave. We thanked him for having arranged my permits so quickly, and said good-bye to him.

"Good-bye," he said. "Probably you see me here for the last time. I am sure the Germans will come, and, of course, I shall be one of the first to be hung."

"Well," said I, shaking hands with him, "as you have helped me perhaps I will pray for your soul, and I hope you will not come to the gallows. I would not wish that to the rest of the Bolsheviks, for I don't sympathize with your party at all."

He laughed, and we parted.

We left on the following day, having decided to go by the Murman Railway up to the north, to a little station in the Government of Olony. There we would hire sledges and drive all round Lake Ladoga. We had chosen this route because we knew that the foreign Embassies, who had left a week or so before us *viâ* Helsingfors, were all stranded there and had no possibility of getting away, the railways having been destroyed and fighting being in progress.

I went to get the tickets in the morning, and as I came out of the station buildings I heard some rifle-shots. I called an isnostchik (cab) and told the driver where to go. As I sat down I noticed that he was very pale, and then he pointed to something lying on the ground a few steps from us. I looked in that direction.

"They have just killed a soldier. Do you see him? There he is," said my coachman.

It was true. I saw a soldier lying on his back, his head covered with blood, and a little black hole in the temple. His eyes, wide open, seemed to stare at something in the distance. It was one of those sights which we Russians who lived through the revolution in our country were becoming used to.

It was a blowy and dark evening when we went down to the Nikolus Station. Petrograd looked gloomy with its few lamps and deserted streets. From time to time we met a dark figure, hurrying by. People did not often risk going out that winter in Petrograd after dark for fear of the frequent robberies committed by soldiers and thieves, who stopped passers-by and took not only jewellery and money, but very often clothes, coats, and shoes, leaving their victims freezing on the streets in the terribly cold winter nights. Often these robberies ended with death and bloodshed, and there were no police to make arrests nor any punishment for criminals.

From a distance the cold night breeze brought the sounds of rifle-shots and a melancholy soldiers' song.

The station was crowded with "towaristchi" going home, forsaking their regiments in panic for fear of the Germans.

As usual in these times, the train was two hours late, but everyone was accustomed to waiting. At one o'clock the train moved slowly in, and then it was seen that it consisted only of freight cars and fourth-class carriages. These latter have wooden benches in three tiers, one above the other. They were now all full of soldiers, who had jumped in with their luggage before the train stopped, and had occupied all the places. At last we found a bench for ourselves and sat down. The car was dark and dirty. It was lighted only by a single candle at the entrance, and the light shone faintly through a thick cloud of tobacco smoke and dust. In trying to climb in, the soldiers had knocked out all the windows, and the cold made one shiver, but in spite of this the air was heavy, and there was a strong smell of soldiers' boots and clothes and bad tobacco.

After two hours more, spent in useless waiting, the bell at the station struck three, the engine gave a whistle, and our train left.

With every movement our car was shaken violently, and made such a loud rattling noise that I began to fear that it would fall to pieces.

The soldier crowd was very gay. Some of them sang, others played the harmonica, and in a corner they had arranged a card-party and swore loudly amidst roars of laughter.

I was so tired that I soon fell asleep. When I woke it was already morning, and one could see distinctly what was going on in the car. The door was opened wide, and in the corridor I could see a soldier who was arranging a big sack on the floor. He flattened it and sat down on it, then, slowly taking out a cigarette, he turned his face in my direction and began to smoke. He was the wickedest-looking fellow I had ever seen. His red hair and moustache formed a violent contrast with his ash-grey, haggard face and sly, sunken eyes. There was something cruel and false in his face, and as he sat there smoking silently he seemed to have very agreeable remembrances, for there was a smile on his face, a nasty smile that still further increased the disagreeable expression of his features.

For one moment he took the cigarette out of his mouth. Something in the opposite corner of the car seemed to attract his attention. I looked in that direction.

I saw two pale, tired-looking officers sitting there in the corner with their families, all crowded together. One of them had his little boy on his knees, a sweet little creature with fair, curly hair. The child was sound asleep, and his father pressed him tenderly against his breast. His young wife's head rested on his shoulder. There was an expression of profound weariness on his features as he sat there in this terrible car full of soldiers who had sworn to be his deadly enemies, and he seemed to be lost in deep thought. He did not notice the soldier's stare, and the latter watched him for a moment in silence before he spoke.

"Towaristchi" (comrades), he said, "I have

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"For one moment he took the cigarette out of his mouth. Something in the corner of the car seemed to attract his attention."

just come from Kieff. We had a fine time, brothers, believe me, a wild time. We Bolsheviks were fighting the bourgeois with guns and fire, with swords and fists. We killed nearly all of them. We set their houses on fire and destroyed their property; we drank the wines from their cellars, and what we couldn't drink we poured out in the streets, because we didn't want to leave it to them. We took their money, brothers, and their rich estates, we killed their cattle and cut their woods, and if the proprietors were lucky they escaped by night.

"It was a fight for life. The young boys from the military schools had joined the officers, and were as desperate as they. We had more arms and more men, and it was foolish of them to try and defend themselves against our armies, but they were obstinate and would not surrender.

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We got them at last, when many of them lay dead in the streets of Kieff, but on those we took alive we revenged ourselves! We didn't kill them at once. Oh, no! That would have been too good. We put out their eyes, wounded them with our bayonets, and then slowly killed them. Many were thrown into the river and drowned. Those we shot in the streets lay there for days, because we didn't allow their relations to carry them away and bury them.

"It was a glorious fight and a glorious end for those dogs, towaristchi. You ought to have seen it."

The rest of the crowd laughed, but I looked at the officers in the corner. The face of the man who had the child in his arms was paler than before, and emotionless. He had heard every word. I could tell that by the expression of his eyes. Who knows how many of his friends had found their end in the streets of Kieff? Perhaps if he had been alone, he would have faced this terrible soldier, who delighted in his cruelty, and would have told him what he thought of him and of his brothers-in-arms. But for the sake of his family he had to remain quiet. I could see that his poor young wife had also heard the story, for two tears rolled down her cheeks.

The dirt and dust of the car dropped down on us from the tiers above, and the soldiers made their rough jokes, smoking and spitting on the floor, as our train crept through the snow-covered country.

It was only at sunset that we arrived at L.P., a little station sixty versts from the Lake of Ladoga. What a relief it was to get out of that terrible car and breathe the fresh, clear air! The world lay golden white before us under the last rays of the sun.

A kind old peasant, in a big fur coat and red belt, arranged our luggage on a wide sledge, covered with deer skins, and promised to take us to a friend of his, who would give us horses to drive to the next town.

The bells rang merrily as we drove through the big village, and the village children ran and shouted behind us. It was an event for the little town to see people who came from Petrograd, and the news of our arrival seemed to have spread through all the streets. The place, generally sound asleep under its blanket of snow, woke up and stared at us from all its doors and windows.

Our driver brought us to a rich peasant, who had a big house and a large farm on the edge of the town. The proprietor himself came to meet us at the door, looking very respectable, with his long grey hair and white beard, and typically Russian in his red shirt and top boots. He advised us to spend the night in his house, and not to attempt to go on in the evening, since the roads were crowded with soldiers and Red Guards. These had been driven out of Finland, and passed their time in robbing passengers on the highway by night.

"To-morrow morning at six o'clock," said the old peasant, "my horses are at your disposal. I will give you my largest sledge and my best horses. My man will drive you to the next village, sixty versts from here. But I beg you to stay with me for the night. I can give you two rooms, and you will sleep like angels in Paradise."

Since there was nothing else to be done, we decided to stay.

The old peasant showed us into two tiny rooms, and soon a boiling samovar was brought in by an old maid, and we sat down to supper.

A little later I went down to the kitchen to ask for some more hot water, and to my surprise, found not only the whole family gathered there, but also a soldier and a sailor, neither of whom I had seen before.

An incident then occurred which made a disagreeable impression upon me. I wear a golden medallion-watch set with little diamonds round my neck. All the time we were in the train I had it safely hidden under my blouse in order not to attract attention. But I had not noticed that it had now slipped outside and was glittering on the dark folds of my dress, attracting the attention of the whole family.

"That's a pretty watch you have there, baryshina (miss)," said the sailor, with a strange expression of admiration and envy on his face. "A very pretty watch. An expensive thing, I should say."

The whole family surrounded me, and looked at me and my watch. They wanted to know how much it cost and how to wind it up. The sailor in particular kept his eyes fixed on it, still with that same expression on his face.

They all wanted to know where we came from, where we were going, who we were, and how old I was. I told them that I was twenty-one.

"So young, so young," said the old man. "Ai, ai, ai, but what if they kill you on the road? You could have such a long life before you. Ai, ai, ai, if they kill you it will be a pity. It is brave of you to go. You are so young, so young."

I laughed, but I felt very uncomfortable. And even when I was back in my room the sailor's face and the old man's words remained in my memory.

For some reason I had a presentiment that we were not very safe in that house. I told my friend of the conversation in the kitchen and the great admiration shown for my watch. He promised me to have his revolver handy during the night. The house seemed quiet now, and we decided to go to bed, as we had to start early the next morning.

I undressed quickly, but lay awake for a long time. In the corner of my room a little "lampada" (oil-lamp) was burning before the holy images of the Saints and the Virgin Mary. The lights and shadows on the walls and ceiling seemed to move and, taking fantastic shapes, moved again and again.

At last I fell asleep.

I do not know how long I had slept, but I remember waking up with a feeling that something was happening in the next room. I listened. It was a strange, big house, and I had noticed before that the walls were not built quite up to the ceiling as usual, but that there

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was a space between, so that one could hear everything that was going on in the adjoining rooms.

I saw a light in one of the rooms and heard the murmur of voices. The first thing that I heard distinctly was: "You can speak louder, uncle, we can't understand you. They are all sound asleep in there, and won't wake up, and if they do——" Here the voice dropped to a whisper, and I could not hear what followed.

Apparently they spoke of us, for now they began to discuss who we were, and said that I was the only one who spoke Russian, and so on.

At that moment I heard the clock in the kitchen strike one. What did this meeting in the middle of the night mean? I had heard the family go to bed at eleven. Why did they get up and what was their purpose?

Then I recognized the sailor's voice. "Who is for and who is against my proposition?" I heard him say.

I remembered the incident in the kitchen, the expression of the man's face, and his admiration of my watch, and my heart began to beat very quickly. I understood it now. Surely they spoke of robbing or even of killing us, and it was for this purpose they had got up. I felt I must try to prevent it, or at least inform my friends, who were sleeping in the next room, on the other side of mine. I crept to the door of the room and listened. I could tell by their breathing that they were sound asleep, and thought that it would be hard to wake them without making any noise.

I opened the door, and in the dark, pulled at somebody's sleeve. It was my friend's.

"Take your revolver," I whispered, "and be ready at any moment to use it. They are plotting against us in the next room."

He saw the light, heard the voices, understood, and nodded.

I went back to my room and crept into bed. Through the little window the winter night looked in, and so did the big, sparkling stars, so far, far away.

The plotters seemed to be having a difference of opinion, but I could not follow their argument, because they had begun to whisper again.

"No," said a loud voice, very distinctly, "we are against it. It isn't worth while for such a little thing." It was clear now that they still spoke about my watch, and I was anxiously listening to hear what advice would carry the day. At last they probably got tired, for somebody, yawning, proposed going to bed, and the light disappeared.

We were saved! The house was quiet again, and only the cocks in the farm-yard announced the coming of dawn.

At six o'clock a large Russian sledge was pulled out of the stables, two horses followed, and soon the man came to fetch our luggage and to arrange us in the sledge. After this night full of excitement we all felt very glad to leave the house and the people who had plotted against us. They had all come out to see us off, and looked so innocent and good, as though they had never had anything wicked in mind.

The old man said, "Good-bye: God be with you," and we started on our long sledge-ride of three hundred versts.

The bells on our sledge rang merrily in the clear air, the snow sparkled like diamonds and emeralds under the brilliant sun, the country lay wide and peaceful before us. We drove through big pine forests where the trees, straight and tall, stood on both sides of the road like an army of strong warriors, and seemed to watch us quietly, and to whisper and wonder why we came with our bells to trouble the deep silence of the sleeping woods. We drove through fields and lanes, up and down hills. We were driving for hours.

I lay back in the wide sledge and forgot for a time the terrible world in which I had lived so many months. It was a relief not to see the grey figures of soldiers with faces full of hatred. I really felt as if it had all been only a terrible nightmare, and that now it had vanished for ever, never to trouble me again.

At noon we arrived at a little inn, and our horses being tired, we decided to give them a short rest.

We were received by the innkeeper, who made us get out and come in. There had been a wedding in the house the day before, and some of the nearest relations of the bride and groom were still there, so we found ourselves in the midst of a family party. They were all sitting round a long table in a corner of the best room, under numerous ikons (pictures of saints), sipping their tea and making comments on recent events and the wild rumours that filled the neighbourhood.

As we came in they all got up, smiling, and invited us to join them in their meal. They gave us a hearty shake of the hand, and seemed so glad to see us that we were really afraid of offending them, and sat down on the long wooden benches.

Of course they wanted to know all about Petrograd, and to hear what was going on throughout the world. I told them what I knew. They stared at my travelling companions as at curious wild beasts, and could not understand how it was that anyone could not speak Russian. I had to explain that they were foreigners, Americans, and came from the big country beyond the ocean. It was funny to see how they pointed at them and smiled and nodded, and pushed all the dishes with flat cakes and fish towards them, entreating them to eat.

They were all peasants from the neighbourhood, all over forty, with nice open faces, framed in long grey beards and long hair, cut in a straight line below the ears. They sat stiffly, from time to time plunging their forks into the dishes that stood in the middle of the table, laughing heartily at their own jokes, nodding silently, and sighing, as I told them about the position in Petrograd and the Bolshevik Government.

"We hate them," the oldest peasant told me. "We hate the Bolsheviks and the soldiers. They rob us peasants as well as you folks in the towns. They come to our villages from Petrograd, corrupt our sons, teach them not to respect private property, and to disobey the laws of men and of God. They have ruined our country

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Look, it is going to pieces now, and will be taken by the Germans.

"We had a Czar, and we knew that we could appeal to him for help in case of need, of invasion, or of danger, and could always ask him for protection. We knew that he would be good to those who deserved it, and we were not afraid of the severe laws that existed, if we respected them and our monarch, given us by God. Now there is nothing; we have no Government which could possibly protect us. This one is for the outcasts of the people. We are too ignorant, too uncivilized for a republic; there will never be order without education. We know that we are ignorant and simple, and we want a leader who is cleverer and stronger than we, to whom we could trust our lives and those of our families. We want a Czar again."

The others nodded silently and sighed.

"And," added the old peasant, dropping his voice to a whisper, as if he were afraid of someone unseen listening, "this Government of ruin and destruction won't last for ever. The spirits of those who have died for a good cause, defending their country and their Emperor against the invasion of the Germans, and who now seem to have died for no reason, will revolt and rise from the land of shadows and strangle the traitors who make friends with the Germans, who bought them to ruin our country."

"Bravo, old man, you are right!" I said, and shook his rough, sunburnt hand.

Having finished their tea they got up and crossed themselves devoutly before the holy pictures. They told us they were sorry to break up the party, but that they had promised to escort the newly-married couple to their house in the next village, and therefore had to go. They came in once more and said good-bye to us, and wished us a pleasant journey. They looked so gay, so nice and jolly, with bright ribbons from the wedding over their shoulders as they drove off, nodding to us.

It did me good to know that in the heart of Russia—poor Russia, torn to pieces by civil war and class hatred, occupied by the Germans, full of anarchy and blood, envy and destruction—there were simple, good souls, longing for truth and right.

In the next village we had to go to the Red Guard militia to have our passports stamped, and to get an extra permit from them to pass the frontier of Finland.

Our friends in the inn had told us that this permit was very difficult to obtain, that probably they would not let us through, and that they might even arrest us, as this had already been done before to other travellers simply because they did not like the look of them.

As my travelling companions did not understand any Russian, and I had all the speaking to do, I was very much excited and worried as to how I should get the needed papers.

Our horses stopped before a large house, and the driver told me that we had arrived at the Staff of the Red Guard militia. A soldier was standing in the doorway, smoking his pipe, and looking gloomily at us unexpected visitors. After climbing a very dirty staircase, we entered a big room, with rifles standing against the walls. It was full of soldiers, some of them reading and others sleeping.

I did not give them time to think much about us and consider whether they would arrest us or not, but began to talk to them in a most friendly way. I spoke about things in Petrograd, things in general, politics, admired the view from their window, asked what books they were reading, and laughed at their jokes. They were interested in what I had to tell them, and soon seemed well-disposed towards us.

As the soldier from downstairs looked as if he were the chief of the crowd, I addressed myself to him, saying that we had come to him to ask for help, and I was sure that, as my companions were foreigners, he would do his best to give us our passports as soon as possible, and would not keep us long. I think he felt a little flattered by this confidence in his power and goodwill, and soon we not only got our papers, but the militia proposed to get us horses on the following morning, asking us meanwhile to stay overnight in their house, adding that we would sleep quietly under their protection.

On the following day the white country again lay round us—but the roads were no longer deserted.

Groups of soldiers and Red Guards who had been driven out of Finland passed us. Some of them were on skis, some were walking slowly—the farther we drove, the more we met. They stopped and turned faces filled with hatred towards us, but our horses were quick, and soon we reached the next village, where we had to pause to feed our horses.

This village was also full of soldiers, returning to Russia. We got out and had tea in the village inn, but as we came out we found the street crowded with Red Guards, who looked at us with suspicion, and spoke of opening our luggage and searching us. As most of them were Finns, I could not make myself understood. We had a nice young driver, a boy of seventeen, who had taken a fancy to us. He argued and quarrelled with them, and tried to prevent them from opening our luggage.

"All right, then, we will arrest them!" said one of the crowd. "We want to know who they are and what right they have to go to the country which has driven us out."

But before he could finish his sentence he got a terrible blow with the whip from our little coachman, and our horses were already galloping down the little street, leaving the crowd yelling and cursing behind us. Some of them tried to follow, but it was in vain. Our little driver chuckled and laughed all the way, and nearly fell off his seat. He was justly proud at having saved us at a critical moment.

Two days more in sledges, two nights more spent in peasant-houses with nice, hospitable people, always ready to help us.

We passed the frontier of Finland on March 12th, the fifth day after we had left Petrograd. It was at sunrise. That same day we arrived at the Staff of the White Guards. We were received by a captain, who gave us authorization to pass through Finland up to Torneo. After a further five days spent on Finnish railways,

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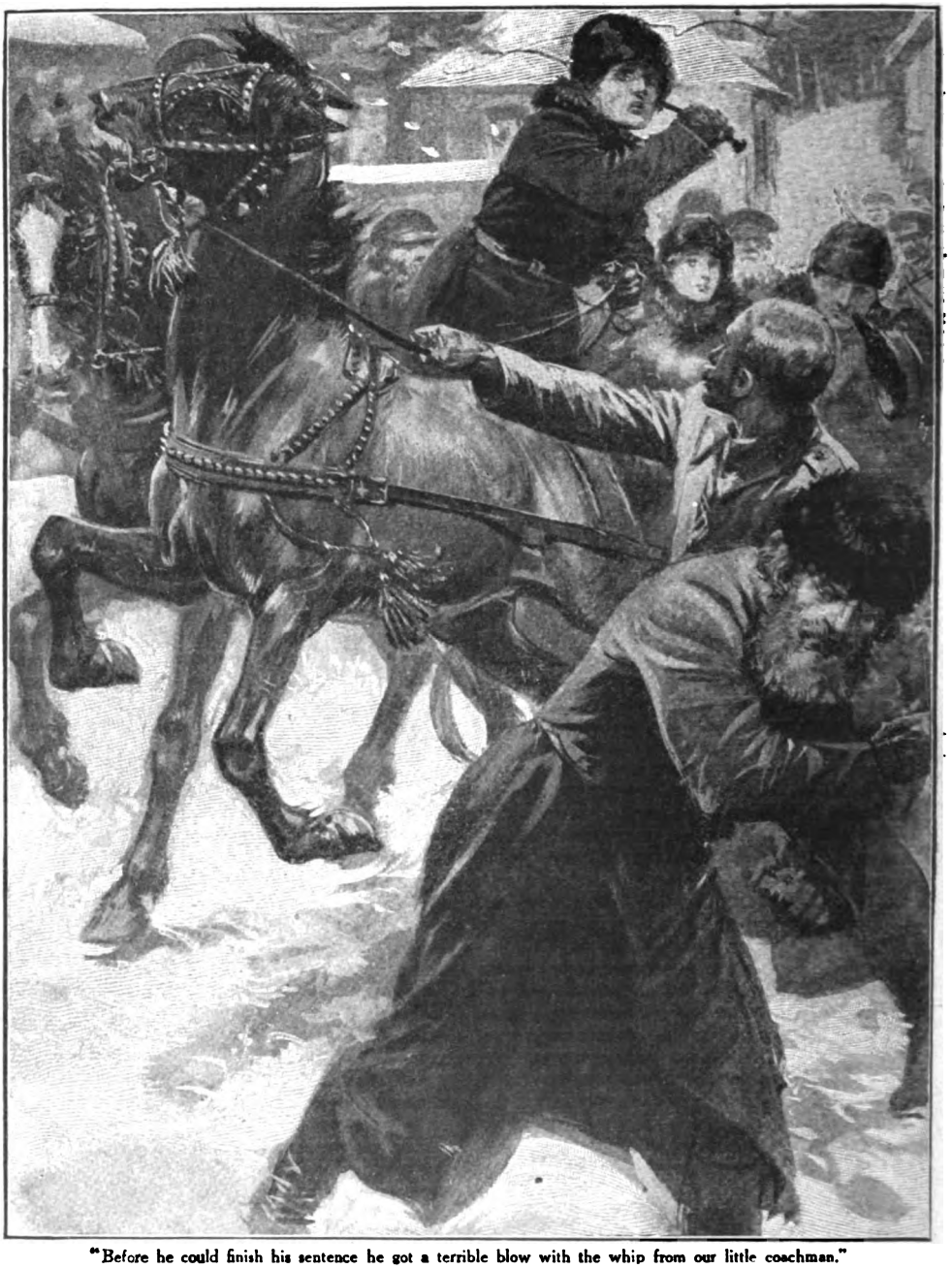

"Before he could finish his sentence he got a terrible blow with the whip from our little coachman."

where we often had to wait twenty-four hours for the train, we arrived at Haparanda.

How we enjoyed the sleeping-car that brought us to Stockholm! The benches were so soft, and everything seemed so remarkably clean after our ten days' journey. When we looked at each other we could not help laughing, we all looked so strange and wild. We were back in the civilized world again, leaving the excitements of the road behind us.

But the nervous strain after this whole year full of troubles, revolutions, horrors, blood and death, does not wear off at once. Even now, as I write this, I stop from time to time and listen. It seems to me that I hear rifle-shots in the next street and screams for help —then I laugh. It is only a motor-car or a bus passing by.

Russia, with all its terrors and anarchy, is far away.

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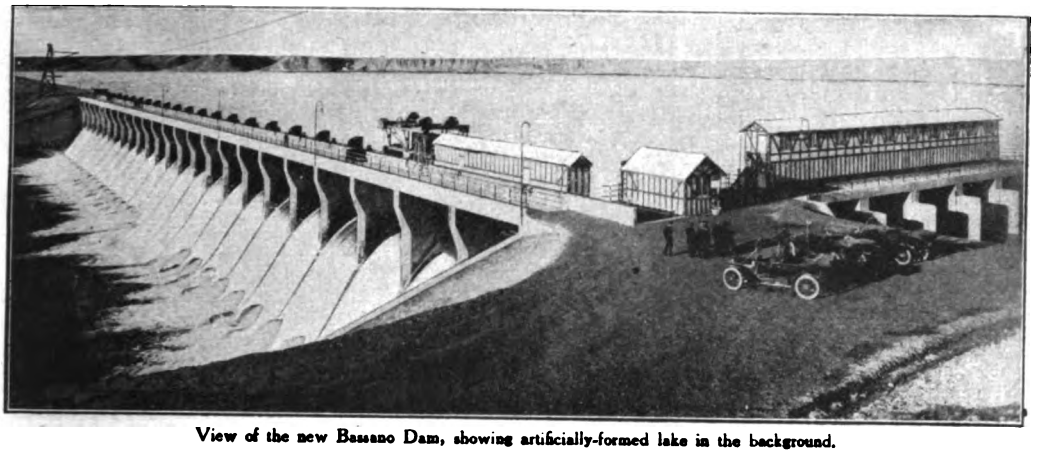

View of the new Bassano Dam, showing artificially-formed lake in the background.

Canada's Water Miracle.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

The honour of possessing the world's longest dam belongs to Canada. It was constructed, after four years of labour and an expenditure of seventeen million dollars, to bring under intensive cultivation a large tract of land in Alberta.

THERE has just been completed in the prairie province of Alberta, Canada, a monster dam. It can claim the distinction of being the longest edifice of its kind in the world. Whereas the famous Assuan dam, in Egypt, has a total length along the crest of six thousand four hundred feet, the new Canadian structure is no less than seven thousand eight hundred and twenty feet in length.

But apart from its record in the matter of length it has many notable features. It has been erected in connection with a colossal irrigation scheme, the largest individual project of this character that has been carried out on the American continent.

While most irrigation projects have for their objects the obtaining of a larger yield of cereals or fruit crops, the Canadian enterprise is destined solely to increase the dairying and live-stock output of the province.

The scene of this latest triumph on the part of the irrigation engineer is Bassano, on the Bow River, some eighty-five miles to the east of Calgary. Across this broad stream a mighty dam has been thrown and the river brought under subjugation for watering a huge tract of country. The waters held up by this dam alone irrigate, by means of two thousand eight hundred miles of canals and ditches, four hundred and forty thousand acres of land.

But included in the general scheme is the irrigating of a further tract of three hundred and seventy thousand acres by diverting the waters of the river at another point, making eight hundred and ten thuosand acres in all. Shortly, too, these areas will be increased to over one million two hundred and fifty thousand acres, providing homesteads on rich irrigated land for thousands of settlers.

Here it may be argued that Canada has a fairly plentiful rainfall, and has no large tracts of arid regions like the United States, or great stretches of parched territory like Australia. This is true, but great portions of Alberta are liable to suffer from "dry" seasons, when for a period of years the rainfall is insufficient and the farmer is unable to produce first-class crops.

In any case, irrigated land means safe farming as well as larger and better crops. Experiments, conducted over a lengthy period, have shown that on irrigated land forty-four bushels of fine wheat can be grown to the acre against twenty-five bushels on non-irrigated land, and other cereals and crops in like proportion.

As already stated, however, the great dam and its thousands of miles of canals are not built to increase the wheat supply, but to raise fodder for cattle and to develop dairying in its various branches. The fact is, Alberta is rapidly coming to the front as a great stock-raising country. Her grass-fattened "tops" are to-day fetching better prices on the Chicago markets than the steers from the rich corn-belts of the United States. Whereas a few years ago Alberta was an importer of meat and dairy produce, she is now a large exporter of these commodities, and in quality they are "tip-top."

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The undertaking owes its inception to the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which owns some six million acres of the finest virgin land in the prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, which it received as a grant for the construction of its transcontinental line. Some three million acres of this land is in Southern Alberta, a great open prairie plateau lying between the Bow River on the south and the Red Deer River on the north. Its surface is rolling, and its soil, consisting of heavy black loam and a clay subsoil, is excellent.

In order to encourage settlement on this land and, incidentally, provide freight for its line, the Canadian Pacific Railway determined to see what could be done in harnessing the waters so that a regular and plentiful supply could be guaranteed to the farmer. First they carried out an exhaustive survey of the whole region. This occupied several years, an irrigation project demanding surveys and examinations far more complete than those for a railway line. The engineers first traversed the region in all directions, taking measurements and noting the rise and fall of the land. They spent several months upon the ground, virtually dwelling alone in what was then a wilderness so far as any life was concerned.

They now gave their attention to the rivers. First they made a thorough examination of the Deer River, and then the Bow River. They studied their banks, their beds, ascertained their volume, and the discharge at a given point in the dry season and during flood.

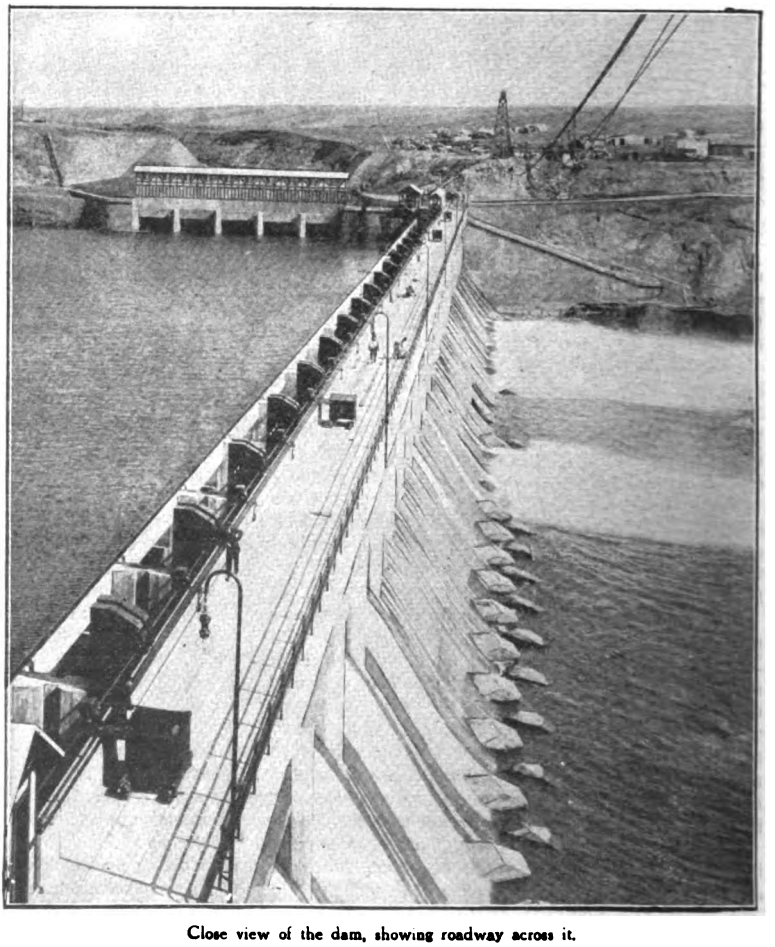
As a result of their surveys it was shown that the block, as the region was termed, naturally divided itself into three sections—the western, eastern, and central—of about one million acres each, and the work of developing them has been carried out in the order named.

In the western section three hundred and seventy thousand acres has been brought under irrigation by diverting the waters of the Bow River at a point just outside the city of Calgary. Here a canal, seventeen miles in length, sixty feet wide at the bottom, and one hundred and twenty feet wide on the water level, carries the precious fluid to a great lake three miles long, half a mile wide, and forty feet deep. It is virtually a natural depression, but has been strengthened by a large earthen dam.

From this reservoir water is carried to the hundreds of farms by one thousand and six hundred miles of secondary canals and ditches. The engineers' real difficulties, however, began when they tackled the eastern section, for it is here where the great dam is situated. It was not a question of merely diverting the waters of the river into another channel, but of first curbing the stream and then raising the level of the river over forty feet, and controlling the flow. This was accomplished by the erection of a great composite dam across what is known as Horseshoe Bend, on the Bow River.

There is no engineering work that demands such careful preliminary investigations as dam-building, particularly when it comes to the storage of a large body of water. For dams do burst with terrible consequences.

The most noteworthy instance was the destruction of the town of Johnstown, in Pennsylvania.



Close view of the dam, showing roadway across it.

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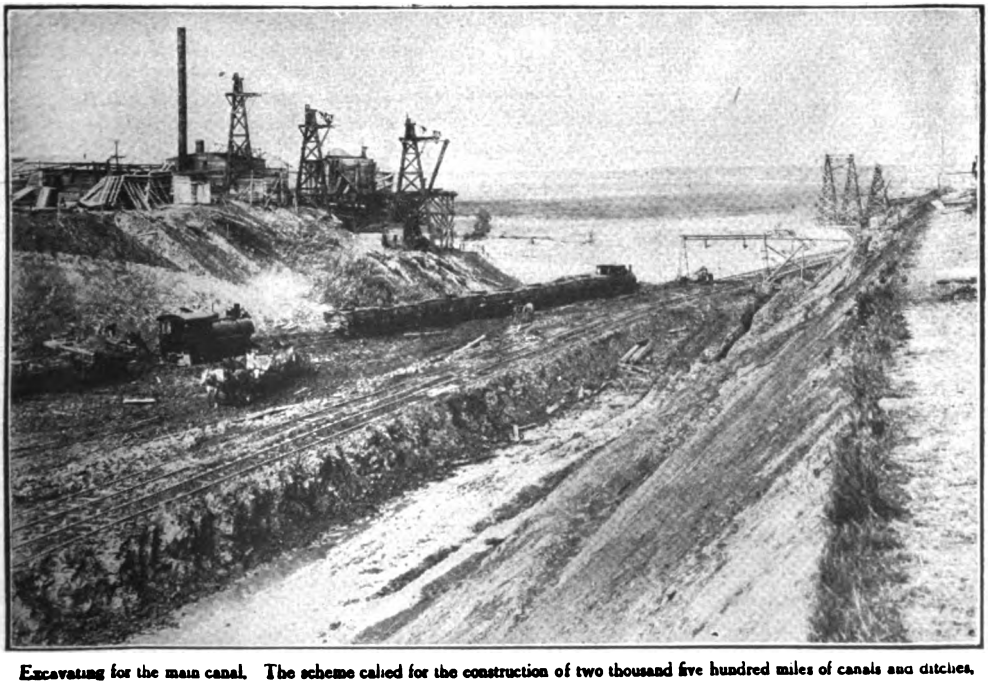
Great trestle railway built across dam site for the conveyance of rubble and stone for its erection.

It was literally swept off the map by the bursting of an earthen dam across the little Conemaugh River under the pressure of tremendous floods. Over two thousand people perished, and property to the value of over two millions sterling was destroyed. Since that date, some twenty-seven years ago, thirty large solid masonry dams and thirty-five large earthen dams have failed, causing, in some cases, large losses of life and the wholesale destruction of property.

The pressure against the face of a large dam is simply tremendous. At one foot from the surface a large body of water, such as that held in check by the great dams of the world, exerts a pressure of sixty-two pounds to the square foot; at ten feet the force would be six hundred and twenty pounds; and at a depth of a hundred feet no less than six thousand two hundred pounds to the square foot.

Accordingly, the earthen embankment, which is some seven thousand feet in length, is of a particularly massive character. At its base it is three hundred and fifty feet thick, and contains about one million cubic



Excavating for the main canal. The scheme called for the construction of two thousand five hundred miles of canals and ditches.

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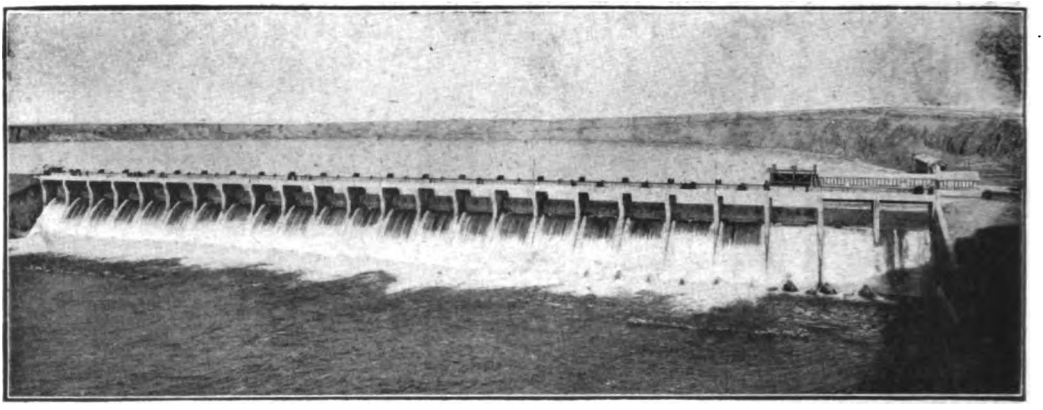

View of dam looking up-stream. By means of this structure the level of the river has been raised forty-six feet, forming an immense lake.

yards of earth, rubble, and stone. This huge quantity of material was brought to the spot from a distant quarry and dumped on the site by means of a double line of rails carried over the river and over the embankment site by means of high trestles. Although of a purely temporary character, the erection of this railway was a clever piece of work. In addition, cableways were built to assist in the work, driven by electric power brought all the way from Calgary through specially-laid cables.

The earthen embankment merges into the concrete structure, which is seven hundred and twenty feet in length, thus making a grand composite dam seven thousand seven hundred and twenty feet in total length. While work was progressing on the earthen embankment an army of engineers was busy on the concrete dam that spans the river.

Securing the foundation for the latter proved very difficult. Not only is the flow rapid, but the river is subjected to sudden floods. It rises in the Rocky Mountains, and sudden storms bursting there often cause a rise of several feet in a matter of hours. In the winter and spring months particularly the men often found themselves working up to their waists and armpits in rushing water, while cranes, machinery, and tools on the stagings had to be lashed to prevent their being washed away in the rushing torrent. After accomplishing this the men had to beat a hasty retreat across the storm-swept stagings to their canvas homes on the bank.

The dam that spans the river is of the spillway or curved type, and it had, of course, to be built in sections. Just above the site a strong wooden temporary staging was built out from the bank into midstream, from which, running horizontally to it, was another staging, which reached down past the dam site, where it joined another staging running out from the bank.

Thus one-half of the river's bed was freed from water. On this now dried bed a heavy flooring of concrete was laid to a depth of several feet. Upon this again were erected at frequent intervals massive buttresses, or pillars, built up of concrete and further strengthened with strong steel reinforcing rods.

As soon as one-half of the dam was in place the stagings were taken down and the water allowed to flow through it by means of the

A homestead on the irrigated land.

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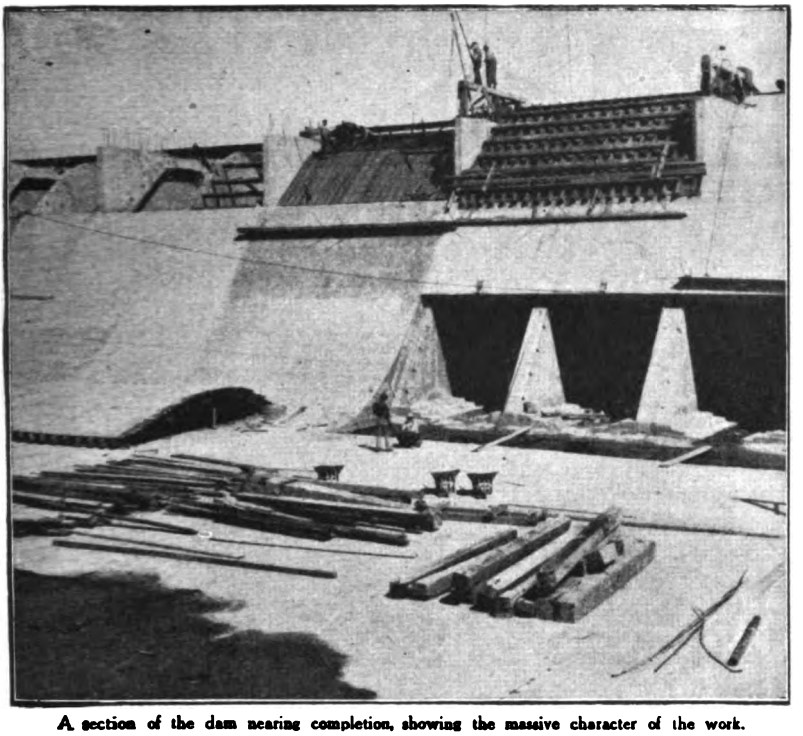


A section of the dam nearing completion, showing the massive character of the work.

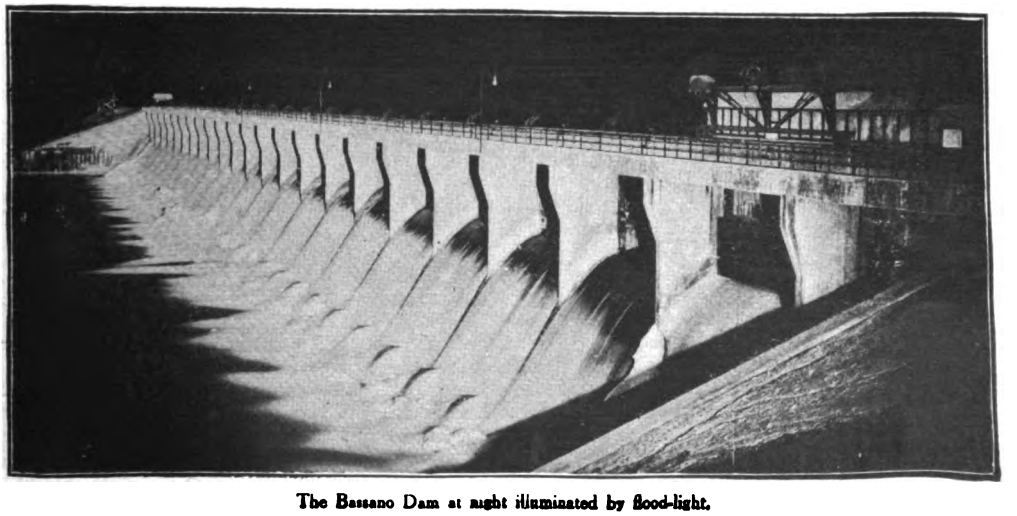
openings. The other half of the river was then enclosed and the remaining section of the dam built, when the structure stood complete.

The dam has a total height of fifty-six feet. Over forty thousand cubic yards of concrete and two million five hundred thousand pounds of reinforced steel were used in its erection. The flow of the stream is controlled by twenty-four sluice-gates, operated by electricity.

The erection of this great composite dam has resulted in the raising of the level of the river forty-six feet and the formation of an immense lake several miles in circumference. The water passes from this lake into the main canal which is situated at right angles to the dam on the north bank. The flow here is governed by head-gates, which allow a discharge of three thousand eight hundred cubic feet per second.

Through this channel the water is conveyed into a pool some five miles distant, formed by the erection of an earthen dam one thousand two hundred and eighty feet long and thirty-five feet high built across a valley. Forty-five miles farther on another artificial reservoir has been created by the erection of a dam two thousand feet in length across another valley.

From these reservoirs the water is fed to the numerous farms and homesteads by means of two thousand five hundred miles of secondary canals and ditches. At one point the water is conveyed a distance of two miles through a large reinforced concrete flume over a series of hills. The erection of the dam occupied an army of men four years, and demanded an expenditure of seventeen million dollars.



The Bassano Dam at night illuminated by flood-light.

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The Zulu Love Medicine

by "CEE-GEE"

Illustrated by F. Gillett, R.I.

The Author of this extraordinary story of Zulu witchcraft, superstition, and brutality.

The Author of the following stirring narrative served for many years in the Natal Mounted Police. His story deals with the murder of an Englishman by a Zulu witch-doctor and his accomplice. It is the belief of these witch-doctors that certain portions of the human body make effective love medicine, and a white settler was foully done to death to provide the prize potion. How the culprits were traced, captured, and made to pay the penalty of their misdeed, this narrative tells. "The story is perfectly true," writes the Author, "and can be verified in the police records."

I.

IT was on October 31st, 1898, at a time when the inhabitants of Harding, a town on the border of Griqualand and Natal, were just opening their eyes and wondering what the new day had in store.

Already the troopers of the Natal Mounted Police were busy grooming their horses, with the usual "hisses" and "whoas" which characterize such work.

They were one big, happy family, and the finest body of men among whom I have ever had the pleasure of numbering myself. The French Foreign Legion had nothing to compare with these boys for daring and chivalry.

"Whoa, there, Dick! What's the matter with you? Don't you see I am only trying to pull this tick out of your mane?

"Say, Harry, I'll be blest if I ever saw anything like these confounded ticks! I'll bet they have sucked a pint of blood out of old Dick.

"Whoa, there!"

The speaker was James Thornton, nicknamed "Slim," a tall, lithe, blond-haired, merry-eyed individual, and very popular with everyone in the force.

"Breakfast is ready," broke in Sergeant Smith, suddenly, "and you fellows had better hurry, for the cook's in a bad humour."

"All right," sang out Slim, "we'll be there in a moment." Like a laughing, rollicking bunch of schoolboys, they streamed toward the mess-house. Harry, arriving last at the stoop, and happening to look toward Sub-Inspector Keating's hut, saw a Kaffir boy rounding at a lope into the open space between the huts.

To see a native come running in to report some trivial affair was not unusual, but there was something in this one's bearing which made Harry look again. The boy looked fagged out, having

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evidently come a long distance, and he was waving his arms as if to attract attention.

"Kay's boy, by gum," says Harry, in an undertone, "who lives at Glenalvon, and that's a good thirty-five miles from here. Something's up, or I'm a Dutchman."

Forgetting all about the inner man, he watched the boy stagger up to Inspector Keating's hut and bang on the door.

It was immediately opened, and out stepped the chief, who, after listening to a few words, pulled the boy into his hut by the shoulders, at the same time calling out to Sergeant Smith. The latter, who was sitting at the head of the mess-table, took a large gulp out of a steaming mug of coffee, and then hastened across the compound to the chief's office. The talk at breakfast was naturally upon the sudden arrival of the native boy and the possibility of something serious being the matter.

The conversation was soon cut short by the sound of running feet and Sergeant Smith's voice shouting: "Hi, there, Slim—hurry and saddle up Dick. Fasten on your carbine holster, and have fifty rounds of ammunition for both revolver and gun.

"Hi, there, umfana (boy)!" This was directed at the black boy checker, who was his servant and waited on him at table. "Saddle up Baldy."

"There you go, Slim," shouted his chum Harry, "getting all the good jobs again!" as Slim bolted a hot pork sausage and nearly choked himself trying to wash it down with coffee. "You always get the chance of putting in the first shot, while I'm left out in the cold, chastising some Kaffir boy for being cheeky to some old settler's wife."

In less than this takes to write, both sergeant and trooper were galloping out of the square, heading for Kay's farm, which was a good thirty-five miles away, and in close proximity to one of the largest Zulu locations in Natal.

Just then a bounding figure of a Zulu came up the incline which led to the police boys' kraal. A magnificent specimen of that fine race: his limbs and body, which had just been rubbed with fat, shone like bronze under the rays of the morning's sun. Taking large bounds and leaps, and yelling the Zulu royal salute "Bayete," flourishing his assegai in one hand and knob-stick in the other, he raced past the group of troopers like a deer. It was Symeana, the champion Zulu long-distance runner, following in the wake of Slim and the sergeant.

Settling their horses down to a fast walk, after covering three miles on the lope, Sergeant Smith informed Slim of the orders given to him by the chief.

"A bad business, Thornton, and one that's got to be handled just so, or we shall have another native rising on our hands.

"Kay's boy informed us that his master was murdered last night, between the hours of eight and twelve. We pumped him all we could, but he was so excited by his long run that we have a lot to find out yet. It seems that his father, the witch-doctor Umtanti, visited Kay about seven last night, and after talking with him, came over to the boy's hut and induced him to go to a beer drink at a neighbouring kraal. The boy did not return until close on twelve.

"Kay's horse was snorting and restless as he came by the barn, so the boy went in and petted him, putting in an extra feed of oats. On leaving the barn he noticed that Kay's light was still burning and the door open. Walking to the side window, he looked in. The bedclothes were scattered over the floor, and blood was smeared over everything. He was so scared at the sight of the blood that he turned round and ran for dear life. He was brought up short by the wire fence which surrounds the house, and, scrambling through this obstacle, he stumbled over Kay's body, which was half-hidden in the shadow of a tree, for the moon was getting low in the heavens. He was sure it was Kay, for the body was half-naked, with a great gash in the throat and stomach. He called to him, and, not receiving an answer, put his hand on Kay's arm to shake him, but found it cold and stiff.

"Then, I imagine by his story, he beat the world's record in getting to the chief to tell him what had happened."

Although murders were frequent, they were confined to the natives or coolies, especially the latter. For a white man to be done to death by a Zulu witch-doctor was a serious matter.

For some time both men rode on in silence. Then Symeana, the Zulu runner, pointing to the sun, which was by this time quite high, advised the sergeant to hurry. A steady trot was maintained, covering ground and leaving the miles behind in a surprising manner.

Symeana ran alongside Dick, with his hand flattened down on the pommel of the saddle. He had run in this way many times previously, and Thornton knew that Dick would give out long before this human dynamo of flesh and blood.

They were now following a Kaffir trail and had to proceed in single file—Symeana taking the lead with long, swinging strides, and chanting some native love-song.

Every now and again they would meet a Kaffir going in the opposite direction, who, on coming abreast of the sergeant's horse, would throw up the right hand above his head and shout "Baba" (father). This was the customary salute to the police and strictly adhered to, as it showed respect for the upholders of law and order.

It was lacking half an hour of noon when they hove in sight of Kay's farm, which he had named "Glenalvon."

Leaving Sergeant Smith, Slim, and Symeana to puzzle out the murder, we will now go back to the police camp at Harding.

Things had certainly been moving since the departure of the two white men and the police boy.

Harry had scarcely finished his growl at seeing his chum depart, when he heard the chief calling his name. On saluting Sub-Inspector Keating, he was asked to take a seat.

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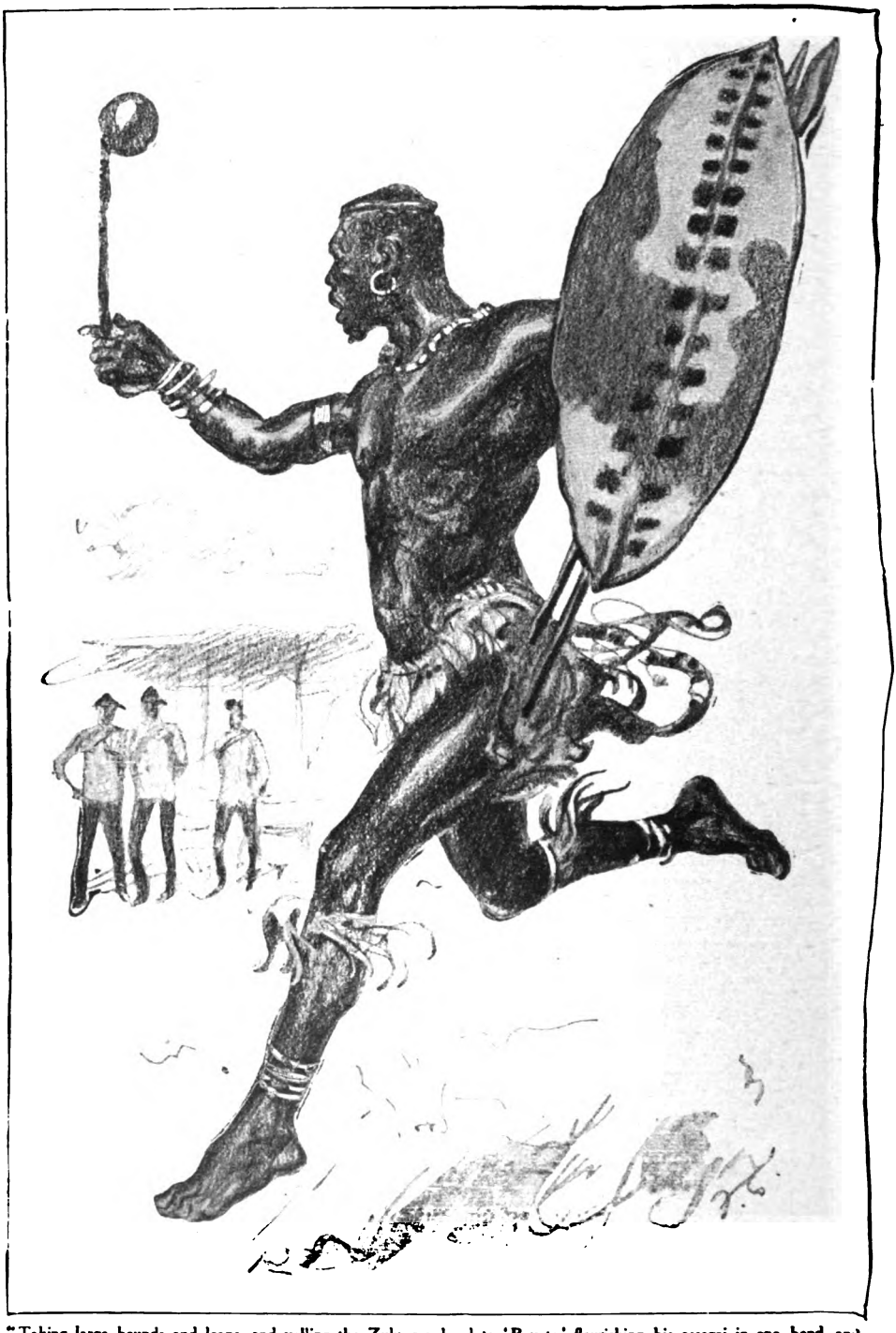

"Taking large bounds and leaps, and yelling the Zulu royal salute 'Bayete,' flourishing his assegai in one hand and knobstick in the other, he raced past the group of troopers like a deer."

"Now, Kingsley," said the chief, seating himself at his writing-table and lighting a cigar, "you are the oldest trooper in seniority I have here except Thornton, and I am giving you charge of six men. These orders I expect you to carry out to the letter. I will read them to you so that you will perfectly understand.

"Upon receipt of these orders, make six men

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immediately saddle up; each man to carry one hundred rounds of ammunition, fifty for revolver and fifty for carbine; one roll of blankets for each man and two spare rolls for the sergeant and Thornton. Proceed with Dr. Bland to Kay's farm. On arriving at the farm you will dismount and await the arrival of Sergeant Smith. In the meantime do all you can to help the doctor.

"Take four police boys along with you. If Sergeant Smith has not returned to the farm by 6 p.m. to-night, send one of the police boys back to me with a written report. I will expect him before midnight. Also, send two boys to the location to see if they can find out anything of the whereabouts of Sergeant Smith and Thornton. If these two boys do not return by 10 p.m., send the remaining boys to me with another report. I will expect them by six o'clock Tuesday morning. These last orders to be cancelled if Sergeant Smith turns up before 6p.m. Now, you thoroughly understand, Kingsley?"

"Yes, sir," answered Harry.

"Another thing I want you to bear in mind: don't have any trouble with the natives unless absolutely unavoidable."

"Very good, sir."

"You will find all the feed you want for the horses at Kay's, and you can get the cook to put up ten lunches. Have a spare horse saddled and take him down to Dr. Bland's house. Return with him here. Present this letter to him," handing Harry a long blue envelope.

"Now, Kingsley, I am relying on your discretion in carrying out these orders. Here, have a cigar, and good luck to you."

"Thank you, sir, for your confidence," said Harry, as he saluted and left the hut, with his orders safely tucked away in his tunic.

Harry found the other boys gathered round the mess-table, all trying to talk at once.

"I want six men," spoke up Harry, after the noise had subsided. "Every man write his name on a slip of paper and throw it in my forage cap," placing his cap on the table. "The first six men will proceed to saddle up, giving them the necessary equipment to be carried. The seventh man drawn will saddle up his horse and have it ready for me to take down to Dr. Bland."

While the boys were writing and preparing their slips, he ordered the ten lunches from the cook. When he returned, everything was in readiness for the drawing.

"I want six men and true," sang Harry, as he pulled out each slip, Jerry Owen opening them and calling the names. The third drawn was himself. "Jerry Owen! Late private in the 17th Lancers," he bawled out.

"Here, sir!" he yelled, in mock answer, then bolted for the door, singing out: "You guys that are going to look after the chickens can open the rest."

It did not take long for everything to be in readiness and Harry well on his way to Dr. Bland's residence.

The chief had inspected the patrol by the time Harry had returned with the doctor.

A cheery "Good morning" from the chief and a hurried consultation with the doctor, and off they clattered, the doctor bringing up the rear, smoking one of the chief's cigars and sitting his horse like a rider who had been brought up in the saddle.

At the farm, Sergeant Smith and his party quickly located Kay's body.

"Muti" (medicine) "Boss," said Symeana, pointing to Kay's throat. "Muti-Ka-Intombi" (the love-medicine).

"If that's the case, we sha'n't have much trouble to find who engineered this affair," said Sergeant Smith. "Well, come on, Slim; horses first, then work, for I've to make a report of the minutest detail around here before we can go any farther."

Everything being done in the way of making the horses comfortable, they proceeded to work.

"Thornton, you being the best sketcher, sit over by that tree," pointing to a tree not far from the body of Kay. "The jury like to see everything as well as hear. Symeana, you hunt round outside the fence, and see what you think of the footprints; look well to the Kaffir trails leading to the location."

For the next half hour Sergeant Smith was a very busy man.

"Say, Sergeant," sang out Slim, who had just finished a very creditable picture of the surroundings, "let's chew; I'm as hungry as a bear."

"All right," replied the sergeant. "The doctor will be here soon, and we'll leave the body just as we found it."

A whistle from Slim brought Symeana in a hurry from a short distance down one of the trails leading to the location.

The three men then invaded Kay's kitchen and found all the necessities for a good meal.

After eating as only hungry men can, they both sat back in their chairs and enjoyed a good smoke.

"Let's have a look at that sketch, Thornton," said the Sergeant.

Slim passed him the drawing for inspection.

"Real good, Slim; gives the jury more idea in a minute by studying this than you could talk into their heads in four hours."

"Now, Sergeant," said Slim. "Let's see your hand!"

"Well, Thornton, I never like to jump at conclusions, but from what I have seen, I should say there must have been quite a little party here last night. No one man did this job—four or five at the least."

"And the motive, Sergeant?" said Slim.

"I'm inclined to believe that Symeana struck the right nail on the head," said Smith, "when he said 'Muti.' I found Kay's safe on the ground near the door with the money still in it. and the keys lying alongside. Somebody had evidently tried to open it, as some of the keys were bent, but then, if robbery was the real motive, they would have carried it away and opened it at their leisure."

"What kind of a medicine do they make out of a white man?" broke in Slim.

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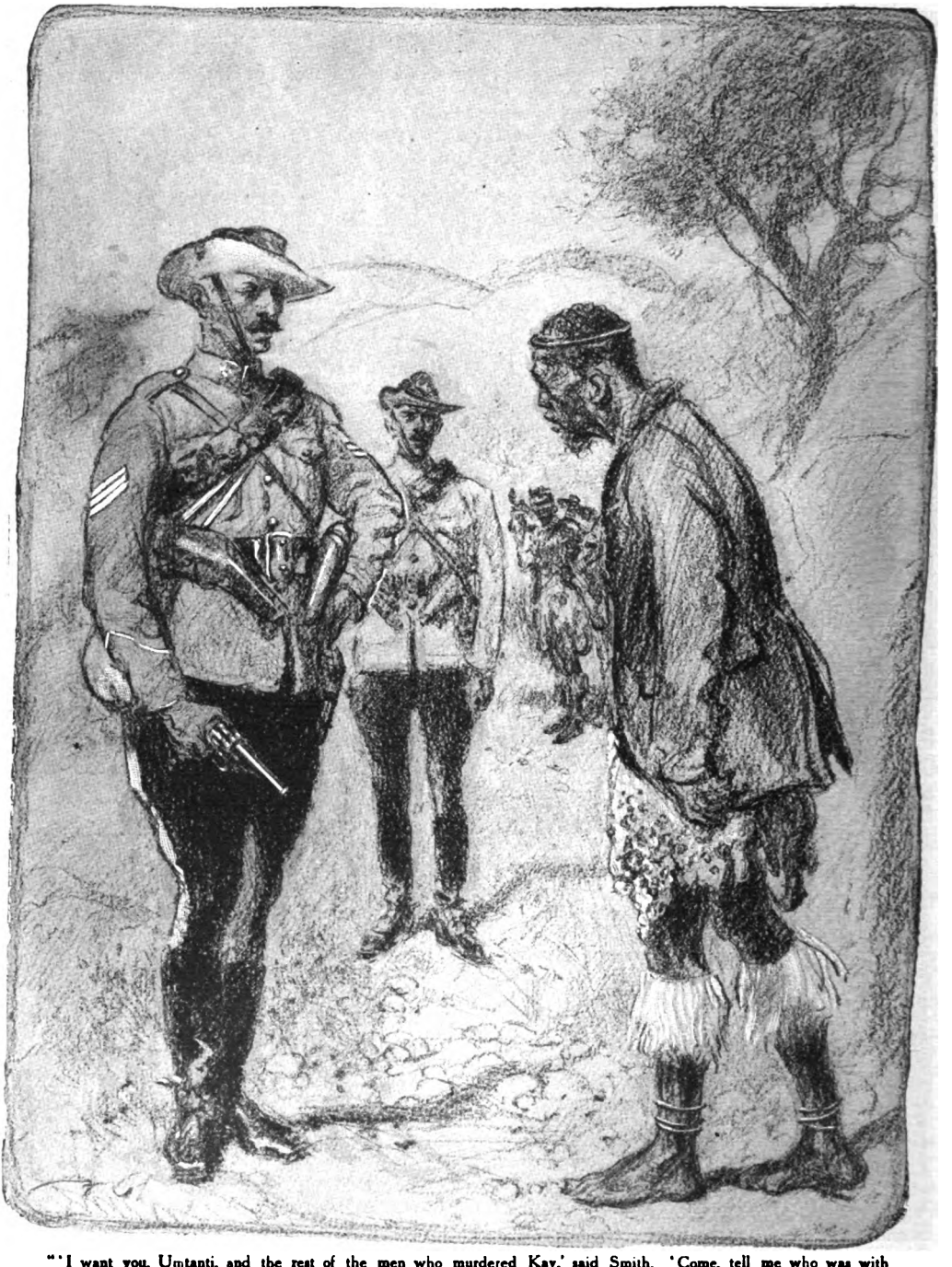

"'I want you, Umtanti, and the rest of the men who murdered Kay,' said Smith. 'Come, tell me who was with you last night?'"

"You'll have noticed, Thornton," he answered, "that the only part of Kay's body which is missing is the gullet."

Turning to Symeana, who had just entered the door, he began to talk to him in Zulu, at the same time pointing to his throat.

"You see, Thornton," said the sergeant, after he had finished talking with Symeana, "it's an old belief that the medicine made from the gullet of a white man, and the same from a Zulu, when administered to a young girl, makes her love the person who gives it even if she

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wishes otherwise. Symeana tells me that this medicine is called 'Muti-Ka-Intombi,' and is so rare nowadays that it brings a large price to the witch-doctor. Kay must have been asleep," went on the sergeant, "else there would have been a lot of dead Zulus lying around. His gun, I see, is still hanging on the wall above the bed, and all ready for action.

"But enough of surmises, Slim—let's saddle up and be going. I'll write a note and pin it on the door for Harry and the other boys when they come."

Again in the saddle, Sergeant Smith called Symeana and said, pointing in a westerly direction, "Amba-lappa-Umtanti's kraal, Symeana" (proceed to Umtanti's kraal).

Symeana started off in his usual swinging strides, taking the Kaffir trail from which he had appeared on being summoned to lunch.

An hour later the three men were abreast of the kraal. Dismounting, and giving their horses to the care of Symeana, the sergeant and Slim, revolver in hand, walked to the opening in the hut.

A large mongrel dog, lying basking in the sun, rose to its feet, baring its teeth, the hair on the ridge of its back standing straight up.

A swift kick in the ribs from the boot of Slim sent the brute yelping and howling to the rear of the kraal, with its tail between its legs.

The sergeant now called upon Umtanti to come out.

There was movement inside, and presently Umtanti appeared—stooping to let his body pass through the opening. On straightening up it was noticed he did not give the customary salute.

For this Sergeant Smith pulled him up, and he gave the native greeting in a sulky way.

Umtanti was not by any means a prepossessing figure of a Zulu, being short, and stooping slightly. His age might have been anywhere from fifty to ninety; his face was one mass of wrinkles, and his teeth were missing in many places. He wore a European coat, and a skin of some animal girded around his loins. His small gimlet eyes were winking and blinking, on account, probably, of coming into the light from the darkness of the kraal. They never rested for one moment on one thing.

He asked the sergeant what the police wanted of him, at the same time finally resting his eyes on the revolver.

"I want you, Umtanti, and the rest of the men who murdered Kay," said Smith. "Come, tell me, who was with you last night?"

Here Umtanti flatly denied knowing anything about Kay, except that he had spoken to him early in the evening when he went to visit his son at Glenalvon.

"Who else was in the hut?" asked the sergeant, to which he answered "Sibelweni."

Smith then shouted for Sibelweni to come out.

Then appeared a very good double of Umtanti, only slightly taller, younger, and heavier set. He, too, failed to salute.

"Put the bracelets on them, Slim, and bring them over to that tree," said the sergeant, pointing to a fair-sized tree, standing about four yards to the left.

Slim now dropped his revolver back into the holster, and unfastening his handcuffs, which he carried under his tunic, proceeded to cuff the two together.

They were not at all hostile while this was done, being directly in front of the business end of Sergeant Smith's revolver.

Slim then led them over to the tree, and stood them back to back with the tree-trunk between.

Sergeant Smith now holstered his gun, and, taking his handcuffs, snapped them over the free wrists of the two men, thereby making a circle, with the tree-trunk as the centre.

"Now, Slim," said Sergeant Smith, after eyeing his prisoners to see that everything was satisfactory, "we'll search the kraal and see if we can find some evidence."

They both disappeared inside the hut—the sergeant to reappear in a few minutes with a stabbing assegai in his hand, the blade of which he inspected closely.

While doing this, Slim came bounding out with a deer-skin wallet, which, on being opened, exposed to view a ghastly conglomeration of flesh and congealed blood.

"Look, Sergeant, look—Kay's blood and flesh, by all that's holy!"

Neither of the men spoke for some minutes, as they knelt and looked at the contents of the wallet.

"I don't see the gullet, though," said Sergeant Smith. "Look round, Slim, and see if you can locate it inside the hut, while I take a rubber round the back of the kraal."

On resuming the search inside the hut, Thornton was startled by an exclamation from Sergeant Smith, which brought him hurriedly to the latter's side.

Looking towards the spot to which Smith was pointing, his eyes encountered the missing gullet, hanging on a thong of bullock hide, stretched between two trees, so placed as to get the benefit of the sun for the longest period during the day.

"The nerve of the beast," said Slim. "This is evidence enough to hang him before any jury."

After cutting this conclusive evidence down, the two men retraced their steps to the wallet, which the sergeant tied securely, and then, taking his handkerchief, wrapped it round the gullet.

"Nice piece of evidence, Thornton," said Sergeant Smith, "and finishes my day's work as far as Umtanti is concerned. We will now go back to Kay's with the prisoners and hold a council of war."

They were soon on their journey with the two prisoners, Slim taking the lead, then the prisoners with Symeana close behind them and the sergeant bringing up the rear.

It was 5 p.m. before they came in sight of Glenalvon, when Thornton, placing his fingers in his mouth, blew a long shrill whistle. This was immediately answered by a like sound from the location of the house, followed by Harry and three of the boys running down the trail to meet them.

After supper that evening Sergeant Smith

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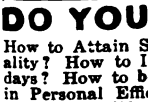

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ordered Harry and four of the troopers to saddle up and escort the prisoners to Harding. They also conveyed Kay's body with them.

"Leave Jerry and Danby along with me," said the Sergeant; "I shall need them in the morning. Give the chief this report," handing Harry three written sheets which he tore from his notebook. "Have a bundle made of Kay's bedding and put it in the Cape-cart along with the safe. By the way, here are the keys, and tell the chief I have not opened it. You can send one of the boys on ahead to let him know you are coming. You ought to reach Harding by midnight, as I know the chief will be anxious to get news."

After watching the returning patrol till they were out of sight, Sergeant Smith called Symeana to him.

"Go to the kraal where Kay's boy was on the night of the murder. Find out and get the names of all the natives who participated in the beer drink, and report to me in the morning."

Shortly after sunrise the Zulu runner returned and made his report to the sergeant. The latter then ordered his men to saddle up, and half an hour later they headed for the location, Symeana taking the lead. At 9 a.m. they came to three kraals, perched on top of a high hill. The sergeant rode up to the centre kraal and called for Gomfi to come out. Several natives had by this time gathered round from the other two kraals.

Gomfi appeared presently, dressed in a European coat and a short pair of pants reaching to his knees. He saluted the sergeant in the usual native fashion.

On being questioned closely as to his movements on the previous Saturday evening, he answered that he had gone to Mr. Barnes's about 5 p.m., and that he had returned about 9 p.m.

"What took you to Mr. Barnes?" was the next question.

"Oh, I wanted to see Mr. Barnes about procuring work."

"When did you see Umtanti and Sibelweni last?"

He hesitated over this question, and then said he did not remember.

"Who was with you on Saturday evening?"

"I went alone."

The rest of the occupants of the kraals had by this time drawn closer to hear what was being said. One of these now spoke up and said:—

"You tell an untruth, Gomfi, for I saw you and Umbonwa together on the ridge abo sundown."

To this challenge Gomfi did not answer.

The next question completely stagge Gomfi.

"Did you carry an assegai when you went see Mr. Barnes?"

He remained silent and would not answer.

"Yes, he had an assegai," said one of the m

"Show me your assegai," said Sergea Smith, at the same time dismounting.

Not getting any response to his order, Smi told Symeana to go into the hut and bring o the assegai and take one of the men prese with him.

After a few minutes Symeana came out of t hut and reported he could not find the assegai.

The sergeant now turned to Slim and to him to handcuff Gomfi. "Place these oth two men under arrest as well, but don't handc them." Then turning to Jerry and Danby, ordered them to take the three men back Kay's and wait for him there.

Speed was one of Sergeant Smith's assets.

Inspector Keating was overheard to say th once Sergeant Smith had investigated a murd and come to a conclusion, he was the fastest man to work and run down a clue he had ever seen.

In less than thirty minutes after placing Gomfi under arrest they had Umbonwa and another native handcuffed and on their way to Chief Amshewashwe's kraal, which was reached by 11 a.m.

It was situated near the centre of the location and consisted of eight or more huts. These denoted the number of his wives.

As Sergeant Smith and Chief Amshewashwe were very friendly it did not take long to put the facts before him, and secure his promise of help in every way.

It was 12.30 p.m. when Slim and the sergeant arrived at Kay's farm, with Symeana hastening the reluctant Umbonwa and other natives with sundry prods from the haft of assegai.

"Give the horses an hour's rest, Slim, then we'll track for Harding."

The sun had disappeared an hour when four mounted men and Symeana handed prisoners over to Mr. W. E. Nelkins, the at Harding, and Sergeant Smith, on rece the receipt, heaved a deep sigh of relief.

(*To be concluded.*)

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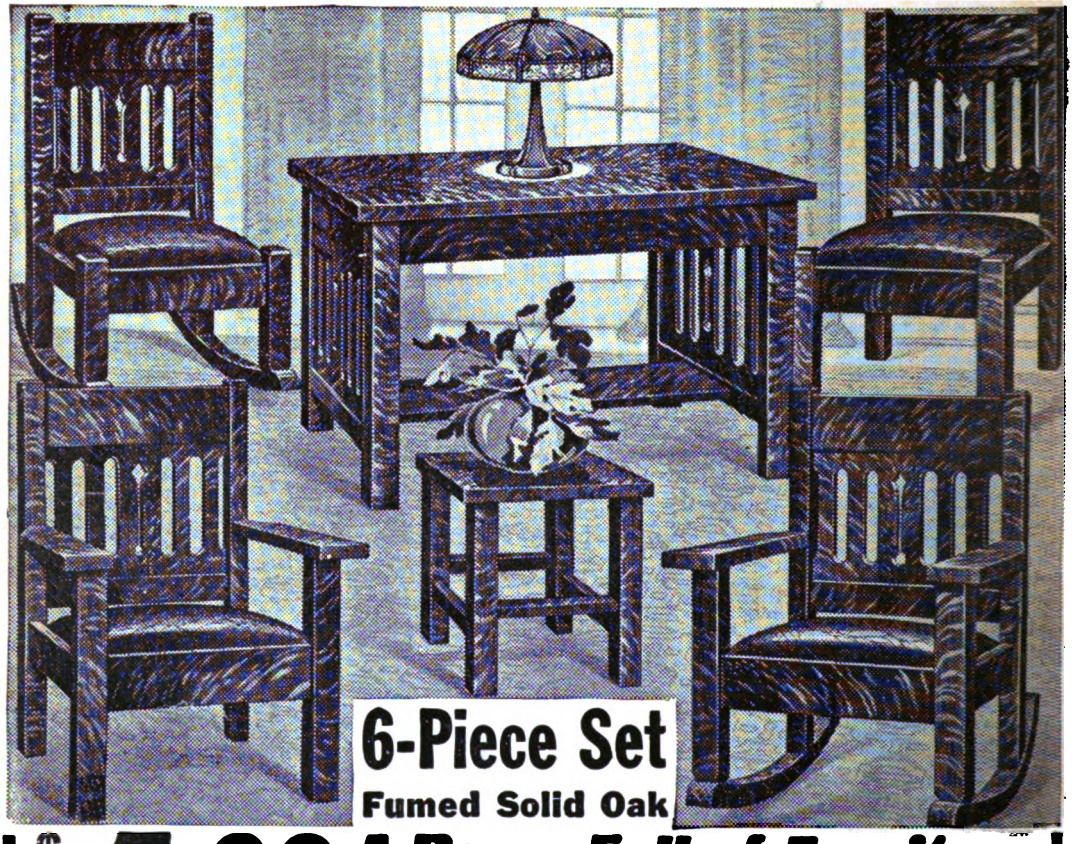

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Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed.** *9*

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus *2* will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus *3* and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m,* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke ——

Therefore, —*o* would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus — and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have *d* (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

The longhand letter *n* which has 5 strokes, is written in Paragon with **one** stroke, thus— (same as the letter **M,** but shorter).

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(SEE PAGE 358.)

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The Bullet-Proof Scotchman.

An Adventure in the Pampas of Uruguay.

By JOHN POWNING.

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY L. WOOD.

Mr. John Mundell, the "Bullet-proof Scotchman," as he was called by the gauchos of the Uruguay plains, died a few years ago at Paysandu, where he had taken up his residence, and where his descendants still live. The following adventure explains how Mr. Mundell came to earn his reputation of being "Prueba de bolas," or bullet-proof.

FOR those of my readers who may be acquainted with the fenced-in lands, the comfortable houses, and the well-ordered life of the prairies of Uruguay, it needs a considerable amount of imagination to picture this same country as it was half a century ago. Uruguay was then a prey to almost continual revolution; now it is fast settling down into a well-ordered and well-administrated State. Now the roads are secure, but in those days the traveller as often as not carried his life in his hands. The exciting times when broncho-busters and cattle-thieves were the terror of the "estancia" owner are fast passing away.

It is true that the "gaucho," or cowboy of the Uruguayan prairies, is of very fierce and unpromising appearance, and his forbidding aspect is increased by the wide sombrero, the riding-boots, and the heavy cattle-whip without which he is rarely seen; but in reality he is, far more often than not, a very inoffensive person. In fact, the prairies of Uruguay are nowadays much less dangerous than many deserted corners of Europe in which I have travelled.

This was far from being the case in the "'sixties" and "'seventies" of the nineteenth century, when crime and lawlessness were rife, so true is it that long periods of warfare and revolutionary troubles begat a great increase in criminality.

There recently died in Paysandu an old Scotchman who for a great many years had been one of the most prosperous landowners, cattle-breeders, and sheep-farmers in the district. His name was John Mundell, and he came from Argyllshire. He had bought a cattle ranch some sixty miles from Paysandu, and had thrived so well that in a period of ten years he had amassed a considerable fortune, represented, for the most part, in cattle and land.

At the time of the events I am about to relate, Mundell owned some thirty-five thousand acres of land, on which he possessed twelve thousand head of cattle. Indeed, the Mundell "estancia," though it has long since passed into other hands, is still renowned for its pedigree cattle imported from Scotland by the late owner.

It seems that his success in ranching had not been attained without incurring the bitter jealousy and hatred of one of his neighbours, a native of the country, who, as his descendants are still living, we will call Señor Comas, which, I may say at once, is a fictitious name. Comas was much more absorbed in politics than in the management of his estate, and he was frequently absent from it. Moreover, he led a wild and debauched life.

The result of all this was that he got heavily into debt, especially to his more thrifty neighbour, Mundell. Eventually Comas was obliged to sell his estate to pay his creditors, and the person who bought it at the sale was John Mundell.

As a consequence Comas appears to have conceived a bitter hatred of the Scotchman. He swore to be revenged for an act which, though a perfectly legitimate and honourable business transaction, he described as the filching of his patrimony by a foreigner.

Comas became a prominent leader of the political party, the "Colorados," which was then in rebellion against the faction in power at Montevideo, the "Blancos." A regular "cut-throat" warfare was being carried on throughout the "Banda Oriental," as Uruguay was then called, between the partisans of the two factions.

Comas had sworn that when his party got into power he would make short work of John Mundell. Meanwhile he used his influence with the rebels to cause the Scotchman as much trouble as he could. So frequent were the cattle raids on his estate by parties of "Colorados" to commandeer or requisition—in other words, to plunder—the animals for the commissariat of the rebel army then assembling for an advance on Montevideo, that Mr. Mundell suffered heavy loss. He therefore armed and trained all his "peons," or ranchmen, and taking command of them himself he lay in wait for the next raiding party and drove them off after a sharp engagement, in which he killed three of their number.

More raids were made, but the raiders found Mundell so well prepared as to deter them from further acts of the kind, so far as his estate was concerned. As a result, he became a marked man, and when the "Colorados" overthrew the

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" Blancos " a few months later, and established a new President at Montevideo, one of the first acts of the new administration, of which Comas was a prominent member, was to hire four assassins to murder him. Each of the assassins was to receive five hundred dollars on the head of John Mundell being privately delivered at the palace of the President.

The plan was first to kill him, and then to accuse him of fomenting trouble by assisting the "Blancos," "the enemies of the democracy." As Mundell would, it was calculated, no longer be alive to defend his cause, the confiscation of his estate would follow in due course, and would then, a little later on, when the affair had blown over, be handed over to Comas "for the eminent services he had rendered the Republic." Such were the morals of South American politics in the old days.

The four hired scoundrels were instructed to wait for Mundell at Paysandu, where the Scotchman went periodically to market his cattle and to make purchases for his estate. The fellows put up at the "posada" where Mundell was in the habit of staying, and when, a few days later, he arrived on horseback, accompanied by a half-caste lad named Antonio, they kept a careful watch on his every movement. They noticed with the utmost satisfaction that he received a considerable sum of money for cattle he had sold on a previous occasion. He banked a portion of this money, but kept in his possession some two thousand dollars in paper money. Here, then, was a fine haul for the assassins, which they expected to pocket, over and above the reward promised to them in Montevideo.

After staying in Paysandu for two days, Mr. Mundell, accompanied by the lad Antonio, set out on horseback for the return journey to his "estancia," or estate. The four assassins followed him at a considerable distance behind, intending to wait until they reached a deserted part of the road to set upon the Scotchman. After journeying for three hours, and being then about twenty miles out from Paysandu, Mr. Mundell had got off his horse for a moment, and was lighting a cigar, when he heard the galloping of horses coming up behind him. He had just got back into the stirrups when the four rascals came galloping up to him. He did not like their appearance, nevertheless he saluted them after the custom of the country, which they returned.

"Are you not Señor Mundell?" they asked.

"That is my name, caballeros."

"Whither are you journeying, señor?" asked the man who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"I am returning to my estancia."

"That you cannot be allowed to do, for we hold a warrant for your arrest, señor, and you must accompany us back to Paysandu at once."

"Why do you hold a warrant for my arrest? On what charge? By whom is it issued?"

"You are charged with plotting against the security of the Republic. The warrant is issued by the Minister of Justice, and we have been sent to bring you back to Paysandu, where the warrant will be read to you by the 'Jefe Politico' (Chief of Police), who holds it."

"All this is very strange, caballeros, for I saw the 'Jefe Politico' only this morning, and he said nothing whatever about the matter to me."

"Well, we must take you back, señor. You can explain matters with the 'Jefe' in Paysandu."

"Very well," said Mundell, "I will go back with you, but we must proceed slowly, for my horse will soon be tired."

After consulting together for a moment, the spokesman of the bandits turned to Mundell and said:—

"Señor, have you any firearms on your person? If so, I must ask you to deliver them up to us."

Now, I have said the Scotchman did not like the appearance of these "policemen," and his suspicions were at once aroused by this question. He began to suspect they were hirelings sent by his late neighbour, Comas, for the purpose of getting him into trouble, and he resolved to be on his guard.

"Certainly I have firearms. Who would travel without them in these troubled times?" answered Mr. Mundell. "But I refuse to hand over my weapons to you. I shall keep them until I see the Chief of Police at Paysandu, for I consider this some trumped-up, preposterous charge."

"Oh! As it pleases you, señor," replied the bandit who had spoken before. "We shall take care you do not get away from us. If you try to escape, we shall be obliged to fire upon you."

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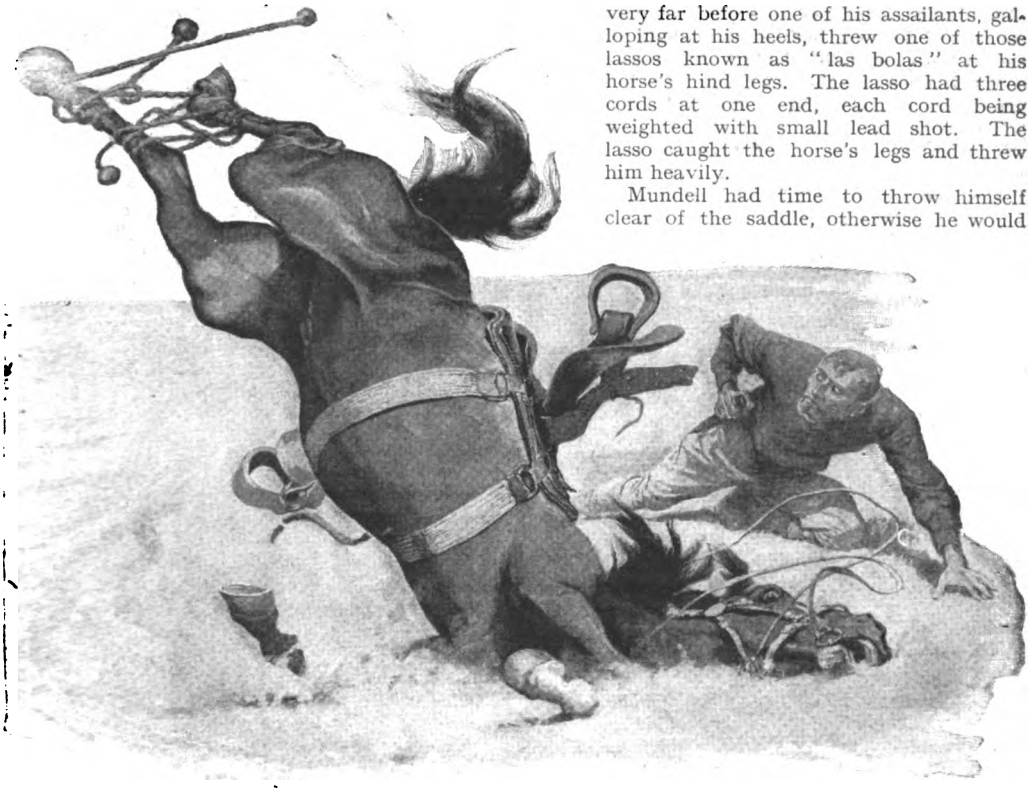

"The lasso caught the horse's legs and threw him heavily."

Mundell glanced at the equipment of the four men who sat on their horses in front of him, and saw that two of them were armed with long lances or spears, whilst all four carried old-fashioned blunderbusses that might have come out of the Tower of London. They also wore their sheathed knives and carried lassos. Mundell himself carried a six-chambered American Army pattern revolver, but, as it afterwards turned out, this weapon had been tampered with, no doubt at the "posada," where it had been left in the saddle-bag.

Trotting along on the return journey, Mundell noticed that whilst two of the men rode on either side of him, at a little distance away, the two others fell back behind, on either side of his servant, Antonio.

Presently the two men abreast of him began to draw in closer. Happening to turn his head to see what the others were doing in the rear, he saw the fellow riding on the left suddenly rein up his horse. The next moment he discharged his blunderbuss right at Mundell's side. The small shot constituting the charge burned his clothing and charred his flesh, but otherwise did him no serious harm.

Without a moment's hesitation, Mundell set spurs to his horse and galloped off for his life, followed by Antonio. The lad got clean away, followed by two of the rascals anxious to kill him, on the principle that dead men tell no tales.

Unfortunately for Mundell, he had not gone very far before one of his assailants, galloping at his heels, threw one of those lassos known as "las bolas" at his horse's hind legs. The lasso had three cords at one end, each cord being weighted with small lead shot. The lasso caught the horse's legs and threw him heavily.

Mundell had time to throw himself clear of the saddle, otherwise he would probably have fallen to the ground with a broken leg pinned under the horse. He immediately drew his camp-knife to cut the lasso from the horse's hind hoofs, but before he could do so two of the assassins were upon him. One of them charged him with his lance, the point of the lance entering the ball of his hip-joint, just as he succeeded in grasping it and wrenching it from his assailant. The lance snapped in two, leaving the spear-end and about three feet of the pole of the lance in his hands. At the same moment the second lance-bearer bore down upon him from the opposite side, endeavouring to transfix him.

The Scotchman drew his revolver and fired blindly, but with no effect, for although the hammer fell on the percussion-caps of the cartridges, these caps missed fire. One or other of the rascals had evidently got at his saddle-bag in the stable of the "posada" at Paysandu, and had tampered with the caps. Just then the other two bandits, having failed to capture the lad Antonio, galloped up to join their mates and take part in the assault on Mundell.

For a moment, but only for a moment, the Scotchman lost his presence of mind. Here he was on foot, with nothing but a useless revolver and the broken end of a lance to defend himself against four armed and mounted desperadoes. It is true that he had a case of revolver cartridges in his saddle-bag, but this was lying under his

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fallen horse, for the animal lay entangled in the lasso, and its plungings and kickings had only made matters worse.

One of the miscreants threw his lasso at Mundell, who warded it off with the spear-end, but in doing so was obliged to step back from his horse. Another lasso was thrown at him from another direction, and this too he succeeded in warding off. A third lasso caught his arm, but with a rapid movement he grasped the rope violently, and gave it such a wrench as to unhorse the thrower, though the effort was such as to throw him on his back. He quickly scrambled to his feet, however, and saw that the other three had dismounted and were tending their fallen comrade, who had sprained his arm in the fall.

"Let him be for the moment," said one of the desperadoes; "he cannot get away from us. We shall have him in good time."

Whilst carefully watching their every movement, Mundell backed to a large boulder which lay by the track and sat down, for his exertions had tired him out. The four bandits now took their knives and proceeded to strip his horse of its silver trappings.

Then one of the fellows came up to within ten feet of where Mundell had sat for a few moments and pointed his blunderbuss at the unfortunate man's head.

One of his companions, however, hastily drew the fellow back. "Do not fire at his head. How are we going to have the head recognized if you go and blow his head to pieces? Fire lower down."

The rascal immediately discharged his ancient weapon at the Scotchman's legs, but, happily, the shot scattered almost as soon as it left the barrel, so that, beyond being marked about the knees with some of the small shot, Mundell suffered little damage.

Like all the "gauchos" of the Uruguay "camp," these miscreants were very superstitious, and having twice fired at their victim without fetching him down, they began to think he must be bullet-proof.

"Perhaps he is 'prueba de bolas,'" exclaimed one of the rascals. "In that case we must finish him off with our spears, or throw him down and dispatch him with our knives."

During the respite given to him by the incident of the fallen horseman, Mundell had had time to pull out his own camp-knife, and he firmly resolved that, rather than fall into the hands of these "gauchos" and suffer an ignominious death at their hands, he would, as a last resource, plunge the knife into his own heart.

The three rascals—for the fourth was suffering too much from his arm to take an active part in the assault—mounted their horses again and made a further set at Mundell with their spears, riding round and round him, so as to try to catch him in the rear.

It was a broiling hot day, and although Mundell was covered with perspiration from the heat and the excitement, he succeeded in keeping these fellows—cravens at heart—at bay for twenty minutes. He parried their thrusts with his spear-end, or jumped nimbly out of the way. He was, however, beginning to feel thoroughly exhausted, and knew that he could not keep up the fight much longer.

Just as he was beginning to despair he heard the sound of galloping horses. His assailants heard it too, for they suddenly left him alone and made off as fast as their horses could carry them.

A minute later an armed posse of natives, guided by the half-caste lad Antonio, rode up to the spot. They consisted of the "peons" and foreman of a ranch a few miles away. They had heard the sound of firing when Antonio rode up and explained its cause.

Mr. Mundell was taken to the ranch, where he received hospitable treatment, but was so exhausted that he had to lie up for three or four days.

A report of the assault appeared in the Paysandu newspapers, and the "Jefe Politico" immediately contradicted the statement that he held any warrant for Mr. Mundell's arrest, but it is significant that no attempt was made to capture the would-be murderers.

The newspapers stated that, although a large number of small shot had been fired at close range by the assassins, not one of the shot had struck Mr. Mundell, and thus the report got about that he was bullet-proof.

A month after his return to his own ranch a night attack was made on his house, but he was on his guard, and defended himself with such vigour that four of the assailants were killed and one badly wounded. The wounded man was captured, and, being in fear of his life, confessed that the men had been recruited for the attack on Mr. Mundell's property by the "Secret Political Police" of Montevideo, an organization entirely in the hands of the politicians in office.

Mr. Mundell, however, showed such little fear of those who were seeking his life that he often slept out on the "camp," viz., the prairies—when engaged in cattle branding—for several nights at a time, but on these occasions he was always well armed, and accompanied by two or three trusty followers.

Some months later, despite the earnest advice of his friends and neighbours, he resolved to beard his enemies in their own den, and went up to Montevideo to claim the protection of the British Consul there. He put up at a prominent hotel, and walked about the streets armed with two six-chambered revolvers, fully resolved—as he said himself—to kill any person who might try to attack him. The notoriety given to his case, however, and his determined attitude, probably caused the politicians who had ordered his murder to reflect. They considered it advisable to be prudent, for nothing further happened to him whilst in Montevideo. He went back to his estate and lived practically unmolested for the following three years, when the "Colorados" party was driven from power by another revolution, and Comas, his unscrupulous neighbour, was shot by a drumhead court-martial.

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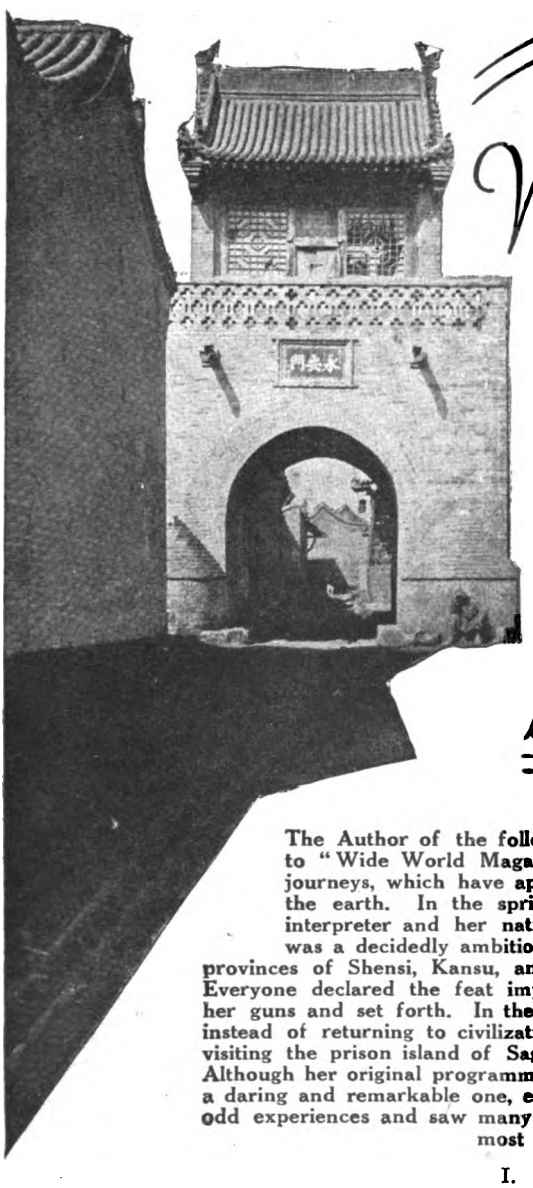

A Woman's Travels in Unknown Asia

by MARY GAUNT

The Author of the following striking articles needs no introduction to "Wide World Magazine" readers. Many will recall her daring journeys, which have appeared in our pages, in the odd corners of the earth. In the spring of 1914 she set out—alone save for an interpreter and her native attendants—to cross Asia. Her scheme was a decidedly ambitious one and led through the great Chinese provinces of Shensi, Kansu, and Sinkiang to Andijan in Asiatic Russia. Everyone declared the feat impossible, but Mrs. Gaunt pluckily stuck to her guns and set forth. In the end she was turned back by robbers, but instead of returning to civilization branched off into the wilds of Siberia, visiting the prison island of Saghalien and sailing up and down the Amur. Although her original programme was not kept, her journey was nevertheless a daring and remarkable one, especially for a woman. She met with many odd experiences and saw many strange sights, which are here described in most entertaining fashion.

I.

IT was in the spring of 1914 that I set out from the American mission station at Pao Ting Fu, with the intention of following the caravan route across Shensi and Kansu and Sinkiang to Andijan in Asiatic Russia, the terminus of the Caspian Railway. Thousands go slowly along that route every year, but the majority do not go all the way, and they do not belong to the class of nation whose comings and goings are recorded. In fact, you may count on the fingers of one hand the people who know anything of that road. All the missionaries declared the feat impossible. I even wrote to an influential man in Peking, who had been in China ten years, who spoke the language well, and he was against it. The lady missionaries were particularly emphatic. "If I wanted to die," said one, "I would choose some easier way."

I recognized, of course, that these men and women knew something about the dangers and difficulties of travel in unknown China, but I had decided to go and set about my preparations.

I decided I must have a tall servant, and strong, because so often in China I found I had to be lifted, and I had suffered from having too small a man on my previous journeys. The missionaries at Pao Ting Fu provided me with a new convert of theirs, a tall strapping Northern Chinaman, who was a mason by trade. Tsai

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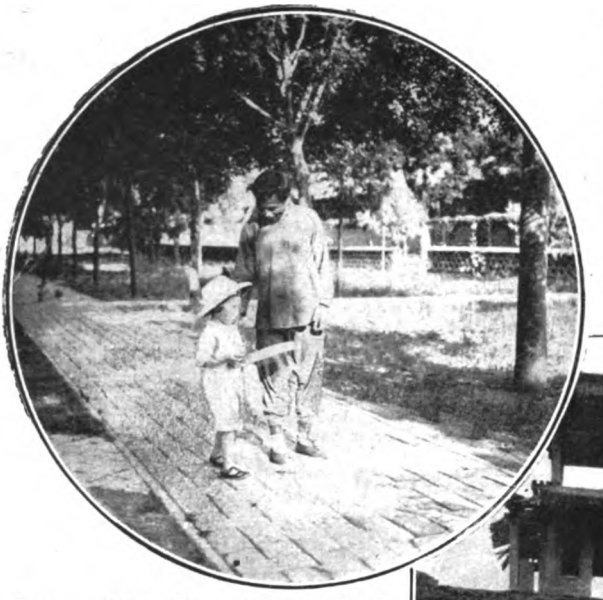
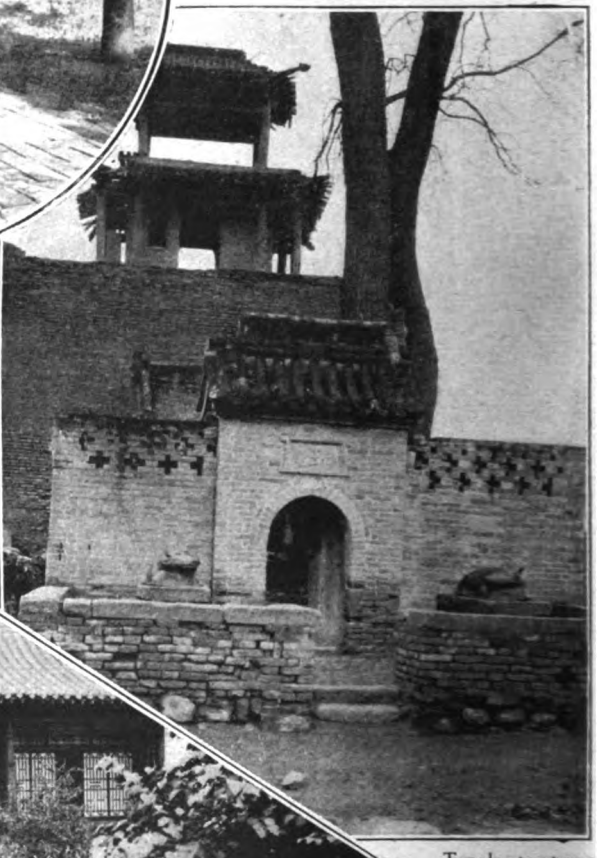


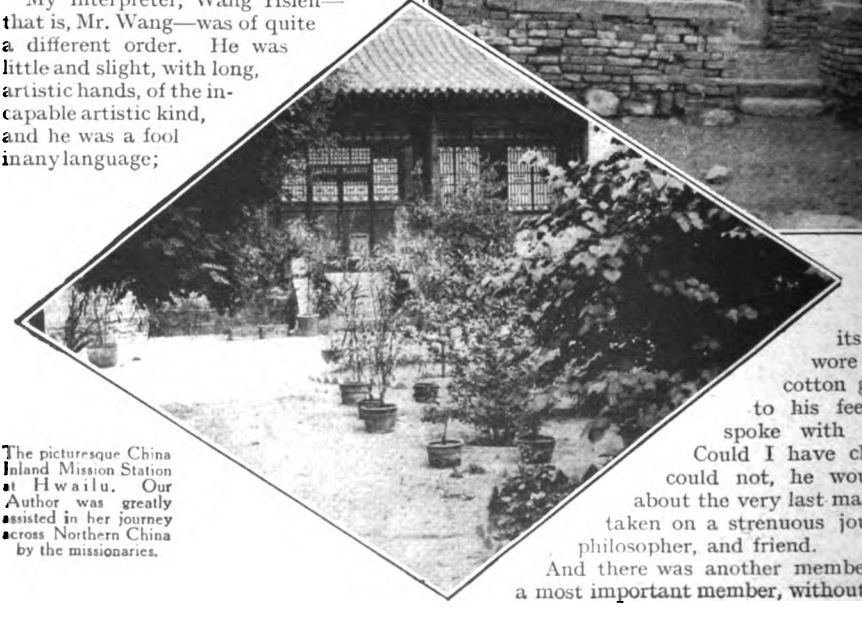
In the compound of the American Presbyterian Mission Station at Pao Ting Fu, whence our Author set out on her journey.

Chih Fu, we called him—that is to say, he came of the Tsai family; and the Chih Fu meant a "master workman." He belonged to a large firm of masons, but as he had never made a dollar a day at his trade, my offer of that sum put him at my service, ready to go out into the unknown. He was a fine-looking man, dignified and courteous, and I had, and have, the greatest respect for him.

My interpreter, Wang Hsien—that is, Mr. Wang—was of quite a different order. He was little and slight, with long, artistic hands, of the incapable artistic kind, and he was a fool in any language; but good interpreters are exceedingly difficult to get. He used to come and see me every day for a fortnight before we started, and I must say my heart sank when the simplest remark, probably a greeting or a statement as to the weather, was met with a "Repeat, please." I found this was the invariable formula, and it was not conducive to brisk conversation. He had his black hair cut short in the progressive foreign fashion (it looked as if he had had a basin put on his head—a good large one—and the hair snipped off all round its edge), and he wore a long blue cotton gown buttoned to his feet. He always spoke with a silly giggle. Could I have chosen, which I could not, he would have been about the very last man I should have taken on a strenuous journey as guide, philosopher, and friend.



Temple at entrance to Hsiang.



The picturesque China Inland Mission Station at Hwailu. Our Author was greatly assisted in her journey across Northern China by the missionaries.

And there was another member of the party, a most important member, without whom I should

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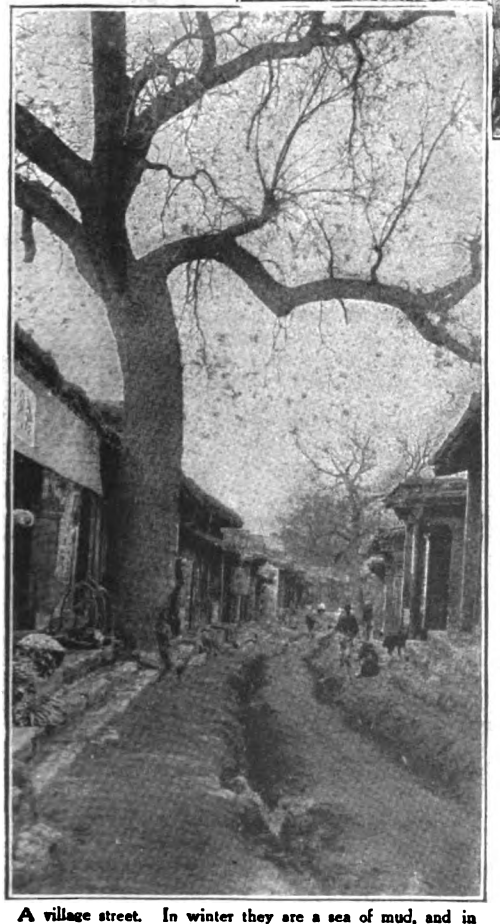
not have dreamt of stirring—my little black and white k'ang dog, James Buchanan, who loved me as no one in the world has ever loved me, thought everything I did was perfect, and declared he was willing to go with me to the ends of the earth.

So I began my preparations. One thing only was clear—all my goods must be packed in canvas bags, because it is

A typical mountain inn in North China.



A village street. In winter they are a sea of mud, and in summer nothing more than dust heaps.

impossible to travel by mule, or cart, or litter with one's clothes in ordinary boxes. These things I managed s tisfactorily; it was over the stores that, as usual, I made mistakes. The fact of the matter is, the experience gained in one country is not always useful for the next. When I first travelled in Africa I took many "chop" boxes that were weighty and expensive of transport, and contained much tinned meat, that in a warm, moist climate I did not want. In Northern Chihli and Inner Mongolia I found I could live very comfortably off the country, with just the addition of a few biscuits, tea, condensed milk, coffee, and raisins, therefore I persuaded myself I could go West with few stores and do exactly the same. Thus, I added considerably to my own discomfort. The excellent master of transport was a bad cook, and a simple diet of hard-boiled eggs, puffed rice, and tea, with raisins for dessert, however good in itself, is apt to pall when it is served up three times a day for weeks, with unfailing regularity.

However, I didn't know that at the time.

And at last all was ready. I had written to all the mission stations as far west as Tihwa, in Sinkiang, announcing my coming. I had provided myself with a folding table and chair—they both, I found, were given to fold at inconvenient moments—some enamel plates, a couple of glasses, a knife and fork, rudimentary kitchen utensils, bedding, cushions, rugs, etc., and all was ready. I was to start the next week, ten days after the two missionaries, Messrs. Purdom and Farrer, had set out, for Honan, when there came a telegram from Hsi An Fu:—

"Delay journey" (it read). "White Wolf in Shensi.—Shorrocks."

Was there ever such a country? News that a robber was holding up the road could be sent by telegram!

China rather specializes in robbers, but White Wolf was considerably worse than the average gentleman of the road. He defied the Government in 1914, but the last time we of the mission station had heard of him, he was making things unpleasant for the peaceful inhabitants of Anhwei, to the east, but the troops were said to

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Camels drinking at an inn reserved for these beasts in North China.

have him "well in hand." But in China, you never know exactly where you are, and now he was in Shensi!

I read that telegram in the pleasant March sunshine, and I wondered what on earth I should do. The roads now were as good as they were eve likely to be, hard after the long winter, and not yet broken up by the summer rains. I waited a week, and then telegraphed to Honan Fu, at which place I expected to be well away from the railway. Honan Fu answered promptly:—

"The case is hopeless. Hsi An Fu threatened. Advise you to go *vid* T'ai Yuan Fu."

Now the road from Honan Fu to Hsi An Fu is always dangerous. It runs through what is known as the loess, the road being sunk many feet below the level of the surrounding country. At the best of times it is infested with stray robbers, who from the cliffs above roll down missiles on the carts beneath, kill the mules, and hold the travellers at their mercy. The carters go in large bodies and are always careful to find themselves safe in the inn yards before the dusk has fallen.

These were the everyday dangers of the way such as men have faced for thousands of years; if you add to them an organized robber band and a large body of soldiers in pursuit, clearly that road is no place for a solitary foreign woman, with only a couple of attendants, a little dog, and for all arms a small pistol and exactly thirteen cartridges—all I could get, for it is difficult to buy ammunition in China. Then to clinch matters came another telegram from Hsi An Fu, in cipher this time: "Do not come" (it said). "The country is very much disturbed."

In the end I decided to go by way of T'ai Yuan Fu, travelling thence by rail. From here there was a way across the mountains to Sui Te Chou, in Shensi, and thence to Kansu, which would eventually land me in Lan Chou Fu.

It was a two days' journey by rail to T'ai Yuan Fu. The railway is a very marvel of engineering skill. There are great rugged mountains, steep and rocky, and the train winds its way through them, clinging along the sides of precipices, running through dark tunnels and cuttings that tower high overhead and going round such curves that the engine and the guard's van of a long train are going in exactly opposite directions. A wonderful railway, and doubly was I interested in it, because before I ever came to China I had heard about it.

A picturesque Chinese house, built of red pine, of the Ming dynasty at Ki Hsien. It is occupied by the China Inland Mission.

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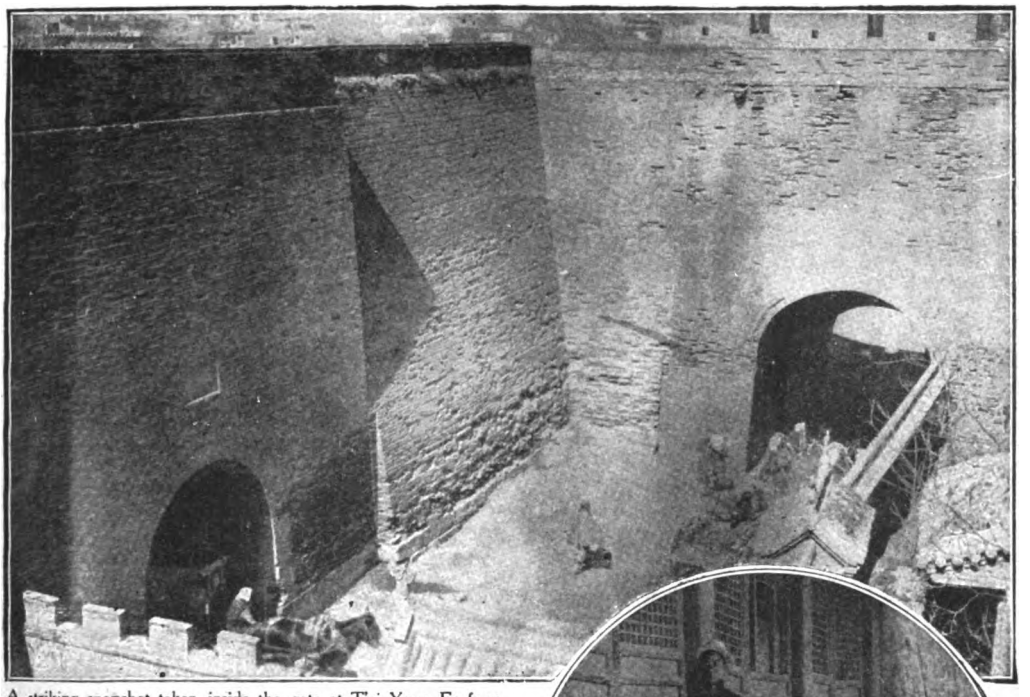


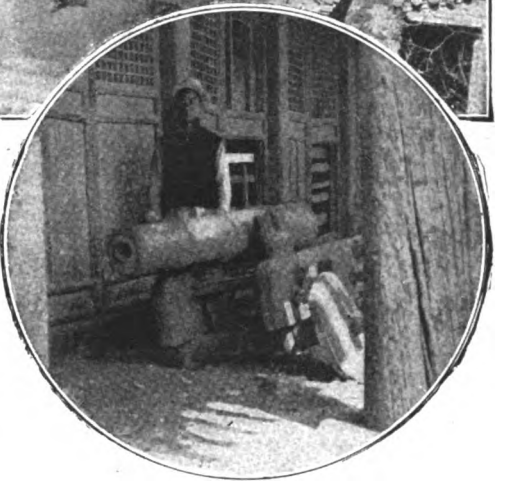
A striking snapshot taken inside the gate at T'ai Yuan Fu from the wall above. Every Chinese city gate is surrounded by a curtain wall. Carts enter by the enceinte shown on the left and go through the opening on the right into the city.

The scenery was beautiful, while there was evidence of industry on every side. Wherever among these stony hills there was a patch of ground fit for cultivation, though it was as tiny as a pocket-handkerchief, it was cultivated. Everywhere I saw people at work in the fields, digging, weeding, ploughing with a cow or a cow and a donkey hitched to a primitive plough, or guiding trains of donkeys or mules carrying merchandise along the steep and narrow paths, and more than once I saw strings of camels, old-world camels that took me back before the days of written history. They kept to the valleys and evidently made their way along the river beds.

Through mountain sidings and tunnels we came at length to the curious loess country, where the friable land is cut into huge terraces that make the high hills look like pyramids carved in great clay-coloured steps, and now in April the green crops were already springing; another month and they would be banks of waving green. The people are poor, their faces were browned by the sun and the wind, their garments were scanty and ragged, and the original blue was faded till the men and the clothes were all the same monotonous clay colour of the surrounding country. The women I saw here were few, and only afterwards I discovered the reason. The miserably poor peasant of Shansi binds the feet of his women so effectually that to the majority movement is a physical impossibility.

We climbed up and up through the mountains into the loess country, and at last we were on the plateau, about four thousand feet above the sea-level, whereon is T'ai Yuan Fu, the capital of the province. There are other towns here too, little walled cities, and the train drew up at the stations outside the grey brick walls, the most ancient and the most modern, Babylon and Crewe meeting. Oh, I understand the need of those walled cities now I have heard so much about White Wolf. There is a certain degree of safety behind those grey walls, so long as the robber bands are small and the great iron-bound gates can keep them out, but dire is the fate of the city into which the enemy has penetrated, has fastened the gates and holds the people in a trap behind their own walls.

All across the cultivated plain we went, where not an inch of ground is wasted, and at half-past five in the evening we arrived at T'ai Yuan Fu—arrived, that is, at the station outside the little South Gate.



Old cannon by the watch-tower at the East Gate, T'ai Yuan Fu.

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T'ai Yuan Fu is a great walled city eight miles round, with five gates in the walls, gates that contrast strangely with the modern-looking macadamized road which goes up from the station.

Outside, the walls are neat, perhaps forty feet high and of grey brick. Inside, you see how these walls are made of unfinished clay banks that have been faced in front, and when I was there in the springtime the grass upon them was showing everywhere and the shrubs were bursting into leaf. But these banks gave me a curious feeling of being behind the scenes.

I was met at the station by some of the ladies of the English Baptist Mission, who had come to welcome me and to offer me, a total stranger to them, kindly hospitality, and we walked through the gate to the mission inside the walls. It was only a short walk, short and dusty, but the road was thronged. It was crowded with rickshaws and carts waiting in a long line their turn to go underneath the gateway over which frowned a typical many-roofed Chinese watch-tower, and as cart or rickshaw came up the men along with it were stopped by the dusty soldiery in black and grey, and interrogated as to their business.

When I got out on to the platform, I had looked up at the ancient walls clear-cut against the bright blue sky, and the women meeting me looked askance at Tsai Chih Fu, who, a lordly presence, stood behind me, with James Buchanan in his arms, a little black satin cap on his head, and his pigtail hanging down his back.

"There is some little commotion in the town," said Miss Franklin. "They are cutting off queues."

The master of transport smiled tolerantly when they told him, and, taking off his cap, he wound his tightly round his head.

"I know," he said, in the attitude of a man of the world, "some people do not wear them now. But I have always worn one, and I like it," and his manner said he would like to see the person who would dare dictate to him in what manner he should wear his hair. He could certainly have put up a good fight.

It was not needed. He passed through unchallenged; he was a quietly dressed man who did not court notice, and his strapping inches were in his favour. He might well be passed over when there were so many slighter men more easily tackled. One man riding along in a rickshaw I saw put up a splendid fight. At last he was hauled out of his carriage and his little round cap tossed off his head, and then it was patent his queue could not be cut, for he was as bald as a billiard ball! The Chinese do understand a joke, even a mob. They yelled and howled with laughter, and we heard it echoing and re-echoing as we passed under the frowning archway, tramping across many a dusty coil of coarse, black hair roughly shorn from the heads of the luckless adherents to the old fashion.

The ladies lived in a Chinese house close under the walls. There is a great charm about these houses built round courtyards in the Chinese style; there is always plenty of air and sunshine, though as most of the rooms open into the courtyard only, I admit in rough weather they must sometimes be awkward, and when—as is always the case in Shansi in winter-time—the courtyard is covered with ice and snow, and the thermometer is far below zero for weeks at a time, it is impossible to go from bedroom to sitting-room without being well wrapped up. Buchanan and I had a room under a great tree just showing the first faint tinge of green, and I shall always be grateful for the kindly hospitality those young ladies gave me.

From there we went out and saw T'ai Yuan Fu, and another kindly missionary engaged muleteers for me, and made all arrangements for my journey across Shansi and Shensi and Kansu to Lan Chou Fu.

But T'ai Yuan Fu is not a nice town to stay in. "The town," said the missionaries, "is progressive and anti-foreign." It is. You feel somehow the difference in the attitude of the people the moment you set foot inside the walls. It seems to me that if trouble really came, it would be an easy matter to seize the railway and cut off the foreign missionaries from all help, for it is at least a fortnight away in the mountains.

They suffered cruelly during the Boxer rebellion. Forty men, women, and little helpless children were butchered in cold blood in the yamen. There still stands the archway leading to the hospital where Miss Coombs, the schoolmistress, was deliberately burned to death while trying to guard and shelter her helpless pupils. In the yamen, with a refinement of torture, they cut to pieces the little children first, and then the women; the nuns of the Catholic Church the fierce soldiery killed, and finally they slew all the men. Against the walls in the street stand two miserable stones that the Government were forced to put up to the memory of the foreigners thus ruthlessly done to death, but a deeper memorial is engraven on the hearts of the people. Some few years later the tree underneath which they were slain was blasted by lightning and half destroyed, and on that very spot, during the recent revolution, the Tao Tai, or Governor, of the province was killed.

During the revolution the white people shared with the inhabitants a terribly anxious time. Shut up in the hospital with a raging mob outside, they waited for the place to be set on fire. The newest shops in the principal streets were looted, the Manchu city—a little walled city within the great city—was destroyed. Though the mob opened the gates and told the Manchus they might escape, they hunted the men down as they fled and slew them, though, more merciful than Hsi An Fu, they let the women and children escape. And they spared the foreigners.

But the town had not yet settled down. There was unrest, and the missionaries kept their eyes anxiously on the south, on the movements of Pai Lang, or White Wolf. We thought about him at Pao Ting Fu, but here the danger was just a little nearer, help just a little farther away. Besides, the people were different. They were not quite so subservient, not quite so

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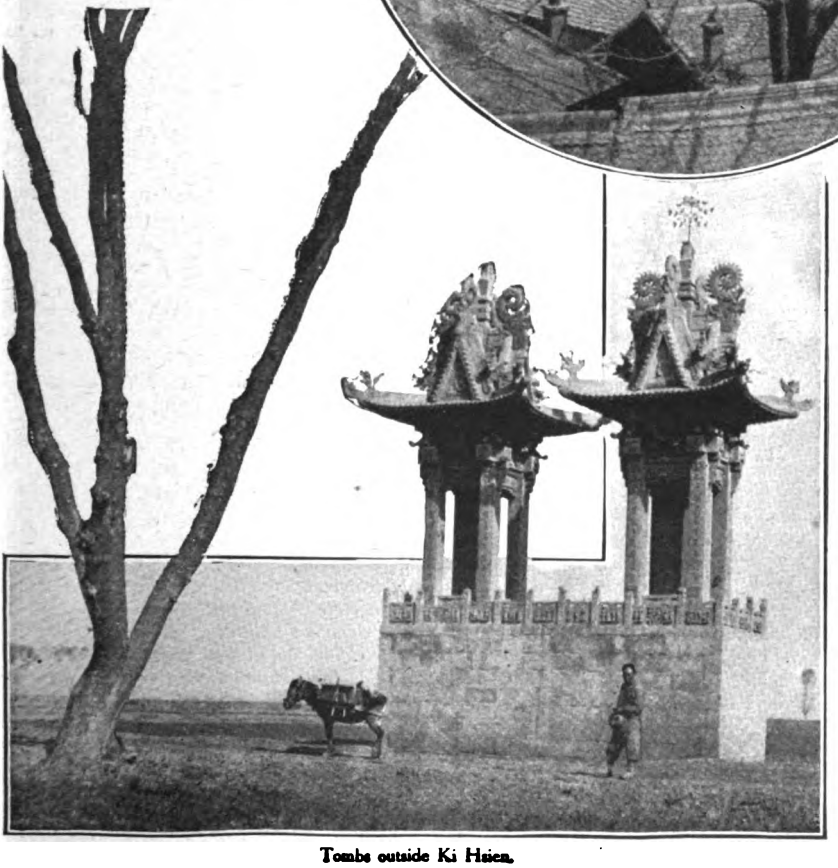
friendly to the foreigner, it would take less to light the tinder.

For myself, I was glad of the instinct that had impelled me to engage as servant a man of inches. I dared never walk in the streets alone as I had been accustomed to in Pao Ting Fu. It marks, in my mind, the jumping-off place. Here I left altogether the civilization of the West and tasted the age-old civilization of the East, the civilization that was in full swing when my ancestors were naked savages hunting the deer and the bear and the wolf in the swamps and marshes of Northern Europe. I had thought I had reached that civilization when I dwelt alone in a temple in the mountains, when I went to Pao Ting Fu, but here in T'ai Yuan Fu the feeling deepened. Only the mission stations stood between me and this strange thing. The people in the streets looked at me askance, over the compound wall came the curious sounds of an ancient people at work, the shrieking of the greased wheel-barrows, the beating of gongs, the whirr of the rattle of the embroidery silk seller, the tinkling of the bells that were hung round the necks of the donkeys and the mules, the shouting of the hucksters selling scones and meat-balls, all the sounds of an industrious city, and I was an outsider, an alien who was something of a curiosity, and of no account.

A tree full of crows' nests, Teu Chou Fu.



Tombs outside Ki Hsien.

All the time I was in T'ai Yuan Fu I was exceedingly anxious about the degree of personal safety outside the walls, and opinions differed as to the wisdom of my venture, but, on the whole, those I consulted thought I would be all right. They rather envied me, in fact, the power to go wandering, but on one point they were in agreement, it was a pity Dr. Edwards, the veteran missionary doctor, was

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not there, because he knew more about China and travelling there than all the rest of them put together. But he had gone out on his own account, and was on the way to Hsi An Fu, the town I had given up as hopeless. He did not propose to approach it through the Tungwan, but from the north, and they did not expect him to have any difficulty.

Then I found I had not brought enough money with me, and the missionaries lent me some, and they engaged muleteers with four mules and a donkey that were to take me across the thousand miles that lay between the capital of Shansi and that of Kansu. Two men were in charge, and the cost of getting there, everything included—the men to feed themselves and their animals, and I only to be responsible for the feeding and lodging of my own servants—was exactly eighteen pounds. It has always seemed to me ridiculously cheap. Money must go a long way in China for it to be possible for two men to take four mules and a donkey, laden, a thousand miles, and then come back unladen and keep themselves by the way, for so small a sum.

So I sent off my servants the day before, then Buchanan and I bade good-bye to the missionaries and went the first day's journey back along the line to Yu Tze, where the road started for the Yellow River, and as I left the train and was taken by Tsai Chih Fu and Mr. Wang to the enclosure of the inn where they had spent the night I felt that I had indeed left the West behind, and the only companion and friend I had was James Buchanan. It was lucky he was a host in himself.

I was to ride a pack-mule. Now riding a pack-mule at any time is an unpleasant way of getting along the road. I know no more uncomfortable method. It is not quite as comfortable as sitting upon a table with one's legs dangling, for the table is still, whereas the mule is moving, and one's legs dangle on either side of his neck. There are neither reins nor stirrups, and the mule goes at his own sweet will, and in a very short time your back begins to ache ; after a few hours, that aching is intolerable. To get over this difficulty, the missionary had cut the legs off a chair and suggested that, mounted on the pack, I might sit in it comfortably. I don't know whether I could, for the mule objected.

It was a sunny morning with a bright sky above, and all seemed auspicious except my mule, who expressed in no measured language his dislike for that chair. Tsai Chih Fu had no sooner hoisted me up into it than he reared on his hind legs, and, using them as a pivot, he stood on end pawing the air. Everybody in the inn yard shrieked and yelled except, I hope, myself, and then Tsai Chih Fu, how, I know not, rescued me from my unpleasant position, and thankfully I found myself upon the firm ground again. He was a true Chinese mule and objected to all innovations. He stood meekly enough once the chair was removed.

I wanted to cross Asia, and here I was faced with disaster at the very outset ! Finally I was put upon the pack minus the chair, Buchanan was handed up to me and nestled down beside me, and the procession started. My heart sank. I don't mind acknowledging it now. I had at least a thousand miles to go, and within half an hour of the start I had thoroughly grasped the fact that of all modes of progression a pack-mule is the most abominable. There are no words at my command to express its discomforts.

Very little did I see of the landscape of Shansi that day. I was engaged in hanging on to my pack, and wondering how I could stick it out. We passed along the usual hopeless cart-track of China. I had eschewed Peking carts as being the very acme of misery, but I was beginning to reflect that a cart was a comparatively passive misery, while the back of a pack-mule was decidedly active. Buchanan was a good little dog, but he mentioned several times in the course of that day that he was uncomfortable, and he thought I was doing a foolish thing. I was much of his opinion.

The day was never-ending. All across a plain we went, with rough fields just showing green on either hand, through walled villages, through little towns, and I cared for nothing. I was too intent on holding on, on wishing the day would end, and at last, as the dusk was falling, the muleteer pointed out, clear-cut against the evening sky, the long walls of a large town—Taiku.

I was to stay the night at a large mission school kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Wolf, and I only longed for the comfort of a bed so long as it was flat and warm and kept still. We went on and on, we got into the suburbs of the town, and we appeared to go round and round, through an unending length of dark, narrow streets, full of ruts and holes, with the dim loom of houses on either side, and an occasional gleam showing from a dingy kerosene lamp or Chinese paper lantern glowing through the paper windows.

Again and again we stopped and spoke to men who were merely muffled shapeless figures in the darkness, and again we went on. I think now that in all probability neither Tsai Chih Fu nor Mr. Wang understood enough of the dialect to make the muleteers or the people of whom we inquired understand where we wanted to go, but at last, more probably by good luck than good management, somebody, seeing I was a foreigner, sent us to the foreigners they knew, those who kept a school for a hundred and twenty-five boys in a lovely flower garden. It certainly was lovely, an old-world Chinese house, with little courtyards and ponds and terraces and flowers and trees—and that comfortable bed I had been desiring so long. As we entered the courtyard in the darkness, and Tsai Chih Fu lifted me down, the bed was the only thing I could think of.

And yet next day I started again—I wonder how I dared—and we skirted the walls of Taiku. We had gone round two sides, and then, as I always do when I am dead-tired, I had a bad attack of breathlessness. Stay on that pack I knew I could not, so I made my master of transport lift me down, and I sat on the bank

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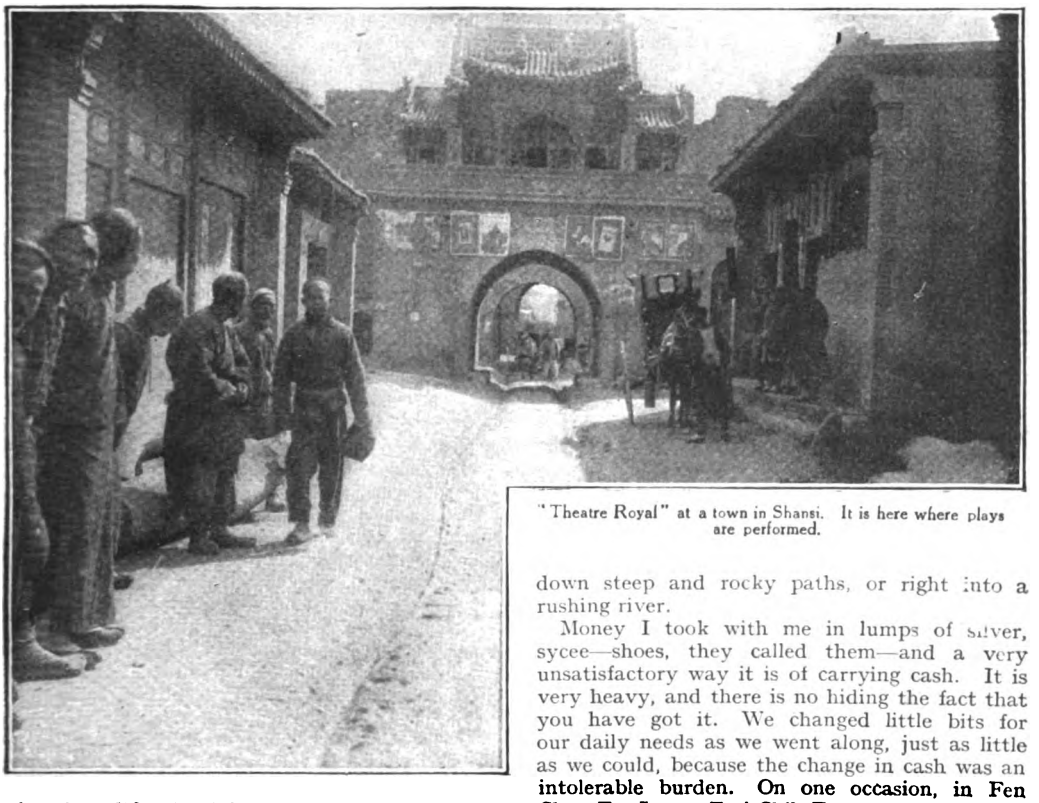

"Theatre Royal" at a town in Shansi. It is here where plays are performed.

for the edification of all the small boys in the district, who, even if they had known how ill I felt, probably would not have cared, and I decided there and then that pack-mule riding was simply impossible, and something would have to be done. Therefore, with great difficulty, I made my way back to the mission school, and asked Mr. Wolf what he would recommend.

The missionaries strongly recommended a litter, and a litter I decided to have. It is, I should think, the very earliest form of human conveyance. It consists of two long poles laid about as far apart as the shafts of an ordinary cart. In the middle is hung a coarse meshed rope net, and over that a tilt of matting. Into this net is tumbled all one's small impedimenta—clothes-bags, kettles, anything that will not conveniently go on mule-back; the bedding is put on top, rugs and cushions arranged to the future inmate's satisfaction, then you get inside, and the available people about are commandeered to hoist the concern on to the backs of the couple of mules, who object very strongly. The head of the one behind is in the shafts, and the ends rest in his pack-saddle, and the hind-quarters of the one in front are in the shafts, just as in an ordinary buggy. Of course, there are no reins, and at first I felt very much at the mercy of the mules, though I am bound to say the big white mule who conducted my affairs seemed to thoroughly understand his business. Still, it is uncomfortable, to say the least of it, to find yourself going, apparently quite unattended, down steep and rocky paths, or right into a rushing river.

Money I took with me in lumps of silver, sycee—shoes, they called them—and a very unsatisfactory way it is of carrying cash. It is very heavy, and there is no hiding the fact that you have got it. We changed little bits for our daily needs as we went along, just as little as we could, because the change in cash was an intolerable burden. On one occasion, in Fen Chou Fu, I gave Tsai Chih Fu a very small piece of silver to change, and intimated that I would like to see the result. That piece of silver, I reckon, was worth about five shillings, but presently my master of transport and one of the muleteers came staggering in and laid before me rows and rows of cash strung on strings! I never felt so wealthy in my life. After that I never asked for my change. I was content to keep a sort of general eye on the expenditure, and I expect the only leakage was the accepted percentage which every servant levies on his master.

From Taiku I went on across the rich Shansi plain. The wheat was just above the ground turning the land into one vivid green, the sky was a cloudless blue, and all was bathed in the golden sunshine of Northern China. The air was clear and invigorating as champagne. On every hand were men working hard, working from dawn to dark, and toiling, to a stranger's eyes, for the good of the community, for the fields are not divided by hedge or fence; there is an occasional poplar or elm, and there are graves everywhere, but there is nothing to show where Wang's land ends and Lui's begins.

All through the cultivated land wanders, apparently without object, the zigzag track of sand and ruts and stones, known as the Great South Road, impossible for anything with wheels but a Chinese cart, and often impossible for that. There are no wayside cottages, nothing, save those few trees, to break the monotony, only

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here and there is a village sheltering behind high walls, sometimes of mud, but generally of brick, and stout, substantial brick at that; and if, as is not infrequent, there is a farmhouse alone, it, too, is behind high brick walls, built like a baronial castle of mediæval times, with a look-out tower and room behind the walls, not only for the owner's family even unto the third and fourth generations, but for all his hands and his dependents as well. The whole is built evidently with a view to defence, and built apparently to last for hundreds of years.

For Shansi is worth raiding. There is oil and there is wheat in abundance. There is money, too, much of which comes from Mongolia and Manchuria. The bankers (the Shansi men are called the Jews of China) wander across and trade far into Russian territory, while still their home is in agricultural Shansi, and certain it is that any disturbances in these countries, even in Russia, affect the prosperity of Shansi.

Shansi is rich in other things, too, not as yet appreciated by the Chinaman. She has iron and copper and coal that have barely been touched, for the popular feeling is against mining. They say that no part of the globe contains such stores of coal. I hesitate about quoting a German, but they told me that Baron Reichthoffen has said that this province has enough coal to supply the world for two thousand years at the present rate of consumption. I haven't the faintest notion whether the Baron's opinion is worth anything, but if it is it is no wonder that Germany, with her eye for ever on the main chance, has felt deeply being thrust out of China. With ample coal and with iron alongside it, what might not Shansi be worth to exploit!

Ki Hsien is a little walled town five *li* round. Roughly, three *li* make a mile, but it is a little doubtful. For instance, from Taiku to Ki Hsien is fifty *li*, and that fifty *li* is sixteen miles; from Ki Hsien to Ping Yao is also fifty *li*, but that is only fourteen English miles. The land, say the Chinese, explaining this discrepancy, was measured in time of famine, when it wasn't of any value! A very Chinese explanation.

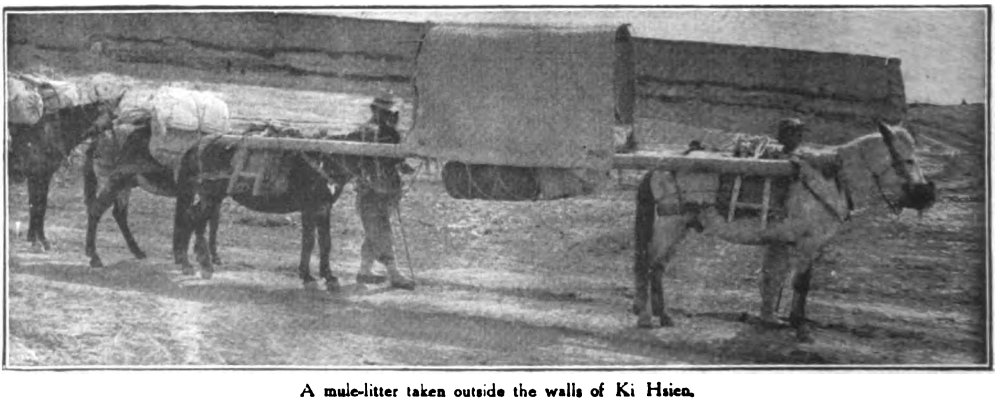
The city of Ki Hsien is very crowded; there were hundreds of tiny courtyards and flat roofs. I went straight to the mission station. Mr. and Mrs. Falls belonged to the Chinese Inland Mission, and the house they lived in was over three hundred years old. Like many of the houses in Shansi, it was two storeys high, and, strangely enough, a thing I have never seen anywhere else, the floors upstairs were of brick.

I do not know that I should like to live in such a crowded community, but it has its advantages on occasion. At the time of the Revolution, when the missionaries who had come through the Boxer rising were all troubled and anxious about their future, the Falls decided to stay on at their station, and a rich native doctor, a heathen, but a friend, who lived next door, commended that decision.

"Why go away?" said he. "Your courtyard adjoins mine. If there is trouble, we put up a ladder and you come over to us."

And there was a hint of trouble now. As we sat at supper, there came in the Chinese postman in his shabby uniform of dirty blue and white, with his large military cap pushed on the back of his head, and he brought to the Falls a letter from Dr. Edwards, the missionary doctor whom all foreign T'ai Yaun Fu thought I ought to meet. We read his letter breathlessly.

White Wolf had surrounded Hsi An Fu, he said; it was impossible to get there, and he was returning. The bandit had already taken a little walled city a hundred *li*—about a day's journey—north-west of Hsi An Fu, and when White Wolf took a town it meant murder and rapine. And sitting there in the old Chinese room, the middle-aged missionary and his wife, who knew China, told me in no measured terms what might happen to a woman travelling alone in such a disturbed country.



A mule-litter taken outside the walls of Ki Hsien.

(To be continued.)

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An Exciting Trading Trip

by John Alfred Jordan, F.R.G.S.

Illustrated by G. Henry Evison

The Author, a well-known African traveller, and who needs no introduction to "Wide World Magazine" readers, herein describes his efforts to trade with a warlike tribe in East Africa. The journey was decidedly exciting, and it was only tact and daring that saved him from being murdered on his arrival. Yet, as the story tells, he managed to obtain the ivory he sought, and the expedition proved profitable.

I HAD been out on an elephant hunt, and had killed the two elephants allowed by the fifty pounds' licence. Knowing I could not get another permit until the year had expired, nine months hence, I had to think of other ways of making money before I could go elephant-hunting again.

I took my ivory to an Indian merchant who had a store at the Government post, named the Eldama Ravine, situated twenty miles north of the Uganda Railway. The storekeeper offered me a good price for the tusks, but could not find enough ready cash to pay me on the spot. He asked me to wait till the balance came up from one of his shops near the railway line. I told him I could afford to wait, seeing it would be some time before I could go hunting elephants again.

Mohammed, as he was called, then advised me to go trading. He said from information he had received from the natives, the Maraquet tribe had a great many tusks of ivory they wished to sell for cattle, also hides and goat-skins, and that he would pay top prices for all I could get. I had previously done a great deal of trading south of the railway till it had been closed by the Government.

I also knew something of the Maraquet, having shot near their territory, but what I knew about them did not make me very eager to trade with them. They had a terrible reputation with the surrounding tribes, among whom they were always raiding and stealing cattle. Not long before they had surprised and murdered a party of native soldiers and their wives, who had rested near their boundary, on the march from Barringo to the Eldama Ravine. It was also said that the Maraquet women were worse than the men, being very proficient with the bow and arrow, the latter being smeared with a deadly vegetable poison. I mentioned these things to the Indian and he admitted they were true, but remarked there was no need for me to go amongst them. I could camp with the Mutei people, who lived about forty miles from the Maraquet, and get some of them to trade the ivory for me.

This sounded feasible, because I knew the Mutei were quite friendly, and when the storekeeper went on to say that a Persian trader, named Hadji Askar, was engaged in getting a trading safari together to go after the ivory, I at once made up my mind to get in first.

I took the balance of my money in trade goods, and then turned my attention to buying some cattle and donkeys. I managed to get twenty heifers at six pounds per head and ten donkeys at ten pounds apiece.

It took me three days to get ready. I started early on the fourth, because Hadji Askar intended leaving at the same time, so it became a race as to who should get to the Mutei country first, a distance of about seventy miles from the ravine, forty of which were through the Kamasi Hills. My caravan consisted of twenty porters, cook, gun-bearer, cand personal boy, in addition to two Arab

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traders. Eighteen porters carried the camp equipment and provisions, while the other two assisted the Arabs with the donkeys, which were loaded with trade goods consisting of blankets, iron wire, beads, and calico. The cook and my personal boy drove the cattle.

The first five miles were across fairly level country. Then we came to steep hills like switchbacks. The donkeys refused to climb them and lay down with their loads. The climax was reached when one of the Arabs seized a donkey by the jaw to pull him along.

The animal, a most vicious brute, promptly caught the man's fingers between his teeth, nearly severing three of them. We rushed to his assistance, but the beast, though loaded, swung round and dealt me a blow with both heels that sent me spinning. The boys laughed, which action seemed to irritate the donkey, for he started for them with open mouth,

"The Elgeyo gave out a terrific war-cry and started running towards the Nandi."

Arabs did their best to make them get up, but no! all the whacking and oral persuasion in the world failed to make them move. When we unloaded them they promptly got on to their feet, but as soon as we lifted the loads on to them again, down they went. There was no option but to let the porters carry the loads to the top of the hill. This took time and tried the patience and temper of everyone; but the whereupon they promptly scattered. He gripped one, however, by the forearm, and we had to smother the vicious creature to make him let go. I dressed the wound and gave orders that they were to unload the donkeys and let them rest and start again in the afternoon, while I continued till I found a good camping-place.

I found one at the top of the Kamasi Hills, at an altitude of over ten thousand feet. The

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to resist or to attack. The warriors presented a striking spectacle. I could see through the field-glasses the markings on their shields, which denoted the company the men belonged to, such as "Buffalo Company," "Zebra Company," etc. They were in full war-dress; their headgear was composed of white ostrich feathers; their arms consisted of long stabbing spears which flashed in the sun as they wheeled them about. The sword-belt was of leather, in which were worked numerous kinds of coloured beads. The sword was attached to the right side of the belt, and stuck on the other side were heavy clubs.

view was magnificent, overlooking the Elgeyo valley, through which we had to travel to get to the Mutei. South of us was the Ushanguisio plateau, where dwelt the dreaded Nandi, the greatest fighting tribe in British East Africa, and with whom the Government were always having trouble. No donkeys arrived that night or next morning, so I continued the journey without waiting, trusting they would arrive all right when we made our permanent camp. It took us a long time to follow the winding path down the hills into the valley, and I recognized how difficult it would be for a donkey transport to face such steep places, only fit for mountain goats. At last we reached the bottom and quenched our thirst at a natural soda-water spring. The water was nearly black, but it had a great reputation among the natives of possessing medicinal qualities. I never felt any kind of effect through drinking it.

We camped that night among the Elgeyo people, and next morning had the unpleasant experience of finding ourselves mixed up in a native war. The report passed through the village that the Nandi were on the war-path, and colour was given to the rumour by seeing all the Elgeyo warriors fully armed and smearing themselves with red clay, their war-paint. The head-man had just marshalled his forces when the Nandi came swarming out of the hills. When the latter found the villagers on the alert, instead of being caught napping, they halted and formed themselves into companies, ready

The women and children of the Elgeyo had hurriedly gathered their live stock together, and were actively engaged in driving them towards the villages of their neighbours, the Mutei, whose huts lay about twenty miles away. Hardly had the Nandi warriors formed themselves into companies when the Elgeyo gave out a terrific war-cry and started running towards them. When they came to within about forty yards they halted and starting throwing stones, which the Nandi caught on their shields. Others threw clubs and their two-edged swords. This stone-throwing fighting lasted for about ten minutes. Then the Nandi came on with a rush and very soon the attackers and attacked were mixed up together.

There were distinct crashes as the shields of the rival warriors smote against each other. The Nandi pushed the villagers back and it looked as if they were beaten, but they rallied under the cries of their leaders and gave ground very slowly. The combatants were about evenly matched as regards numbers, there being roughly about fifteen hundred a side.

At last my tent came within range of the stones and the canvas was torn. I had serious thoughts of taking a hand in the fighting myself, but knew it would bring me into trouble with the Government, as well as cause jealousy among the natives with whom I had traded. I therefore ordered the boys to drop the tent to the ground and take shelter behind some trees. We had hardly executed this manœuvre

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when the Elgeyo gave more ground, which brought us among the Nandi. Some of the latter warriors rushed at us, and one big fellow raised his spear at me. I was nearly tempted to put a bullet through him, especially when he said white men were old women. I kept my temper under control, however, and gave him a bit of my mind, which so upset him that he would have tried to kill me if his leader had not called him to order, and said they must not war with the white men. The warrior took the advice and joined the rest, who had now driven the Elgeyo back to within a hundred yards of their huts.

Then I noticed a force of about two hundred warriors detach themselves from the rest and make a flanking movement just beyond me. I wondered what their game was till I saw them turn again and knew they were after the live stock which had been driven away by the women and children. The reducing of the Nandi's strength gave the Elgeyo just the weight of numbers which enabled them to drive their opponents back some hundreds of yards. The Nandi were just gathering themselves together for a fresh onslaught when their warriors who had gone to seize the cattle came tearing back to their comrades' assistance. Then, just behind them, I detected the spears and shields of the Mutei, coming to the assistance of their neighbours.

When the Nandi saw they were outmatched they promptly took to their heels, with the Elgeyo and Mutei warriors after them. That was the last I saw of the fighting. The local warriors returned in groups at all hours, shouting and singing of their prowess in defeating the dreaded Nandi. The casualties on both sides were very slight, only twenty-four being killed outright and about two hundred wounded. It took two days for the belligerents to settle down again.

By that time the donkey transport had arrived after a very trying journey. There was one donkey short and I asked what had become of it, only to be told that it had been killed by a big python. Seeing that the men could not produce the skin of the snake, and knowing the missing donkey was the most vicious of the gang, I drew my own conclusions as to how it had met its end. I traded with the Elgeyo for a few score of goats' skins, and then continued our journey to the Mutei, whose country we reached by the afternoon.

We found the people very anxious to trade, so after dispatching a couple of their warriors to the Maraquet to open up friendly negotiations on my behalf, we began to barter for skins. It was quite forty miles to the Maraquet country, so we did not expect the men back for four or five days. During the first two days the Mutei brought lots of skins and then trade slackened off.

With little to attend to on my hands I went out to look for guinea-fowl, which are found in large flocks in this part of the country, taking a boy with me to carry the birds back. We proceeded in the direction of a large river, and, hearing the birds clucking away, cautiously approached the place where the sound came from. It was difficult country to walk through, the place being smothered with wild fibre. It grew to a height of about four feet and had a sharp point like a needle, which was always pricking you, no matter how carefully you proceeded. The birds heard us moving and flew away before I could get within shooting distance. We followed them up and I got in two quick shots, bagging three.

Unfortunately the shots disturbed a sleeping rhinoceros, which quickly got to her feet and, catching our wind, promptly charged. We forgot all about the fibre bushes in our frantic efforts to climb the nearest tree, which, as luck would have it, was a mimosa with big white thorns, which stuck in my head and arms as I pushed my way upwards. The boy had easily beaten me, having climbed the tree like a monkey.

I had only got about five feet from the ground when the savage beast drove her horn into the trunk, tearing the bark away in ribbons, while the force of the impact nearly shook me out of my perch. Knowing my life depended on my holding on, I stuck to my post, despite the thorns, like glue. Again the beast charged and tried to knock the tree down. Finding that it resisted her efforts, she circled round it and then selected a spot about ten yards away and calmly lay down to finish her interrupted sleep. This looked as if we should have to stay in our uncomfortable position until the rhinoceros thought of moving, and that would probably mean about four in the afternoon, it now being about 9 a.m.

After a little discussion we tried shouting, hoping it would attract some attention, even if it did not scare the rhino; but finding we were getting husky and the shouting had no effect on the sleeping beast, I told the boy to slip down the tree quietly and try to pick up the fallen gun. It took a promise of five rupees to get him to risk it. But he was quite safe. The animal snored cheerfully away and the boy soon returned with the gun. The rhino had trodden on the butt, but otherwise the weapon was intact.

I had about a dozen number four cartridges, which, of course, were no good against the two-inch-thick hide of a rhino, but I trusted the report would make her get a move on. The first shot brought her to her feet with squeals of rage, when I gave her the contents of the other barrel. This had the opposite effect to what I wanted, for instead of clearing out and leaving us in peace, she renewed her attack on the tree with such vigour that it looked as if she would hack it to pieces. The tree swayed in all directions. I gave her more cartridges in the head, hoping to blind the unreasonable brute, but no! she had made up her mind to have that tree down and make us pay the penalty of unduly disturbing her slumber. The girth of the tree was not very great, and I realized that if I did not stop her she would have us down.

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I then remembered a dodge I had used once after zebra; namely, to cut the cartridge nearly through at the second wad, which made this part into a solid lump and at close quarters would penetrate a two-inch plank. I got the boy to tie me to the tree while I manipulated the cartridges. I soon had four ready. Mrs. Rhino was well under the tree when I gave her the contents of both barrels together. These inflicted terrible wounds, which made her reel all over the place. I gave her the other two, but she had moved about thirty yards away, so they had not the same effect. But the brute realized that the neighbourhood of the tree was unhealthy. She gave out a terrible squeal, and then with tail up plunged away puffing like a locomotive. We waited to see if she came back, but finding it all clear, descended, picked up the birds, and returned to camp.

On the fourth day the messengers arrived saying the Maraquet were only too anxious to trade their ivory, and that I had better go at once, because Hadji Askar had already arrived and was anxious to buy the tusks, but, having heard that my cattle were better, they intended to wait and see for themselves before selling. This sounded all right, so, leaving the majority of my caravan, I started with Mabrukie, an Arab, and six boys. We reached the first village on the second day, and, thinking I had gone far enough into the Maraquet territory, built a cattle boma of thorn trees, and pitched a ground-sheet in place of my tent, which I had left behind. Our camp was about a hundred yards from the village on a slight rise.

We had hardly settled down before the natives came flocking round to inspect us. I noticed the men were in full war-paint. They crowded round the cattle kraal, and asked how many cattle I would give for a tusk of ivory. I told them that when I saw the tusk I could say, but not before, as it depended entirely upon the size of the tusk. This seemed to annoy them, but, finding I would not barter without seeing the goods, they went away and shortly reappeared with a small tusk weighing about twenty pounds. I told them that was no use to me, as I only wanted to buy big ivory. They then declared that if I would give them two head of cattle for it they would bring another.

"The boy had easily beaten me, having climbed the tree like a monkey."

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I saw at once they were trying to fool me, so decided I would have no dealings with them over ivory, but informed them I would buy goat-skins instead.

One warrior armed with spear and shield brought a skin about the size of a rabbit's, which so annoyed me that I told him not to play the fool. No one, I explained, would think of taking a skin like that even for nothing, and to save unpleasantness told him to take it away. He then turned to his companions and said that he meant me to buy it, and with that threw the skin at me and reached down to snatch up a blanket in payment for same.

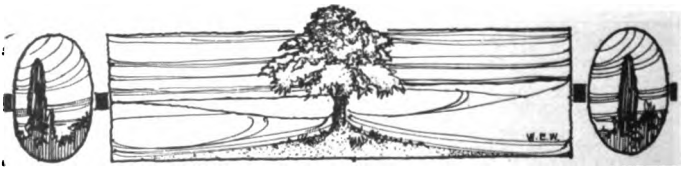
I had no intention of passing this insult, no matter what the consequences might be, so when he straightened up with the blanket in his hand, I caught him a blow under the jaw as hard as I could hit him. The surprise and force of the impact sent him to the ground, and before he could raise himself up again I had seized his shield, which had dropped out of his hand, and beat him over the head with it. He never waited to regain his feet, but scrambled and rolled away in a very undignified manner, which drew shrieks of mirth from his companions.

I now told the boys to pack up, as we would return. Just as they started to do so an old, villainous-looking chief arrived on the scene, and asked me what the trouble was about. I told him in very forcible language, and he rebuked the people for their foolishness. He then asked me to postpone my departure because his people wished to trade, and to give colour to this statement a few old women brought some goat-skins to barter. He then said he wished to examine the cattle, and I agreeing, he called to some warriors to come and assist him. They got two of the heifers which they said looked doubtful and examined them thoroughly, and then left, saying they would bring some ivory first thing in the morning. It was then about four o'clock, so I had tea and sat talking to my Arab. About nine o'clock the two heifers the warriors had examined were dead. Mabrukie examined them and said a poisonous thorn had been driven into the poll, a common trick amongst the Masai. Things looked black and I lay in my bed with my revolver beside me.

Shortly after the moon had risen Mabrukie came and warned me that he had seen armed warriors go into a patch of forest about fifty yards away, and that he thought we were being surrounded. I waited for no more, but gave orders to pack and clear. We stole cautiously away and managed to put some distance between us and the village before our departure was discovered. I had left the ground-sheet erected and also some skins on the ground to make them think we were sleeping.

We soon heard the alarm given, drums beating and horns blowing, which made us hurry forward. The cattle travelled well, and the boys having light loads, we made good speed. We kept leaving the track to mislead them, and by morning had reached our permanent camp, having done the forty miles in one stretch and without a drink of water. Finding no water in the camp, I picked up a kettle that was on the fire and took a drink out of that, which nearly scalded my throat. I found the Arab whom I had left in charge had traded a good many skins, so it looked as though, even counting the loss of the two cattle, I should make a profit on the trip.

The Mutei were very cross over the way we had been treated, and the two messengers said if I gave them four head of cattle they would go and trade the tusks of ivory owned by a friend of theirs amongst the Maraquet. They said I could hold them responsible for the safety of the cattle, and, knowing these men had cattle of their own, I agreed. They returned in a few days, bringing two tusks weighing nearly forty pounds each, also the report that the Maraquet had stolen Hadji Askar's cattle and driven him towards the Suke tribe, and that their intention had been to kill me and take all my goods. I did not doubt this latter statement in the least, knowing the reputation of this tribe. In fact, some years later the Government had to declare war on them. I gave the messengers a heifer for their services, and returned to the ravine and sold my goods, which gave me a profit of eighty pounds. I had made a fair profit, but certainly could have done with a little less exciting trip.



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SOME STRANGE ESCAPES FROM GERMANY.

Including My Own Adventures Whilst In Captivity.

Related by LIEUT. ——, and set down by BERNARD ST. LAWRENCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. BATES.

From time to time "The Wide World Magazine" has published stirring stories of prisoners' escapes from their camps in Hunland. During his forty odd months of captivity Lieutenant —— made three daring attempts to regain his freedom, and in the first two was retaken only at the eleventh hour, when crossing the frontier. Nevertheless, his adventures deserve to be recorded, while added interest is given to the narrative by the Author's account of how other prisoners he knew managed to break their prison bonds.

II.

FTER my second failure to escape from Germany I was not taken back to S——. Orders came that I was to be transferred to another camp, this time far in the north of Germany, whither I was taken under a strong escort. It took us four days to reach N——, where I found myself in the company of Russian officers, who could not speak a word of English. Nor could I utter a word of Russian. So we had to converse for a very long time by means of gestures, bows, and smiles. They were charming fellows, and disposed to go out of their way to help me to bear my disappointments. To while away the time, I took up the study of their language and made excellent progress under their tuition.

It was two months before I got into communication with my people again. They had grown fearfully anxious through my long silence. But that was nothing compared to what they had to bear six months later, when they failed to hear from me for four long months. How that arose I must explain.

When my parcels began to come again from England I continued, although needing their contents more and more for myself as the food in Germany grew scarcer and of poorer quality, to distribute a few biscuits, now and then, among the more deserving of my jailers. As a special favour, and in some instances as a reward for services rendered, I would give them one of my eggs. But these gifts were bestowed wholly on the N.C.O.'s and common soldiers, never on the officers, whose haughty behaviour was a source of constant annoyance to us. Now, the governor of the camp was the worst of these tormentors. He never missed an opportunity, when he came on his rounds of inspection, of making disagreeable remarks and wounding our feelings; he seemed to take a delight in inflicting pin-pricks and seizing the opportunity of depriving us of the little relaxations which were our due. A cunning, calculating brute of the Junker class—that was the character of the governor of the camp of N——. Well, this is what happened on one of his visits to our quarters.

After making a pretence of looking round and seeing that everything was in order in our hut—after putting a number of questions to us as regards our food and health, he singled me out for his venomous remarks.

"Ah! you're the Englishman who hasn't a liking for the air of the Fatherland? I know your record. Well, we'll look after you well at N——. No chance of you getting away here. Besides, you're so comfortable here, and you've got such charming company"—motioning to the Russian officers, with a sneer on his haughty, bloated face—"that you'll be quite sorry when the war is over—and England is beaten," he added, *sotto voce*. "No need to ask you if you're satisfied with the food. I shall take that for granted, because I consider you Englishmen are far too particular. I've heard of your boxes of biscuits and eggs, and also of your distributions, which, let me tell you, are *verboten*—strictly forbidden. It breeds discontent among the underlings. If you want to be generous, especially in the matter of new-laid eggs, I can tell you of a place where they will be well expended."

He uttered the last sentence in a low tone and in such a significant manner that there was no mistaking his meaning. Then he seemed to be waiting for my reply, which I verily believe he expected would be:—

"I shall be very happy, your Excellency, to offer you some from my next box, if you will deign to accept them."

But, instead, I said not a word; I merely looked at him coldly, eye to eye. He read what I meant—that I despised him from the bottom of my heart, and would part with nothing in his favour. Whereupon he gave a disdainful, sneering little laugh and passed on.

A few days later I got another box of eggs.

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Three of them I gave away to poor wretches who cleaned out our quarters—men whose wives, I knew from what they had told me, were in dire necessity. The remainder made a glorious feast for the Russian officers and myself. We did not invite the governor.

That error in politeness led to my undoing. He sent for me, gave me another lecture on the heinous character of my behaviour, openly tried to bribe me, and, finding that that was no good, ordered me to be shut up for four months in one of the punishment huts. All communications with the people at home were to be suspended, and all parcels that might come were to be confiscated—in all probability in his favour. Such is the story of how my folks began to think that I was dead.

Did I attempt a third escape? You bet I did. Piqued by what the governor of N—— had said as regarded the impossibility of getting away from that camp, I determined to have another try. Brooding over my ill luck and hard life generally during those four months' imprisonment, I grew desperate and began to care not a rap what happened to me.

Perhaps it was owing to that state of recklessness that I failed again—failed (let me confess it) ignominiously. I won't waste time over the details of that last adventure; really, they don't merit more than the briefest of accounts. Under much the same conditions as on the occasion of my first flight, I managed to get out of the punishment hut all right and evade the guard. But when it came to crossing the boundaries of the camp, on an insufficiently dark night, worse than failure was my fate. In brief, the sentry detected my figure, challenged me, and, on my taking to headlong flight, fired—and hit his mark. Picture me falling in a helpless heap with a very nasty wound in my thigh, and my being captured amidst a veritable pandemonium of rifle-shots and shouting as the sentries rushed here and there.

However, that wound eventually led to my release, as I will now explain. A nerve was affected, a bungling German surgeon complicated matters, and there I lay in hospital for many months, getting neither better nor worse, which is tantamount to saying that I was a regular nuisance to everyone around me. Therefore, when an exchange of prisoners took place, I was one of the first to be selected for transference to Switzerland.

So at last I did cross the frontier, but on a stretcher, for when the time came for leaving N—— I was still unable to walk. It was many months before the excellent doctors in Switzerland had put me right and decided that I might be allowed to leave for "Blighty."

Now that I have related my own adventures whilst in captivity, let me turn to those of prisoners of war who were more fortunate than I was. I heard many remarkable stories from my fellow-sufferers—some whilst I was still a captive, others when I had regained my liberty, and I can vouch for the truth of all of them.

As a general rule, you may take it for granted that the simpler the means adopted by a prisoner when parting company with the Boches, the greater his chances of success. The man who draws up a complicated plan, however clever and ingenious it may seem, will often find that he has left some factor militating against success out of his calculations and will fail; whereas another man who does not bother at all about what he is going to do, who acts merely on the spur of the moment and trusts to his good luck, will succeed in his aim in a ridiculously easy manner.

Many of our men have got away to Holland and Switzerland by suddenly leaving the train when they discovered that they were passing fairly close to one or other of the frontiers of those countries. Prisoners are often transferred from one camp to another, from the north to the south of Germany, and so on. A quick-witted man discovers where the train has got to, an overwhelming desire comes over him to get away at a propitious moment; say, when the train is slackening its pace, or has been drawn up on a siding at a wayside railway station, as very often happens when troop and ammunition trains are travelling about the Fatherland. He makes some excuse for absenting himself momentarily from a complaisant and often half-fuddled guard, and he is away in the fields or dodging behind trucks and railway buildings before you can say "Jack Robinson." I met three or four privates in Switzerland who owed their escape to circumstances of that sort. One of them told me that he evaded his pursuers as follows:—

"I persuaded my guard, a typical beer-loving Bavarian, whom I had treated many times during that terribly wearisome railway journey, in the sultriest of summer weather, to allow me to leave him for a few minutes at a small railway station. The pretext was a genuine one right enough, but I seized my chance of slipping away and hiding so effectually that not a trace could be found of me when the hue and cry was set up. The guard and his comrades, whose gross voices I could hear all the time they were rushing hither and thither on the platform, looked everywhere but where I was. And where, sir, do you think I found a hiding-place? You might guess a hundred times before you guessed right. I was under the train—under the last carriage, suspended between the two axles by means of some rope which I had secreted about my person for some days past with a vague idea of being able to use it one day or another.

"When the train started off again, after a considerable delay, I did not journey more than ten miles or so. Profiting by a momentary stoppage in the midst of the open country, I managed to get to a knife I had purloined the day before and swiftly cut the cord. Then, stretching myself out quite flat on the track, I waited breathlessly for the train to move on, which it did in a few minutes. What a relief it was when I raised first my head and then my body and saw the end of the train receding in the distance!

"That move of ten miles from the station where I had disappeared to the district where I was

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"The sentry fired and hit his mark."

least expected was very effectual in putting the authorities off my track. Everything else was plain sailing. I knew I could not be far from the frontier; it was, indeed, not more than twenty miles away, and I managed to cross it safely two nights later."

As an instance of presence of mind combined with great daring I cannot do better than tell

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you the story of Lieutenant X——, who was with me at S——. He suddenly disappeared one day, after having got special permission to visit the dentist's in the village, and, although we gathered that he had escaped, I did not hear the details of how he managed it until I met him in Switzerland. This is what he told me, as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"You will remember the terrible week I had with that decayed back tooth of mine? Anyway, I'm not likely to forget it and the excruciating pain it caused me. Oh, no, it wasn't a put-up job; I really was in agony all the time. It never entered my head to make that visit to the dentist's an excuse for leaving you all. I just made my way, after showing my pass to the sentry, to Herr Kr——'s as quickly as I could, and prepared to rush up the stairs of the house leading to his flat and cabinet. But the sight of something in that downstairs vestibule made me pause, and for a moment—just for a moment—I forgot all my troubles. A beautiful bicycle was standing against the wall.

"'How lovely it would be,' thought I, 'to be astride that machine, pedalling along the fine roads of the Fatherland, under shady avenues and ——'

"At that point a most awful twinge passed down my jaw and almost made me howl; it also brought me back to a realization of why I was there and caused me to mount the stairs in double quick time. In accordance with the notice on the brass plate on the door, I turned the handle and walked straight into the ante-chamber.

"There again I hesitated, not because I funked facing the man with the forceps, but on account of objects which brought the bicycle back to my mind. Hanging on a hat-rail was a most beautiful cycling jacket and cap to match. Once more the pain was obliterated. This time I didn't give it time to return. Without a moment's delay and with the stealthiness of a thief in the night, I unhooked that jacket and slipped into it, exchanged my prison cap for the dentist's cycling one, and was outside on the landing in a jiffy. Then, descending the stairs without undue haste, I wheeled out the bicycle, jumped on to it, and went down the village street as cool as a cucumber. Once outside I put on speed, and must have been many miles away before Herr Kr—— discovered his losses.

"My knowledge of Southern Germany is, as you know, quite good, so I had no difficulty in finding out the right direction for the frontier, towards which I went with the speed of a crack rider. Downright cheek and boldness got me into Switzerland; I simply went slap-dash along the main road past the German sentries, who as the afternoon happened to be a sultry one, were so sleepy that they were taken off their guard until it was too late to do more than yell after me and fire a couple of shots in my direction as I bent over my handle-bars, pedalling like a madman."

My most romantic tale, however, has yet to be told. It is that of a man—a Frenchman, Georges Priez—whose story has been partly related by a very clever Belgian novelist and dramatist named Jean François Fonson.

Here is the story, which I will give in the words in which Priez told it to M. Fonson, myself and others when we met him in Paris. Let me first explain, however, that this was not, strictly speaking, an escape from Germany. From the Germans, yes. The place from which he got away so cleverly was Charleroi, where he was taken, after being picked up on the battlefield, to have his broken thigh attended to by a kind-hearted Belgian surgeon.

"Wounded at the battle of ——, I was left on the field to the mercy of the human jackals who came searching for valuables on the bodies of the dead. A wounded companion and myself watched those German brutes blowing out the brains of anyone who showed a sign of life. Then our own turn came to be turned over, kicked, searched, and left almost naked amidst the dead. My only clothing was a shirt and a *képi*. Thus was I brought in to the Belgian ambulance, immediately after a German officer, Colonel Graef von Westram, who peremptorily demanded that his wound should be attended to first. Shall I ever forget that striking scene and the dramatic conversation which ensued?

"'Doctor,' shouted an *oberleutenant*, 'we got here first. This is Colonel Graef von Westram, whom you ought to see to before this ordinary French soldier.'

"The Belgian surgeon advanced towards the officer and replied:

"'Yet it is this French soldier I'm going to bandage immediately.'

"The colonel, lying on his stretcher, with distorted livid face, heard the doctor's reply.

"'I order you to attend to me first,' he exclaimed, in an imperative tone. 'I was the first.'

"'I beg you, sir, not to insist,' said the doctor. 'I am doing my duty as best I can. I am not allowing myself to be led away by any feeling of sympathy; I am merely listening to my conscience, which places me between two suffering men. By disinfecting this French soldier's wound immediately I may be able to ward off gangrene or tetanus.'

"'And what about me?' gasped the officer.

"'As to yourself, colonel, you have only five more minutes to live, and if you believe in God, you have greater need now of a priest than of a doctor. I should have preferred to have saved you this rude announcement, but you forced me to make it.'

"The German officer turned green in the face and his eyes rolled back, whilst the doctor rushed into the room where I was about to be plunged into a bath filled with tepid water and antiseptics.

"'Come now, let me have a look at this wound,' exclaimed the good doctor. 'Yes, just as I thought: a fractured thigh. We'll mend that for you. So you are French, are you? It does me good to attend to a Frenchman. You're the first I've had. Ever since yesterday

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"I simply went slap-dash along the main road past the German sentries."

I've done nothing but cut Boche. What's your name ? '

" Then he asked me my regiment and where I came from, and told me I was at Charleroi.

" The good surgeon not only made me well again at the end of six weeks or so, but gave me a room all to myself in which to spend my period of convalescence, and provided me with a most charming nurse, Mlle. Charlotte S——, a Belgian lady, who was known in the ambulanec by the

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name of Sister Charlotte. My story came to her ears, with the result that she bestowed special care and attention upon me. Indeed, without her aid, I should never have been able to get away as I did.

"One afternoon, towards the end of my convalescence, she came to me with rather a grave face. I could see at once that something was troubling her, for, as a rule, she was all smiles.

"'Well, *mon ami*, how goes it to-day?' she asked, making a brave attempt to be bright.

"'Better and better, Sister, thank you,' I replied. 'At this rate I ought to be out of your hands by the end of another week. What is my fate going to be then?'

"'Alas! that is just what is troubling me.'

"'Why, Sister? Beds are badly needed, and the sooner I'm out of here the better for some other poor *diable*.'

"'Have you forgotten, *mon pauvre ami*, that the moment you are discharged cured you will be worked to death by these Boches who are polluting my country with their presence; that you are still a prisoner? Only this morning they have been inquiring if there are any more wounded prisoners of war well enough to leave the ambulance.'

"'Oh, no, Sister, I've not forgotten. But I'm so glad to be well again, thanks to your care, that really I'd face anything now. I cannot help thinking how much luckier I am than some poor devils. For instance, there's the Belgian soldier in the next room—the man Van Oest, who was so bad yesterday. How is he to-day?'

"'Very near his end, I'm afraid. It will be a wonder if he lasts out the night.'

"Then Sister Charlotte left me, and to while away the time I picked up a copy of Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables.'

"I had read that masterpiece before, so dipped into it here and there. Now, one of the many startling adventures through which the hero, Jean Valjean, passed was his escape from the Picpus Convent in Paris. In connivance with his friend the gardener he was smuggled out of the place in a coffin which ought to have contained the dead body of a nun. I had just got to the end of this splendid adventure when Van Oest, the man in the next room, gave a great moan.

"'Poor chap!' thought I. 'That's the end; he's a prisoner no more.'

"For a few minutes I became very thoughtful, and somehow I came to link him with the story I had just read and with my own fate. Supposing that Van Oest were really dead, would it be possible—with the aid of an accomplice, of course—to execute that plan of substitution and escape in grim reality? But who would be my accomplice?

"As if in answer to my question, Sister Charlotte entered the room and informed me that my surmise was correct.

"'What will they do with his body?' I asked. 'Will they take it away at once, or leave it until to-morrow morning? Who will come to fetch it? And will he be coffined to-day or to-morrow?'

"'He will be taken away to the mortuary as soon as ever the bearers can come to fetch him. Very possibly to-night, so as to avoid troubling the patients. No, he will not be coffined at once; he will merely be wrapped in a sheet for the time being. But why do you inquire, *mon ami*?'

"Then I made the plunge, and, in addition to getting her to read the episode which had given me the idea, unfolded to her my plan. I made no bones about appealing to her generosity; I knew that I should not have to invoke her active assistance in vain.

"'I, too, have often thought how I could help you to regain your liberty,' said Sister Charlotte. 'But I could hit upon no feasible plan. Now, however, God has placed the means within our reach.' Then she left me, promising to return shortly.

"She was back again in three-quarters of an hour, which seemed to me an eternity, so anxious was I to develop my plan.

"'I can tell you one thing for certain,' she said. 'They will come to fetch the body at half-past nine to-night. We women are to prepare it immediately, so I must be off. Let me say one thing more, however, before leaving you. A temporary building in the far corner of the grounds is being used as a mortuary. The door will be locked upon you, but you will find a casement window facing a pathway. I shall take steps to have that window left ajar, so that you can get out without attracting attention. Take the pathway to the right and it will lead you to a little iron gate, opening on to a back alley. I shall leave you a suit of civilian clothes to the right of the window; a cap, too. The key to the gate, and some money, you will find in one of the pockets. When you have got away go straight to No. 34, Rue de Bruxelles, ask to see Monsieur P——, tell him your story frankly, and you will find he will help you to get out of the country. He would do anything for me and my friends. *Au revoir.*'

"I heard them busying themselves in the next room for fully half an hour. Then the voices subsided. I stretched myself out in my bed, thinking hard. Gradually all the things that I had to do whilst simulating a dead man became clear to me; I was filled with the greatest confidence that I could act the part well. It was amazing how cool I felt. The thought of the risk I was about to run did not make my heart beat any the quicker.

"Sister Charlotte brought me my dinner at seven-thirty as usual, and with it the whispered information that she had arranged for one of the two doors leading into my room to be locked about nine, so that there would be no danger of anyone surprising me whilst I transferred Van Oest's body to my own bed. When I had finished eating she came back once more to remove the dirty things and say good-bye, good night, and good luck. That was the last I saw of Sister Charlotte.

"Eight o'clock struck. Then the half-hour. How the time did drag along! It seemed as though nine o'clock would never come. On the

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stroke of the clock I was out of bed. The wards of the ambulance were wrapped in silence. I entered Van Oest's room, felt my way in the dim light to his bed, seized his poor wasted form and carried it swiftly to my own bed, where I carefully and reverently covered it with the bedclothes, after removing the winding-sheet. Then as rapidly I retraced my steps, noiselessly closed the door between the two rooms, wound the shroud around my head, body, and feet as best I could, and stretched myself out on the dead man's bed.

"Those twenty minutes in that stiff, motionless position, and almost smothered into the bargain, were fearfully trying. But they were as nothing compared to the effort I had to make to keep rigid and hold my breath when the two men came and, switching on the electric light, prepared to lift me on to a stretcher.

"'Look at that!' said one of them, as he took me by the shoulders. 'That's a clumsy way to put on a winding-sheet. A perfect disgrace. These women ought to be ashamed of themselves.'

"'Yes, I've never seen anything like it,' replied the other, seizing me by the feet. 'But it's no business of mine. I'm in a hurry to get home. Now, then, are you ready?'

"And I was lifted and dumped down none too gently on to the stretcher.

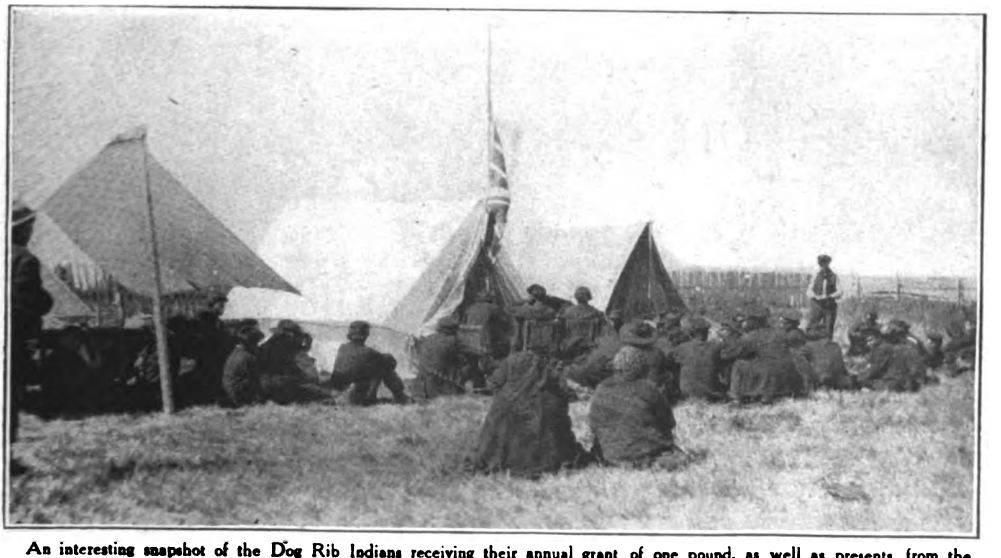
"'Not yet stiff,' remarked the last speaker. 'I felt his legs give.'

"'Plenty of time before him,' replied the other man, with a little laugh. 'He'll be like a poker by to-morrow morning when the undertaker comes. Now, then, if you're really in a hurry we'll be off.'

"Thus I was carried through the somnolent wards, along corridors that seemed interminable; then, as I quickly detected, out into the open air and the darkness.

"Messieurs, you can divine the rest of my story. Everything passed off as Sister Charlotte had planned. Once left to myself in that mortuary, the rest was child's play. Monsieur P—— welcomed me with open arms. And he it was who, thanks to powerful aid in various parts of the country, enabled me to cross the whole of Belgium without let or hindrance and eventually slip across the frontier into Holland. It was not the first time by any means that he had assisted prisoners of war to regain their liberty."

INDIANS RECEIVING TREATY MONEY IN CANADA.



An interesting snapshot of the Dog Rib Indians receiving their annual grant of one pound, as well as presents, from the Canadian Government.

In the North-West region of Canada—that vast territory patrolled by the brave men of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, to which we have already referred in these columns—each man, woman, and child of the various races of Indians receives £1 per annum, known as Treaty Money, in addition to presents of tea, tobacco, and ammunition, from the Canadian Government. The accompanying photograph is sent us by ex-Inspector Rheault, and shows the Dog Rib Indians receiving their Treaty Money from his hands and those of Mr. H. Bury, the Indian Department Inspector, at Fort Resolution on the Great Slave Lake. Inspectors Rheault and Bury, representing the Canadian Government, are inside the middle tent; the Indian chiefs and the interpreters are sitting on chairs.

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Among the Wild Tribes of Darien

by A. Hyatt Verrill

Crossing a stream in Darien.

Although the Isthmus of Panama is pierced with a mighty canal, large districts are still unexplored, where dwell many strange tribes. It was to obtain information of these little-known races that led the Author to penetrate into this forbidden territory. He accomplished his mission and secured valuable photographs, but the journey proved exciting and he carried his life in his hands.

LESS than one hundred and fifty miles from the Panama Canal is a forbidden land, an unknown, unexplored district inhabited by primitive Indians who permit no civilized men within their territory. It seems incredible that such could be the case; that scarcely one hundred miles from this greatest achievement of civilization and progress, with its stupendous locks, its busy shops, its immense docks, and its roaring railway trains, there should be an area over one hundred and twenty miles long and twenty miles in width which has been closed to the outside world for centuries. But much of the Republic of Panama is still unknown and unexplored, and is as much a terra incognita as the heart of Africa or South America, and within a few hours' journey of the electric-lighted, sanitized, ultra-civilized zone dwell Indians as primitive in life, manners, and ways as were their ancestors in the days of the Spanish explorer Balboa.

The majority of these people are a happy, good-natured, peaceable lot and friendly with any strangers who visit them; but one tribe—the Kunas—have kept aloof and have successfully maintained their racial purity and their independence by forbidding all strangers to enter their territory under penalty of death.

It was to visit these people and to endeavour to penetrate the forbidden land that I made my expedition into the Darien region of Panama.

The so-called Darien district extends from the Colombian border to the head waters of the Bayano River, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but its boundaries are indefinite, for it is really more of a locality than a true district.

Historically, Darien is very interesting, for it was across this portion of the Isthmus that Balboa made his famous journey to the shores of the Pacific; it was here that the Spaniards established their first posts, forts, and towns on the continent of the New World, and it was from the Darien mines that Spain drew the first great riches of the Western hemisphere. Although the Darien district was the first portion of the mainland to be visited and settled by Europeans, to-day it is the least-known portion of Panama; although its mines were once the richest in the

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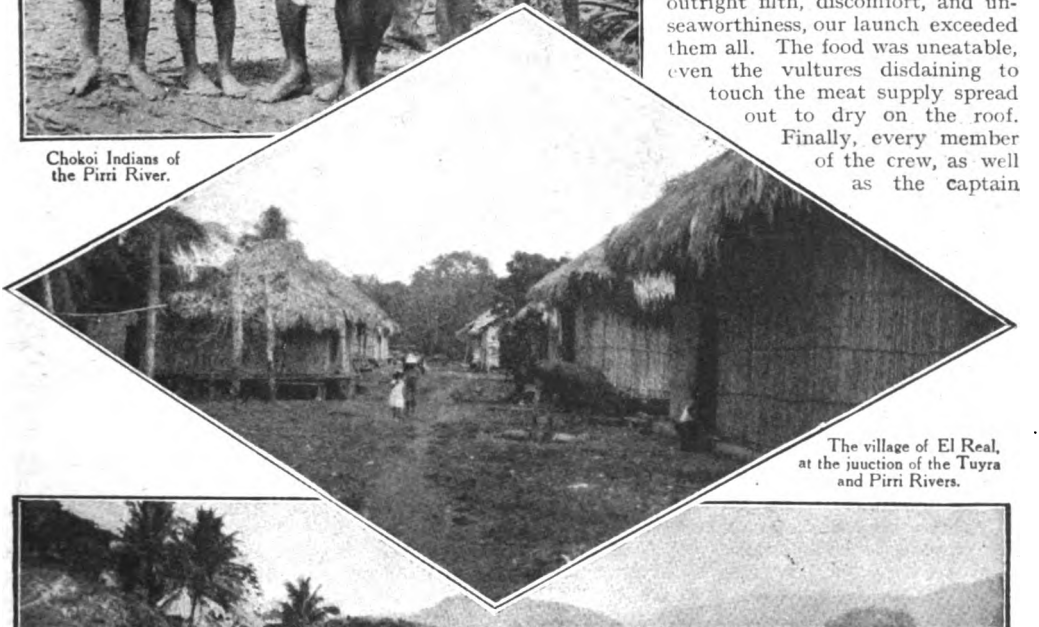
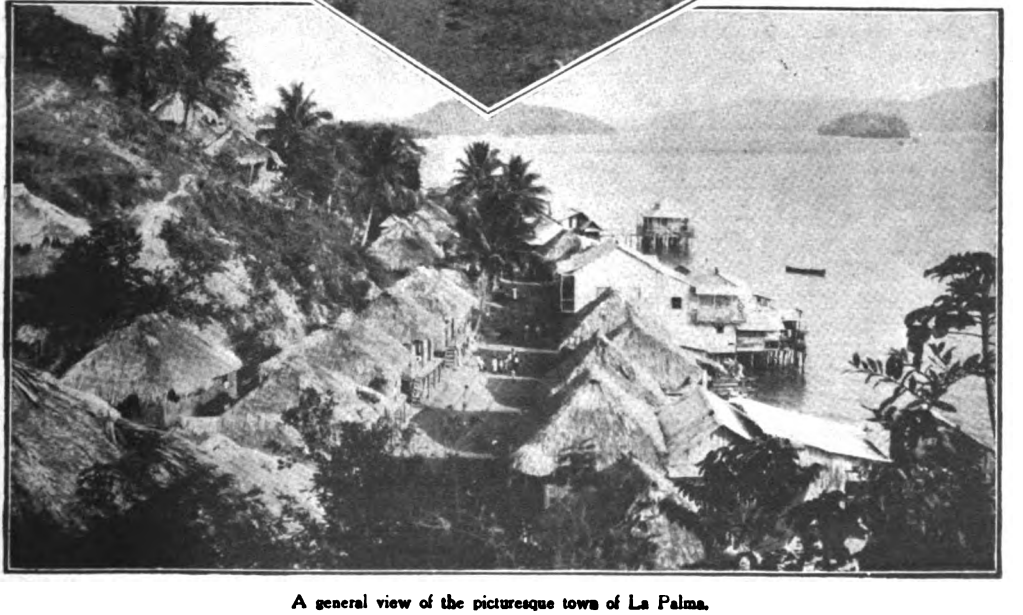
Chokoi Indians of the Pirri River.

world, not a single mine is in operation at the present time, and while it once formed the high road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to-day it is an unbroken wilderness threaded only by Indian trails.

The traveller who visits Darien must be prepared for a vast amount of discomfort and many hardships, for there is no accommodation to be obtained in the district, nor on the boats which run between Panama City and the outlying settlements. I left Panama on one of the local launches that ply between here and Garachine, the first port on the Darien coast. I have had the misfortune to travel on many miserable craft, but for outright filth, discomfort, and unseaworthiness, our launch exceeded them all. The food was uneatable, even the vultures disdaining to touch the meat supply spread out to dry on the roof. Finally, every member of the crew, as well as the captain



The village of El Real, at the juuction of the Tuyra and Pirri Rivers.



A general view of the picturesque town of La Palma.

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and the Chinese passengers, had a game-cock tethered somewhere on deck, and the crowing of these creatures made sleep impossible after 3 a.m.

Garachine is a miserable spot, a collection of flimsy cane huts built along a narrow strip of beach between the water and a vast swamp. Oil is known to exist in the vicinity, but all industry and progress is killed by the fact that the entire neighbourhood is owned by one man who will not permit anything to be done without payment of a fee. A little agriculture is carried on, but, as a whole, it is a most uninteresting, forlorn, and God-forsaken spot.

Our next stop was La Palma. While many of the houses here were of the same type as those at Garachine, there were a number of painted wooden buildings, and altogether the town is quite attractive and sanitary, owing to the fact that it is built partly over the water and partly on a steep hillside. All along the river, as we travelled onward, were wonderfully fertile and level lands perfectly adapted to agriculture, but absolutely untouched and uncultivated for mile after mile until Chipogana was reached.

Five hours after leaving this ramshackle collection of huts I arrived at the end of my launch journey and disembarked at El Real de Santa Maria. This village with the high-sounding name is the successor of the old Spanish town whose ruins may still be seen a few miles below the present settlement, and which was the first European town on the Pacific slopes of America. El Real is a miserable village of cane huts built on level land at the junction of the Tuyra and Pirri Rivers, and is as filthy and forlorn a hole as one can imagine. The crooked paths which serve as streets are littered with stones and filth, the houses are neglected and half ruined, and all drinking water must be brought from far up the Pirri River, as the streams at the town are thick with mud.

Fortunately, I was not compelled to remain long in El Real, and by daybreak on the morning after my arrival I had engaged two boatmen and a big dug-out, and by nine o'clock was being poled up the Tuyra on the flood tide.

Here, as everywhere else, were endless level agricultural lands untouched save here and there where some more energetic native had planted a few rows of corn and beans on the beaches a few inches above the level of the water, or where some West Indian immigrant had built a tiny hut and had surrounded it with banana, plantain, and yam fields. Much of this country is covered with cane brakes, but in places are large patches of open forest, and many of the trees are gigantic. Game was scarce, but bird life was abundant. Soon after passing Pinogana—a tiny hamlet beside the river—I saw the first Indians, a Chokoi family paddling down-stream in their dug-out, and the next morning we reached the first Indian settlement on the Yapi River. This was a village of Chokois, a happy, good-natured tribe who, although comparatively near the settlements, live as simply and as primitively as before Europeans first set foot on American soil.

At the foot of the high bank a number of dug-out canoes were moored, and gathered on the summit of the bank, and on the steep path which led up from the water, were a number of men, women, and children. The men were nude, save for breech-cloths of red and blue cotton; the women wore only a scant kirtle of calico, and both men and women had their coppery-brown skins decorated with red and black painting. The old chief, who wore a ragged coat in place of royal robes, came forward and welcomed me gravely and invited me to his house.

The Chokoi house is a simple affair of poles and thatch raised from the ground on posts, and with a floor of split canes which is reached by means of ladders made by cutting notches in poles. The interior is roughly divided by imaginary lines into three sections, one for the men, one for the women, and the third for the kitchen. Furnishings are of the simplest, for the Chokois are ignorant of the art of weaving and never use hammocks, but sleep upon the floor with wooden stools for pillows and the tough inner bark of the rubber tree for blankets. They are very deficient in arts and even their basketry and pottery are very crude, but they are quite adept at wood-carving, and make excellent stools, paddles, stirrers, and other utensils, as well as decorated and carved calabashes.

Like all the Darien Indians, the Chokois have a great number and variety of gods or idols, carved from wood and gaily painted. Strictly speaking, they are not true idols, for they are not worshipped and have no sacred significance, but are more in the nature of fetishes or talismans. There are gods of sickness, of dances, of drinks, of the house, of hunting, of travel, of crops, and, in fact, of everything, and if one of the gods fails to make good it is promptly discarded or destroyed and another made to take its place. Owing to this custom, I had little difficulty in obtaining some splendid specimens of the Indians' gods, for I had merely to prove a god inefficient in order to secure it. On one occasion I obtained a beautifully carved Cocobolo god of sickness by curing a man of fever after the god had failed, but the most amusing incident occurred when I was among the Kunas. I noticed a very large and fine god which had been placed in charge of the village granary, and while examining it I discovered that a woodpecker had made its nest in the back of the god's head. Of course, even an Indian would lose faith in a god after that, and they gladly turned him over to me.

The Chokois are quite musical and use well-made drums, flutes, and flageolets, and they are the only tribe I have seen who use a bass drum and small drum together. Physically they are well built, although short, the men averaging five feet in height and the women four feet eight inches, and have broad pleasant faces and copper-brown or reddish skins. They are very fond of games of any sort, and were greatly amused and mystified at the simplest tricks of sleight-of-hand.

But their greatest delight is the dance, and a dance is held on every pretext, the people

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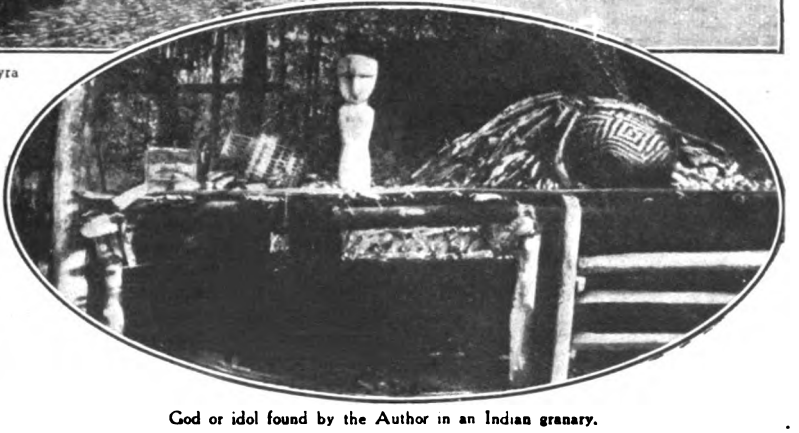
Chokoi Indians' home on the Yaii River.

countless strings of multicoloured beads, broad, woven bead belts were tied about their waists, wide silver bands encircled arms and ankles, their necks were hidden under collars and necklaces of silver and mother-of-pearl, and on their coarse, black hair were beautifully-wrought bead head-bands. A few also wore bright-coloured crowns, and strangely enough these were made of strips of painted wood and bamboo instead of feathers; indeed, I soon found that these Indians never use feathers for any purpose whatsoever; but they are exceedingly fond of flowers, and do not think their dance costumes complete until they have stuck red and yellow blossoms in their hair and ears.

When dancing the men carry carved wooden animals and birds suspended from cords at the end of their ceremonial dance-sticks, which are carved to imitate human figures or spears. Not only do all the men dance together, as among other tribes, but solo dances are also held, the dancer performing on a painted and carved wooden platform, while above his head is suspended a curious sort of canopy consisting

Chokoi Indians on the Tuyra River.

gathering from far and near to attend the festivities. At the second village of the Chokois which I visited I was fortunate enough to be present at one of their festivals and found the men arraying themselves in all their finery.



God or idol found by the Author in an Indian granary.

Their faces and bodies were painted in intricate patterns and in their ears were enormous silver ear-rings of two kinds, one in the form of a large hoop decorated with beads and bangles, the other being a silver-headed peg hung with more bangles. These were inserted through the ears and tied together behind the neck. Across shoulders and chest they wore

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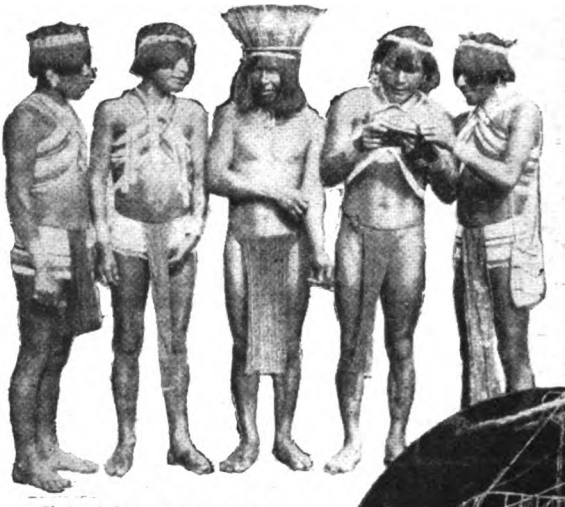
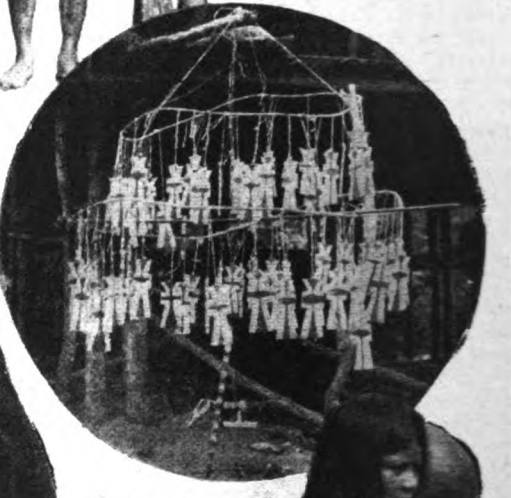
of hoops to which are fastened painted wooden pendants which rattle together with a musical sound much like the Japanese affairs of glass which we hang in doorways or on verandas.

Exchanging my big canoe for a smaller one, we soon left the last of the Chokoi settlements behind and pushed on up the Capetti through the unbroken forest towards the villages of the "tame" Kunas. Travelling was difficult, as the river was very low, and the men were constantly obliged to step out and lift and haul the craft up-stream.



Chokoi Indians ready for a dance.

Chokoi Indian, showing enormous earrings and painting on the face.



Dancing ornaments of the Indians.

The first Kuna house we found was a temporary affair and was occupied by two women, who, fortunately, did not know the purpose of a camera and permitted me to take a number of pictures. They were the only Kuna women I found who would knowingly have a camera pointed at them, while among the wild Kunas it was out of the question to secure pictures, as I shall explain.

Unlike the Chokois, the Kuna women wear a peculiar and strikingly picturesque costume. This consists of a short smock-like garment of gaudy colours and elaborate design made by sewing bits of cloth of various hues upon a coloured cloth groundwork. The designs are in geometric patterns, and by superimposing various colours, very intricate and attractive effects are produced. In addition to these garments the Kuna women wear bead, shell, and tooth necklaces, their legs and arms are tightly bound with strings of beads, and they invariably wear gold nose-rings and paint their faces in a most hideous manner.

Several hours more of tedious poling up the Capetti brought us to the first Kuna village. Here there were a number of houses, large,

A snapshot of a Chokoi Indian girl.

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well-built affairs, walled with cane and two storeys in height, and close to each was a smaller building which served as a kitchen and quarters for the women. The Kuna women are very shy and retiring and, according to the Kuna men, are very delicate and unable to labour in the fields, to take long journeys, or even to expose themselves to bright sunshine. This may be very true, or it may have been merely an excuse for the women keeping out of sight, but in all the Kuna villages I visited I found the women remained in seclusion within their quarters and only ventured forth to bathe early in the morning and late in the afternoon, and, unlike most Indian women, they certainly did no manual labour.

The large Kuna houses were very clean and neat, and were comfortably furnished with huge wooden seats, luxurious hammocks, and quantities of baskets, utensils, etc. The men were all dressed in shirts and trousers, for, oddly enough, the Kunas, although much farther from the settlements than the Chokois, are far more civilized in many respects. But despite their garments these "tame" Kunas were very savage in appearance, owing to their painted faces, and even those who wore belts and cravats bore the Kuna tribal mark on the nose.

These Kunas were most polite and friendly, but they refused to permit me to do anything or to move about until the chief had been summoned. A few hours after my arrival the chief appeared, accompanied by several sub-chiefs; a long conference ensued, I was questioned at length, and the chiefs held another conference.

In appearance they were the most strikingly Mongolian Indians I have ever seen, with pale yellow skins, oblique eyes, and small chins.

They are a very intelligent race, and have developed the art of weaving cotton to a very high degree and make beautiful hammocks and head-bands, the latter being woven of pita fibre and wool in intricate patterns.

Chokoi Indians wearing the strange crowns of wood and bamboo.

I had visited these "tame" Kunas mainly to obtain information regarding the "wild" tribesmen of the forbidden district, and to acquire a knowledge of their customs and language, which I thought would be of use to me in my attempt to penetrate the danger zone. But when I mentioned this to the Kunas on the Capetti, they did everything to dissuade me from entering the wild Kuna district, assuring me that to do

Paddling her own canoe. Chokoi Indian woman on the Chukunaque.

Shooting the rapids on the Capetti.

so meant death, and that even members of their tribe were not allowed in the closed territory.

Finally, however, one of the men informed me that the Kunas on the Pukro River were friendly with the wild Indians, and that members of the latter tribe often visited the Pukro villages. Accordingly, I left my Capetti friends and, descending the river, travelled on up the Tuyra to the Pukro.

At last the chief decided that I might be permitted to take photographs and make collections, and we were soon on friendly terms.

This river is a very beautiful, swift-flowing stream with high, rocky banks and numerous rapids, and progress up-stream was very slow,

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and was made more difficult by the huge fallen trees which had been carried down river in the rainy season and had become stranded on bars and beaches, with their enormous trunks and limbs barring the channels. For several days we worked our way slowly up the river and just at sunset reached the first Kuna house. But to our chagrin I was not permitted to land, the occupant telling me that the chief expected me at his house, and consequently we were compelled to go on for several miles farther through the darkness. When, at last, we ran the canoe ashore and the chief met me, judge of my surprise to find he was the same man whom I had met on the Capetti. He had cut across by land and was waiting for me, and the wily old rascal had never even hinted that he governed the Indians on both rivers. He made us comfortable in his home, but no other Indians were present, and I strongly suspected that they had been sent out of sight purposely.

The following day a number of the sub-chiefs arrived and another conference ensued, and I realized from the tones and gestures that some discussion of importance was in progress. While the pow-pow was going on two strange Indians appeared, and I at once recognized them as "wild" Kunas from the forbidden district. They were clad in shirts and trousers like their hosts, but instead of wearing their shirts inside their trousers they wore them outside, while their hair was worn very long and was looped up on one side and fastened by a peculiar ornamental comb of palm-wood. They were hideously painted, their faces completely covered with scarlet paint with the exception of a round space including nose, eyes, and mouth, which was painted white, while their hands, arms, and feet were dyed inky black.

But they stoutly denied knowing anything of the forbidden district or its denizens, and silently slipped away ere the conference was concluded. Although I was finally permitted to collect specimens and to photograph some of the men, I was cautioned not to photograph the women, which was quite unnecessary, as they remained in their quarters, and finding that little could be accomplished and no information of value could be obtained, I decided to waste no further time, but to retrace my way and boldly proceed as far as possible into the forbidden area.

Descending the river was far easier and much quicker than poling up, and at times it was quite exciting. After refitting at El Real, we slipped down the Tuyra to Yavissa on the Chukunaque. Here I was regaled by blood-curdling tales of the wild Kunas, and many stories of unsuccessful attempts to enter their territory were related. I was told how one party of rubber gatherers, nearly one hundred strong, had gone forth, believing their numbers sufficient to awe the Indians, how they had never seen a savage, and yet each morning they would be killed by twos and threes by poisoned arrows shot from invisible foes, until at last but a scant half-dozen of the terror-stricken survivors escaped and reached Yavissa. Only a few weeks before my arrival, I was informed, two Panamanians who had been driven away from the district had endeavoured to return by a circuitous route and had disappeared, and their four thumbs had been sent down to the settlements as souvenirs.

However, I had visited many "wild" tribes in South America, and had successfully and safely penetrated districts of Guiana where no white man had been before, and I felt confident I could convince the Kunas of my good intentions, and could obtain first-hand information regarding them even if I were driven back from the first settlement. I had expected to find a great deal of difficulty in persuading my boatmen to accompany me, and, to my surprise, found they were quite willing to share any risks I assumed.

Yavissa is situated at the junction of the Chukunaque and the Rio Chico and is a very ancient settlement, being the successor to the old outpost of the Spaniards whose ruined fort still stands beside the river bank.

The Rio Chico is a broad, deep stream, navigable for a long distance, even in the dry season. A number of Chokoi villages are scattered along its banks, and trails lead from its head-waters to the Atlantic coast. There are also paths connecting this stream with the Capetti and Pukro, and also with the Tupisa, the Tuquesa, the Membrillo, and other tributaries of the Chukunaque which rise in the forbidden district. By means of these trails and the waterways the Indians areena bled to travel between the territory of the "wild" Kunas and their "tame" tribesmen without passing through the settled districts, and they also trade with and visit the so-called San Blas Indians of the Atlantic coast, who are a totally distinct tribe, properly called Towalis.

No Indians were seen for many miles after leaving Yavissa, and I had commenced to think the country deserted, when, upon rounding a turn in the river, we were greeted by the yelps and barks of a dozen or more vicious-looking dogs and came suddenly upon a landing-place with several narrow dug-outs moored to the bank. We had no means of knowing if we were in the forbidden district or not, and as it was out of the question to go ashore, in the face of the yapping curs, we merely waited in mid-stream until something should happen.

Almost immediately several men appeared from the bushes upon the bank, and instantly I knew we had reached the country of the wild Kunas, for the men were naked to the waist, their bodies and limbs were dyed blue, scarlet, and black, their faces were grotesquely and frightfully painted, and their long black hair hung below their waists. They were such a savage, picturesque lot that I hurriedly opened my camera and attempted to photograph them regardless of consequences, but at first sight of the instrument the Indians ducked out of sight. But the peals of laughter and good-natured exclamations which sounded from the screen of foliage somewhat reassured us, and calling to the Indians in Spanish, I asked them to call off the dogs and allow us to land.

For a moment there was silence, and then an older man appeared, and with sharp words,

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A Kuna Indian village.

kicks, and blows the yelping curs were driven off and we were rather peremptorily ordered ashore. In a few curt words we were told to follow, and, surrounded by the savage-looking Kunas, we marched off along a narrow winding trail. As we walked along I studied the Indians with interest, but aside from the fact that they were very muscular, splendidly-built fellows, I could gain but little idea of their appearance as their features were effectually disguised by the multi-coloured paint. They were armed with machetes in addition to bows and arrows, wicked-looking spears, blow-guns, and an occasional shot-gun.

Another snapshot of Kuna woman and girls.

The trail twisted and wound about until I lost all sense of direction, and then, descending a steep bank, we came upon a shallow stream with a good-sized village visible among plantain and banana trees on the opposite bank. As we entered it some naked children scuttled out of sight, and I caught glimpses of one or two women hastily disappearing within their quarters. We were led to the largest house in the village and, clambering up the crude ladder, found ourselves in a big airy room. From the rafters were suspended great golden sheaves of rice-heads; elaborately carved stools were placed about; baskets, drums, and other utensils were hung upon the walls or tucked between the rafters and the thatch, and a number of beautiful cotton hammocks were slung between the posts and beams.

A Kuna woman and child.

In one of these was seated a dignified old man, who rose as we entered and greeted us gravely in Spanish. He was tall and rather stout, with a splendid head, and was dressed in loose cotton trousers and shirt, with a pink silk kerchief bound around the mass of long black hair which was coiled upon his head. Unlike his fellows, he was not painted, and his wrinkled, yellow face was far from savage or forbidding.

He was the chief and at once proceeded to question me as to the object of my visit, and as

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to why I had entered his territory. He listened attentively to my explanation, and in order to make clear the object of my studies among the Indians, I handed him a number of photographs of British Guiana tribes. These interested him and his fellows immensely, and a lively discussion ensued as the pictures were passed from hand to hand, but later I found I had made a great mistake in exhibiting the photographs of the nude Guiana women, for the Kunas got it into their heads that clothing became invisible when photographed, and that their women would also appear almost naked in a picture, and consequently no woman was permitted outside of her quarters during my stay.

Presently one of the men slipped out, to return accompanied by two others whom I at once recognized as the men I had seen in the village on the Pukro. Their presence at once explained my reception and the fact that I had been expected, for they had hurried overland from the headwaters of the Pukro and had reported my conference with the tame Kuna chief, and no doubt had also brought a message from him. Evidently their story agreed with my own, for after a deal of conversing with them, the old chief notified me that we would be permitted to remain at his house for a day or two, that his men would take me to the various houses in the neighbourhood, and that I should be allowed to collect specimens, secure a vocabulary, take measurements of the men and photograph some of the "boys," but I was warned not to attempt to photograph women or children or any portion of the village.

Then, having delivered his official decision, he became quite friendly. I soon found that these people, although called "wild," were in reality more civilized than the "tame" Kunas or the Chokois, and that they were well informed of the world's doings and were very intelligent. All possessed clothes and guns. In several of the houses there were sewing-machines, and the old chief had taught his two sons to read and write both Spanish and English. He was very anxious to know how the great war was proceeding, and appeared to think that Germany was somehow akin to the Kunas in a desire to keep outsiders from entering her territory, and that the Allies represented the prospectors and rubber-gatherers who were ever striving to force their unwelcome presence on the Indians. I tried to explain the real causes of the war, but it was quite beyond his comprehension, for he could not understand why people should fight when there was so much unoccupied land, even in Panama.

I found he was deeply interested in astronomy, and was very curious to learn something of the movements of the planets. I quite won his heart by presenting him with a pocket compass, and when, later, I made him a sundial his delight knew no bounds.

The Kunas are governed by chiefs whom they obey implicitly, and who are hereditary. They have developed many arts to a high degree, especially that of weaving textiles, and their cotton hammocks are as close and fine as the best canvas, though much softer. Their basketry is excellent, while they are experts in the art of wood-carving. They also make ornamental combs of black palm, and possess a number of interesting toys as well as many musical instruments. In addition to bone whistles, they have flutes and flageolets—the latter unique among Indians, as they are made with mouthpieces—Pan's pipes, and fifes. Their method of playing on these is peculiar, as one musician plays the bass on one instrument and another musician plays the treble on another instrument, the resulting music being very plaintive and melodious and quite distinct from the barbaric music of most other Indian tribes. Their songs, however, are far from musical, as the Kunas sing in a queer, high-pitched forced tone through their closed lips, and sound exactly like worn-out gramophones.

I had found so little difficulty in entering the forbidden district, and was received in such a friendly way by these supposedly hostile and savage Indians, that I was very anxious to learn whether or not there was any truth in the stories I had heard regarding them, and I questioned the chief about their attitude towards outsiders.

He did not hesitate to admit that they permitted no strangers in their territory, but he also assured me that they never killed or injured a person who entered the district for the first time, but merely ordered such unwelcome visitors out of their country and warned them not to return. If they did not obey, they suffered the consequences, he added, making a significant gesture.

As for my own case, the chief stated that as I was neither a prospector nor a rubber-hunter, and had come all the way from New York just to see him and his people, he was sure I was a good friend of the Indians, especially as other Indians who were much wilder had allowed me to take their pictures. But while thus making an exception of myself, yet the Kunas watched my every movement, and I was not allowed to stir from the chief's house unless accompanied by several armed Indians. I also found it impossible to buy or trade any specimens. Finally, I decided to distribute presents in the hopes that the Kunas might reciprocate, and I freely distributed all my trade goods, and even my extra garments, leaving myself barely enough clothing to carry me through to Panama. I was not mistaken in my judgment of Kuna character and custom, and before I left the village all the articles which I had tried to obtain were handed to me as presents by the owners.

How many of this tribe dwell within the forbidden area is unknown, and I had no opportunity of visiting other villages, but the chief stated that he governed ten camps or about five hundred people, and that there were at least five other chiefs, thus bringing the total population to about two thousand five hundred.

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Stories of the War

THIRTY HOURS IN NO MAN'S LAND.

By

A. M. BOSWELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. PRATER.

The thrilling experiences of an Australian trooper on the Western Front. Failing to take an enemy trench, he and others of his company found themselves exhausted and wounded in No Man's Land. How he dragged himself back to his own lines, despite the fact that he was repeatedly sniped at and suffered intensely from thirst, this story tells.

IN July, 1916, the Battalion of the Australian Division to which I belonged was in the trenches at a place near Armentières, opposite the widest part of the line. The distance between the opposing trenches here was about four to five hundred yards. Farther to the left it narrowed down to about two hundred yards.

Most of the battalion had been in and out of the trenches on fatigue duty for over a week, but had now taken over this section of the line. A few scouts, myself among them, had taken control of two observation posts. One was in a row of tall trees near a road, and the other in the gable-end of what was left of a large brick house. This latter had two shell-holes in it, and during our tenancy seven more shells came through, but fortunately without doing any damage to any one of us. Our tree was also not exactly a health resort, as Fritz had a nasty knack of searching for a battery that was a few hundred yards behind us as well as trying to stop the traffic in a sap alongside.

Early on the morning of the day when the incidents I am about to relate happened, several scouts went up from the support to the front line to do a bit of observing and sniping. Up till now this section of the line had been fairly quiet, but was now starting to wake up.

After a little exciting sniping we came back at midday for dinner. We had barely finished our meal when an Intelligence Officer came along and told us to be ready in five minutes to go into the front line again, as a stunt was coming off shortly. We were all delighted at the prospect of doing something, and in a few minutes were off again.

Fritz had now started heavy firing, the communication trench was blown in, and machine-guns were playing through the gaps as we picked our way through the trench. Several of us got hit, but I only got a knock on the hand, scarcely hard enough to take the skin off, but rendering it useless, however, for a time.

We found the rest of the battalion crouched up against the parapet for shelter, waiting till it was their turn to take part in the forthcoming stunt. There were no proper trenches on this section of the front, as the water was too near the surface to dig them. Instead, we had built-up breastworks. Unfortunately, many of the men were hit by stray bullets and bursting shrapnel, and the stretcher-bearers were kept fairly busy.

While waiting I got hit by a piece of shrapnel, but fortunately it only left a bruise. A few minutes later I got knocked flat by a larger piece that got me between the shoulders. At the same time a couple of small bits of metal went into my neck and another penetrated my right arm near the shoulder. I did not take much notice of the latter, but feared the piece that had knocked me flat had gone through my back. On shaking myself, I discovered I was still in one piece, so I got up. I had strapped a clean change of clothes, that I had not time to put on, on top of my haversack; it was rolled up in a bundle. The shrapnel had gone right through it, cutting the strap round it till it hung by a thread. But for this bundle I should have been hit in the spine.

Not thinking the wounds serious enough to bother about, I sat down again. While we were waiting, our Brigadier came along to see how we were getting on. He took about as much notice of the flying metal as if it were confetti. Fritz

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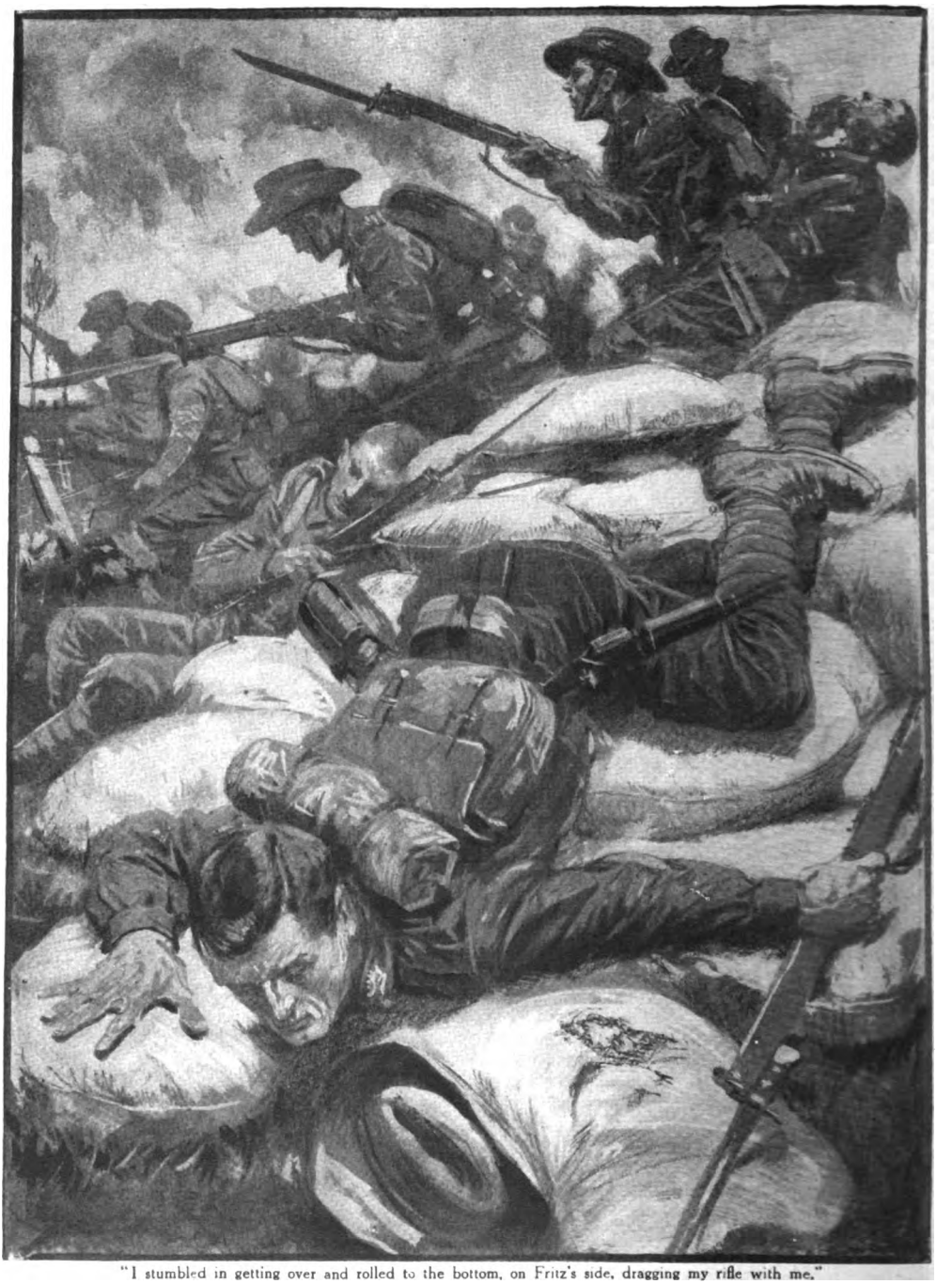

"I stumbled in getting over and rolled to the bottom, on Fritz's side, dragging my rifle with me."

was evidently aware that something was afoot, and was sending shells over as fast as he could fire them.

Just before we got the order to load our rifles, our O.C. told me that I was to act as one of the guides, and he pointed out to me the exact part of the Hun line I was to make for—a gap in a row of eight tall poplars behind the German position.

I got a friend to load my rifle and fix my bayonet, as my arm was still bad, and then waited for the time to come. Fritz had got the range to a nicety with his machine-guns, and was sending in a constant stream of bullets just about a foot above our parapet, where it would catch anyone going over. My orders were to keep a few yards in advance, so I got on one of

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the scaling ladders ready to make the ascent. I didn't like the look of things much, but managed to put on a grin whenever any of the boys looked my way. The stunt was timed for five forty-five, and it was getting pretty near. Two minutes to go. One minute. Then over we went!

I escaped being hit, but when I looked round I saw that over a third of the men had been struck, and they were lying about the parapet. I stumbled in getting over and rolled to the bottom, on Fritz's side, dragging my rifle with me.

Scrambling to my feet, I started off through our wire in the direction of our objective. I was keeping a few yards in advance of our line. The next man on my right was the platoon sergeant. I suppose he thought I was too far in front, so he shouted to me: "Steady up, Bossy; you're getting too far ahead." I pulled up till the rest caught me up, and then kept in line with them. Then I heard a gasp beside me, and glancing round saw the sergeant double up and go down. He had been through the fighting at Gallipoli and was a favourite with all of us. Whenever I took my eyes off the mark and glanced along the line, I could see men falling.

By this time practically all our officers and N.C.O.'s were down, and no one was left to give orders. We all knew what we were expected to do, however, and so just kept pushing on. Half-way across No Man's Land we came to a small stream, the water being about waist deep. The slight delay in crossing accounted for our losing a lot more men. We kept on till we got to the German wire, and then someone sang out to me, "Get down!" I was thoroughly done up, so dropped on to my face. The man on my right fell on to his hands, and before he got right down he was hit. He fell forward and never moved again. Before we were told to get down there were not a dozen men left of our platoon, which formed the first wave. I took a couple of deep breaths, and then looked along the line for the order to advance again, as the ground was being ploughed up with machine-gun fire, and it was useless to stop where we were.

There was no one to give the order. Of the dozen men that had got to this position, only two, beside myself, were unhurt. One was about a dozen yards to my right, and the other was in a shell-hole a few yards to my left. Thinking that it could not be long before they got me I determined to take toll of a Hun or two, so I got the rifle to my shoulder with a good deal of trouble and pain and was just about to pull the trigger when one of the machine-guns put in a burst of about six shots alongside my elbow. It was poor shooting at less than a hundred yards, but I thought they might do better next time, so I rolled a foot or two and let off a few shots at the mob of Huns lining the parapet. I fancy my shooting was a bit better than theirs. I had only just shifted in time, for the machine-gun put in another burst on the very spot I had left a minute before. But that gun was getting very close. One bullet ripped the corner out of my haversack, another had gone through my tunic, while a third cut the pocket where a bomb lay.

As I did not think three of us had much chance of taking a strongly-held trench in broad daylight, I beckoned to the man on my right to crawl over towards me, and then rolled into a near-by shell-hole alongside the man already there. The other man got within about a yard of the hole, when a bullet went through his tin-hat, giving him a slight scalp wound and entering his shoulder. He was not disabled, and with a little assistance got in.

We three then held a council of war, and decided to wait until the next wave reached us, and then jump up and go forward with them. But no other wave got so far, so we had to modify our plans. We then decided to wait till dark, and then try and get back to our own lines. But the Huns had the wind up, and expected another attack; they treated us to a glorious display of flares, star-shells, etc., so that it was nearly as light as day. We thought they would come out after us, as they must have known where we were, so we kept a strict watch. I was carrying a Webley service revolver as well as the rifle, and kept this handy. I could not use my right arm properly, but being a left-handed revolver shot was prepared to put up a good fight. But Fritz left us alone.

Our artillery shells were a great source of annoyance, we being so close to their ta get. Chunks of dirt and stray shrapnel kept coming into our hole, and altogether our position was not an enviable one.

I got out my entrenching tool and tried to scoop up a bit of a bank behind us as a protection from shrapnel, but a sniper objected to this, and started pumping lead into the bank as near as he could get to me. As he got to within about six inches, I decided to lie perfectly still. All day that sniper kept amusing himself in his efforts to reach us, but did not succeed.

We had heard voices behind us once or twice, and presently, towards dusk, a man crawled into our hole. Though unhurt, he had had many narrow escapes. He had two bullet holes through his tin-hat, just missing his head, four through his felt hat, which was hanging from his shoulder strap, two through an empty pouch of his bandolier, two through his water-bottle, while the woodwork of his rifle from the magazine upwards was shot away. He told us he had three wounded mates about fifty yards farther back, so we all crawled to where he had left them.

Then our party of seven started back for our own lines. Being a scout and the eldest of the seven, I was appointed guide. It was dreadful to pass so many fine fellows who, forty-eight hours before, had been bubbling over with life, and were now still for ever. They were lying very thick on the banks of the stream. Some, hit right on the edge, had fallen forward into it, and the butts of their rifles were sticking out of the water, the bayonets having been driven deep into the mud.

The machine-gun fire had slackened considerably, but there was still a fair amount of it, and we had to keep low, and crawl alongside anything that afforded shelter. We finally got back to our own lines about midnight, after thirty hours in

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No Man's Land. We were scarcely able to walk, and the news we heard did not tend to cheer us up. Out of our battalion, a comparatively small number were unwounded. The majority of the officers had been killed. Some of the battalion on our left had got in on Fritz and held the line till flooded out, but then they had not nearly so far to go as we had.

We were soon packed off to dressing-stations and hospitals. I went down to the base and was operated upon, and soon after got my first sight of "Blighty."

SIRINGA'S LAST BATTLE.

By D.MK.III.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. WIGFULL.

A stirring story of how the situation in one of the first fights in German East Africa was pluckily saved by the daring of a native boy. "The incident is quite true," writes the Author, "and occurred exactly as related."

"Siringa made his first appearance as an emaciated infant of ten, elegantly attired in a piece of string and what had once been a red pocket-handkerchief."

WHEN the war broke out, Ellerton was growing sisal fibre in Equatoria, so, of course, he joined one of the hastily raised local corps, and cursed his luck that he was not at home where the big things happen.

He chose the Equatorial Rifles, a Native Infantry Regiment, composed of time-expired "askaris" of the regular native force, partly because he wished to operate in a country with which he was thoroughly familiar, and partly because in the long-buried past he had worn the King's khaki, and knew the game.

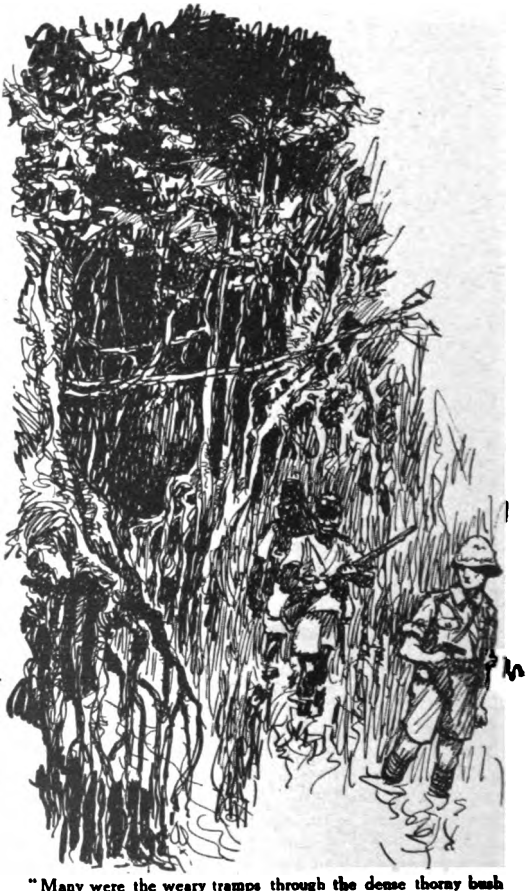
So he became Lieutenant Ellerton once more, and in drilling his cheery, irresponsible black troops, with their burnished black skins and wide grins, found that life had something to offer him after all.

And with him into the new life went Siringa, his native boy, who, putting off his spotless white kanzu, adopted a khaki kit, with the comfortable feeling that his master was now a greater man than ever, and that it was clearly his business to uphold his dignity. For how could a master's authority remain if his servant consorted with low people and porters?

Some seven years previously Siringa had made his first appearance on Ellerton's plantation, as an emaciated infant of ten, elegantly attired in a piece of string and what had once been a red pocket-handkerchief. He attached himself to the kitchen regions, from which he rose gradually to the proud position of "personal boy," with the conviction that the entire responsibility of the household rested on his small shoulders.

He had long forgotten all about the string and handkerchief, and had so often told the dogboy and the cook the story of how his father, a great chief in a far country, had given him to Ellerton as a mark of friendship and blood brotherhood, that he now honestly believed it himself. He knew that nobody could contradict him, as there was not a man now on the plantation who had been there more than four years.

Ellerton had an idea that the boy was too



"Many were the weary tramps through the dense thorny bush which clothes that part of the border of Equatoria."

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"One of the askaris tripped and fell on his face."

young, and spoke of taking the accursed Abdullah, who, as Siringa knew well, was a worthless person, much given to the stealing of whisky and particularly of knives and forks. But Siringa, now seventeen, and actually considering whether his position did not require him to begin negotiations for a wife, disposed of Abdullah by threats of exposure, packed the chop-boxes, tied up his own small bundle, and marched out to the war, strong in the conviction that he was an integral portion of the British Army, and that his master was the greatest man in it.

For many weeks the small force to which Ellerton was attached moved hither and thither, through the hot, steamy coast lands. Rumours of raiding Germans came down the lines from time to time, and many were the sudden orders and weary tramps, always fruitless, among the stifling coco-nut shambas or through the dense thorny bush which clothes that part of the border of Equatoria.

The powers that be recognized the value of Ellerton's knowledge of the country, and worked him so hard that there was seldom a night of restful sleep. But having little imagination, Siringa did not worry about an enemy he could not see.

His duty was to attend to meals and camps, and to make his master as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Sometimes he would sit and listen to the men while they told wonderful stories of their doings, and wondered how it was that if the English wanted to take the country of Germany, they did not do it at once.

Most of the askaris had seen service in native punitive expeditions, and knew what fighting meant; but Siringa, who had never been far from the plantation since he could remember, regarded the life as a profitless shooting trip.

When he thought about the war at all he supposed that the enemy, having heard that Ellerton was displeased with them, had run away.

It therefore came as quite a surprise to him when one morning the silence of the bush was broken by the sudden pop-pop-prrp of rifles, and one of the askaris, who was passing at the moment, tripped and fell on his face beside Ellerton's tent.

Siringa, looking at the trickle of blood which oozed on to the red dust, wondered what could have happened. He wanted very much to run away and hide somewhere, but as no one else appeared to think of doing so, he remained where he was, until Ellerton, leaping from his tent, rushed his men to a little ridge just in front of the camp, where one of his pickets had been posted during the night.

The firing, having ceased for a few minutes, began again, much more violently. A spurt of dust sprang up close to Siringa's foot, and he was still wondering what had caused it, when something stung him on the arm, the flesh of which was just grazed by a bullet. Instinctively he felt that he would be safer near his master, and springing up, he ran to the ridge and lay down just behind Ellerton, who was much too busily occupied in his endeavour to hold his own against an attack by a very superior force to notice the boy.

The ridge was low, but, being rocky, it gave a fair amount of cover to the men, though it did not in any way shelter the camp, which was in the direct line of fire.

Siringa crouched behind a large stone and watched with wide and uncomprehending eyes large numbers of men, both white and black, dodging in and out of the bush a couple of

"Somehow, he scarcely knew how, for the box was terribly heavy, he got it on his head and turned towards the ridge."

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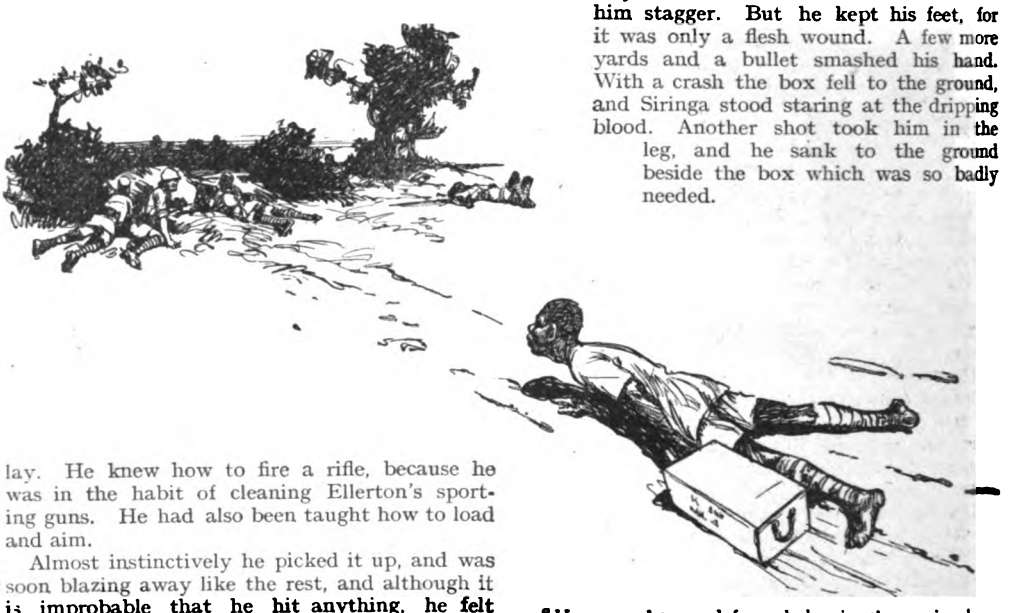
hundred yards away, and firing incessantly at the little party on the ridge.

Presently the blood of unknown fighting ancestors began to work in him, and he found that all he wanted was to kill someone.

The men among the trees were enemies, and he wished that he had a spear, and could get at them somehow. Then an askari and his weapon dropped close to the stone against which Siringa lay. He knew how to fire a rifle, because he was in the habit of cleaning Ellerton's sporting guns. He had also been taught how to load and aim.



Almost instinctively he picked it up, and was soon blazing away like the rest, and although it is improbable that he hit anything, he felt considerably better.

But Ellerton was desperately anxious as to the outcome of the fight. His numbers were few and he had lost heavily. He had reason to believe that he would be reinforced if he could hold out. But could he do so?

He knew that ammunition was running short, and that it was absolutely necessary to get some more from camp. But the camp being, as has been said, directly in the line of fire, it was extremely unlikely that anyone could reach it and return alive.

However, the risk had to be taken, and Siringa heard the order given to two askaris to make the attempt. He watched them go, bent double, but one fell as he entered the camp and the other immediately afterwards.

Just then a determined rush by the enemy took up the whole of Ellerton's attention, and, realizing the situation, and taking a last look at his master, Siringa laid down his rifle and crept towards the camp.

The dust flicked up around him, close, horribly close; he knew what it meant now, but he kept on his way, and reached his destination in safety.

He had meant, while still crawling, to drag the ammunition box behind him, but as he seized it, a cry rose from the ridge.

"Risasi, lete risasi!" (Cartridges, bring cartridges!) and he saw that if he crawled he would be too late. He must arrive quickly, or not at all.

Somehow, he scarcely knew how, for the box was terribly heavy, he got it on his head and turned towards the ridge. The distance was not great, perhaps a couple of hundred yards or so, but it seemed to him miles. He was halfway when a sudden blow in the side made him stagger. But he kept his feet, for it was only a flesh wound. A few more yards and a bullet smashed his hand. With a crash the box fell to the ground, and Siringa stood staring at the dripping blood. Another shot took him in the leg, and he sank to the ground beside the box which was so badly needed.

"He managed to crawl forward, dragging the precious box behind him."

But, the pluck of his ancestors sustaining him, he managed to crawl forward over the small distance which still separated him from the ridge, dragging the precious box behind him, and staining the red dust still redder as he went.

He seemed to have been crawling for years and years, when suddenly Ellerton turned and saw him.

"By God!" he cried. "The boy has brought the cartridges," and in an instant strong hands picked up both box and boy, and the sorely needed ammunition was being distributed down the line.

Siringa spent many weary weeks in hospital, but emerged with nothing worse than a limp, everyone agreeing that the victory was largely due to him.

He does not realize that he did anything in particular, but he carries himself with rather more swagger than before his first battle; and now, when he sits with the askaris round the camp-fire in the moonlight, he tells stories himself, instead of listening to them. He has been accepted into the brotherhood of the men that do things.

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A WEEK IN A LENS DUNGEON.

By STUART MARTIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. SHERIE.

The Author, a member of the staff of the Canadian War Records, herein relates how two Canadians, a private and an officer, the latter badly wounded, hid in a cellar in the German lines for a week, enduring the pangs of hunger and thirst. Night after night they endeavoured to crawl back to their lines, only to discover their path blocked. How they eventually escaped this story tells.

THE war has brought many strange thrills to men who, before they donned khaki, never dreamed that they would figure in tense situations; and unique among battle thrills is the experience of Lieutenant McLean and Private Ebbs of the 87th Canadian Battalion. For a week these two men—one badly wounded in the back—hid in a cellar in the German lines with the enemy every moment within earshot, not aware that two British soldiers were crouching under their abode.

The agonies of the two men may be compared to those of castaways on a desert island, for they endured the tortures of hunger and thirst and were rescued just when their privations had reduced them to an enfeebled and helpless state.

The 87th Battalion, known as the Canadian Grenadier Guards, took part in the attack on the Lens front on the fifteenth of August, 1916, when the first big advance against Hill 70 was made by Canadian troops. The first stage of the attack ended on the eighteenth. On the morning of the twenty-first the second stage was resumed.

The Grenadier Guards of Canada went up against Aconite trench, and after capturing their objective they advanced farther into the German positions. No. 7 platoon, over which Lieutenant McLean had command, advanced in extended order towards what remained of a row of cottages. Only the walls of those cottages remained; but one, which had escaped the smashing of the artillery to a greater extent than its neighbours, was still capable of proving a good sniping post. The whole of the lower storey had been blown out, but from the upstairs room a handful of Germans kept up a harassing fire on the advancing British.

Some men of the platoon made a dash for this house, and Ebbs, who reached the place first, turned in time to catch the falling form of his lieutenant as he entered the ruin. McLean had been hit in the back by a hand grenade thrown from the upstairs room by a Hun. Ebbs dragged his officer in under cover. From there they both watched the other men of the platoon running along the ruins in an endeavour to cut off the Huns and kill those who resisted.

The fire on both sides was hot, and Ebbs carried his officer into the rear of the ruined cottage. As he was doing this another grenade was thrown from the upper window, but the explosion did not injure them. Ebbs had still one bomb left, and advancing to the staircase he threw this up into the room above where the Germans were, though he did not gain the satisfaction of knowing exactly what damage it caused.

His first work after this was to find cover for himself and Lieutenant McLean. A large hole in the floor made by a shell showed a cellar underneath. Into this cellar he half-carried, half-dragged his officer. In the darkness he saw that the previous occupants had left an old woollen bed on a rickety bedstead, and on this he laid McLean and tried to bandage up his wound. When that was finished he went upstairs to the ground floor to see what the situation was then.

Hiding behind the rubbish and bricks of the ruin Ebbs saw a number of men of his platoon taking shelter in a shell-hole not more than twenty yards from the house; farther back were more men in other shell-holes. They were sniping at the Germans in the upper storey of the house. Ebbs dared not call to his comrades for fear the Germans above would hear him, and after watching the battle for some time, he went down to the cellar again and told Lieutenant McLean what he had seen. The lieutenant asked him to go back again and watch the proceedings, but when Ebbs returned to his look-out post he was dismayed to see that there were now no Canadians in the shell-holes except a few dead and dying men. In the room above he heard the Germans moving about, getting a machine-gun into position, then he heard shouts from above; straining his eyes he looked out across the battlefield and was dismayed to see coming towards the house a number of Huns all apparently in the greatest state of excitable joy. They were waving their hands and rifles above their heads and singing. Ebbs knew what that meant. The Germans had retaken Aconite trench and had driven the small band of defenders back. He knew that he and Lieutenant McLean were doomed unless a miracle happened.

He hid while the Germans entered the cottage and went upstairs to their fellows. Others came from other quarters, and as he lay concealed among the bricks Ebbs felt his heart stop as one Hun picked up Lieutenant McLean's revolver which had been dropped in the attack, and read aloud the inscription on the butt: "The 87th Grenadier Guards." "He must

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be wounded and cannot be far away," continued the man, and it is a curious fact that the Hun spoke in English to his companions.

Before they had time to begin a search of the lower storey of the ruins, Ebbs crawled back to the hole in the floor and dropped down into the cellar. When he told Lieutenant McLean what he had heard they agreed that the Huns would soon be searching for them and that the best thing to do was to destroy all papers they carried. This they did, and then waited for the Germans.

Curiously enough, however, the Huns did not come to the cellar, though they searched the ruined brick-heaps above. When all was quiet again Ebbs began to make an investigation of their dungeon, and discovered that there was another apartment leading towards the back of the house. The only means of entrance was a hole in the wall and the place was darker than where they were at the moment; also there was a great pile of furniture in it, the remains of the poor householders' goods, but the two prisoners decided it would be better to get into the second apartment. Ebbs pushed the bed through the hole in the wall and helped McLean into the dark interior.

"Ebbs turned in time to catch the falling form of his lieutenant as he entered the ruin."

During the whole of that day the Germans in the upper storey kept up an almost incessant machine-gun fire, while the two Canadians lay trying to get some sleep. They had determined to try to escape that night. All that day they did not taste food. They had forgotten that Ebbs had a small ration of bully beef in his pocket.

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That night about ten o'clock they began their first attempt to get away. McLean crawled slowly and painfully behind Ebbs. They reached the shell-holes where Ebbs had seen the dead and dying Canadians, and there they began to search for water and food; but all the haversacks had been emptied by the Huns and all the water-bottles had had the corks drawn. Even the identification discs had been taken from the helpless bodies.

The two men crawled towards the Aconite trench, to the spot where their attack had succeeded. Ebbs crept up the steep parados and peered over. Right in front of him the German garrison was "standing-to," a distance of four yards between man and man. They were looking towards No Man's Land, evidently expecting an attack by the British. The two adventurers crept back to their cellar.

The next day (Thursday) they opened up their stock of rations—one tin of bully beef. Between them was less than half a bottleful of water. They divided the beef into three portions, eating the first portion that afternoon and arranging to make another attempt to escape when darkness fell. But the Germans upstairs hammered away with their machine-gun all day and during the night, so that any attempt was impossible.

On the Friday morning the British artillery began a bombardment of the position, and the German machine-gun ceased firing, nor was it ever heard again. That afternoon the second portion of bully beef was eaten. The water was finished. Night brought another attempt to get away.

About midnight they left the cellar and crawled as before towards the brick-heaps, stopping wherever they found dead men to search for rations. They did not find anything. They had almost reached the vicinity of the Aconite trench again when British shells began to drop among the brick-heaps and into the trench. A small brick arch, part of a cellar, which they discovered, proved their salvation. There was just room for them to curl up in the tiny place. They squeezed into the arch and lay there cramped together while shrapnel and broken bricks crashed about them.

When the barrage ceased they emerged and looked into the night.

"Now's our time," whispered Ebbs. "They will most likely be in their dug-outs."

They crawled again to the parados. Not a German was to be seen or heard. Ebbs was turning to tell McLean that all was well when suddenly they heard the Huns moving down in the trench. Two Huns came out of a dug-out, mounted the fire-step, and gazed intently across towards the British trenches. Had they turned their heads they would have looked into Ebbs's face. The latter buried his face in the earth, hardly breathing.

More Germans were now moving down the trench and the sentries stepped down to join their comrades. Slowly and cautiously, without a sound, Ebbs and Lieutenant McLean withdrew. There was no chance of getting away that night either. They made the return journey to the cellar again, searching every dead body they approached for rations. On one they found a water-bottle nearly full. "We very nearly prayed when we found it," said Ebbs, later. "Our tongues were parched and our throats were in a terrible state."

They reached their cellar in safety, having been four hours on a journey of about a hundred and fifty yards.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when they returned. They had not been long in the cellar when the British artillery opened up another bombardment, this time with gas-shells. The missiles began to hit the cottages, smashing everything and sending already tottering walls into clouds of dust. Six shells came through the cottage walls into the cellar they had first occupied. The old bedstead was pulverized into old iron and the smoke and dust filled their apartment. They had to put on their gas-masks to save themselves from being choked. They lay in this pandemonium for several hours.

At last the barrage ceased and they began to breathe again. That afternoon they ate the last of their bully. At eleven o'clock that night another British bombardment began. This time it lasted for seven hours, with gas shells, and again the two wretched men in the cellar had to put on their masks to protect them from the fumes.

The next day passed uneventfully. It was Sunday. The effect of their privations was beginning to tell on them. Lieutenant McLean fainted while Ebbs was trying to dress his wound. Ebbs himself was not much better. They knew that the end must come quickly. Neither of them could hold out much longer. They had no food and only about a wineglassful of water.

They made another attempt that night, but narrowly escaped capture by a band of Huns who came round a corner of some ruins. They saw that the trench was still held in force by the enemy, and to think of getting through was only to think vainly. They crawled back to the cellar again. On the way back, when they were both about dead-beat and fainting, they found a cabbage in what had been a garden of one of the cottages. It was a cabbage of two years' growth and had two heads. They plucked it and sat in the darkness chewing the stalks for moisture.

The British artillery began again the following day and continued without interruption during the night as well.

Just before daybreak on the Tuesday another heavy barrage opened up. There was no mistaking the guns.

"That's ours," exclaimed Lieutenant McLean.

Ebbs stood on the steps of the outer cellar and listened intently.

"I think so," he said. "They will be attacking after this finishes."

He could see the barrage creeping on over the Germans in the trench. It ceased for a moment, then leaped forward a hundred yards

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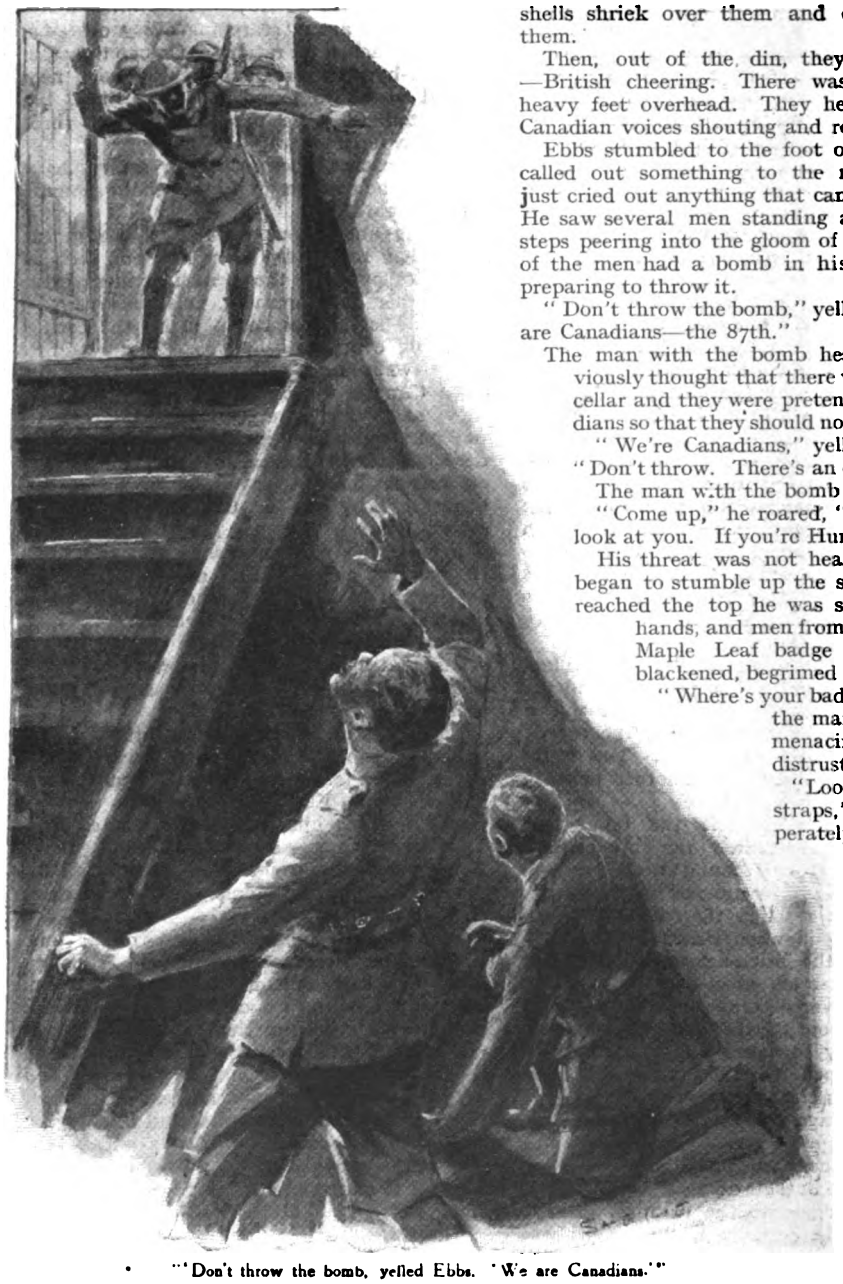

"'Don't throw the bomb, yelled Ebbs. 'We are Canadians.'"

and descended again. It was the heaviest barrage that had yet been hurled at the Hun positions. The ruins of the brick-heaps were blown to dust as it pounded them. It ceased again, then crashed on the space between the trench and the tottering cottages. Then it descended on the cottages themselves. Ebbs and McLean lay shuddering in their cellar as the shells thundered all around them. They heard the walls crash and fall. They heard the shells shriek over them and explode beyond them.

Then, out of the din, they heard cheering—British cheering. There was the clatter of heavy feet overhead. They heard British and Canadian voices shouting and roaring.

Ebbs stumbled to the foot of the stairs and called out something to the men above. He just cried out anything that came into his head. He saw several men standing at the top of the steps peering into the gloom of his cellar. One of the men had a bomb in his hand and was preparing to throw it.

"Don't throw the bomb," yelled Ebbs. "We are Canadians—the 87th."

The man with the bomb hesitated. He obviously thought that there were Huns in the cellar and they were pretending to be Canadians so that they should not be killed.

"We're Canadians," yelled Ebbs, again. "Don't throw. There's an officer here——"

The man with the bomb dropped his arm.

"Come up," he roared, "and let's have a look at you. If you're Huns——"

His threat was not heard by Ebbs, who began to stumble up the stairs. When he reached the top he was seized by several hands, and men from Canada with the Maple Leaf badge peered into his blackened, begrimed face.

"Where's your badges?" demanded the man with the bomb, menacingly and with distrust.

"Look at my shoulder-straps," cried Ebbs, desperately. "I am of the 87th Battalion—the Grenadiers. There's a lieutenant down there——"

The attackers took a lighted candle and went down into the cellar. There they found McLean, lying on the bed, too weak to rise.

"That was a close call," said the man with the bomb, after they had satisfied themselves as to the identity of the cellar dwellers. "I wanted to throw that bomb."

Several hours afterwards Ebbs and Lieutenant McLean, seated in the open air, were able to drink from the water-bottles of their rescuers. Later that day they were back with their own men, being cared for and nursed back to health. Both men were in a pitiable state of exhaustion It had been indeed a close call.

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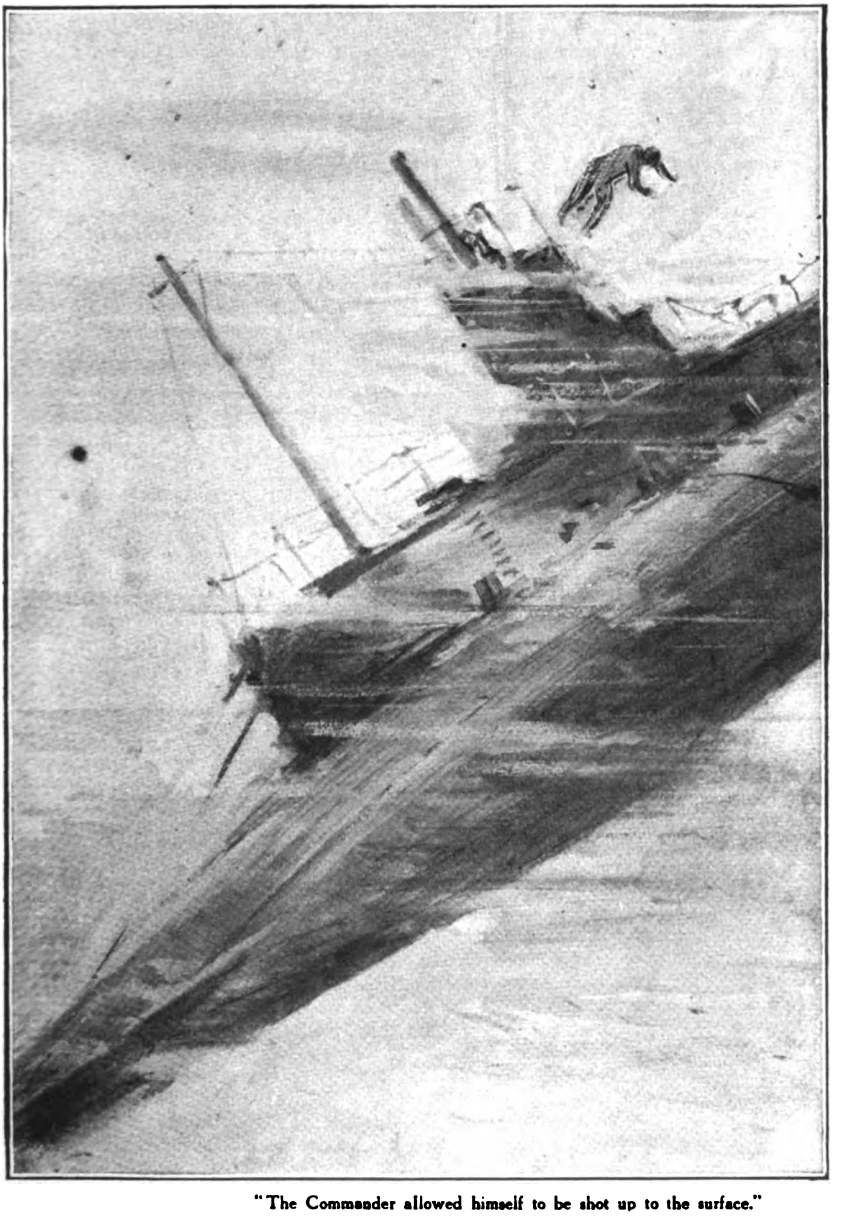
MIRACULOUS ESCAPES FROM SUBMARINES.



"The Commander allowed himself to be shot up to the surface."

By
G. FREDERIC LEES.

Illustrated by
N. S. Pitcher.

The bravery of the men who man our submarines is proverbial. The demands upon their endurance, always exacting, are at times particularly hard, almost, one would think, beyond human strength. Yet, as proved by the following narratives, the facts of which have been supplied to the writer from an official source, the men who go down to the depths of the sea in boats are capable of keeping their heads in the most terrible circumstances. The marvellous escapes here recorded—unique in the annals of the Navy—will enable readers to form a mental picture of the predicaments that sometimes face our naval heroes and to understand something of their psychology.

THE submarine had become fast on the bottom of the sea, with thirty-eight feet of water above it. All efforts to make it move, to raise it even an inch toward the surface, had been in vain. The commanding officer and his men were face to face with death in one of its most agonizing forms.

A consultation—solemn and anxious—was held by the imprisoned men. What exactly had happened to the craft? How was it that, after

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taking her header many fathoms deep, she elected to remain at the bottom far beyond her proper time? Had something gone wrong with the machinery? Thus, with gloom depicted on their brows, they went into the whys and wherefores of a situation that eventually they had to confess was inexplicable.

Night found them still in their steel tomb. What a night to face! They hardly dared to doze for fear of the nightmare visions that might assail them. The blackest night, indeed, that any of them had ever passed. But blacker still was the dawn that faced them. For the dawn of a new day, recorded by their watches (they had artificial light enough to see the time), came with no sign of release.

It was then that some of the mariners began to lose hope and give expression to their feelings in anguish-stricken tones and tragic threats. They were waterless and breadless. The air supply was running out. There was nothing for it but—— The more optimistic ones of the company countered the half-expressed and dread proposal with words of cheer.

As one of these staunch and cheery souls afterwards expressed it: "Speak of dropping sovereigns down a well. Every tick of my watch I knew was a lost sovereign, so far as air was concerned. But those of us who were blessed with big batteries of optimism did our best to distribute the current, and so the time dragged on. Then a great thing happened. The commanding officer and Commander E. L. Goodhart came forward and offered to risk all in an attempt to win to the surface. They did it, though at the cost of the commander's life, and the outer world was thus made aware of our terrible plight.

"Placing in his belt a small tin cylinder with instructions for the rescuers, Commander Goodhart went into the conning-tower with the commanding officer, and allowed himself to be shot up to the surface.

"'If I don't get up the tin cylinder will,' was the last remark he made.

"He must have known that the great adventure, so far as his life was concerned, would fail. But like a brave officer he put duty first.

"When we heard that he had left the conning-tower, we began to speculate as to the chances of his reaching the surface. It was not till many hours later that we became aware of the presence of divers outside our craft, and we knew that our brave commander's mission had succeeded.

"We had been located, practical measures were being taken for our salvage, and that splendid prospect made us take in a draught of new life. Our artificial light was fast failing, but what did that matter? Hope was burning brightly. However, as it turned out, our ordeal was but a small thing as yet. We had still a long way to go. The day dragged through, and when we entered on the silence and uncertainty of the night we were a forlorn enough lot, I can assure you. The nerve of the toughest of us was wearing thin. My fear that it might snap suddenly all round was not realized, however, for we were given further indications, which our practical ears were not slow to catch, that the great work of rescue was well in hand."

Tap, tap, tap—came the sound of the divers. Hope and despair alternately seized hold of the minds of the imprisoned men. It was a joyful sound, but would the rescuers be in time? The air in their steel prison was rapidly being used up. Some of them hardly dared to take a full breath for fear of exhausting the supply, of robbing others. All became altruists.

Another night came. What a night that was in the steadily increasing stifle of the atmosphere! The majority of them never expected to survive until the following morning. Yet the dawn of a new day came with all the old terrors intensified a thousandfold.

"I must confess," continued my informant, "that I had then no longer any hope of seeing the light of day again. Rescue had been delayed so long, our breathing had become so laboured, our throats and lips were so parched, we had reached such a state of weakness that the natural conclusion to come to was that the rescuers would be too late. So, in the early hours of that new day, most of us wrote our last farewell to the loved ones at home; short, tender messages scrawled in pencil. Some of us set about making our wills. Then, as if by a miracle, three strong strands in the ladder of escape came from above. Exactly in what manner this was made possible I cannot tell you.

"The first strand was air—life-giving air—which was forced into the stifling compartment from above. It came just in time to save us. We had then been fifty hours in captivity, our last light was burning dimly, and the atmosphere of our prison house was vile. Oh, how utterly vile it was no words can express! More than one of the company had lost consciousness, but the effect of the tiny air current was instantaneous. Picture to yourself those senseless men stirring as if in troubled sleep, opening their eyes, and breathing hard, whilst those of us who had stood up to the ordeal with all their senses about them felt instantly the glorious effect of the air-draught.

"The second strand was water—fresh, cold water, also forced down by the salvage party. It was only a very small quantity, a mere sip for each, but never was refreshment so eagerly, gluttonously received. Oh, how parched were our poor lips and mouths and throats! Never were drops of water more welcome.

"The third strand was food—pellets of compressed food.

"Thus we were kept going until the way to the outside world was quite clear. The salvage party had accomplished almost the impossible. But their greatest achievement had yet to come. I cannot be very explicit in saying what happened next. Suffice it to say that it was a miracle of accomplishment, due to British ingenuity, British tenacity, British resourcefulness, and British mechanical skill. Let me, however, say once more that all this was made possible only by Commander Goodhart's superb act of daring, an act which we afterwards

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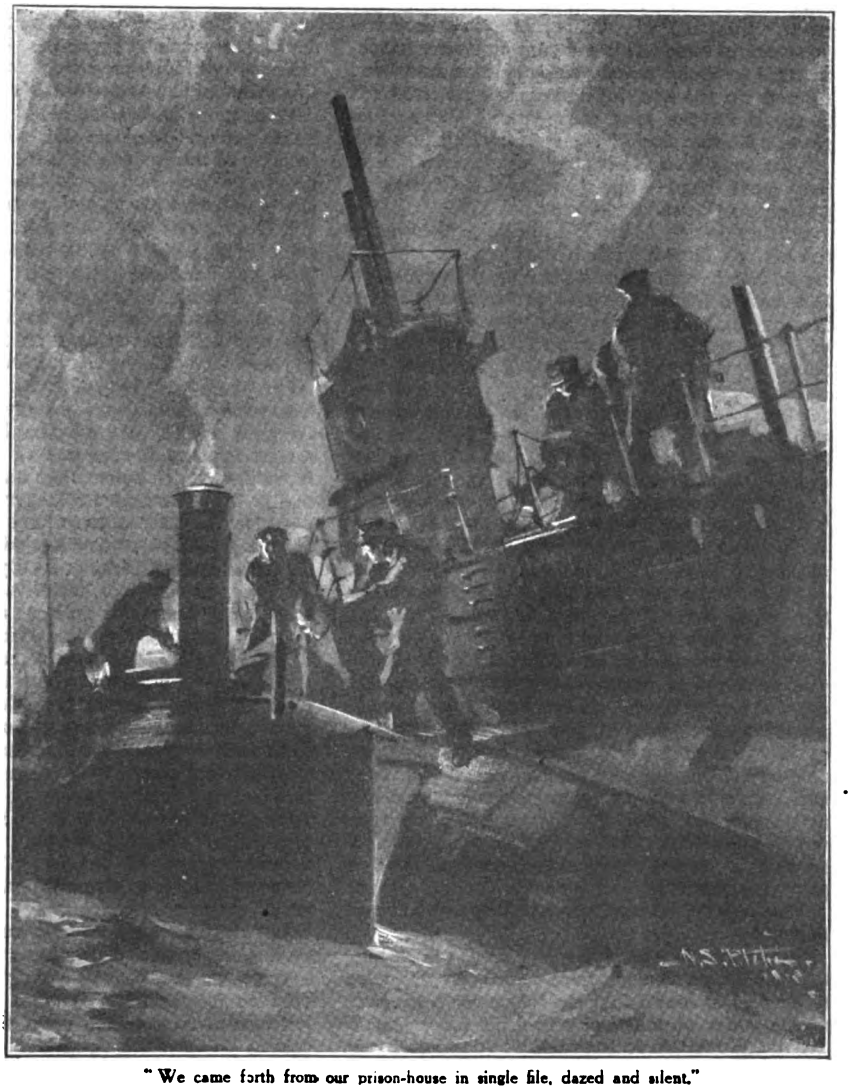
learned cost him his life, poor fellow, and almost led to the sacrifice of another.

"Picture us, then, regaining our liberty in the dead of night. We came forth from our prison-house in single file, dazed and silent. As I was afterwards told, our procession was headed by Jimmy B——, that bronzed mariner whose coolness in the dragging hours of extremity had done much to maintain the flickering life of our company.

"Never, indeed, did the stars seem so bright to us as they did on that memorable night; never, surely, was freedom more highly prized; and certainly never was fresh, frosty air breathed with such gusto. Some little distance away goodly shelter was awaiting us, and from there we dispatched hurried messages to loved ones at home, to relieve hearts that we knew were almost breaking with suspense—for the news of our terrible predicament had become known. A quiet rest, attention, and good food quickly restored us, and within a week we were our old selves again. When we returned to our depot and heard that the King had awarded the Albert Medal to our heroic commander we cheered until we were hoarse, and then I noticed tears in the eyes of many of my mates. Our brave commander had sacrificed his life for us."



"We came forth from our prison-house in single file, dazed and silent."

Remarkable as the above incidents undoubtedly are, there are some naval experts who consider that another case of an escape from a sunken submarine is even more noteworthy. An Admiralty expert has given it as his opinion that the following story is "the most remarkable of the many remarkable experiences of officers and men of the British Navy during these four years of war."

The story is of a stoker petty officer, William Brown by name, who escaped from one of our submarines after she had sunk from an accidental cause in August, 1916. Although Brown was fighting for his life, he showed a wonderful example of indomitable courage and perseverance and of refusal to acknowledge defeat. Alone, in almost complete darkness, with the water gradually rising, receiving electric shocks, and, toward the end, suffering from the effects of chlorine gas and a badly-crushed hand, he worked on for nearly two hours, keeping his head to the last, and, despite continual disappointments, succeeded, at the seventh attempt, in opening the hatch and escaping.

It was about 10.30 a.m. when the mishap to the submarine occurred, and it at once became

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apparent that she was taking in a great deal of water. Stoker Petty Officer Brown's first impulse was to close the lower conning-tower hatch, but this he could not do as some men had been ordered up the conning-tower; so he went aft to see if all the men were out of the engine-room. He met one of the men coming forward.

"Put on a lifebelt at once," he ordered. "And keep your head until you have a chance of getting up the conning-tower hatch."

Having satisfied himself that there was no one left aft, Brown made his way to the conning-tower hatch with the intention of closing it. But before he could reach it he found to his dismay that the water was pouring in in a mighty volume. That meant that his chances of closing the hatch were perfectly hopeless.

What happened? With the weight of water the boat began to dip forward. He was faced with drowning. To escape such a fate the only thing to do was to shut himself in the engine-room. He rushed to the doors, and was about to close them when the thought struck him, "I wonder if there's anyone still alive?"

"Anyone there?" he yelled twice in rapid succession.

No reply came. This being the case, and as the water was rising rapidly, he reluctantly closed the doors against the flood.

The engine-room in which he had shut himself was in complete darkness save for the glimmer from one pilot-lamp. The air had become overpowering through a number of causes and was rapidly becoming worse. Apart from the oppressive heat from the engines, the electric batteries had begun to generate chlorine gas through the action of sea-water on them. Moreover, the water had short-circuited the electric current, so that practically everything Brown touched gave him a shock.

The imprisoned man tried to think of a means of escape.

Suddenly he conceived the idea of opening the hatch and floating to the surface. He tried to do so, but found that the tremendous pressure of the water outside prevented his moving it.

Now, Petty Officer Brown is a highly intelligent man with a knowledge of scientific laws. In his case the only strand in the safety-line he had to rely upon was his intellect and his faith in science. He had always accepted the theory that the pressure inside a sunken air-locked vessel could be greater than the pressure outside. So, in order to increase the pressure inside, he opened a valve and admitted more water. When he considered the pressure was sufficient to blow him out he opened the hatch. But, as the pressure was insufficient, it instantly closed to again. He applied his shoulder and exerted all his strength. The hatch was again lifted, but with the weight of water it slammed to, crushing his fingers. He could hardly release them, and the pain was excruciating. Nevertheless, he refused to give up his fight for life.

Once more he opened the valve, and this time admitted water until the engine-room was flooded right up to the coaming of the hatch.

Now or never was the time for him to escape from a horrible death by slow suffocation. The truth of his theory was about to be tested. The air in the confined space in which he stood was under tremendous pressure. Would it be greater than that of the water outside?

Once more he exerted his strength to open the hatch, and this time he succeeded. Like a bubble of air released from the floor of the ocean, he rose rapidly to the surface, and was shortly afterwards picked up by a destroyer.

There is only one other case on record of such an escape from a submarine. This time the boat was not an English one; it was one of the many U-boats which have been accounted for by our Navy. But the facts, collected by a neutral correspondent from three distinct sources, are vouched for by our own authorities, and may therefore be regarded as particularly instructive. Besides, the story of this particular German vessel, one of the largest and most recent type, and also one of the last boats to leave Zeebrugge before that harbour was bottled up by Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes' forces on April 24th, 1918, is one of the most grim narratives yet told in connection with naval warfare. Out of a crew of forty odd only two survived on reaching the surface, after a terrible struggle with death for about an hour and a half twenty fathoms below the surface, where the boat had foundered after striking a mine.

"The U—— was commanded by one of the most expert men of the German submarine service," runs the official record, "a man who had received decorations for the operations he had carried out during the war. The vessel had been recently refitted, and was complete with the latest appliances. The engineer officer was also a highly skilled man, thoroughly conversant with the vessel. While for some time it was impossible to obtain volunteers for the lower ratings on German submarines—men being drafted rapidly and automatically from surface craft into the submersible craft service—there was no lack of young officers who were anxious to exchange the dull life on a German battleship, consequent upon these craft seldom taking sea-exercise, let alone giving battle, for the more exciting experiences of hunting Allied and neutral mercantile shipping, combined with the necessity for continually being on the *qui vive* to escape the attention of the aircraft, surface craft, and submarines of the Entente navies. As has been stated more than once on the best authority, the submarine service had no attractions for the ordinary seamen of the German navy."

Now, the U—— had not proceeded far from Zeebrugge before there was a heavy external explosion which shook the vessel from end to end, and threw the more delicate machinery completely out of gear. The electric switches were put out of position, and portions of the vessel were plunged into darkness. The craft dived rapidly by the stern to the floor of the sea.

Everybody knew what that meant. They had collided with a mine.

A scene of indescribable confusion followed. Many of the men, unaccustomed to submarine

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work, must have completely lost their heads and become mentally stunned. However, the more experienced and cool-headed officers succeeded in keeping them in hand and suppressing the beginnings of a panic.

It was the engineer officer who tackled the situation. First of all, he succeeded in re-establishing the light. Then he tried to put the boat on an even keel, "and, being unable to bring this about by means of the engines, ordered the crew to make a combined rush forward, which had the effect of putting the boat into a horizontal position, and also prevented her from turning turtle, as she had threatened to do."

But no sooner had this been done than the situation became worse. For water began to pour in aft between the plates, which had been forced apart by the explosion.

"An attempt was then made to blow the tanks, but this was unsuccessful, and the stricken vessel failed to answer any endeavours on the part of the officers and crew to bring it to the surface. The inrush of water increased, in spite of all attempts to stop the leaks, and the position fast became more terrible. The only chance of escaping alive was to force open the conning-tower and forward hatches, and trust to the compression of air in one part of the vessel to force each man, torpedo-like, clear to the surface."

It was quite well known to the crew of the U—— that men had escaped that way before, but they also knew that many experienced submarine commanders had failed. It was clear to them, too, that their chances of success were even more remote, for water was continually rushing into the boat, and at a depth of over twenty fathoms the pressure on the hull was enormous—some sixty pounds to the square inch.

"The men were forced by the oncoming water to remain forward. The commander and the engineer officer took their places in the conning-tower. An endeavour was made to open one of the torpedo hatches, but the outward pressure proved too great. The doors remained immovable. Inside the submarine, as the precious minutes passed, the water mounted higher and higher, creeping slowly over the men's feet and then mounting their legs. The nerves of all were strongly tried, for the hatches still would not move. A fresh source of danger now arose; the sea water had penetrated the voice-tubes in the control-room, and, mixing with the chemicals in the accumulators, set up a poisonous gas, so that the imprisoned men were faced with drowning and also suffocation by chemical fumes. Urged on by their comrades, the men nearest the hatch tried again and again to release it, and then, tired out, gave way to others, who fared no better. Breathing by now had become exceedingly difficult, for, in addition to the poisonous gas, the rising of the water inside increased the pressure of the air in the gradually contracting space in the forward part of the vessel more and more nearly to the pressure outside."

Thus the conditions became so frightful that some of the men began to lose their reason.

"Open the hatch! Open the hatch!" they shrieked.

But the doors, as though held by the hand of an inexorable fate, remained fixed.

At last some of the wretched men could hold out no longer. They were now clambering out of the way of the rising water—clambering into a space which was becoming ever smaller and smaller, and the air of which was becoming denser and more dense. Shrieks and the laughter of madmen were heard on all sides. They were no longer, as it were, human beings. Mind had gone. They were but animals in human form.

"Stuffing their ears, nostrils, and mouths with cotton-wool, they threw themselves headlong into the water to die. One man tried to shoot himself with his revolver, but it missed fire, whereupon he hurled it into the bottom of the ship, and he himself followed after."

Hardly had this occurred when one of the crew succeeded in forcing the aperture of one of the torpedo chambers, and, as the mass of water increased, the air-pressure at last became sufficient to enable them to force open the forward hatches and the conning-tower hatch.

"As a rule the crews of German submarines are provided with *Tauchretter*, or life-saving waistcoats of a special design, fitted with a supply of oxygen, which men are able to inhale through a mouthpiece. Such a device might probably have saved a number of lives had it been at hand on this occasion, but there was not a single *Tauchretter* available on the U——. It was impossible also to make use of a patent buoy which is floated to the surface, and to which are attached a number of ropes which assist escaping men to the surface. The men who were still alive escaped through the hatch, only to go through another terrible ordeal. The air-pressure in the U-boat had become so great that the majority of the Germans could not keep their mouths closed. The rush of the escaping air shot them like human torpedoes to the surface, but scarcely had they reached the sea-level when they were killed by the sudden release from the air-pressure of nearly four atmospheres to which they had been subjected. Some twenty of them sank like stones."

There were only two survivors. These men (from whom the above story was obtained bit by bit) described the cries of their comrades as the most horrible sound they had ever heard.

A British trawler which was passing the spot at once hastened to save their lives. The condition of the survivors showed only too plainly that their experiences in the submarine had been of a frightful character. They were haggard, in a state of nervous collapse, and suffering from the effects of the air-pressure on their lungs, thus causing hæmorrhage.

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An Adventurous Hunt after

A thrilling account of the adventures of the Author in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Nyanza. He was brought low by fever, and lower by hunger, but before leaving the district was equal to the killing of thirty-eight crocodiles in a few hours.

I HAD been shooting along the banks of the Magoris river, near the border of what was formerly German East Africa.

Apart from the game found in the patches of forest along the banks, I had been waging war on the crocodiles, which had come up the river from the great Victoria Nyanza, where they are to be found in thousands. I always had a great horror of these repulsive reptiles. Every time I saw them sunning themselves on the bank, lying quite motionless except for their cruel beady eyes, I had the instinct to kill them.

But one must not imagine that every crocodile is a man-eater ; in fact, there are parts of Africa where the creatures have never been known to touch a human being—such as Lake Baringo, north of the Uganda Railway. In this lake I have seen men, women, and children of the Njemp Masai swimming in the water while crocodiles have been lying on the banks in scores.

One morning, whilst reclining on the banks of the Magoris river, taking pot-shots at any of the reptiles that put in an appearance, an Arab trader stood watching me. After a time he asked me why I did not go and shoot crocodiles at Shirati, a town on Lake Victoria. He said there had been a good many natives taken by the reptiles, and the Government had offered a bounty of six shillings and eightpence per head for any of the pests brought in. This sounded to me good business ; I knew the islands of the lake very well, and I thought that, with a bit of luck, I should be able to average twenty heads a day till they got thinned out.

When I returned to camp I told my boys what I intended doing, and asked if any of them knew a short cut to Shirati. The principal route would mean trekking to Ikoma, three days' journey, and from there to Shirati, another six. One porter said he knew a way over the Marti Hills, which would take us there in four days. I decided to follow his guidance, but bitterly did I repent it.

We started early next morning, and by noon had reached the summit of the hills. I halted till three o'clock, and then started in advance, with the guide and two Masai warriors, to shoot some meat for the porters when they made camp for the night. The guide informed the porters which way to go, and I also told them we would mark our trail in order that they might easily follow. I marched till five o'clock without a sign of any animal. So far we had not seen anything of the porters, and at six o'clock I was just beginning to get anxious, when one of them approached, carrying a box. This proved to contain the cooking utensils—a very light load, hence the man had easily outdistanced his companions who were carrying the heavier packages. It soon began to get dark, and I fired some shots into the air in order to give them our direction, for I felt I needed some refreshment. When nine o'clock came round I gave up all thoughts of seeing them that night, so I curled up near the fire we had made and was soon fast asleep.

It seemed I had only just shut my eyes when

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By John Alfred Jordan F.R.G.S. F.Z.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS

Man-Eating Crocodiles

I was awakened by a heavy thunderstorm, which soon soaked me to the skin. The boys huddled close up to a tree which we were camping under, but the forked lightning was so vivid that I thought every minute the tree would be struck. We spent a most miserable night. Next morning, feeling very hungry and there still being no sign of the porters, I sent the guide and a warrior to hurry them up. They returned about ten o'clock, saying they had not seen them; and as the guide thought they had pushed on, and must have passed to our right or left, we started off in the most likely direction to cut their trail. If I had known that my guide had been in that part of the country only once before, I should certainly have retraced my steps till we found the porters' tracks.

By twelve o'clock I began to have my suspicions, and questioned him regarding our whereabouts. It seemed to me we had been going too far west, instead of south-west. The man swore that if we continued in the direction we were going we should come to a river on the other side of which lived the Buraga tribe. The river, he declared, was only about three hours' distance. Thinking it better to go straight there, where we were more sure of finding food than by searching for the porters, we again started. Three o'clock came, but there was no sign of a river; we seemed to be travelling through the most desolate country I had ever seen. We journeyed on till five o'clock, and there still being no sign of the river, I realized we were lost and that the guide, trusting to luck, had misled us.

My first feeling was to give him a good thrashing; but I could not help recalling that it was entirely my own fault for not keeping the safari (caravan) together. We were all starving, and I do not know what we should have done had not one of the warriors, while collecting firewood for the night's camp, found some honeycombs full of young bees. We shared the spoil, chewing the young bees, which staved off the pangs of hunger for the time being. The rain broke earlier that night; it was such a deluge as to put out the fire. We felt so cold and miserable that when some lions roared about three miles away we took no notice. It occurred to me that where lions were there was bound to be game; hence, if we survived the night, we might be able to enjoy a steak in the morning.

Daybreak found us stiff of limb, and I felt that I was in for fever. We had a drink of rainwater, which lay in pools on some rocks, and then managed to light another fire to dry our clothes. The heat sent us to sleep, and the sun was high before we thought of starting on our journey. This time I took the direction of affairs into my own hands and started on a south-west course. After we had gone a little distance we heard a honey-bird. A warrior, following it, soon located bees in the bottom of a tree. The hole was too small for him to get his hand in, but luckily we had a chopper amongst our cooking utensils. There was a goodly store of honey, and I ate it until I felt ill; but it was not the food to march on, and at three o'clock we thought it time to camp. The boys found some more honey, but as I would not face it again, I satisfied my hunger on some blackberries and Cape gooseberries.

About sundown we espied four roan antelopes passing about six hundred yards away. I hastily stalked them, and managed to get within two hundred yards. I aimed and pulled

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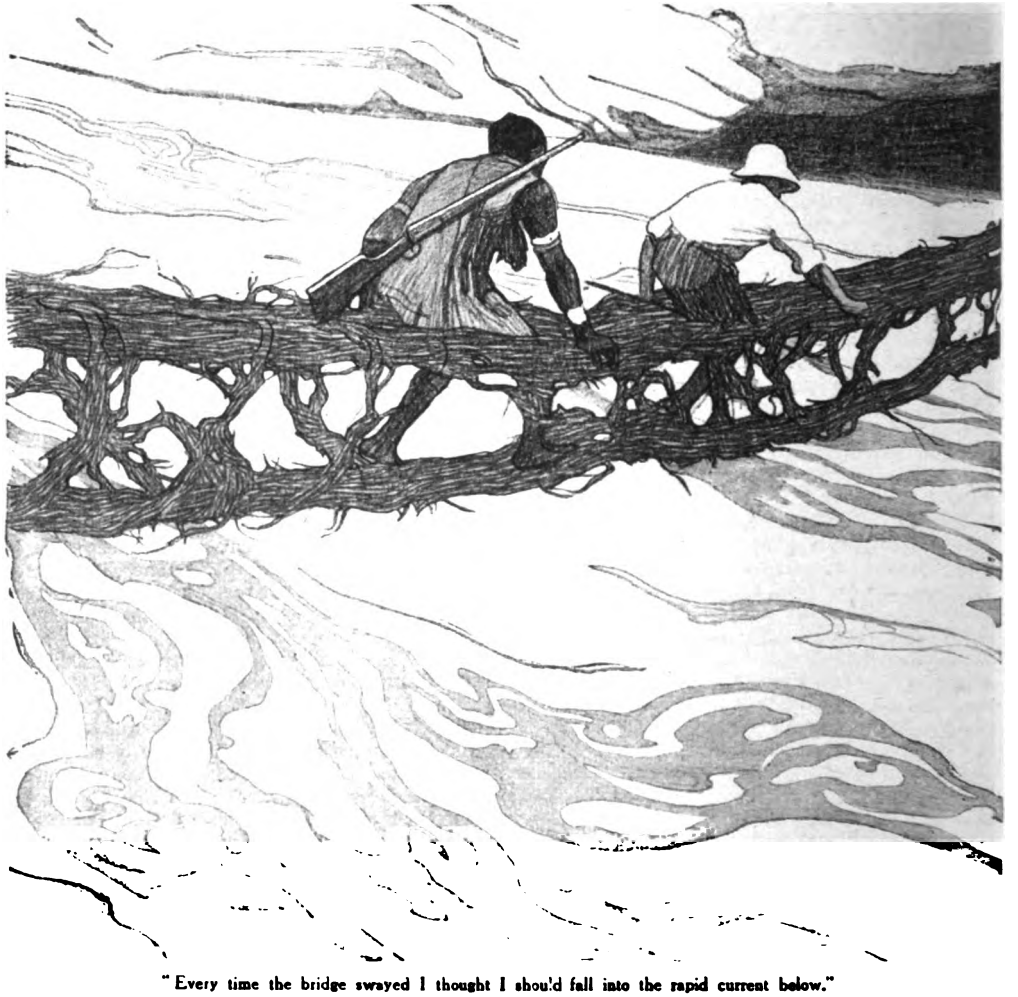
the trigger, but had only a miss-fire, the cartridge being damp. I tried some more with the same result. Swearing softly, I hurriedly tried all the cartridges till I nearly finished them. Then there was a bang, which ended in a clean miss, and away galloped the antelopes. I followed the animals a short distance to see if they would stop; but no, they meant to get away from the danger zone. I returned disgusted to our resting-place.

The boys looked at me with reproachful eyes, as much as to say I had deliberately missed. When I explained that the cartridges were damp and would not explode, their looks denoted that I was a liar. I placed the cartridges near the fire to dry them, and while I was lying back, with my feet to the flames, one boy, to prove in his own estimation that the cartridges were all right and that I was all wrong, deliberately dropped one into the fire, where it, of course, exploded, fortunately injuring no one. That act was just enough to give my already ruffled spirit full play, and when I discovered that the culprit was the so-called guide, who was the cause of all our misfortunes, I got up and gave him such a hammering that he yelled for mercy.

We spent another miserable night, but made an early start next morning. We struck for the highest point, and when we reached it we could see cultivation on some hills about six miles distant as the crow flies. The sight put new life into us, for there, we thought, was food in plenty. I pictured a meal of roasted fowl and sweet potatoes, washed down with nice fresh milk, and dessert in the form of ripe bananas. We started off at a great pace, and if it had been a road we were travelling over we should soon have arrived at our goal. But our direction led us into a most terrible country. We entered a plain of high grass, through which we had to forcibly push our way. The perspiration ran off us in streams. The porter carrying the cooking utensils threw away the box and hung the pots round his neck. By the time we had



"Every time the bridge swayed I thought I should fall into the rapid current below."

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reached the other side, however, he had discarded everything except a kettle and a small saucepan.

We sat down for a rest, my limbs aching with fever. The boys, with thoughts of food, wanted to push on, so I staggered forward like a drunken man. We came to a swamp, which I could never have got through if the boys had not carried me. We topped another rise, and the gardens appeared quite near, so we hurried down the slope and came to a small forest which was extremely dense. While the boys searched for a path I sat down, my legs refusing to do any more work, and I soon fell asleep. I awoke to a great deal of shaking from one of the Masai, but could not understand what it was about. I managed after a short time to collect my senses, and learnt that they had come across some game-pits made by the local natives. Moreover, someone had been cutting sticks that morning, because the cuts showed quite fresh. He said the other boys had gone on to the village to ask the chief to send out some food and men to carry me in.

I felt that it would reduce the distance if I struggled on. I handed the warrior my gun and took his spear to assist me. In a short while we struck a path made undoubtedly by human hands, so I managed to keep going till we came to a broad river, over which stretched a bridge made of vines. It took me quite twenty minutes to negotiate that bridge. Every time the bridge swayed I thought I should fall into the rapid current below. But the boy gave me a lot of help, and eventually I got across. Then I collapsed. I succumbed to the fever, and remembered no more till I found myself being carried on a stretcher of sticks and vines. They placed me in a hut which had just been built, and the chief handed me some calabashes of milk and a basket of eggs. I found the milk very refreshing, and the eggs gave me fresh strength, so that I began to take more interest in life.

The natives were extremely kind, bringing us a sheep, several fowls, and a large bunch of ripe bananas. The boys had enough food given them to last a week. The chief told me that some porters with loads had passed through another village two days before and made inquiries about a white man, so I guessed these were my missing men.

Oh, the luxury of that night in the shelter of a hut as the storm broke! The boys had fixed me up a bed and covered it with sweet-smelling grass. I dined on roast fowl and bananas, with plenty of milk to quench my thirst, and I lay back and mused over our trying time—which seemed like a bad nightmare. I had cursed my folly several times, and cursed especially the crocodiles, which had started me on that journey; but now I looked forward to making money at Shirati.

Next morning I felt fairly well, although too weak to undertake a long journey, but as I wished to move as speedily as possible I arranged with the chief for eight men to carry me into Shirati, when I would buy some presents for him at the stores, sending them back by his men, to recompense him for his trouble and kindness. This he gladly agreed to do, and on the second day we reached our destination, where I found my boys safely housed in a place lent them by an Indian storekeeper. They had been in a great state about me, thinking I might have gone back to Thoma. The rest while being carried down had done me good, but to be on the safe side I took forty grains of quinine, and, changing into clean clothes, went to interview two Frenchmen who had started a bacon factory out of the proceeds of crocodile-shooting.

I found them busy superintending the feeding of a huge herd of pigs. Greetings exchanged, we adjourned to their house and had a chat. They told me they had been miners in Madagascar, but, hearing there had been a large find of gold in East Africa, had come here only to find it was false. Having spent all their money in travel, they had taken up crocodile-shooting on a chance of paying expenses. Their luck, however, had been so good that they had accumulated over three hundred pounds, which they had invested in pigs and cattle. They were now doing so

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well that they rarely went out crocodile-shooting. I told them that if I found it worth while I intended putting in a month at the game. They offered me the loan of one of their canoes, which I accepted, and shortly afterwards took my departure. I told my boys to find me four good paddlers who knew the lake well, and next morning four of the Wa Kia tribe appeared. Knowing these people to be great fishermen, I engaged them at half a rupee each a day. I visited my French friends again, and after lunch obtained more particulars as to the killing of crocodiles. They informed me that one of their boys had been taken that morning while getting water, and as he was a favourite of theirs they intended to put in a few hours shooting the reptiles, till the heads secured brought in a hundred and fifty rupees, which they intended to give to the man's wife.

Accordingly we set out in our separate canoes. I took one boy, besides the paddlers, to load my spare rifle. The Frenchmen soon forged ahead, having ten paddlers. My men approached a small island on which were many crocodiles, the largest being about sixteen feet in length. I killed this one with my first shot, but before I could aim again all the others slid into the water. This happened again and again. I could only get one on an island; the reptiles had been so frequently hunted that they understood the danger. We returned about noon with six heads, which meant two pounds for the morning's work. Being far from satisfied with this, I went down to see what the Frenchmen had bagged. They had got twenty.

I told them how the reptiles had slipped into the water after the first shot, and then they told me how they had managed it. They always proceeded to the large islands, where one would always find a good many lying over the place, some well away from the water. Those close to the shore they shot first, and this gave them time to kill others as they waddled down the slopes. I found the tip useful, and next morning I bagged eighteen before eleven o'clock, as much as the canoe would hold. I sent my boy and the canoe-men with the spoils to the Government post to draw the money, which was just over five pounds.

I had heard the Frenchmen's shots well out in the lake, and expected them to return soon. I had asked them to lunch, but a sudden hurricane sprang up which soon whipped the lake into a raging sea. I saw no one would attempt to cross the lake in that condition, and thought my friends, if they were not near shore, would certainly land on one of the islands till the storm had subsided. In the afternoon a rumour spread amongst the natives that they had all been drowned.

One of the paddlers had been saved, and when interrogated by the chief he gave the following particulars. His master had killed over thirty crocodiles, and had started for home when the squall broke. Seeing they could not make the shore, they ordered the boys to paddle to the island they had just left. The waves, however, sent a great deal of water into the canoe, which began to fill. They threw out the crocodile heads, and the boys started to bail the water out; but these movements upset the dug-out, and they were all thrown into the water. Some, including one of the white men, clung to the canoe, but they were pulled under by crocodiles. When asked how he knew this, he replied that some of the boys had screamed out: "*Mamba na kamato mimi*" ("Crocodiles catch me"). Told to continue his story, he said his other master was a good swimmer, and they swam together to the island. The white man started to pull himself out of the water, and then shouted for assistance, saying a crocodile had him by the leg; but before the paddler could reach him he saw his master pull himself nearly out of the water, shouting that his leg had gone. Then, just as the man rushed to his assistance, he let go of the rocks and fell back into the water, sinking at once. The boy had seen no sign of him again, and he had sat on the rocks till some fishermen had picked him up and brought him in. Search-parties were sent out, but no bodies were recovered.

I was very depressed by the tragedy, for the Frenchmen had been so jolly. Consequently, feeling it would be impossible to shoot round that spot, and hearing that there were swarms of these pests at a place named Na Bangi, situated in a bight of the lake about forty miles away, I decided to go there for a time. I managed to hire an Arab dhow, and, the wind being favourable, I left next morning, and by two o'clock had arrived at my destination. The natives were delighted at my coming, because the reptiles had taken heavy toll of the village during the past few weeks.

That night I heard screams, and on going to the spot learned that a small boy had been taken. Nothing could be done, so I returned to camp, resolving that I would reduce the number before I left the place. Next morning we started, and the bight seemed full of them. I found shooting extremely easy, for the crocodiles seemed to take no notice of the shots, and before the sun went down I had killed thirty-eight. Next day, however, not one was to be seen, and when this happened four days in succession I came to the conclusion that I had slaughtered all the residents of the bight.

The natives became so optimistic that they even started to bathe. This went on till the end of the week, when the slump was broken by a native who appeared at my tent-door and asked me to come quickly, as a crocodile was trying to pull a cow into the water. I hurried to the bank and saw a very rare sight. Some cattle having gone into the lake to drink, a crocodile had seized one by the nose; the beast had started back, dragging the reptile partly out of the water. There was the cow, with feet pressed well into the ground, throwing her weight backward, and the crocodile fastened on to the nostrils, about five feet above the surface. I ended the unequal contest with a well-aimed bullet. I do not doubt that the weight of the crocodile would have won in the end. The nostrils of the cow were severely torn, but it

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eventually recovered. The crocodile was the largest I had ever killed, measuring, approximately, eighteen feet. I stayed for a few days more, but getting upset one day while in a dug-out cooled my ardour for crocodile-shooting.

I have often wondered whether, if we had skinned the beasts, we could have sold the hides. If so, there should be money in the game. Having regard to the speed with which they breed, I can always look back with pleasure to the fact that I have never let an opportunity pass without killing or wounding one of what I consider the most cruel and repulsive reptiles in the world.

"The beast had started back, dragging the reptile partly out of the water."

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The MOUNTAIN WARRIORS of FRANCE

by J D'Arcy Morell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRENCH WAR OFFICE.

In the prominence that was naturally accorded to the fighting line in Flanders and the Somme, we were apt to overlook the fact that the southern end of the long battle front was very mountainous and was defended by specially trained Alpine troops. Here is an account of the work of these brave men in the French Alps, with stirring deeds, gathered by the Author at first hand.

SINCE the Franco-German War, in 1871, there have been thirty battalions of riflemen on the French active list, twelve battalions being Alpine troops specially trained for the defence of the Alps, but during the war the numbers were greatly increased by the incorporation of the reserves and territorial battalions. The uniform of these soldiers of the hills is characteristic. Their headgear is the picturesque dark blue tam-o'-shanter, worn slanting over the left ear. Their outfit is completed by a pea-jacket with turned-down collar of the same hue, a cape and hood, puttees, stout hob-nailed boots, a short rifle, and the mountaineer's alpenstock. In the course of more than four years of uninterrupted fighting many were compelled to replace their beloved dark blue for the light blue-grey in vogue, and even, like many others, including Zouaves, to wear brown corduroy breeches in the rough usage of the great war.

These are the men who guarded the sombre, fir-clad fastnesses in the Vosges against all German assaults. They kept faithful watch and ward along those rugged hill-tops, whence their gaze stretched across the plains of Alsace to the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, waiting for the day of triumph when their bands and bugles would again sound the stirring notes of the "Sidi-Brahim," the Chasseurs' war-song, as they tramped through the streets of the old Alsatian capital.

These soldiers, true hunters of the crags, natives of the Alps, of Auvergne, Dauphiné, and the Pyrénées, are carefully trained for warfare on rough ground. You may see them often pass through Paris on leave from the Front, and note their faces bronzed from exposure to the sun, the frosts, and biting winds of those rugged uplands. They walk with the long, springy stride of the highlander. I can recall them to mind, several companies strong, winding up a steep pass in single file. They carried their alpenstocks in their hands; their rifles were slung over the shoulder, and they sang, as they climbed the steep slopes, their favourite marching ditties, which echoed far up the heights. The light battery of mountain guns followed, drawn by sure-footed mules. The artillerymen had adorned their mules and guns with wreaths of mountain flowers plucked on the march. Soon they all vanished in dips, in clefts, and behind the rocks. The mountain-sides became a solitude in which it would have been as difficult to discover a tam-o'-shanter or the muzzle of a rifle as a needle in a haystack. The commanding officer raised his hand. There was a sharp whistle; then on every side, as if rising out of the ground itself, peered above and around hundreds of tam-o'-shanters, and the sunlight glinted on their wearers' arms.

One of the heroic episodes of the war was the defence in the Pass du Mandray by a force of Alpine troops. Two battalions of Chasseurs, with a small detachment of dismounted horsemen, were ordered to defend the pass with a battery of mountain and some machine guns. They quickly made some hasty trenches and obstacles with felled timber, so as to strengthen the position and hold the enemy in check and cover the retreat of the Fourteenth Army Corps.

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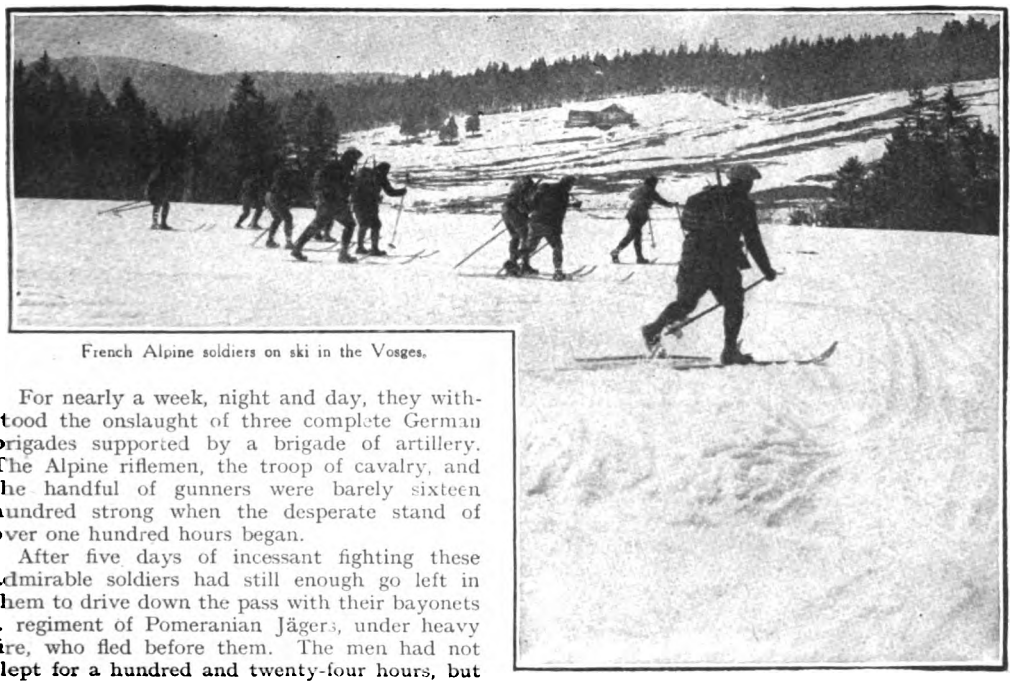
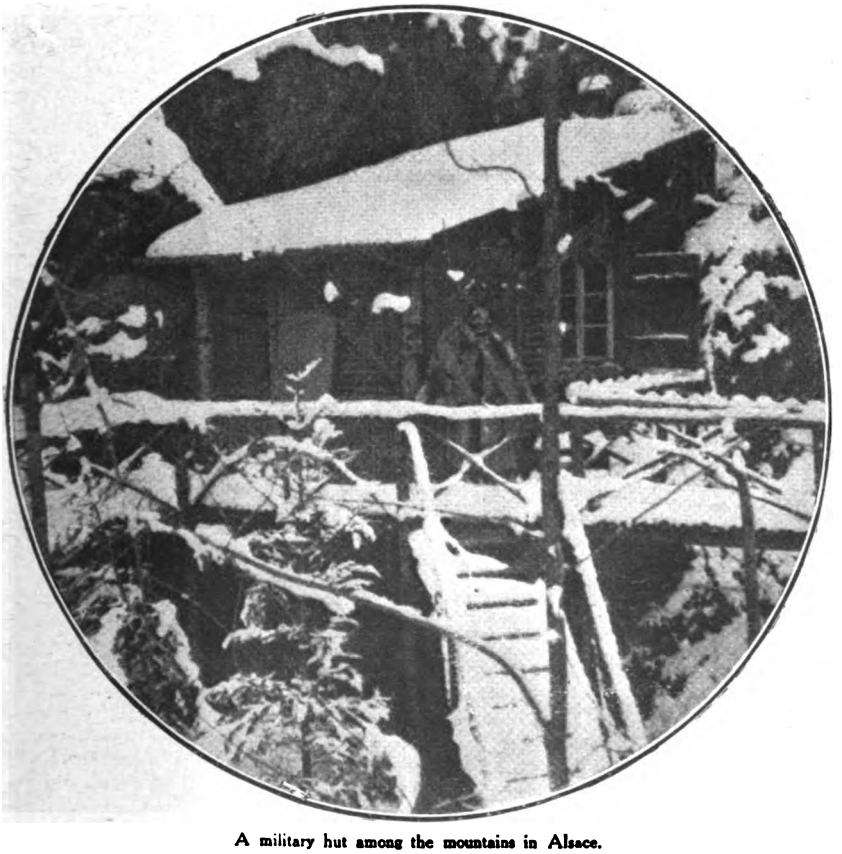


French Alpine soldiers on ski in the Vosges.

For nearly a week, night and day, they withstood the onslaught of three complete German brigades supported by a brigade of artillery. The Alpine riflemen, the troop of cavalry, and the handful of gunners were barely sixteen hundred strong when the desperate stand of over one hundred hours began.

After five days of incessant fighting these admirable soldiers had still enough go left in them to drive down the pass with their bayonets a regiment of Pomeranian Jägers, under heavy fire, who fled before them. The men had not slept for a hundred and twenty-four hours, but they still hurled back the advancing enemy, again and again, although barely seven hundred remained unscathed.



A military hut among the mountains in Alsace.

At last they retired, in obedience to orders, but the Germans made no attempt to pursue. Before retiring, and constantly under fire, these Alpine heroes gave military honours to their fallen comrades, and one of the surviving officers spoke a few thrilling words as a final farewell, while the German gunfire served as a last salute.

One of my Alpine friends, an officer for whom his men have a deep affection, has given me many anecdotes of

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their life for the last three years within a few score yards of the enemy's trenches. He recalled their life in the Vosges with jottings of thrilling interest from his notebook. He found it often difficult to victual his "children," as he termed his Chasseurs, when the snows lay deep in the mountains. Last winter for months the white mantle covered the slopes and fir-forests all along the range of mountains and on the Ballon d'Alsace and the Hartmannsweilerkopf (the Vieil Armand). In places the snow was more than twelve feet deep. At times the mules could not ascend with their heavy loads, so that necessary stores were carried in packages strapped on the men's backs.

One dark and bitterly cold night the captain rushed from his dug-out to grope his way along the communicating sap to an exposed post where he had just heard some rapid shots. Here and there the trench rose and fell in sharp declivities, and the logs that formed the footway were slippery with frost. His command extended for nearly a mile. It was nothing more than a night alarm, the watchers thinking they saw some raiders creeping towards the outposts.

The captain had forgotten on the way back that he had ordered some hot coffee for the men on that cold night, when the glass marked thirty degrees centigrade below zero. In a dip in the trench he saw a shadow moving up, and tried to avoid the passer-by, but slipped on the wooden paving and rolled to the bottom with the spectre, both drenched with black coffee, getting cold. The captain was treated to a volley of expletives in the rich southern dialect of Provence. The can was spilt over both.

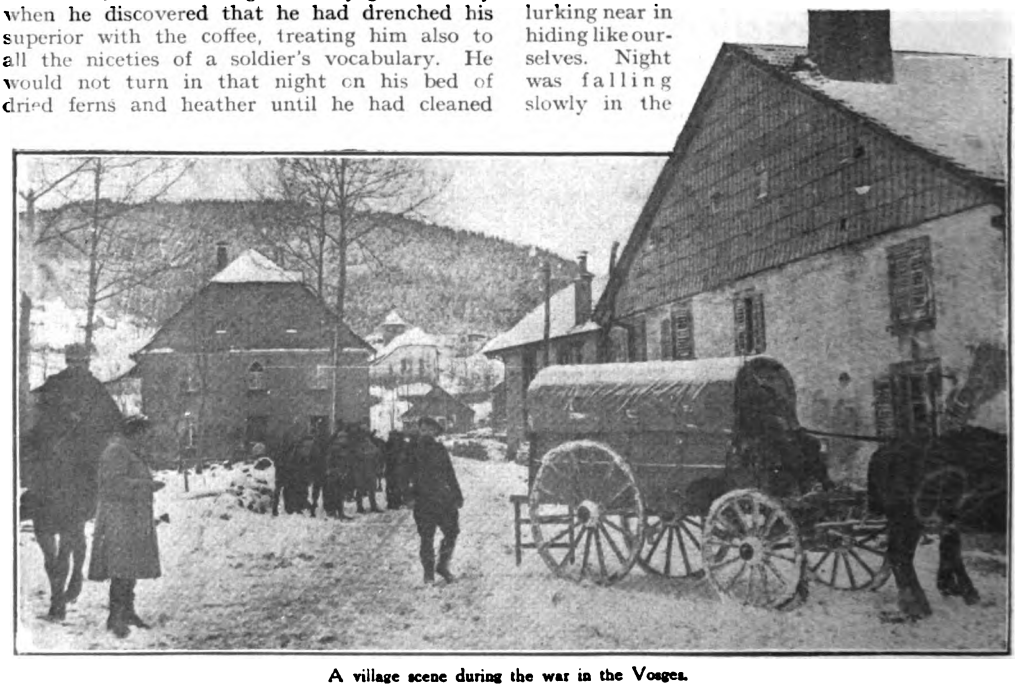
"It was pathetically comical," the captain concluded, "to see the grief of my good orderly when he discovered that he had drenched his superior with the coffee, treating him also to all the niceties of a soldier's vocabulary. He would not turn in that night on his bed of dried ferns and heather until he had cleaned the stains on my jacket as best he could by the light of my dark lantern."

At certain points in the lines the hostile trenches were in such close contact that the men on the look-out beside the loopholes could hear conversations in German, and sometimes chaff or insults were flung across to the Chasseurs in bad French.

Many of these soldiers are from the wine-growing provinces and like their drop of Pinard, for the red wine of France is the habitual beverage of these sons of the sunny south. My captain managed to get some barrels and organized a canteen in the rear of his lines, where they could get a pint at a price more suited to their slender purses than the exorbitant charges of the grasping traders that sell every kind of article to the troops at the Front. The profits of the improvised store served to improve the rations of the less fortunate members of the company.

A curious phenomenon excited the interest of a group of officers who had met in the dug-out of the lieutenant-colonel. A thunderstorm was rolling in heavy clouds beneath them. The masses of vapour were pierced by vivid flashes of lightning and the thunder pealed, while an occasional shell hissed overhead in the blue sky from the opposite battery, passed in sunlight above the thunderstorm, and burst on the ridge.

Some Chasseurs one day were constructing a "nest" (pill-box), where their chief had decided to place a machine-gun. The spot was exposed. He had gone down to bring up the gun and some men to strengthen the small detachment. The lieutenant superintended the work, for the Boches were lurking near in hiding like ourselves. Night was falling slowly in the



A village scene during the war in the Vosges.

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The splendid Chasseurs. Alpinists who defended the Vosges front.

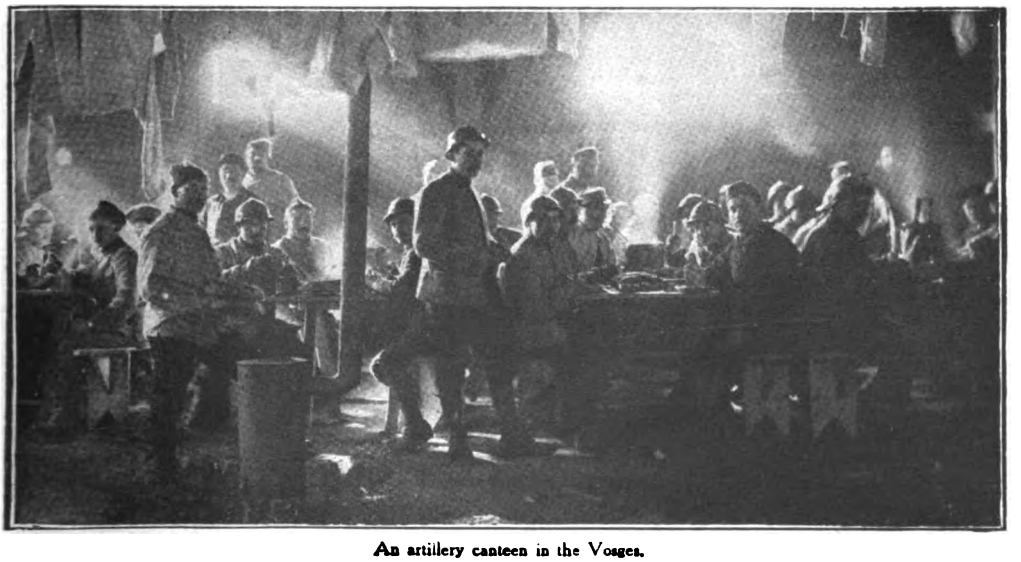
dark fir-woods. The sergeant saw some figures stealthily collecting behind a rise in the ground a short distance away. The officer's attention being called, he thought the moment favourable to attack the hostile party and forestall a probable night surprise before the enemy was in force.

He took half a section with him, and they soon began to creep forward like deer-stalkers in the gloaming. Then the rifles flashed in quick succession, echoing in the silent woods. It was impossible to say how long it lasted as we stood there awaiting orders with our rifles laid on the lip of the trench. We strained our eyes over the obstacles in front, of barbed wire, branches, and felled trees. At last some of our comrades struggled back hurriedly, turning now and again to fire. We heard cries: "Comrades, save us!"

You feel your heart stand still when your own companions are hard pressed in distress, more especially when orders bind you not to desert your post. This situation cannot have lasted many minutes. Then the night was illumined by rapid flashes, and the woods resounded with the patter of rifle and machine-gun, repeated many times among the hills. Then it ceased. Soon shadows loomed out of the darkness. They waved their helmets and shouted to us.

Others followed with a few prisoners. The latter's clothes were torn, but they looked sullenly indifferent as they were escorted to the rear. Supports came up just in time, or the lieutenant's party would have been cut off. The captain, who came to the rescue with supports, got four bullets through his jacket, but was unhurt.

The major and the senior captain had come to the rear to transact some business for the brigade. Things were quiet on the mountain



An artillery canteen in the Vosges.

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front. A heavy snowstorm was raging in the uplands and the passes were blocked with masses of snow. Night was falling fast. I was seated before a blazing fire of logs at the inn, while outside stood, in an endless line, a succession of army service motor lorries carrying supplies, but unable to proceed farther for the moment, so violent was the storm. The public room at the inn was full of these men of the "Intendance" service. They had taken shelter and were warming themselves while waiting for the weather to clear.

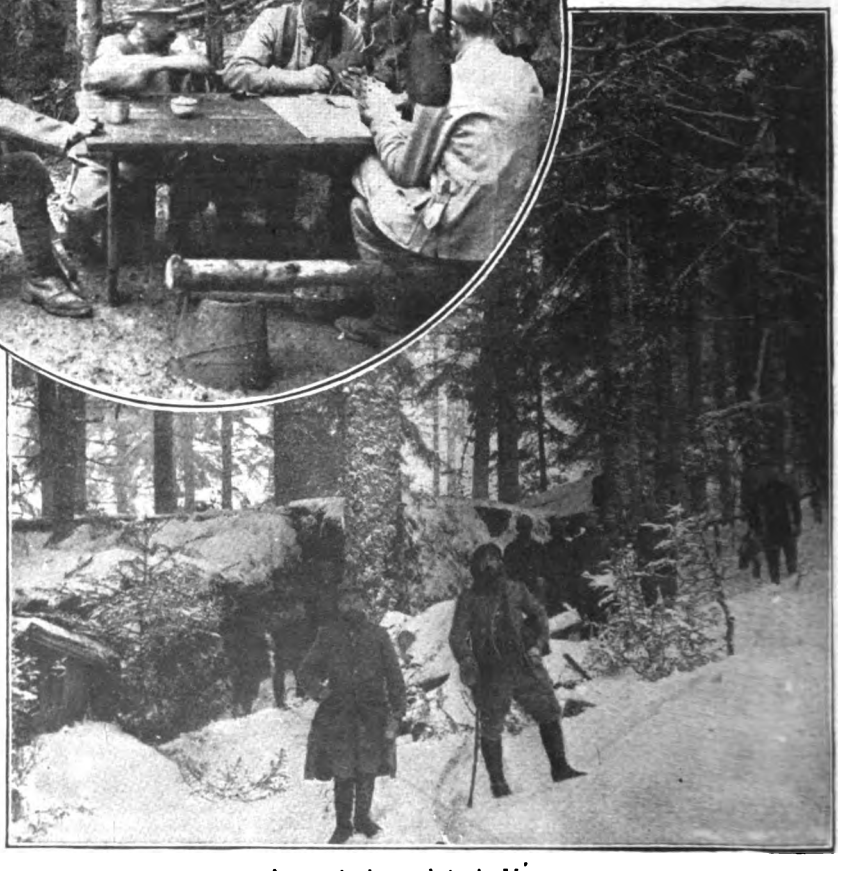
"De cribe to me, Mon Commandant," I asked, "some exciting incidents you may remember in your sector, to while away the time." The old officer, who had never left the Front for four years, except for a few days at a time, laid down his well-coloured brier pipe on the table, and remarked, "Perhaps this little tale may interest you, in which I played a very secondary part.

"In some places our advanced trenches were not more than sixty yards from the Boches; at others, from four to five hundred yards apart. The intermediary space is No Man's Land, as the British term the deserted belt separating the opposite trenches, where it is almost certain death to venture with the expert snipers always on the watch.

"I had just visited our advanced post and saw that all was well as usual and the look-out men at their posts. Returning to my dug-out, I amused myself with some scientific instruments I had lately bought to make topographical calculations. The only light I possessed was the dim and flickering glimmer of a candle stuck into an empty tin of corned beef.

"Then I climbed up the steps of my subterranean abode, while I awaited the report of the junior officer on duty at the observatory, and the return of my orderly sergeant.

An example of the French soldiers' stoicism. The photographer surprised these men playing cards in a trench that had just been blown up near a tree which the explosion had uprooted.



A camp in the woods in the Vosges.

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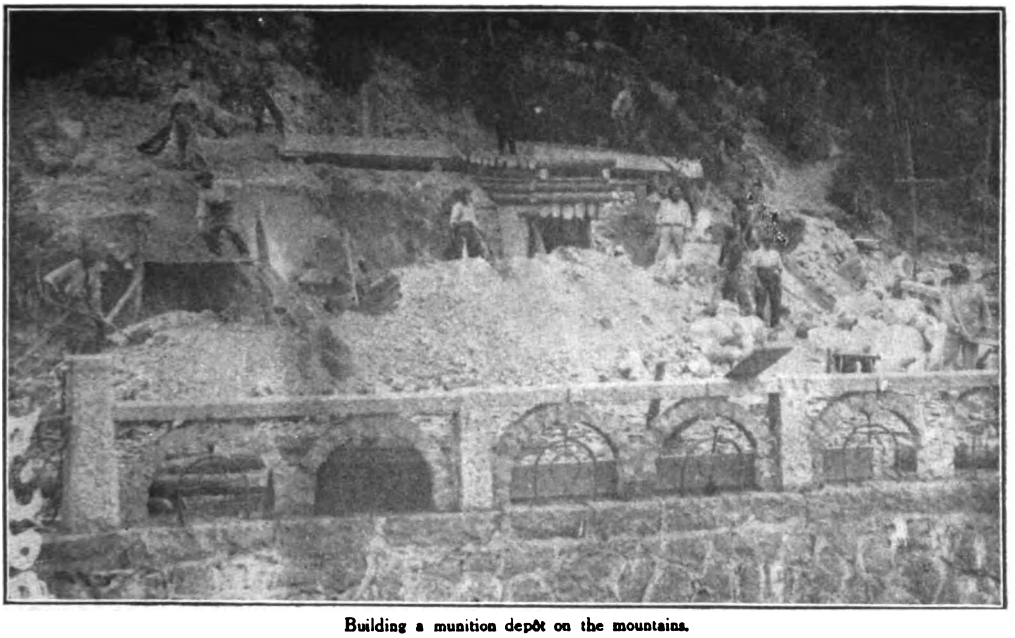

Building a munition depôt on the mountains.

The night was fairly dark, but stars peered here and there through the drifting clouds, and the sea of fir-forest, black and impenetrable, gave no sign of life. The only sound was the soft, low murmur of the night wind as it sighed mournfully in the branches and expired in the cavities of the mountain-side. Even the owls in the forest had ceased for once their nightly hooting.

"Suddenly there was a lightning flash in the distance, the scream and rush of a shell through the air, and it burst in our lines, followed by the boom of a gun. That is perhaps, I thought, a parting salute for the night from the German battery yonder, the battery of the 'Aiguille,' four thousand yards away. But no, jets of flame from the exploding shells, lightnings from the hostile batteries, came quicker, and rolled in thunder-peals among the hills.

"I ran to the telephone to call up our batteries for support and to reply to a somewhat unusually heavy fire. No answer came. I began to wonder what was wrong. Then it occurred to me that my wires had been cut or buried by the explosion of a shell. What was to be done? I seized my electric lamp and hastened along the sap leading to the foremost trenches. The roar increased. Surely, I thought, the Boches have unmasked other batteries beside the Aiguille with its one hundred and fifty-five millimetre guns.

"There was a dazzling glare, a crash that shook the ground, followed by a discharge and a shower of rubbish and splinters like hailstones in all directions. I stumbled on and fell upon my knees against a heap of sand which filled the trench. A shell had just pitched there and blown in the parapet and sandbags. My Chasseurs there helped me up.

"At this point I sent on a couple of men, whose young limbs were more active than mine, to inform our advanced and most exposed outpost that I was hastening to personally superintend the defence of the position. A few yards farther on I met Captain H——, who had sent for the supports to come up to the exposed points.

"Several of my men had been hit by splinters, he said; two, a corporal and a private, forgot to obey the captain's order to put on their helmets. Both received wounds in the head. The Chasseur was killed instantly, and the corporal had also a fearful rent in the abdomen. We met the stretcher-bearers returning with him wrapped in his cape, for he was suffering from cold. I saw by the flash of my lamp that the poor fellow was done for.

"But it was not the time for regrets. We had a tough job to perform. Some of our riflemen, trained to the use of trench-guns, called by us 'Crapouillauds,' were at their noisy pieces, busy throwing bombs into the trenches opposite. It was then that I called for two volunteers to take a message for our artillery to silence this sudden aggressiveness of the Germans. All were anxious to go on this risky mission.

"I picked out two active mountaineers and wrote a few words in pencil on a leaf of my pocket-book addressed to the officer in command of the guns. It seemed strange to us that they had not already opened fire; the two messengers crept out of shelter and, crouching low, took the shortest route; like spectres they vanished instantly in the darkness.

"These men met with an exciting adventure on the way. They left their rifles, capes, and cartridges behind, being armed merely with Brownings and trench knives. For a short distance all went well as the volunteers hurried

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to execute the order. They passed an open space where the trees had been felled at some time or other for field-works of some sort, and neared the fringe of dark firs. As they hurried forward, a few paces apart, the lance-corporal, who was leading, suddenly disappeared, giving at the same moment a cry of pain and surprise.

"He had plunged through some rotten wood covering an excavation in the ground, six or seven feet deep—an old deserted shelter or dug-out, which had been left unfinished. The poor fellow had broken his leg in falling and also some of his ribs. His companion tried to get him out, but the sides of the pit were vertical and slippery. He was unable to raise his helpless comrade without the help of others.

"'Here, take the order,' the injured man said, 'and hand it to the nearest battery beyond the ridge there. Go on, make haste, don't think of me. I can wait, go—go!'

"For a minute the other hesitated, then grasped the hand of his entombed companion in a long grip as he bent low into the great hole. He turned for an instant as a thought struck him.

"'Here, take my jacket to keep you warm; I do not want it, and I can run faster without it. *Bon courage*,' he shouted, as he threw the garment down and turned away.

"The maimed sharpshooter crouched down in his prison and wrapped the jacket around him, for he felt cold in the night air and in that damp vault. The firing ceased and the oppressive silence which followed told on the overstrained nerves of the man, seemingly doomed. Presently, his quick ear detected a faint noise, like stealthy trampling on fallen branches. The sounds became more distinct. There were footsteps approaching the spot; he heard voices, quite near, muttering, in hushed tones, a few words he took to be German. A small party was evidently groping its way very near. Should he cry for help, or keep still? If these chaps were Boches they would make him prisoner, or possibly kill him, if he betrayed his presence; on the other hand, if they were French, he would be rescued. Mistrust of the Boches and a lingering hope of rescue by our searchers kept him silent for a minute.

"Then a feeling of dread and despair came over him, and he tried to call for assistance. 'Help!' he cried, huskily and weakly, but the sound gurgled in his parched throat. Once more he tried to shout, but no response came; his appeal scarcely went beyond the limits of his tomb.

"He raised himself with great difficulty, suffering acute pain from his useless and swollen leg, and dragged himself to the wall of his prison. Clinging on with both hands to the wooden supports placed to prevent the soil from slipping down, he hoisted himself up by a last effort of will until his head was nearly on a level with the ground. He was able to discern, in the growing daylight, the surrounding landmarks. But his strength was failing and he felt faint and dizzy. He made a last frantic attempt to reach the orifice, notwithstanding the agony of the effort, when the supports gave way, and he fell backwards to the bottom in a mass of rubbish, sand, and rotten wood.

"Here he remained for a time unconscious from pain and shock. When he came to, he did not realize at once his terrible predicament. But the truth soon dawned upon him in all its hideous reality. He was buried, entombed up to his waist in rubble and sand, which had poured into the pit with him when he fell back exhausted. The logs and planks had so fallen as to almost completely envelop him, though his arms were free.

"Hours passed, and he tried again to shout for help.

"'Save me, boys!' he called, piteously. Presently he saw them running, his comrades were dancing around him, and they sang choruses with him, their favourite marching-song. He saw their tam-o'-shanters peering at him, and he laughed gleefully. But it was only a passing hallucination. His mind was going. He felt no cold, for he was burning with fever. It seemed to grow dark once more, and he thought he saw stars overhead.

"Then he fell into unconsciousness again, to be awakened by something tugging at his cap. Then he heard voices around him, and felt himself being lifted up. He was saved!

"His companion was killed while returning to rescue him, and it was only after two days that one of our faithful four-legged friends, our trained dogs, discovered the almost dying infantry-man in his living grave and brought back his cap as he was taught to do. He was only found in the nick of time.

"I learnt also that day why our artillery did not support us on that occasion. The general had come to inspect them, and they left us to bear for a few hours a little hammering without counter-battering the Boches. But the next day we had ample revenge for that night attack. Our gunners knocked to pieces the Aiguille batteries by a very concentrated fire. The Germans never fired from that quarter again."

The famous war-song of the Chasseurs battalions is the "Sidi-Brahim," named after an Arab village, where seventy heroic Chasseurs defended themselves for three days against a force of Algerians in 1845. They fell fighting to the last man against an overwhelming number of Arabs, under the celebrated Emir Abd-el-Kader. The great Emir surrendered two years later with his army to General Lamoricière. A most gallant incident then occurred. A bugler who had fallen into the hands of Abd-el-Kader was ordered to sound the "retire," to mislead the French troops. He placed the bugle to his lips and gave the call to charge. The French carried the position by storm. Somehow the bugler escaped. A few years ago he was presented to the President of the Republic, at a very advanced age, and the bugler of Sidi-Brahim was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The old veteran, I believe, has died since then.

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The Zulu Love Medicine

by "CEE-GEE"

Illustrated by F. Gillett, R.I.

The Author of the following stirring narrative served for many years in the Natal Mounted Police. His story deals with the murder of an Englishman by a Zulu witch-doctor and his accomplice. It is the belief of these witch-doctors that certain portions of the human body make effective love medicine, and a white settler was foully done to death to provide the prize potion. How the culprits were traced, captured, and made to pay the penalty of their misdeed, this narrative tells. "The story is perfectly true," writes the Author, "and can be verified in the police records."

II.

THE murder of the white settler, James Kay, sent a thrill of horror through the country, and when the story of the crime was gradually unfolded in the court at Harding, amazement and dread prevailed. The alarming fact was revealed that witch-doctors, with their savage superstitions untamed, still held unbounded sway among the natives, and that these men retained the most gross and horrible customs, the possession of which meant an ever-present menace to the white residents of the country. For Kay's murder was the outcome of belief in the native witch-doctor. It was due to the inhuman teaching that for the production of the most potent medicines and charms the necessary ingredients are a white man's fat and blood.

Umtanti, the witch-doctor, who had been arrested together with six other natives, was finally brought to trial at Ixopo. Till then they all maintained their innocence of the crime. At the trial, however, Gomfi, one of the natives, turned King's evidence and confessed. It was a vivid narrative and cast a flood of light on native thought, character, and customs.

"Umtanti," he said, in the course of his confession, "told me he was a great doctor, and could cure any disease or sickness, and could give me medicine that would make all intombis (women) love me. 'Meet me at Kay's on Sunday evening,' he said, 'and bring an assegai with you.' I told Umbonwa this and he agreed to come with me. I left my kraal on Sunday evening with an assegai, and met Umbonwa on the ridge about sundown by arrangement. Umbonwa and I then proceeded to the white man's house, and there met Umtanti and Sibelweni. Umtanti took the assegai from me and we went close to Kay's bedroom. He was asleep in his bed; his lamp was burning and the door was open. Umtanti and Sibelweni crept into the bedroom quietly, while Umbonwa and I stood outside the door.

"They seized hold of Kay, who called out: 'Umtanti, don't kill me—I will give you money.' The white man then shouted to his servant for help. He was struggling violently, and as Umtanti threatened to give us no medicine, and to punish us by making the lightning strike us if we did not assist him, we went in and held Kay down. Umtanti then stabbed him with the assegai.

"We carried the body outside, and pulled it through the wire fence and left it there. By this time Kay was unconscious.

"Umtanti then returned to the bedroom and tried to open the safe. He turned it over and we heard the money rattle inside. We found the keys, but could not open it."

He then related how Umtanti carried out his terrible deed. During this recital the witch-doctor showed not the least trace of emotion. When asked if he had anything to say before judgment was passed upon him, he rose and faced the court-room, which was crowded with headmen and natives, and with eyes flashing, hands clenched, and quivering with excitement, he defied the white man and all his laws, saying: "No white man has the power to kill Umtanti. I will cause all kinds of evil to befall the white

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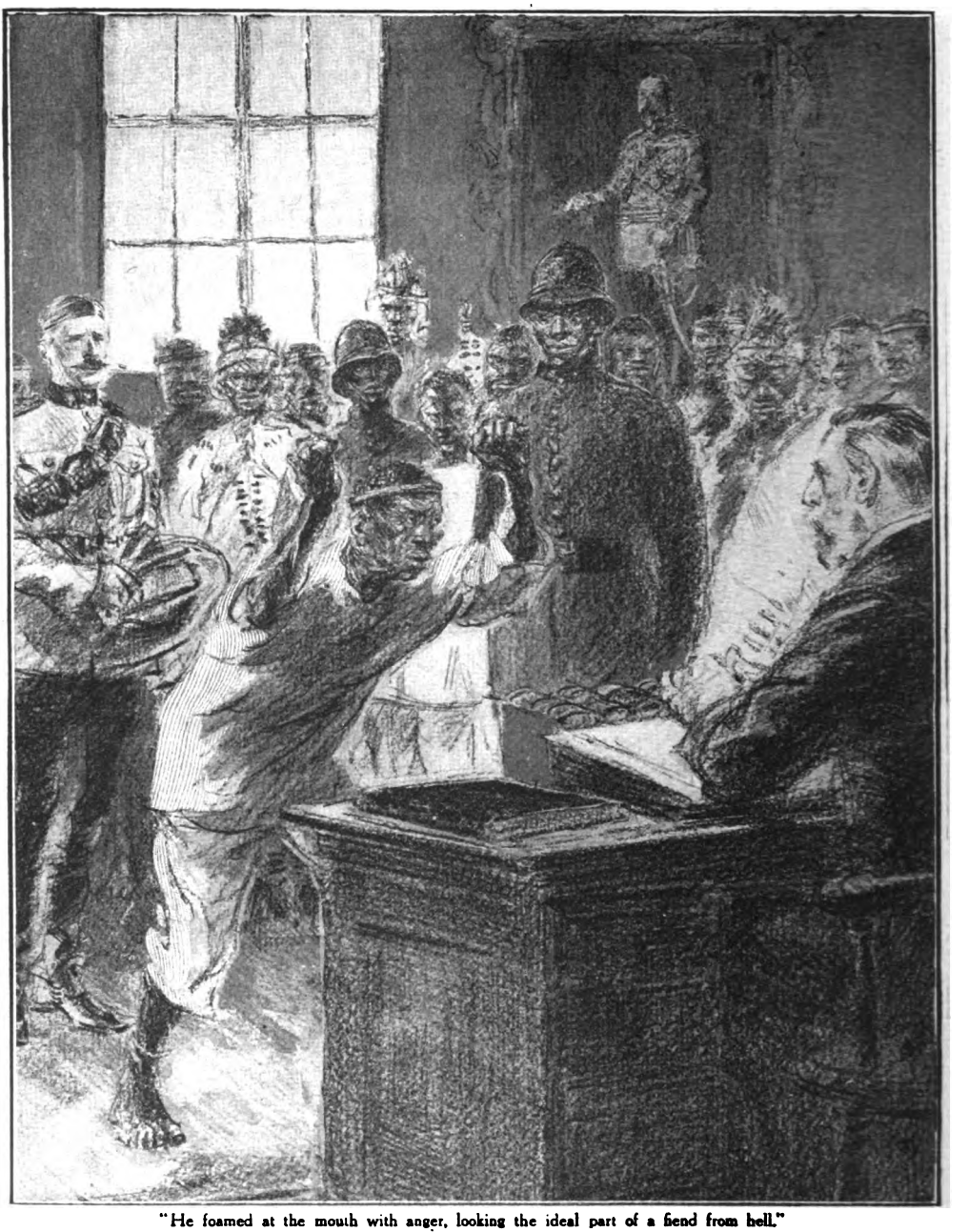

"He foamed at the mouth with anger, looking the ideal part of a fiend from hell."

chiefs, and bring sickness on their cattle, and cause lightning to come down out of heaven and destroy their houses."

He foamed at the mouth with anger, looking the ideal part of a fiend from hell, with his ugly wrinkled face and five feet one inch of stature.

He sat down amidst a death-like silence, and it could plainly be seen that his words had greatly impressed the natives. Justice Mason then pronounced the death sentence on four of the natives in a calm, even voice, just as if nothing unusual had occurred. In the case of Gomfi and Umbonwa, however, the sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for life.

Umtanti's challenge to the white man was not an idle boast, for he and Sibelweni had figured out, as they thought, a way to cheat the gallows.

The four condemned men were put in different cells, and after the first day the mode that Umtanti and Sibelweni had thought out became evident to the police, so that the prisoners would

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not live to fulfil the sentence the white man had passed upon them.

The cells in which they were placed were twelve by fourteen feet, built of brick with cement floors. From the very first Umtanti and Sibelweni squatted native-fashion in the farthest corner from the door and refused to eat or drink.

On the second day this mode of behaviour became so marked that a doctor was called in, who prescribed a long rubber tube, which was run up the nostril and down into the stomach. Through this tube liquid food was pumped into their stomachs, much to their dislike and chagrin, and, as one of the boys said, "quite a little rough horse-play, till we had them properly broke in to take their medicine in a nice gentlemanly manner."

It can be clearly understood that, by this kind of behaviour, within the space of a few months Umtanti and Sibelweni were only shadows of their former selves, and grave doubts began to be felt by the authorities as to whether these men would live to be executed.

The police were well aware of the grave consequences if they died otherwise than on the scaffold, for the natives would then think that the boast made by Umtanti was fulfilled, and the white man was not able to carry out the sentence which was passed at the trial. So word was sent to the authorities that, unless the sentence was carried out immediately, the prisoners would die of starvation, the law would be cheated, and the boast of Umtanti made good.

Action was immediately taken, and the execution ordered for the fifth day of April, exactly six months from the day of the trial and sentence.

Native messengers were accordingly sent to all chiefs living in Zululand and Griqualand to be present to witness the death of Umtanti and Sibelweni, for slaying a white man for no other reason than to obtain medicine.

The removal of the prisoners from the jail at Ixopo to Harding, the place of execution, was undertaken by the Natal Mounted Police. A patrol, consisting of twelve men and a sergeant, undertook the task. Both Sergeant Smith and Slim, who had arrested the natives, were surprised when they called for their charges at the changed appearance of Umtanti and Sibelweni. They had squatted so long in their native fashion without moving that the tendons of their legs had contracted, and they had to be assisted to get to their feet.

"Well, I'm blest, sergeant," said Slim, "if Umtanti hasn't taken on an extra thousand wrinkles; and look at his finger-nails—just like a Chinaman's!"

Dressed in the white prison uniform, with the broad arrow stamped so as to be plainly visible from all sides, Umtanti and Sibelweni looked the picture of men who had given up all hope of life. However, Umtanti still showed spirit by fighting back when his breakfast was being administered through the tube, and his little eyes sparkled and glittered with undying hatred.

At 7 a.m. the patrol moved out of Ixopo with six troopers on each side of the wagon, every man carrying his carbine at the ready. Lance-Sergeant Perkins rode in front, and Sergeant Smith and Slim brought up the rear. The two prisoners sat on the rolls of tent, leaning from side to side to keep their equilibrium as the wagon rattled and jolted over the rough road. All the inhabitants of Ixopo turned out to see the start and wished the boys a safe journey.

About nine o'clock they came in touch with the many different native locations which abounded in their journey to Harding. A short halt was called at noon for lunch and to rest their horses and mules; then, girthing up, they resumed their journey till 6 p.m., when they reached the Umzinkulu river, where a halt was called for the night.

Slim, after dismounting and stretching his legs, lifted the two prisoners off the wagon. "Wow, you beggar!" he exclaimed, after depositing Umtanti on the ground in no gentle manner. "So help me, sergeant, if the brute's finger-nails didn't penetrate my tunic."

"I've half a mind to give you no supper"—this to Umtanti, who was looking up at Slim with his gimlet eyes.

Supper over, Slim went to look for the "administrator," as he termed the tube by which the prisoners were fed, and after a few minutes of fruitless search he shouted to Sergeant Perkins, asking where it had been placed in the wagon.

Everyone was soon hunting for the missing tube, but no tube could be found, and it was at last decided that in the hurry and bustle of the departure it had been left behind. Sergeants Smith and Perkins wondered what was best to be done, for the prisoners had not been fed since morning.

"I've got it," said Slim. "Let's feed them horse-fashion, if they won't eat like ordinary folks. There's a lemonade bottle full of harness oil in the wagon box; I'll empty that out and put in some stew broth. Come on, let's get busy, or my patients will peter out before we get to Harding."

Kind words, swear words, words that no living man had ever heard before, were addressed to the prisoners, but to no avail; they would neither eat nor drink.

"Well, I guess it's you two for the veterinary," said Slim, as he produced the lemonade bottle.

Umtanti was the first victim, as he had fewer teeth than Sibelweni.

"You stick a lump of wood between his teeth, sergeant, and keep down his tongue with a tea-spoon. Sergeant Perkins, you hold his head and rub his throat, so as to make him swallow. Now, old horse, here goes!"

Then was witnessed a most peculiar transaction, and when the dust had cleared Umtanti and Sibelweni were pronounced safe for the night.

"Another dose like that in the morning, sergeant, and I think we'll bring them into Harding alive," remarked Slim.

A white blanket of fog was over the land when the guard roused each man next morning. After breakfast Umtanti and Sibelweni were placed on

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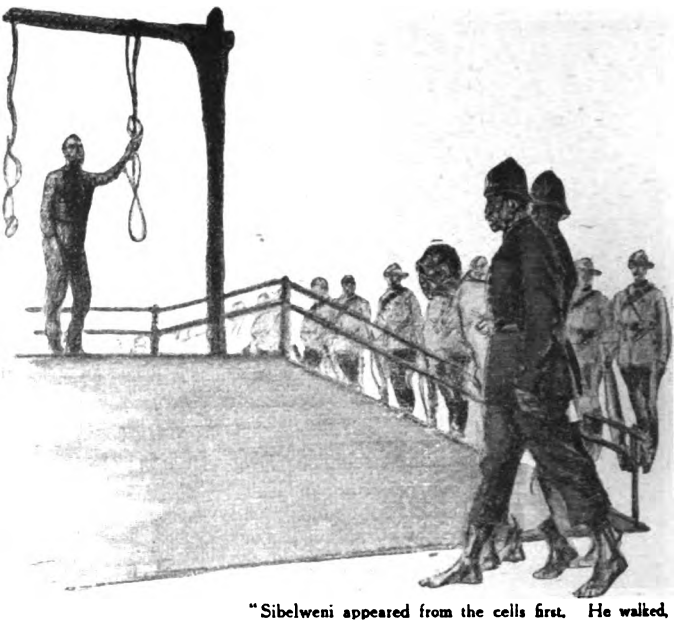
the wagon, so that Slim could look them over and administer the medicine when necessary. Soon everything was ready and a start made to cover the last few miles of the journey.

On account of the country being hilly and the roads difficult, the mule team made slow time. The damp, cold air had the effect of making the men feel that escorting a mule team with their carbines at the ready was not the finest job in the world.

It was thought that the natives might make an attempt to rescue their witch-doctor and his understudy, and if such had been their intention the formation of the country over which the patrol was now travelling would greatly assist an attack. They were now coming to where the road ran between two large hills. The brush was so dense, consisting of trees of small size so closely intermingled, mostly of the cactus variety, as to make it difficult for a man to work his way through even on foot. The narrowness of the road, with a wire fence on either side, caused the troopers to fall back from riding abreast of the wagon.



"Sibelweni appeared from the cells first. He walked,

"Good place for a rescue," said Slim to Sergeant Smith.

"If they don't make an attempt in the next three miles," said Smith, "they won't try to when we hit the open veldt."

Scarcely a native was seen until nearing Harding, which was reached at six o'clock that evening.

The two prisoners, in a very weak state, were handed over to the jailer, and the patrol clattering up the main street of Harding headed for the police camp.

Umtanti and Sibelweni received every possible attention at the jail.

Dr. Bland was waiting when they arrived, and immediately administered some brandy, which both prisoners took without the stomach tube. This so brightened them up that they took their evening meal without persuasion.

Cheddy, the hangman, had arrived the evening before from Durban, and had all preparations ready. The pit for the drop beneath the gallows had been dug in the jail yard, and everyone was looking forward to the morrow, when the white inhabitants of Natal would prove to the Zulus that the law of the white man was stronger than any belief of their witch-doctors.

Danby and Jerry had been told off to guard the prisoners that night, and were given a bottle of brandy, with instructions to administer a spoonful to each prisoner every hour.

The Rev. S. Aitchison visited the two prisoners that evening, and returned to the jail at five o'clock next morning by the request of Umtanti.

The condemned men dozed at times during the night and were early astir.

A native evangelist was with each man during their last two hours, and although Sibelweni listened to the exhortations in silence, Umtanti showed an intelligent interest in what was said and even learned a brief prayer. Both men ate a hearty breakfast of bread, meat, and coffee, wiping their hands and washing their mouths after the native fashion. Umtanti refused the liquor which Jerry proffered to him in the morning, and made a confession to Mr. Aitchison that he had murdered Kay in the way brought out at the trial. He also further confessed to the murder of Chief Amshewashwe's sister, also for Muti-Ka-Intombi. He asked Mr. Aitchison to write to Kay's relations and tell them he was sorry for what he had done, and to say he was dying for it. He agreed that the sentence was right, and thought that Sibelweni should also confess, as he had taken an active part in the murder.

Sibelweni admitted being guilty of a large number of different crimes, but declined to speak concerning the killing of Kay.

The native chiefs, head-men, and others began to arrive outside the jail soon after six o'clock, and a number of Europeans at that early hour also put in an appearance.

At six-thirty Mr. Visick, Sheriff of Natal, arrived at the jail, and soon afterwards a detachment of the Mounted Police, under command of Sub-Inspector Keating, marched into the yard and lined up in front of the scaffold.

The morning broke dull, although less cold than on the previous day. The jail yard, in which the scene of the execution was laid, was some thirty yards square, surrounded by a wall

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but had to be supported by a warder on each side."

ten feet in height. The scaffold was in the centre, near the wall farthest away from the gateway which opened into the yard from the street. An old oak tree stood about four yards from the scaffold, and in the branches of this tree was fastened a large bullock bell.

Jerry had been allotted the job of attending to the bell, which was tolled ten minutes before and five minutes after the hanging.

At six-twenty he climbed into position, and, as Slim said afterwards: "I never again expect to experience the feeling that passed through me as the sound of that bullock bell rang out on the dull morning air."

During the tolling of the bell about eighty chiefs, head-men and natives, and about thirty Europeans were ushered into the yard and took up their position behind the police, who were all standing with loaded carbines to attention.

The sheriff with other officials entered the condemned men's cells in turn and produced the death warrants, which were handed over to the jailer. Both men appeared to be in an extremely weak state. They were able to stand on their feet, but not erect.

Umtanti was crouching on the floor ready for execution. He was dressed in the usual white prison dress.

After scrutinizing the officers and Mr. Aitchison closely, he said, speaking deliberately and distinctly:—

"It is true that I murdered Kay; I have already confessed my crime. I am sorry for it, and I think the Government has done right. After me killing this white man, the Government does not want me here any longer, and so it is to put my body away."

He made no sign that he feared his rapidly approaching end.

Sibelweni appeared from the cells first. He walked, but had to be supported by a warder on each side. A native evangelist walked behind. He scarcely looked at the people as he passed forward to the scaffold.

Some paces behind came Umtanti, his knees bent forward, his hands clasped in front, halting, shuffling, half crawling, a stalwart native policeman by each arm to prevent his collapsing.

The crowd of Zulus viewed the two in silence with staring eyes, but expressionless faces.

Umtanti scanned the crowd as he approached, and blinked at the scaffold. The black flag was then hoisted.

The condemned men were led up the sloping gangway on to the platform.

Cheddy drew the white cap over Sibelweni's head first, while Umtanti stood below the beam fitfully glancing first at the spectators and then at the rope, reciting in tones weak but distinct to those near the scaffold—"Utixo, Utixo, take away my sins." A moment later and the white cap hid Umtanti's face from view, and the rope encircled his neck. The sheriff signalled to the executioner, and both men disappeared from view. Death was instantaneous.

For the space of a few seconds not a sound was heard. Then the clang of the bullock bell, tolled by Jerry, seemed to send a galvanic shock through all present.

The sheriff called on the head chief to come and view the bodies. He came forward accordingly. The side of the scaffold had been left open on purpose, so that the bodies could be viewed about six feet away, by peering over a board three feet from the ground.

He walked on the balls of his feet like a large cat stalking his prey, and coming in sight of those two motionless white-clad figures, he uttered a yell, jumped six feet backwards, and turned and fled. Half an hour later the bodies were placed on tables in the main street of Harding, so that all the natives could see and bear the news broadcast that Umtanti, the witch-doctor, and his understudy, Sibelweni, had paid the penalty of their crime.

It was also a warning to Zulu lovers to win the affection of their choice by other means than Muti-Ka-Intombi.

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The great portal leading into the Temple of Bacchus at Baalbec.

Wonders of Northern Syria.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

That great tract of country, stretching from Damascus to Aleppo, and known as Northern Syria, is comparatively little known. Yet it boasts of many mighty and prosperous cities, imposing ruins, and strange, picturesque sights. Now that the Turk has been driven from it, we are bound to hear more about it in the near future. Something of its many wonders and Oriental charm may be gathered from the following entertaining article and the striking illustrations that accompany it. Photographs by the American Colony, Jerusalem.

IT can rightly be said of Palestine proper—that is, the country lying between Dan, now called Tell el-Kadi, to the north of the Sea of Galilee, and Beersheba, in the south—that it is much-travelled ground. To the north, however, lies a virtually unknown country so far as the ordinary traveller is concerned. Right away northward from Damascus

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A general view of Damascus, the oldest city in the world with a continuous history.

there stretches a tract of land, boasting of many important and prosperous cities, ruins equal to those found in Egypt and elsewhere, the remains of the earliest of Christian churches—a land full of romance and charm and picturesque people.

Hitherto it has lain somewhat off the beaten track, but with the railways that have been built to and through it for military purposes, and in view of recent events in this historic corner of the earth, it is certainly a land that is likely to come to the front in the near future. Hence an account of a somewhat extensive journey, taken some twelve months prior to the war, through the more historic and interesting parts of Northern Syria cannot fail to be of interest.

The River Abana, which flows through Damascus and supplies it with water.

Our jumping-off place was Damascus, one of the oldest cities, if not the oldest, in the world. It is twice as old as Rome, and no historian seems to know exactly when the city was founded. But we do know that when Abraham crossed the desert from Haran, four thousand years ago, Damascus was already standing on the banks of the Abana. It would be, perhaps, true to say of it that it is the oldest city with a continuous history.

We approached it from Beirut, and though dusk had fallen when our train laboriously panted into the little station we knew we were in no ordinary city. We had crossed a desert to reach it, yet we were now in a ferti'e region and a busy, prosperous Oriental city. Its situation is unique, and herein lies its great charm. Imagine a magnificent plain, well watered and fertile, in the middle of a desert, covering an area of more than thirty miles in circumference, surrounded on nearly all sides

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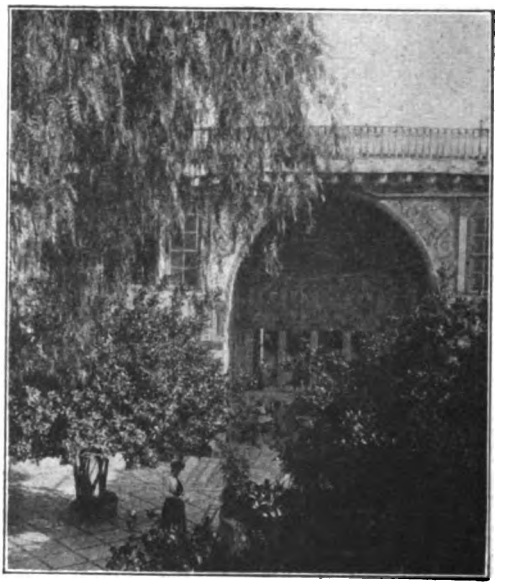
by high hills—imagine this vast plain in a high state of cultivation, one vast garden of fruit-trees of almost every species, fields of grain, nearly every variety of flower, and the ever-present murmur of running streams. Situated about the middle of this plain, and buried in this forest of grass and grain and trees and sparkling streams, a city of two hundred thousand people, with its hundreds of white minarets, gilded domes, and crowded bazaars—that is Damascus, beautiful indeed for situation.

Early one morning we climbed the bare slopes of Jebel Kasiun, to the north-west of the city, when you have a view which has no equal in the world. Damascus lay at our feet, like a silver spoon on a carpet of green. It was from this spot, so tradition says, that Mohammed looked down upon the city, and so charmed was he at the spectacle that he refused to enter it, lest he should be content there to resign the glories of Paradise. It was from near this spot that the German Emperor looked down upon Damascus when he visited the Holy Land in 1898. A spacious stand was erected here for his especial benefit, and it remains to this day. The ex-Kaiser did not attempt to hide his admiration of the spectacle, and it was while he was at Damascus that he declared himself to be "The protector of Islam."



Courtyard of a Damascus Christian home.

Damascus undoubtedly owes its beauty, vitality, and wealth to the River Abana, which rises in Lebanon, some twenty miles away. Before it reaches Damascus it is divided into six artificial channels (the main one about fifty feet wide) running through the heart of the city. Pipes are led from it to every part, so that every mosque and house and court has its fountain, and everywhere you go, amid groves or gardens or public resorts or retired nooks, you may see and hear the murmur of swiftly-flowing and sparkling streams, and this abundance of clear cold water is one of the charms of the city. This is the river of which Naaman spoke with such pride, when he said: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" and he was right so far as beauty and usefulness are concerned.

Damascus is mentioned many times in the Scriptures, more particularly in connection with St. Paul. Needless to add, tradition has localized every event connected with the Apostle. There is the gate, still standing, where he entered by the Roman road into the city. There is the street called "Straight," the very street mentioned in connection with St. Paul's conversion, changed, of course, probably rebuilt, but still the street spoken of in Acts as the "street which is called Straight." It is to-day the principal street in the city, being about a mile long, beginning at one of the leading gates of the city and running from east to west. Then Damascus is a city of mosques, baths, and fountains. Its bazaars, famous for their treasures of silks, carpets, saddles, silver and gold ornaments, slippers, sword-blades, and rare woods, are among the finest in the East.

Some sixty miles north-east of Damascus lie the ruins of Baalbec, now reached by rail. They are rightly renowned for their massiveness and for the great amount of both bold and delicate carvings with which they are adorned. Here the ancient Assyrians worshipped Baal, the Greeks their sun-god Helios, and the Romans Jupiter. The early Christians, too, worshipped the God Jehovah at ancient Baalbec, turning the great pagan temple into a Christian shrine. They in turn were driven out by the Arabs, who converted these wonderful old temples into fortresses.

Although inscriptions and tablets make this very clear, we have, nevertheless, very little knowledge of ancient Baalbec. Its history is lost in the thick obscurity of a very remote past, and even its existence was for centuries utterly unknown. Yet, here are to be seen some of the grandest and most imposing ruins in the world. Seen at a distance, perhaps, they are a little disappointing, but once you stand among them and survey the massive columns, marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, and fragments of beautiful arches, cornices, and capitals and entablatures, you are amazed and mystified at it all. Yet all these ruins only represent the remains of two grand temples and a smaller one—the Great Temple or Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Bacchus, and a small circular Temple to Venus. Nevertheless, within the colossal walls of this ancient Syrian Acropolis one could place the ruins of ancient Rome.

The ruins stand on an artificial oblong plateau of masonry, about three hundred and thirty-one yards long by two hundred broad, and varying in height from fifteen to thirty feet. The

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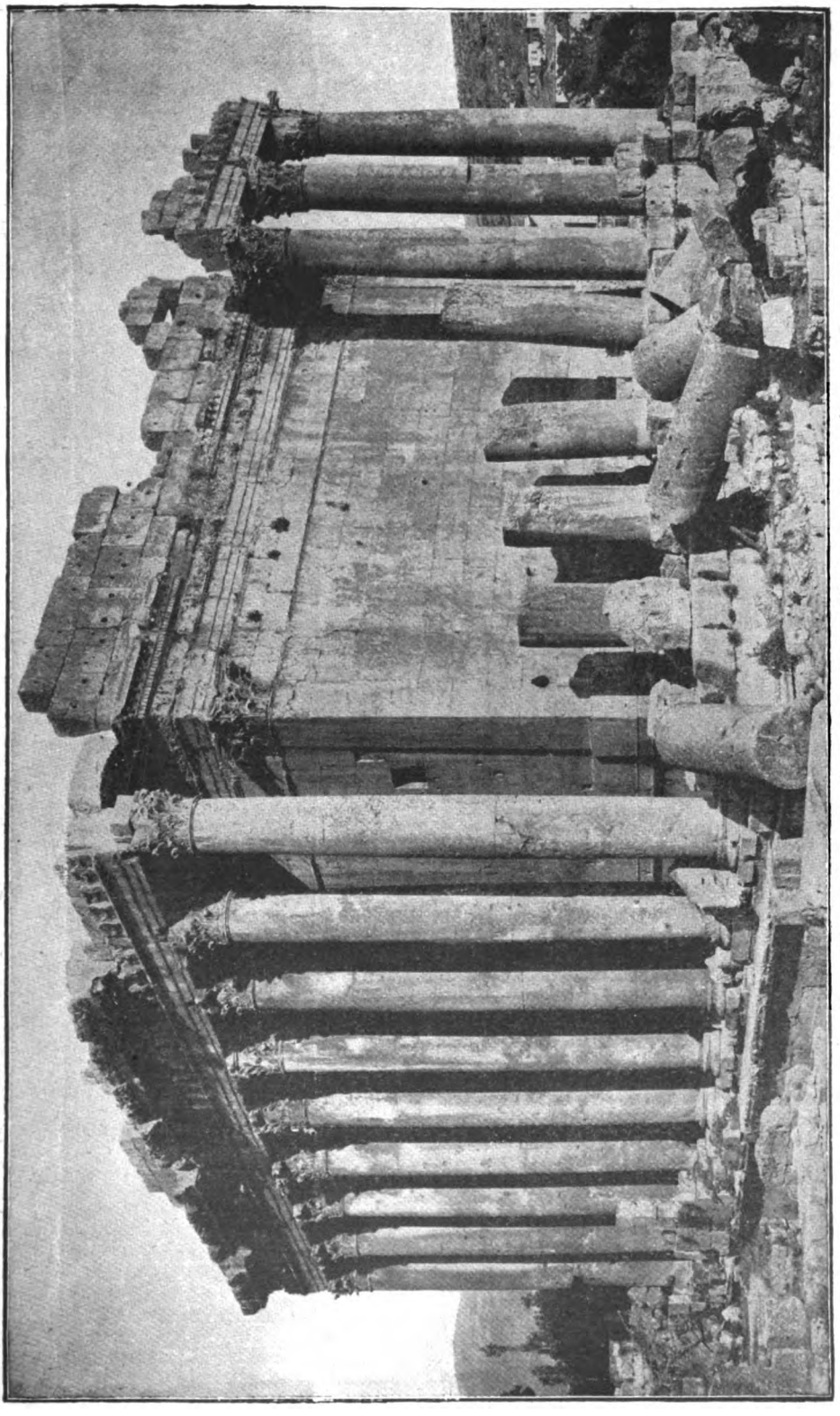

The world's most famous ruins—the Temple of Bacchus at Baalbec as it appears to-day.

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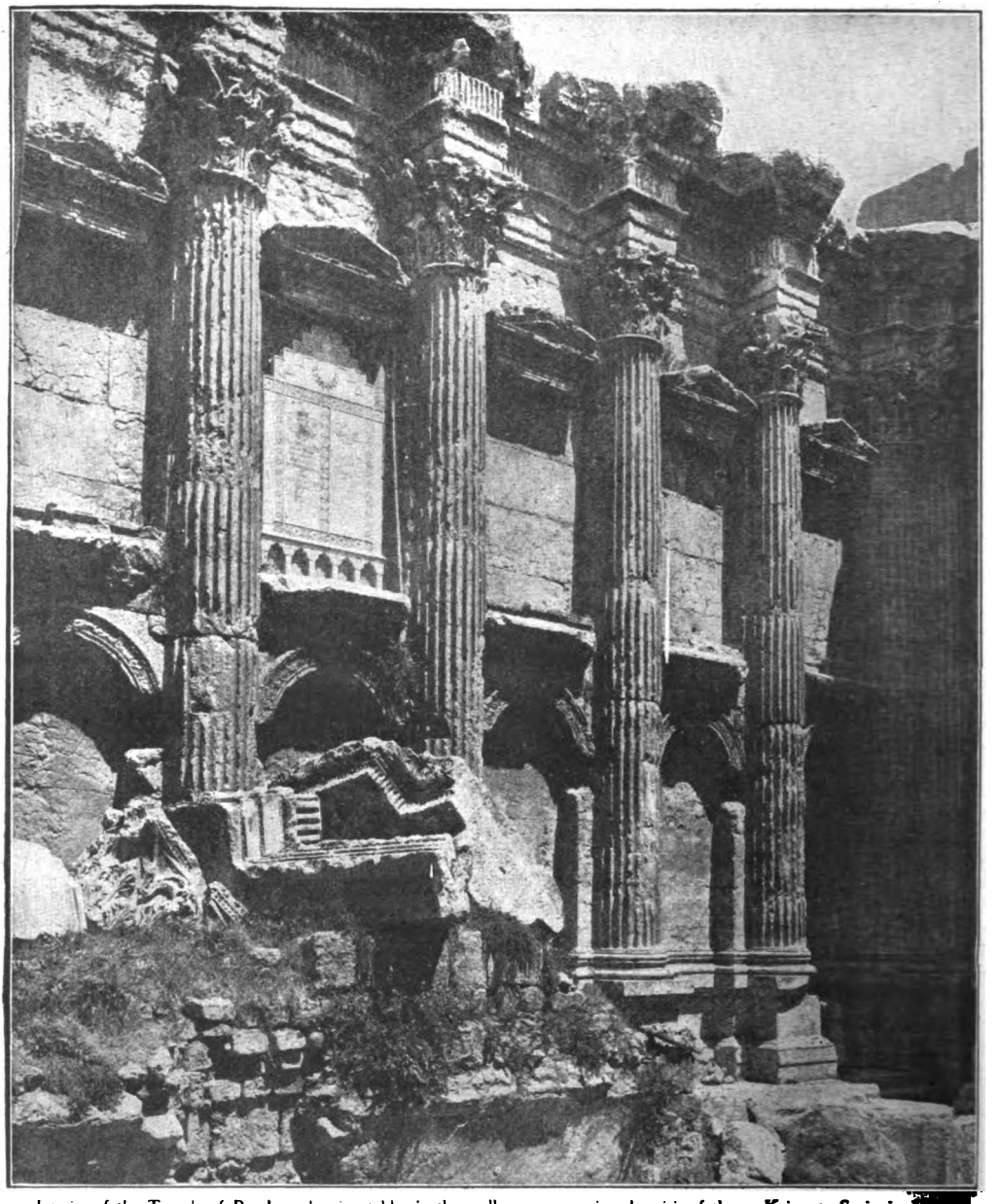

Interior of the Temple of Bacchus, showing tablet in the wall commemorating the visit of the ex-Kaiser to Syria in 1898.

enormous extent of this vast precinct may be better realized when it is remembered that the main courtyard, which serves as the approach to the Great Temple, is nearly one hundred and fifty yards long and about one hundred and twenty yards wide, dimensions only surpassed by those of the great temples of Karnack, in Upper Egypt. Beneath this colossal platform are vaulted passages, like tunnels, and it was from these passages, until quite recently, that the temple area was reached.

Some few years prior to the war the Germans carried out extensive excavations here. They cleared away the tons of *débris* under which the ruins were partially buried, thus permitting a better view of them. They did not forget, however, to carry away valuable carvings, and even whole monuments, to enrich the museums of the Fatherland. Then, on the massive wall of the Temple of Bacchus they inserted a tablet to commemorate the ex-Kaiser's visit to Syria in 1898. As a native guide in the near-by town remarked: "The German left his mark."

All that is now left of the Great Temple is a

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row of six gigantic columns, which, on account of their great height, are seen long before the ruins are reached. They are seventy feet in height, and stand on a wall forty feet high, the whole being crowned by a graceful entablature some fifteen feet in height.

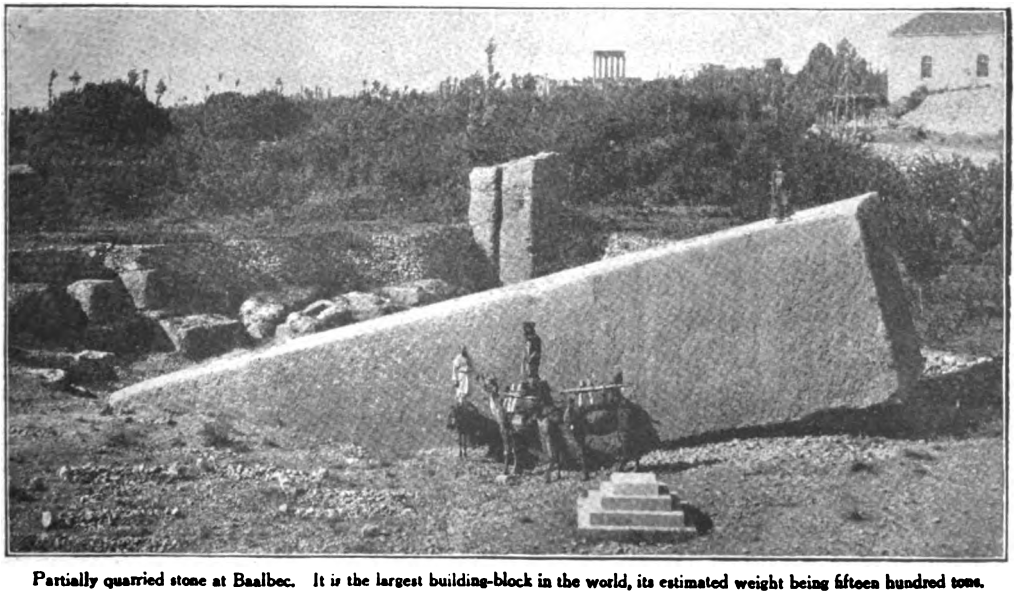
The Temple of Bacchus is far more complete, and is noted for its leaning column. This latter fell some years ago, and although it broke it failed to pierce the thick walls. These are built of carefully-dressed stone, the joints so perfect that a knife-blade cannot enter between. The enclosing wall of the temple area is built of mammoth stones, which have been the marvel of engineers for ages. The lower courses are built of stones of moderate dimensions, but they grow rapidly in size until we come to a row of three enormous stones, the shortest being sixty-three feet and the longest sixty-five feet in length, each being about thirteen feet high and ten feet thick. The course of which they form a part is some twenty feet above the surface of the ground. They are the largest building blocks ever known to have been used by man, and a still larger one lies in the ancient quarry near by, never having been detached from the rock beneath. This one is seventy feet long, fourteen feet high, and thirteen feet wide. Its estimated weight is fifteen hundred tons, and it is calculated that to raise it would require the combined strength of fifty thousand men!

A day's hard ride on horseback through picturesque mountain country brought us to Bsherreh, the nearest village to the Cedars of Lebanon, which we were anxious to visit. A striking fact which the traveller through this region notices is the number of people who have emigrated to the United States and returned home to spend their money in their native land. They have apparently all done well in America, and speak highly of its opportunities. With their money they have bought modern houses, roofed with bright red tiles. Indeed, these townships among the hills have received the name of the "American villages" of the Lebanon. When we stopped to water our horses or obtain food at the villages we were often agreeably surprised to be greeted by the natives in the English tongue.

"You come from America?" they would say. "Dat's my country. Made my money in America, and then come back home." Then, with a sweep of their hands, they would point proudly to some vineyard or orchard and explain how they purchased it with the money they saved while working abroad. As one of the members of our party, which numbered three, hailed from the States, that fact was sufficient to secure us many delightful bunches of grapes and other little considerations.

The sun was just setting when we rode into Bsherreh, situated on the edge of a great cliff almost at the head of a deep valley. From here the object of our goal, the historic cedars, could be seen far away on the horizon on the bare mountain-side, a little forest of some four hundred trees. They lie on a small, fertile plateau, situated at an altitude of six thousand one hundred and twenty-three feet above sea-level. The grove is reached from Bsherreh by a steep, winding road. These old trees have always occupied a position of honour in the estimation of man because of their connection with the Temple built by Solomon and the various allusions to them in the Bible.

They are justly renowned for their age, size, and beauty. Experts who have studied them declare that the patriarchs of the grove are two thousand years old. The girth of their trunks is enormous, the largest being forty-seven feet in circumference. The beauty of the trees lies in their wide-spreading limbs, which



Partially quarried stone at Baalbec. It is the largest building-block in the world, its estimated weight being fifteen hundred tons.

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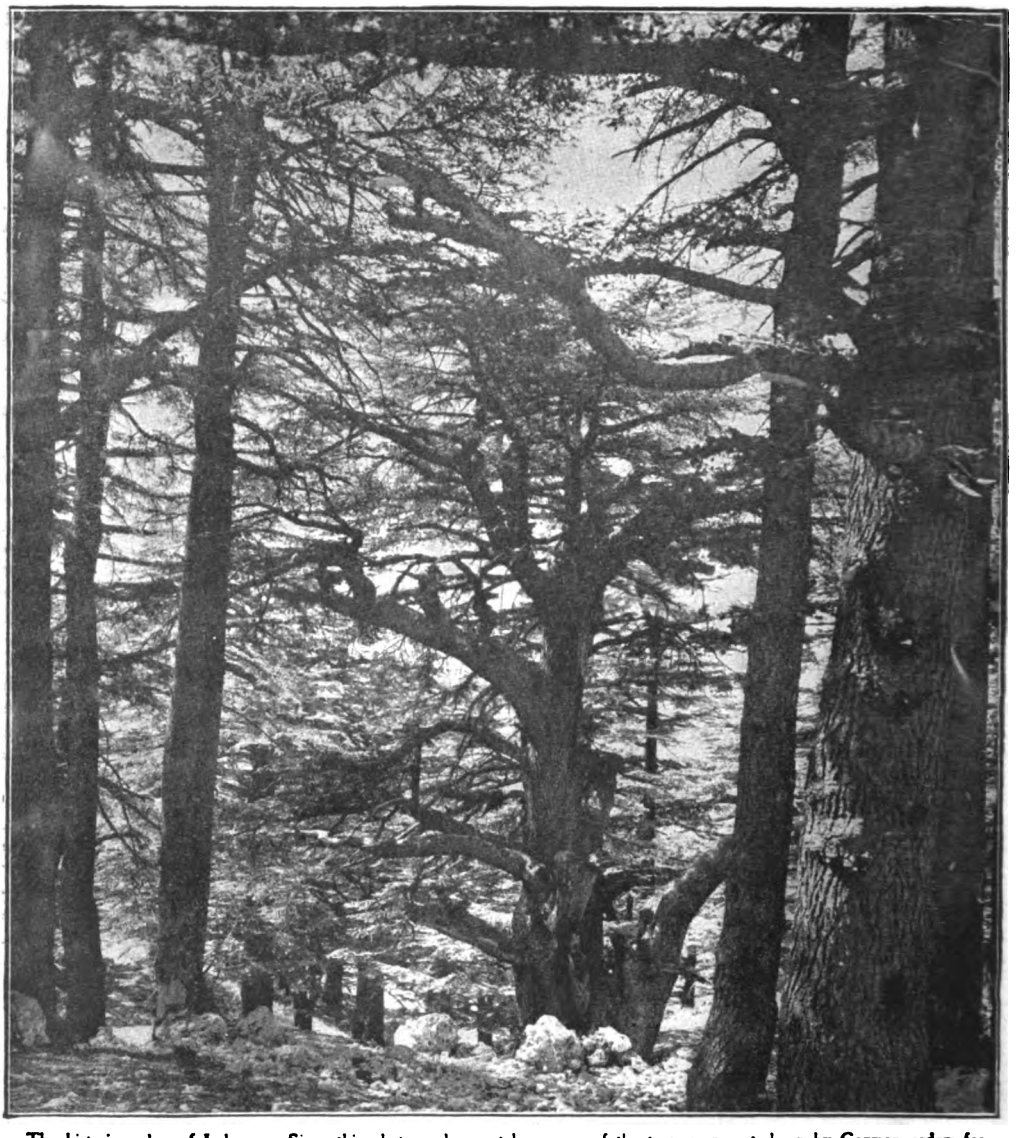

The historic cedars of Lebanon. Since this photograph was taken many of the trees were cut down by German orders for railway-sleepers.

often cover a circle of two or three hundred feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The patriarch of this little forest is called the "Guardian." Its great trunk is twisted and gnarled by struggles against the storms of ages, and the names which famous travellers carved a century ago are not yet covered by its slow-growing bark. A particularly beautiful specimen is that known as the "Symmetrical Cedar." Its branches extend straight out at right angles to the trunk, and are covered with exceedingly thick foliage, brown as seen from beneath, but when viewed from the hillside resembling a rich dark green, studded with cones standing erect. This particular tree has been adopted as the emblem of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and is pictured on their seal.

In some other parts of the Lebanon there are other cedar groves, but the trees are much smaller than those in the preserve under notice, called Az-er-Rub, or the Cedars of the Lord. Here we have a suggestion of what the Lebanon was in ancient times when the now bare peaks and mountain-sides must have been covered with these trees. It was here that King Solomon's seventy thousand hewers wrought, with their three thousand six hundred overseers, besides those supplied by Hiram, King of Tyre, to get the

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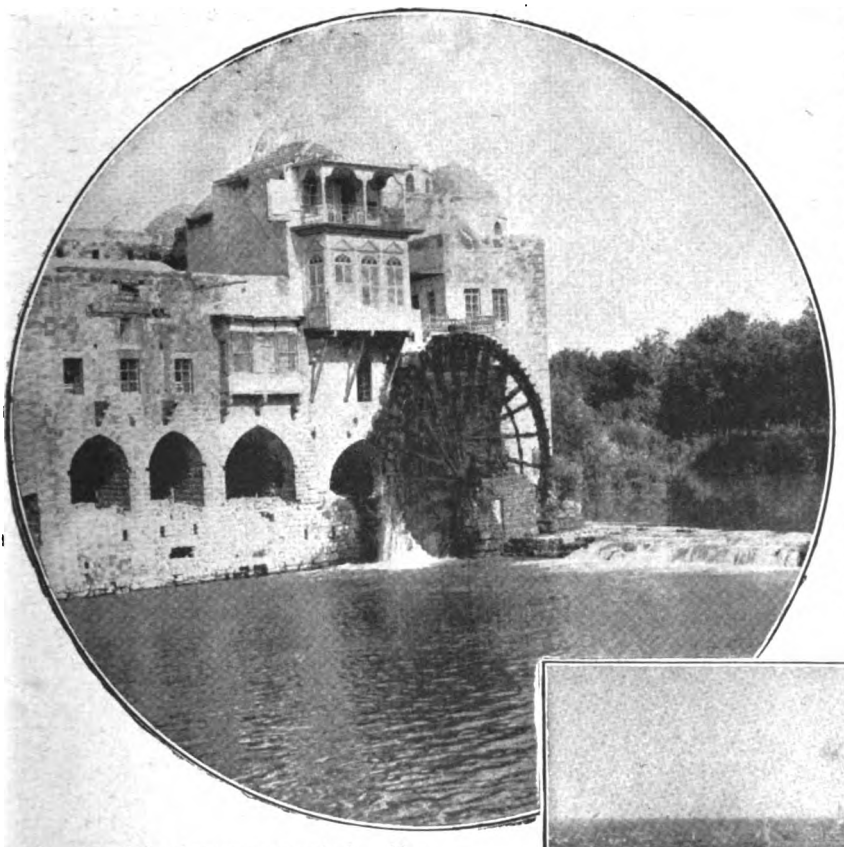

One of the picturesque water-wheels at Hama.

cedar-wood required for the Temple at Jerusalem, which was taken in rafts to Jaffa, and thence carried up to Jerusalem. These trees were used also in the construction of David's house, and, later, in the building of the second temple. A white resin which they exude served in the ancient process of embalming. The wood has a sweet odour, is very hard, and seldom decays. It has been said, though with what truth one cannot say, that practically all the cedars in Lebanon were cut down by German orders during the war to supply sleepers for the railways.

Our next stopping-place, which we reached by rail, was Homs, the ancient Emesa. On the outskirts of the city are numerous potters' shops, where large water-jars, some twenty inches high, were being turned out by ancient methods. The plain ones are retailed at two and a half cents each, while those striped with bands of red and otherwise decorated are sold at double this price. In this district, too, are many lime-kilns, the fuel being a common pricker that grows in the wheat-fields.

Not far from Homs lies Hama, on the River Orontes, justly famous for its water-wheels. It is undoubtedly a very ancient city and is referred to in the Bible as Hammath the Great. The river flows through the town in the form of an S, and upon its banks are four huge water-wheels each bearing a name of its own. They are the property of four powerful Mohammedan families, who derive large incomes from these wheels by charging for the water they supply to the surrounding gardens.

In the old days these four lords were the rulers of the town and their word was law. There was a water lord in past years who, like King Ahab, desired his neighbour's vineyard, but the owner of it refused to sell. Thereupon, the great man laid a plot. He caused one of his slaves to be slaughtered and had him cut to pieces and buried, not too deep, in a corner of the coveted property, and after waiting a suitable time he sent a messenger to the landlord, saying :—

A general view of Homs, the ancient Emesa.

"You have frequently invited me to drink coffee with you in your garden. I will come. Make ready."

The man was gratified at this condescension and prepared a feast. The day came and with

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A street scene in Hama, a city that is referred to in the Bible as Hammath the Great.

it the water lord. The meal was spread under an arbour, but when the guest saw it he declared that the spot selected did not suit him, and led the way to the exact place where his slave had been buried. The host protested, saying that it was a mean corner close to the refuse heaps, but the water lord replied that he was satisfied, and the entertainment began.

Presently the guest raised his head and said: "I perceive a curious smell."

"My lord," said the host, "it is from the refuse heaps."

"No," said the other, "there is something more," and summoning his servants he bade them dig in the ground whereon they sat. The quartered body of the slave was revealed and recognized, and on an accusation of murder the owner of the garden was seized and bound and his possessions taken from him by way of compensation.

The wheels are driven by the flow of the river on what is known as the undershot principle; that is to say, the wheel is moved by water passing beneath it. The largest wheel has a diameter of about seventy feet, and the Syrians declare it is the largest in existence. Like the others, it is built of wood, a dark mahogany. The axle is of iron. The creaking of the wheels is incessant day and night. They never stop. In winter and during early spring the flow of the stream is partially diverted to reduce the rapidity of the revolutions, but on no account are the wheels actually stopped. Placed upon the banks of the stream, amid the trees and gardens for which Hama is justly proud, the wheels present a decidedly picturesque effect. They are the favourite rendezvous of the boys of the town, who for a few cents will climb up the spokes of the moving wheels to the summit and then jump into the stream below them.

A general view of Aleppo and its castle.

On the route of the Bagdad railway. Native workmen preparing stone for the erection of a station.

We were told that we should find the people of this district very fanatical and anti-European, but our experience did not bear this out. We found them very polite and not averse to being photographed. Moreover, we never heard the familiar word "baksheesh" except from an old man whom we asked to pose for his picture. It would occupy too much space to describe in detail the quaint manners and customs of

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the dwellers of this most interesting land. Alongside the railway on the journey we passed extensive thrashing-floors, where the grain was being thrashed out with appliances that have probably been in use for thousands of years. On the tops of the houses we detected curious windmills. Round dish-like panes of sheet iron are fastened to wooden arms, and are so disposed that the wind striking them causes them to revolve.

Before we reached Aleppo, however, we passed over a rolling lifeless plain except for here and there a flock of sheep with Bedouin shepherds. With each flock was a small donkey as a mount for the shepherd, which followed the sheep almost like one of them, as they ran away in terror of the train. Then we entered a region where timber is evidently scarce, for the houses were built of mud bricks in design resembling bee-hives.

So far as Aleppo is concerned it is one of the largest cities in the East, the capital of Northern Syria, and a busy place. It is famed for two things—its castle and its boils. This latter is a kind of skin disease which prevails in this region. It takes six months for the eruption to come to a head, and another six for it to disappear, leaving a nasty scar behind. Natives, foreigners, and even dogs and cats are subject to the malady, and visitors are sometimes attacked by it long after they have left the place. The castle, which stands on a hill in the centre of the town, is one of the finest edifices of its kind in the world, and has withstood many notable sieges. The tradition is that it is supported upon eight thousand pillars. Being Christians, we were not allowed to enter it.

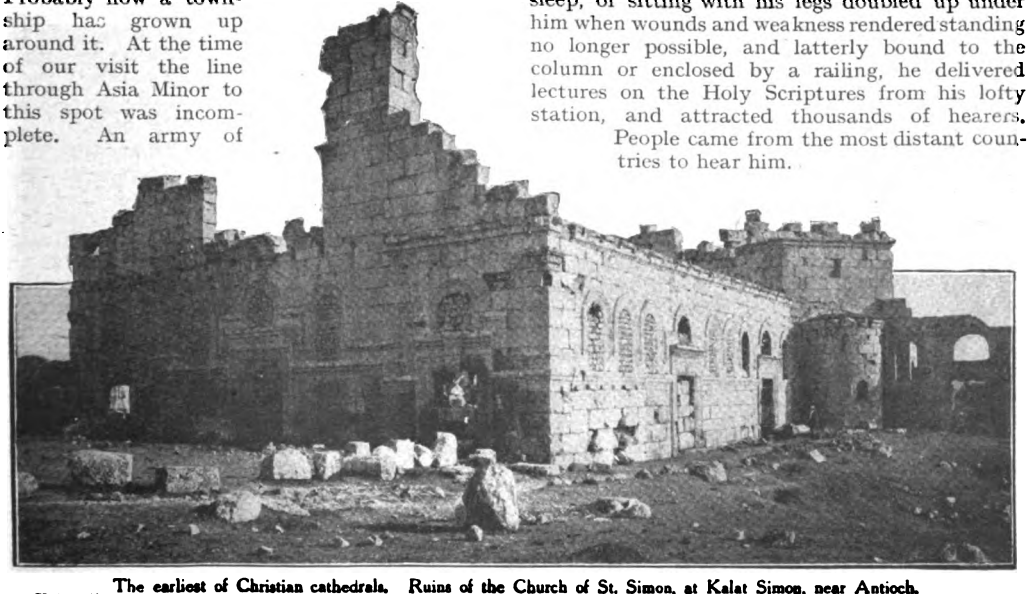
It is a little to the north of Aleppo where the famous Bagdad railway strikes east, across the desert to the Euphrates and thence to Mosul and Bagdad on the Tigris. The junction was right in open country, virtually in a desert. Probably now a township has grown up around it. At the time of our visit the line through Asia Minor to this spot was incomplete. An army of workmen had been collected at the junction and were housed in barracks and working entirely under German supervision.

Engaging the services of an Arab guide we struck north-westwards to Antioch, passing *en route* the ruins of Kalat Simon, or Church of St. Simon, one of the oldest of the early Christian churches. Here it should be remembered that it was at Antioch that a Christian community was for the first time formed independently of the synagogue, and here the members of the new sect were first called Christians. It was from Antioch that St. Paul started on his missionary travels, and Antioch thus became the cradle of Gentile Christianity.

The first Christian church, then, was no doubt built at Antioch or in its district. Near the ruins mentioned there is a squalid little village, called Faferton. Here is an apse, all that remains of what was once a large church, which bears the date A.D. 392! If this date is correct, we have here the remains of what is probably the first Christian church in the world.

There are many other ruins of churches in and around Antioch, the finest and most imposing of them all being those of the Kalat Simon. They lie on a plateau about six hundred yards long and one hundred and eighty yards wide. Here, in the fifth century after Christ, an imposing church was raised by the Stylites, or "pillar hermits." Simeon, the founder of the order, after whom the church was named, was born in 391, and died in 459. He began at an early age to subject himself to the severest penances and privations.

In the year 422 he ascended a column of moderate height, on which he spent seven years, after which he established himself on the top of a column thirty-eight feet high, where he spent the rest of his life. Exposed here to wind and storm, often fasting, always standing, and unable to sleep, or sitting with his legs doubled up under him when wounds and weakness rendered standing no longer possible, and latterly bound to the column or enclosed by a railing, he delivered lectures on the Holy Scriptures from his lofty station, and attracted thousands of hearers. People came from the most distant countries to hear him.



The earliest of Christian cathedrals. Ruins of the Church of St. Simon, at Kalat Simon, near Antioch.

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Another view of the ruins of the Church of St. Simon, showing the base of the pillar from which Simeon preached.

The ruins of this old church, which arose as a result of Simeon's strange method of preaching, are famous for their massiveness and quiet grandeur, for the graceful columns, arches, portals, and apses employed, and for the tasteful carving with which the building is adorned. In design it is in the form of a Greek cross. It consisted of four extensive arms, each flanked with aisles, and each containing two rows of six columns. How many worshippers the building accommodated it is not easy to estimate, but such a structure ought comfortably to have held four to five thousand people. Indeed, it was more than a church—it was a cathedral, perhaps the earliest of cathedrals.

A short ride from here brought us to Antioch, a sleepy, old-world town, occupying scarcely one-tenth of its ancient area. It lies in a picturesque valley at the foot of Mount Silpius. It is famed to-day for its soap factories, for its shoes, and plain but durable knives. Like Hama, it boasts of several large water-wheels which are used to irrigate the surrounding orchards. It possesses many interesting and historical ruins, including the old walls and gates.

Hearing that a local steamer would start in two days' time, from Alexandretta to Tripoli, we bade Antioch good-bye and hastened north over abominable roads to catch our steamer.

As we rode along down towards the shining sea by green and flowery slopes that were the last of Syria our Arab guide, Mikhail, and I fell into conversation. We reviewed, as fellow-travellers will, the incidents of the way. I told him how struck I had been with the courtesy shown to us on the way.

"It is as God wills," he said.

"Without doubt," I said, "but before my companions and I started we were regaled with stories of perils of the road."

"Listen," said Mikhail, "and I will make it clear to you. Some look for evil and they find evil; some look for good and it is good that they find, and moreover some are fortunate, and these find always what they want. Praise be to God! To that number you belong. And, please God, you shall journey in peace and return in safety to your own land, and there you shall meet your wife and your children and all your relations in health and in happiness," added Mikhail, comprehensively, "and again many times shall you travel in Syria with peace and safety and prosperity, please God!"

"Please God!" said I.

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Carter's Exoneration

by S. A. BEATTIE

Illustrated by Arch Webb.

A stirring story of the Australian Mounted Police. "It was told to me," writes the Author, "by a friend who is an officer in the Queensland Constabulary. I have set it down as he recorded it, though the names of the persons concerned are changed, for the reason that many of them are still living."

"GOOD DAY, mate!"

I pulled up, and dropped the swag that was slung on my back and, lifting my hat, wiped away the perspiration which had been pouring down my face for hours.

I was glad of a spell and happy to meet a white man, for this was the first I had seen of one for ten days or so.

I had been travelling first by horse, but after several weeks of drought-stricken country, now becoming worse and worse, my horse had died, and the present found me making the best of a bad time on foot.

"Good day," I answered. "Bit warm!"

"'Tis warm. What, travelling?" returned my companion.

I explained how I was making in toward St. George, with the hope of finding work in the scrub-cutting line.

"You oughtn't to find much trouble in that, these times," he replied, and added, "Haven't seen a mob of horses on your road, I suppose? There's a grey mare and foal with 'em."

I told him I had seen his horses, and directed him toward the dry river-bed. "They seemed to be making west up the 'billabong' on the far side," I informed him, and then asked where he had come from.

It appeared that we were now on Moondooroo Station, or ranch, and he had been working here for some time as stockman.

"Better wait and come along to the hut, and put up for the night," he suggested.

I was glad to accept the hospitality. The stockman's hut on Moondooroo was the one place on earth that I most wished to see; for in this hut I hoped to discover the man who had been responsible for my undertaking this particular journey, and whom I had been tracking from town to town, from station to station, for weeks past.

I waited, therefore, being too tired to accompany him to the "billabong." He was mounted and soon returned with the mob.

I improvised a bridle from my swag straps and, having selected a quiet-looking animal, we rode together to the homestead.

To my disappointment, the man for whom I had set out in search was not in the hut; but presently I learned from the remarks of the men that some of the party had yet to return from the bush, and still I hoped on.

To conceal my identity, I had not availed myself of my right as a police-constable to demand the use of remounts to enable me to carry out my duty; but had chosen to walk in hopes that news of my coming might not be so likely to leak to the ears of my man, Carter.

Being unable to furnish anything like a feasible excuse for remaining up, I had retired long before Carter returned, which he did at a late hour. Though nearly overcome by the fatigue of the day's journey, for I had been carrying my swag, as the saying is, "from jackass till 'possum," I managed to remain awake and lay listening to a conversation conducted in subdued undertones between him and a companion. My head was covered, and my affected breathing had the desired effect of

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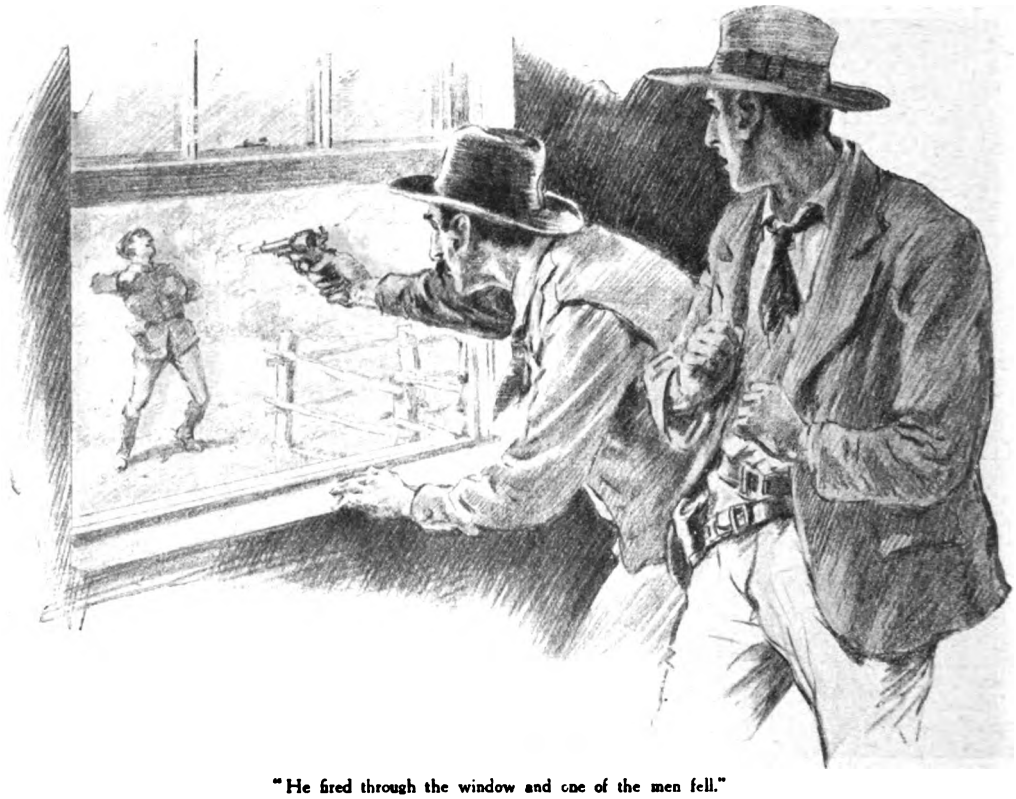

"He fired through the window and one of the men fell."

making him believe me asleep; besides, he was not aware that any stranger was present, the hut being in darkness.

As the conversation continued, I could scarcely control a keen desire to lift the cover from my eyes that I might get a glimpse of his face. His conversation astonished me. All my cherished resolutions began to melt into pity. If what he was saying was true, and I felt bound to believe it was, he had been wrongfully accused.

"I don't know if you've ever been in any trouble," he was saying. "It's the first time for me; that is, anything real crooked. Howard worked it well; he fairly got me into his clutches, and all the time I thought he was straight. He won a pile of money off me one time, then wouldn't let me pay him back, because I'd have had to sell my horses to do it.

"Then he invited me out to a house he had, and got me to carry a lot of things out to him. When I got there I found it was a 'sly-grog-joint,' and I started to 'go crook.' Then two 'Johns' came up; must have followed me. Howard grabbed my squirt and fired through the window. One of the men fell, and that was Douglas; the other got away. Then Pete turned to me.

"'Now you're in this as deep as me,' he said, and reckoned he could turn the whole tables on me, and threatened to do it if I didn't do as I was told; besides, he held the squirt threateningly at me.

"I asked him what I had to do, and he pointed over to a range.

"'There's an old well the other side of there,' he said; 'you'll take that,' pointing to the body of Douglas, 'and bury it; sling it down the well. Take your horse, and be smart about it. We'll have all the Charleville force out here in a couple of hours. When you get rid of that, you'd better get away and plant yourself till this all blows over. If you open your mouth things will go against you.'

"I was entirely in the man's hands, and reckoned I had best do what he said. I put the body in the well, and coming back down the rocks my horse fell and broke his leg, and I had to leave him. I didn't return to the shanty, and later heard that Howard had left my squirt behind, where it was found by the Charleville police, so that the whole blame falls on me, and no one suspects that Pete Howard had even a hand in it."

"You're in a tight corner," said his companion. "Your only chance now is to lie low till you have an opportunity to get clear away."

"Yes, that's what I'll have to do. Something might happen to Pete one day, and surely he'd 'give 'em the oil' before he 'snuffs.' What worries me most is the old mater; it's broke her up proper, though she still believes

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in me. Look what it's meant to her. The name Carter fairly stinks. 'Dick Carter—murderer!' Before this there wasn't a cleaner name in the State, but it's always the best names that reek most when they're mixed up with anything crooked."

Next morning I determined to carry out my duty, and then to find Howard and see what I could discover.

I rose early, before anyone was awake, and, calling my man, beckoned him outside.

When I revealed my office it was painful to read the look of mingled despair and horror on the lad's face, for he was no more than a lad.

"Dick Carter," I said, "it is my duty to arrest you for the murder of Robert Douglas."

He opened his mouth to speak, but I stopped him.

"Don't tell me you are innocent—I know that already." These words seemed to have the effect of momentarily paralyzing him, for he was silent.

"I heard your confession of the hiding of the body of Douglas last night," I continued. "I believe that, and am apt to credit your whole story, which I know was not meant for my ears. Believing this, I have resolved to do my best to exonerate you, if this is possible. In the meantime my duty must be performed, and you will be given into custody. You will leave with me this morning after breakfast. No one here knows my business, and we will leave together as friends; it will probably save a deal of trouble. I will have a report published of your arrest; this for Pete Howard's special benefit. It will be to my advantage that he should feel perfectly at ease."

I saw by the expression of his face that I was in danger of having masculine arms around my neck and being kissed, but I averted the catastrophe.

"Don't thank me for anything," I remonstrated; "so far, I have done nothing save to inform you of my intention to deliver you to justice; you have no need to thank me for that."

"But you believe me innocent," he replied, "and with the present black evidence against me that is as much as I could ask of my own mother."

"We will say no more at present," I interjected. "The men are moving about inside. You'd better get in and make your excuses about clearing out."

By sunrise we had left the stockman's hut far behind, and next day found us on the boundary of Moondooroo Station. Taking the "Cobb and Co." (coach) from here *viâ* Surat to Yuelba, we entrained for Brisbane.

Delivering my man into custody I had a word with the chief, and then set out, in the uniform of the Constabulary, for the home of Pete Howard. I took train to Charleville, and on arrival at the droving centre of the west was cordially received by the chief of the town, who furnished me with horses for the journey, one of approximately seventy miles.

I arrived at Heldon Selection at an early hour and was informed that "the boss" (Howard) had left for the mill watering the top end.

My plan was to surprise him and attempt to bluff a confession out of him. I had the legal authority for his arrest on suspicion. After receiving a cup of tea from the people of the mail change, I headed in the direction of the mill.

The country was extremely white, caused by the presence of a great deal of copai, and the water was undrinkable. The track took me through spinifex country, timbered with napunya, mulga, and guidya, and in places with gilgais and brigalow, but presently the thick scrub broke suddenly on to an open stretch a quarter of a mile across. I pulled up at the edge of the timber, and rested on the pommel of the saddle, watching the quivering scene before me. The white ground beat back the merciless rays of the sun. The deadly stillness of the place was broken only by the buzz of myriads of flies, which surrounded me and my horse. Not a breath of wind, except an occasional burning hot gust, was to be felt; everything seemed to be asleep.

In the centre of the clearing a man lounged in the shade of a huge galvanized iron tank, while a chestnut mare, hung up by her bridle to the base of a forty-foot tower windmill, switched lazily at the flies.

My horse pricked up his ears as a slight moaning sound came from the ballah scrub across the clearing. I listened to ascertain its cause. Gradually it became more distinct, developing eventually into a roar as of a distant Niagara. The mare at the mill began to stamp nervously, as though a sense of fear had seized her.

Suddenly a whirling pillar of dust and leaves, which seemed to join the earth with the very sky, broke from the scrub and swept across the open country, increasing in density as it travelled. At first it seemed as if it would come straight across, but changing its course as if guided by an unseen hand, it circled towards the little group in the centre.

All this time the man had slept. Round went the fan with extraordinary velocity. A volume of water was lifted from the tank and splashed over horse and man alike.

Putting spurs to my horse I galloped across to the mill, noticing as I went that the chestnut mare, having broken her bridle, bolted across the clearing and was soon lost to sight in the timber beyond.

So violent had been Howard's awakening that he was half dazed, and I was able to come upon him before he properly realized my presence.

"You sleep well for a man with murder on his conscience," I said, by way of greeting him. At the sound of the words he turned in the direction of the mill, evidently hoping to escape by means of his mare. No pretence of indignation showed in his manner, as would have been the case had the man been innocent.

"Disappointed, no doubt," I said, noting the look of despair at the discovery that his mare was missing. "You see, she went with

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the whirlwind. Drop that and throw up your hands. I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Robert Douglas."

Faint signs of affected disconcern showed only for a moment as he dropped his hands to his sides. "I ain't Carter," he said. "Howard's my name, and I don't know anything about Douglas or who killed him—only what I've read in the papers."

"A pity for your own sake you weren't Dick Carter," I replied. "Put your hands up when you're told—there, that's better; now, the less trouble you give me the better for you, Mr. Howard, and the more the worse. See how these fit," I added, snapping a pair of bracelets on his wrists.

The despair of the condemned plainly clouded his features as he walked alongside, but though I tried to pump him he would not speak of the murder.

"I've a lot to fix up at the house," he said. "You had better go that way and I can give orders to shift the sheep from 'number six.' There's no water there now the mill's broke."

I decided to give him a chance to make his arrangements, and we called at the house on the way, a decision that was responsible for the prolongation of Carter's "hard labour" in Brisbane Jail.

To cut a long story short, we were followed from Heldon Station. Howard escaped and I, left for dead, was discovered by a passing drover and taken to Charleville Hospital, where I was admitted "suffering from severe bullet wounds in the head and shoulder and flesh wounds in the face and throat." I knew nothing of what had occurred from the time of our departure from Heldon until I regained consciousness a week later in the hospital already named.

As soon as I was able to take an interest in events, I secured a back number of the *Charleville Times* and read a full account of my own tragedy. From this I learned that suspicion was placed upon Howard and his men, who had fled the district, and the usual reward was offered "for information, etc."

As my condition still further improved, I became conscious of my nurse's peculiarly cool attitude toward me. Though at first I thought nothing of this, latterly it became so pronounced that I began to wonder what might be the cause, and concluded I had unwittingly said or done something that had offended her. So I determined to be as nice to her as I could. But even my most ardent efforts at reconciliation passed off without effect, until eventually I determined that if I could not discover the reason by strategy I would at least be straightforward and question her. I had imagined she might be some friend of Howard's, but to my great astonishment it turned out that this girl was the affianced bride of the very man whose innocence I had set out to prove!

Of course, this explained everything. It was hardly to be expected that I, who had delivered her lover to justice, should receive the warmest and most devoted attention at her hands!

I hastened to explain the situation to her, and when she learned the true facts of the case her attitude entirely changed; my slightest want was attended to, and I can safely say that I never received better attention in my life! The girl had a spirit that I greatly admired, and at once she became all eagerness to assist me in my duty if she could possibly be of service.

I suggested that the only way was to expedite my recovery, that I might resume the task which others had already taken up of bringing the escaped Howard to earth.

I find women are not so easily satisfied, however, for one morning, when a new nurse attended me, I learned that Miss Irene Franklyn had resigned from the hospital staff and had left Charleville suddenly. I had lost a good nurse. Three weeks later found me convalescent, but with much to recover in strength.

One evening a telegram was handed me, and, imagining it might contain news from Brisbane, I tore it open excitedly to discover what new phases the case had developed.

To my surprise the text, instead of being in cipher, as I had expected, was in running English, and read as follows:—

"Will wire you from time to time. Don't come till you are ready. Am closely following movements of Howard.—FRANKLYN."

"Howard," I repeated. "She's on his track!"

"I hope you've not received exciting news, Mr. Druitt," came from a voice behind me. "You know excitement is your worst enemy at present."

"Oh, that's all right, nurse," I answered. "It's nothing to cable home about!"

It's aggravating, to say the least, to have your ill-health thrown up in your face just when you most want to be able to act, but I could only admit that I must resign myself to circumstances and wait. With the best of care and attention from both doctors and nurses and a little gentle exercise, gradually increased each day, I found myself, at the end of a month, in surprisingly good condition, and was greatly relieved when discharged and once more at my task.

Several telegrams had reached me from Miss Franklyn since the first; one from Cunnamulla, one from Bollon, and the latest from St. George. Apparently Howard was making for Mungindi, on the New South Wales Railway, and, judging from the time he had taken, he was in no hurry.

As may be imagined, I lost no time in getting to the scene of action. Entraining to Roma and hiring a car from here I arrived at St. George early in the afternoon, where I was met by Miss Irene with the very good news that Howard and his men had put up at the Bridge Hotel, where he was probably to be found at that very moment in the bar.

As a rule a fugitive from the law carries a weapon of defence, as I have had reason to learn on previous occasions, and I saw to it that mine was ready for immediate use, should occasion demand.

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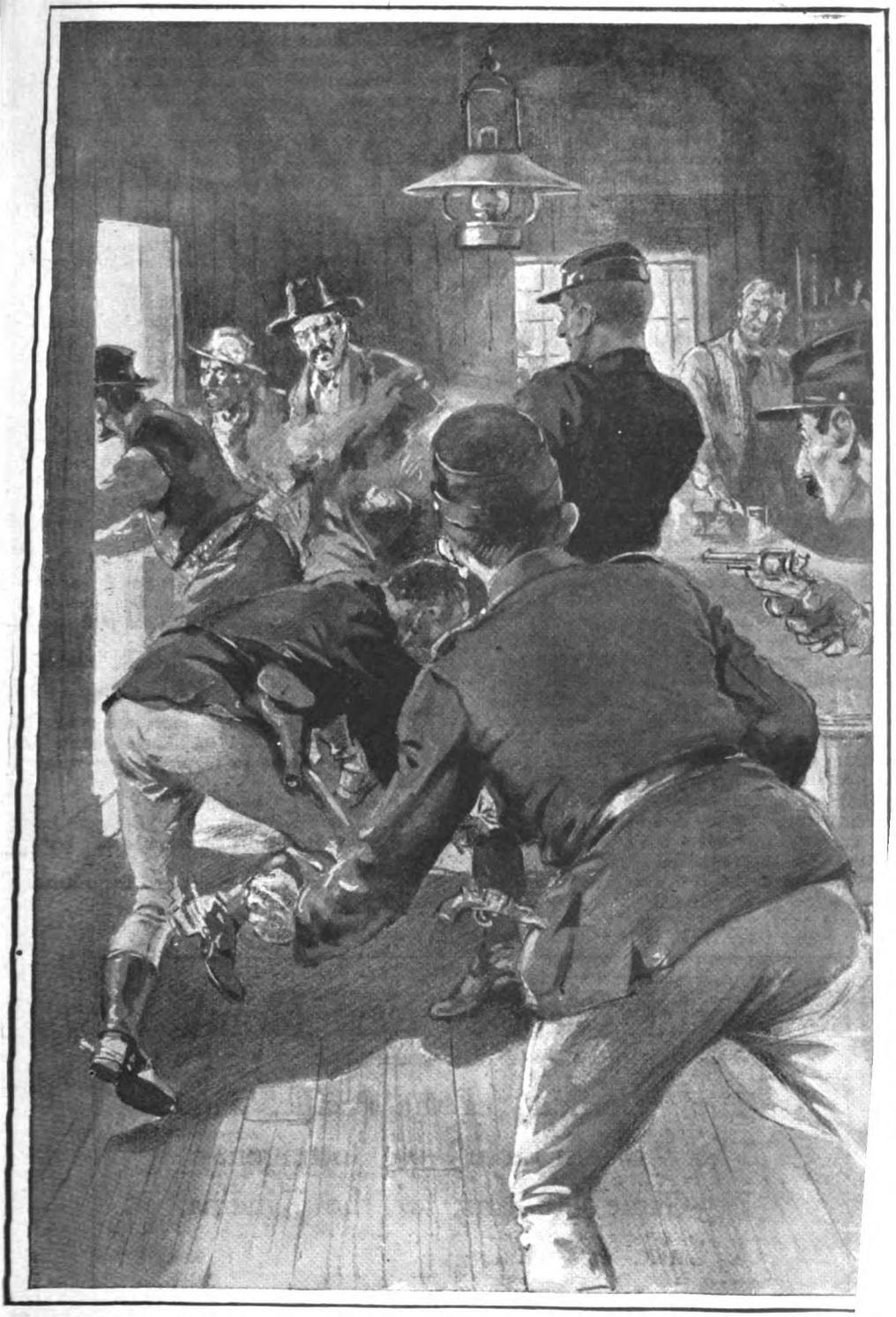

"We rushed the doors of the bar, but Howard and his men beat a hasty retreat."

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From Miss Franklyn's information, I had a party of four to deal with, and discretion prompted me to visit the local police-station and secure what assistance might be available. Besides, I had no authority to arrest any of Howard's men.

We were a party of three constables, accompanied, as far as the corner, by Miss Franklyn. Before leaving us she entreated us to be quick. "I am sure I saw one of his men enter the bar ahead of you," she said.

We rushed the doors of the bar and, throwing them open, presented the barrels of our Wessons. Immediately Howard and his men beat a hasty retreat. All the exits, however, were known to the local police, and soon we discovered the fugitivse making towards the stables.

A full bottle of spirits flew past me, grazing my head and smashing to atoms against the wall beyond. Simultaneously three shots rang out in quick succession, and one of our party fell forward on the floor.

Volley for volley was exchanged, but their barricade was good; better than ours, and we were now two to four.

Our plan was to wait until either they came out or assistance arrived. Then furious ramming blows were heard against the wall of the stables.

"They're forcing the side of the hut," suggested my companion. "If they break through they will have a chance to escape."

Realizing the seriousness of the position, we agreed to attempt a capture by storm. Relinquishing our defensive position, therefore, we made a combined rush, discharging our pieces into the entrance as we went. Our figures were no sooner framed in the open doorway than five shots rang out. At the same instant the outer wall of the stable caved in, the result of furious ramming, which we now discovered came from the outside. To our great surprise and relief a body of police leapt into the breach. Realizing the futility of further resistance, the two men who remained standing threw up their hands.

But now a great fear seized me. It looked as if all my work had been for nothing, for the body of Pete Howard lay huddled, corpse-like, in a heap on the floor, and I imagined that the only tongue which could have spoken the evidence I sought had been silenced for ever.

An uncontrollable shout of joy broke from my lips, however, when, on rolling the body over, I discovered that life still remained. I ordered brandy and propped him up against a bale of hay in the corner.

After a good dose of the spirit he recovered sufficiently to know what was going on, but I felt I had no time to lose. Blood streamed from his right side in the region of the lung, and I feared he had received a fatal wound.

Thrusting pen and paper into his hand, I demanded a confession of the crime of which I was now quite confident he was guilty.

"You've probably but an hour to live, Howard," I told him. "You have done no good in your life. Now your time is up. The life of an innocent man is at stake, as you well know. The confession of your guilt can do you no harm now, but will lift some of the weight from your soul. You murdered Robert Douglas. Write the truth; it will be the best day's work you have ever done."

Slowly and deliberately he scratched out a confession of the murder of Douglas in as few words as possible, and as soon as this was done he requested that an end should be put to his agony and misery.

He was admitted to the St. George's Hospital, where he died the following day.

"You have someone else more deserving of your gratitude than I," I told Carter when, on his release, he came to thank me for what I had done.

"Someone else?" he repeated.

"Yes," I returned, smiling. "Best go back to Charleville Hospital and make good before I jump your claim."

His face lit up as he whispered her name—"Irene"!

Special Features Next Month.

The "Gordon" of the Pacific.

The "Black Hole" of Gottingen.

Big-Game Hunting for the Kinema.

A Lake of Soda.

Queer Fixes, Etc., Etc.

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Result of "Wide World" Competitions

We have pleasure in announcing the result of the Four Competitions advertised in our November issue. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 brought in some very interesting stories while the "snapshots" were in many cases most excellent. The Prize Winners and those selected for Honorable Mention are as follows:

No. 1.—The Most Interesting Letter from the Front.

1st Prize, $5.00: Mrs. B. R. Stevens, 135 E. Linden, Atlanta, Ga.

2nd Prize, $3.00: Miss S. S. Hayden, 3319 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3rd Prize, $2.00: Miss P. Morris, Grinnell (R. R. 6) Iowa.

Honorable Mention:

J. F. Eddins, Palacios, Texas.
Miss E. L. Frankenstein, 4501 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss H. Geltman, 590 Bergen St., Newark, N. J.
Mrs. M. V. Harned, 749 Springfield Ave., Irvington, N. J.
R. C. Knox, Rogers, Ark.
C. Montague, Carmangay, Alberta, Canada.
Miss K. Parsons, 1415 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.
Mrs. T. E. Ross, 1606 Pine St., Olympia, Wash.
Mrs. E. S. Seley, Newport, Ore.
Mrs. R. A. Webb, 109 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

No. 2.—What I Did to Buy Liberty Bonds.

1st Prize, $5.00: Miss J. A. Dempsey, 467 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

2nd Prize, $3.00: Mrs. Lelia Davis, 505 N. 12th St., Richmond, Va.

3rd Prize, $2.00: Miss M. Dietch, 3627 Janssen Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Honorable Mention:

Miss M. I. Evans, Parkersburg, W. Va.
B. Yorkstone Hogg, Fort Pierce, Fla.
Miss Z. Janda, 2454 S. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss C. H. Keife, 1331 Amy Avenue, Whiting, Ind.
Mrs. A. Knapp, Brookfield, Mo.
W. A. Laughlin, 125 Park Ave., Chatham, Ont.
Mrs. L. L. Laznicka, Bellingham, Wash.
Miss Antonette Ramos, Gonzales, Cal.
Miss Edith M. Russell, Dartmouth, N. S.
Miss Cora June Sheppard, Shiloh, N. J.

No. 3.—The Most Interesting Place I Ever Visited.

1st Prize, $5.00: Mrs. Charles L. Spalding, Brookfield, Mo.

2nd Prize, $3.00: Captain P. C. Snodgrass, 236 W. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

3rd Prize, $2.00: Ernest Smith, Ford City, Mo.

Honorable Mention:

Mrs. O. A. Dunham, 312 E. Howard St., Manchester, Iowa.
R. E. Emerson, 2680 Burling St., Chicago, Ill.
M. Henderson, Dell Rapids, S. D.
R. P. Koehler, 2682 Burling St., Chicago, Ill.
H. G. Neal, 413 Beech St., Portland, Ore.
Mrs. I R. Nickerson, 26 Pine St., Orono, Maine.
Miss A. R. Snow, 59 Cottage Ave., Winthrop, Mass
Miss A. J. Stemple, 25 Marshall St., Turners Falls, Mass.
Miss A. Thum, 1236 Garvin Place, Louisville, Ky.
J. J. Walker, Willow Grove, Pa.

No. 4.—My Best Snapshot.

1st Prize, $5.00: Lewis Benthel, 832 R. St., Fresno, Cal.

2nd Prize, $3.00: Miss A. J. Stemple, 25 Marshall St., Turners Falls, Mass.

3rd Prize, $2.00: V. E. Wood, 611 W. 177th St., New York City.

Honorable Mention:

Mrs. J. C. Blair, 601 Michigan Ave., Urbana, Ill.
A. Heideman, 2127 N. Carnac St., Philadelphia, Pa.
C. Jansoon, 501 W. 168th St., New York City.
Miss M. R. Jewett, Hotel Athens, Portland, Ore.
W. A. Laughlin, Chatham, Ont.
W. F. Mellott, Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa.
L. M. Nilsson, Metchosin, B. C.
G. J. Platt, Highgate Springs, Vt.
Miss F. R. Poole, 126 Bowdoin St., Boston, Mass.
Miss M. Skiles, 902 Orange Ave., Santa Ana, Cal.

Cheques have already been forwarded to the Prize Winners. Those who enclosed stamps for the return of their competitions will receive same in due course. If those who did not enclose stamps but wish their competitions returned will send stamped addressed envelopes we shall be glad to forward them on.

The Wide World Magazine
83-85 Duane Street, New York City

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Ideas that Are Worth Millions

The Story Of One Idea Which Has Grown Into A Wonderful Industry.

NOTE—The most fascinating pages of modern industrial successes are those which demonstrate that opportunities exist all around us, needing only the genius of man to develop them and evolve from an idea a great industrial enterprise. Here is a story showing how the patient, persistent effort of a big man with a great idea grew into a really big thing which promises to become one of the biggest in the country. It is such romances of business that inspire men and women to great achievements. It is from such foundations that have grown many of the largest fortunes in the world.

By GEORGE H. BRYANT.

(INVENTOR OF WONDER WATERPROOFING PROCESSES)

"If you can produce an article for which there is a large demand, which is better than any similar article on the market and sell it for less money you will have something that will make you a fortune."

It is strange how sayings like that will stick in a man's mind. I heard that quotation years ago, so long ago that I have forgotten now whether it was said to me or whether I read it somewhere. But the germ thought planted itself deep in my mind and through all the long years of an active business life I have always had that saying in my mind and my brain has always been on the lookout for just such a thing.

Year after year I watched for that BIG CHANCE. Article after article was considered and set aside for some reason or other. It didn't quite fill the bill.

I racked my brain for the BIG THOUGHT, and, curiously enough, all the time back in the recesses of my mind was the KNOWLEDGE that was later to be put to work creating this *better article for less money.*

It is strange how the mind stores up knowledge and holds it, practically forgotten for years, until the moment when it is needed.

That was my case. One day a physician was bewailing the terrific prices he had to pay for rubberized surgical dressings, sheets, aprons, etc. "The money these things cost that are so necessary to doctors, hospitals and chemists is terrible," he said. And he added: "And rubberized goods are far from being absolutely satisfactory at that, but they are all we can get *and we have to have them.*"

Instantly there flashed through my memory the names of certain compounds of which I had learned years ago. They were compounds I had once used and which I had found had certain qualities for waterproofing.

I am not a chemist, as scientific chemists go, but I have always dabbled in chemistry and enjoyed it. For years I have worked out experiments for fun and with no ultimate idea of putting the result of these experiments to practical use. The lament of the physician brought the idea to my mind that perhaps *here was the great opportunity I sought.*

FINDS ENORMOUS MARKET

As in other investigations I first went to work to find out how big the market for waterproofed products was. I made a pretty thorough investigation which became still more thorough as I found that every day

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added to the market possibilities of such an article. I found, eventually, that there was actually a market for many millions of yards of waterproofed products.

To give you an idea of how large this list became I will set down here in columns some of the articles I catalogued:

Obstetrical Sheets	Diaper Covers
Protective Sheets for Beds	Mattress Covers
	Shower Bath Curtains
Operating Table Covers	Waterproof Vests
	Life Preservers
Wet Dressing Covers	Canning Aprons
Instrument Table Tops	Table Protectors
Special Aprons	Ice Bags
Hot Water Bottles	Ice Protectors
Cement Bags	Waterproof Blankets
Dress Shields	Tarpaulins
Laboratory Aprons	Moisture-proof Containers
Embalmers' Aprons	
Contagious Body Sheets	Waterproof Coats
	Auto Robes
Maternity Sheets	Water Bags
Baby Crib Sheets	Butchers' Aprons, etc.

Long as this list is, it does not begin to cover all the possible uses for waterproof materials that have since "discovered themselves," as it were.

With this knowledge in sight I set to work feverishly to work out my idea.

I made experiment after experiment, always having in view the necessity of getting *a superior article that could sell at a lower price.*

To my joy I found that as my experiments proceeded my processing improved so that soon I was waterproofing inexpensive materials so successfully that they were not only waterproof but acid resisting, heat and cold resisting, damp resisting.

I took cheap papers and processed them so that they made a waterproof material superior to rubber sheeting. It would not slime up like rubber, it would not crack and split like rubber does after it has aged a little; it resisted acids; it could be washed, even ironed, and it cost a fraction of what rubber sheeting would cost.

I experimented with reinforced paper and got even better results. I tried fabrics, and the result was so satisfactory that I knew I had something really big.

DISCOVERS GREAT MONEY-MAKER

So great was my enthusiasm and success with my experiments that I gave up my highly paid position to devote myself exclusively to my invention.

As the investigations I was pressing developed, I found that there was an approximate market for perhaps 60,000,000 yards

GEORGE H. BRYANT

Inventor of the waterproofing processes and President of the Waterproof Products Corporation. Mr. Bryant is wearing in this photograph one of the waterproof aprons made for doctors, chemists and laboratory workers. These aprons also come in white. They cost much less than rubberized aprons and last longer. Can be washed and ironed successfully.

(SIXTY MILLION YARDS) of my products divided about as follows:

	Yards
Physicians and hospital supplies	15,000,000
Chemists and laboratory supplies	5,000,000
Infant and maternity supplies	10,000,000
Undertakers' supplies	5,000,000
All other supplies as listed above	25,000,000

Since making this estimate I have found that my figures are actually only a fraction of the actual existing market in these lines and hundreds of other lines have since offered themselves. In fact, there is hardly a day that I don't get some new idea, suggested by industries needing such a product as we are producing.

With all this knowledge I was encour-

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aged to go ahead and work for the ultimate success. I poured my own money into the preliminary work necessary to perfecting my processes from a commercial point of view. This was a big undertaking, because it meant not only the perfecting of simplified and economical manufacturing processes, but it also meant planning and designing machinery to do the work.

I was beginning to run short of funds. My living expenses were running right along; I had to have laboratory and shop accommodations; I needed money for supplies and for hired help. My enthusiasm was no less but my resources were pinching out.

Then I enlisted the aid of a few of my friends. They helped, but they were not rich and their small additions to my working capital soon vanished.

Then began the hardest fight of all—the fight to get money.

BEGINS HARDEST FIGHT OF ALL

No one who hasn't been through the harassing, distressing experience of trying to raise money for something new, can ever imagine half the trials and tribulations to which a man in my position is subjected.

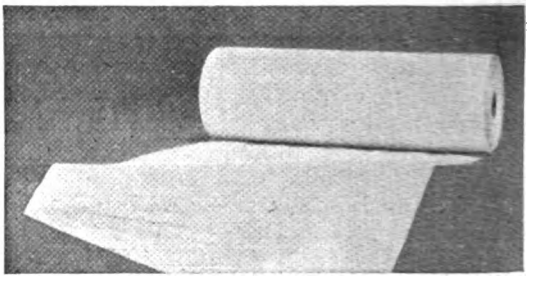
If I approached a big man I soon discovered that big money is the most rapacious element on earth. It wants it all. It has no pity, no heart. If I went to little men I realized that their small capital wouldn't go far with the needs of such a company as this business justified.

Month after month I took my proposition here, there and everywhere. Day after day I waited in the halls of money for an encouraging report. The reports were encouraging in this that there were plenty who were willing to take my invention off my hands, BUT—they wanted it under conditions which meant that they would get all the big profits and I would get a pittance.

Some of them talked about million dollar companies, great factories and profits running into millions, but when it came to figuring what my end of it would be, I generally found that a small lump sum or a small royalty would be the best I might hope for. When I protested the unfairness of the offers I was blandly told that if I didn't like it I didn't have to take it, as money never had to beg for a chance to make money. In other words, I was the beggar and should consider myself lucky for any crumbs that the moneyed men might be willing to brush off their table of plenty into my outstretched hands.

FRIENDS GIVE BUSINESS A START

At last I got a few more of my friends to help and got together enough money to make a small start. Realizing the importance of good location I set about getting a factory site that was well located. I found a tract of four acres admirably suited to my needs. It was located on the North Branch of the Chicago River with good water frontage, and on Irving Park Boulevard, one of the great east and west arteries of travel. It was in the heart of an industrial section where help was plentiful and not expensive and it had enough buildings on it to start us. I concluded the purchase of this site and immediately set about getting machinery installed.



WATERPROOF SHEETING
This waterproof sheeting is far superior to rubber sheeting as it will not slime, crack, check or otherwise deteriorate. It is impervious to heat or cold and acid resisting.

This was a little over a year ago.

Today we have a splendid factory, excellent machinery and equipment and we are bowling along like a twelve cylinder racing car, headed straight for success.

How all this happened makes another story, which I will tell you.

The money my friends put up didn't last very long after getting our factory. The old struggle was about to begin again. About that time I met a man who is a big moneyed man and a man with a heart. That man is P. M. Power, President of the Power Wall Company, Industrial Bankers. Mr. Power and his associate, Mr. Wall, were favorably impressed with what I had. They investigated all claims I made and all possibilities of market, profit and permanency.

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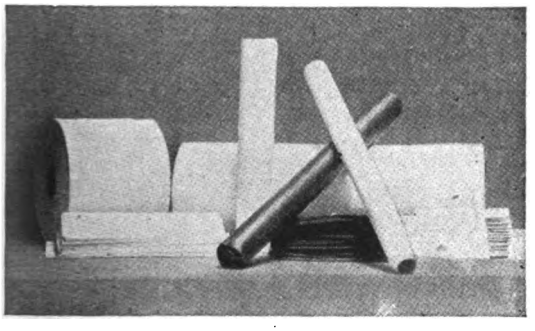
Then one day Mr. Power phoned me to come down to see him. I went as fast as I could get there. He was right to the point.

"Mr. Bryant," he said, "we have looked into your proposition and believe you have the greatest moneymaker we have run across in many days. It looks so good to us that we want to take a block of your common stock, such as you and your friends hold, for ourselves and our clients. How



WATERPROOF WET DRESSINGS

These wet dressings are superior to oiled silk and are so economical that they need not be saved, although they can be washed and ironed. Come put up in individual packages in all sizes and at many prices.

much money do you need for machinery and to get started in good shape?

I told Mr. Power and he called in a clerk and ordered a check made out. Without further ado he handed me that check and told me to get busy. You can believe me when I say that I didn't waste any time. It is to this broad and liberal method of dealing that we owe our present success.

GREAT PROFITS ARE POSSIBLE

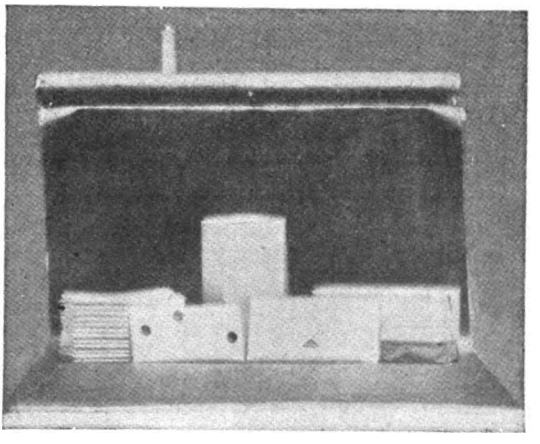
The profit in this business is very large. Fully 200% on manufacturing costs, I believe, is about the right figure. The market is enormous. The demand incalculable.

To give an idea of how large the demand is, we made a small circularizing campaign of direct advertising to doctors, hospitals, and druggists. We sold NINETY PER CENT of the druggists approached. Mercantile men tell me this is an absolutely unprecedented record, the average returns being about TEN PER CENT—ours was NINETY PER CENT.

Practically every one of these orders was the forerunner of many re-orders.

To give you an idea of how small profits run into big figures it may interest you to know of some of the records achieved by companies selling articles of small price. These records are, I believe, authentic, being culled from the recognized manuals. $500 invested in Welsbach mantles has returned over $250,000. $500 put into De-Long Hook & Eye stock has returned over $50,000. Both these articles selling for a few cents. Wrigley's Chewing Gum has made millions, no one knows how many millions, but it will give an idea of the value of this company when it is recalled that in a suit in the Supreme Court to decide the value of the trade-mark "WRIGLEY'S" on gum, the court found it worth ONE MILLION DOLLARS A LETTER, $8,000,000 for the value of a name. Many other millionaire fortunes have been made from small articles.

This is the story of the Waterproof Products Corporation to date. The company has reached substantial production. It has everything to make success possible, a fine factory well equipped with machinery for turning out the product in large quan-



MATERNITY SHEETS

These maternity sheets for which there is an enormous demand are much cheaper and more comfortable than rubberized sheets. They do not crack and are unaffected by heat or cold. Come put up in moisture- and dust-proof packages.

tities, our present capacity being about 25,000 yards a day and it will soon be much more. We have a product that is in tremendous demand because *it is a better product selling for less money.* We are

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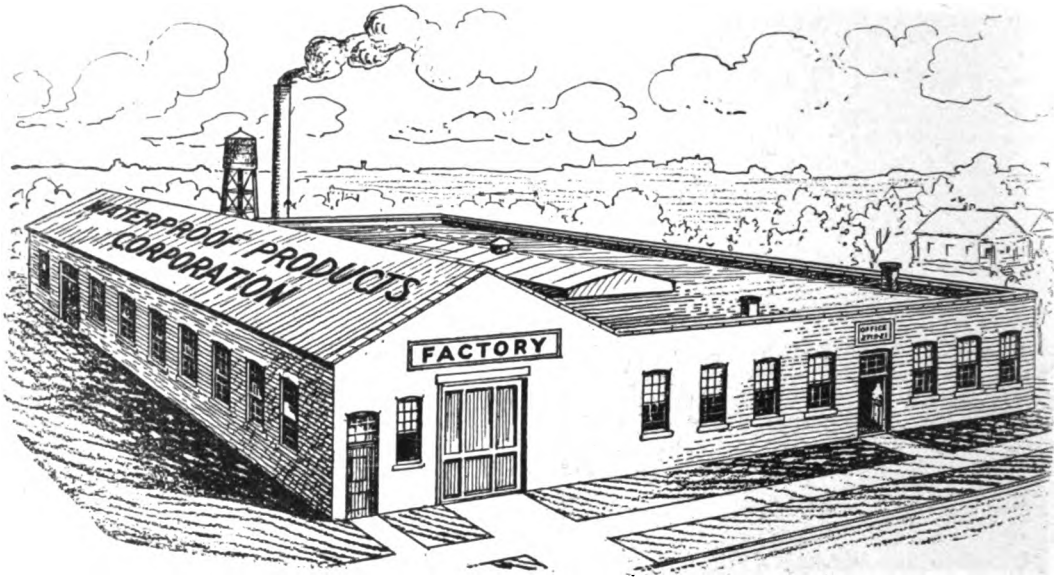

THE HUMBLE BIRTHPLACE OF A WONDERFUL INDUSTRY

This is the first unit of the plant of the Waterproof Products Corporation. It is situated on a 4-acre site on the North Branch of the Chicago River, with a frontage of about 400 feet on Irving Park Boulevard, Chicago. This plant is fully equipped to turn out 25,000 to 30,000 yards of waterproofed products a day.

getting distribution fast and have today thousands of users of our products. We are enlarging our scope, adding new departments, new products, new articles, manufacturing all kinds of articles from our products which pay us a bigger profit. All this has been done in a little over a year. The next year should see us solidly established with a great and growing trade and profits accumulating fast.

I think our optimism is founded on solid merit. I believe we are on the high road to fortune.

A STATEMENT FROM THE POWER WALL COMPANY

The above personal statement from Mr. George H. Bryant, president of the WATERPROOF PRODUCTS CORPORATION, and inventor of the waterproofing processes, shows what imagination, a good business sense and constructive ability can do. We made a most thorough investigation of everything concerned with this company, its products and market possibilities and are recommending to our clients that they invest in the stock of this company. In order to enlarge our list of clients we decided to offer part of our holdings in this company to general subscription for a short time.

The stock offered is the fully paid, non-assessable common stock of the company, the same kind of stock held by Mr. Bryant and the directors who are prominent Chicago men, including Mr. W. M. Simpson, President of the Railways Material Co. of Chicago and New York; Mr. Wm. S. Furry of the Ohio Injector Co., the Ohio Match Co., the Ohio Strawboard Co., and other important interests; Maj. Wm. Cattron Rigby, U. S. Army Judge Advocate, member of the Illinois, American, and Chicago Bar Associations and a prominent lawyer, and other men of this type and high character.

There is an issue of $100,000 of 6% preferred stock, which means that the only fixed charges against the earnings of the company are $6,000 per annum. The balance of all net profits are participated in by holders of the common stock, of which there is only a total of $200,000.

As a result of our purchase we own a small block of this common stock. The par value is $10 per share and we are offering a limited amount for IMMEDIATE SUBSCRIPTION at $10 a share, payable $2 per share down and $2 per share per month

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for four months. We allow a 2% cash discount for cash in full with subscription.

We believe this stock will be one of the biggest investment opportunities we have ever offered our clients. The company is very modestly capitalized for only $300,000. In a year or two it should be capable of expanding to a million dollar concern. It is those who buy EARLY into modestly capitalized companies that show great growth who make the huge profits that spell FORTUNE. We make this offer that many who have never had such an opportunity offered them may now have this advantage. For *your protection* we will allow you THIRTY DAYS for investigation. If you are not satisfied in that time that this is an exceptional opportunity, with wonderful profit possibilities, at the end of that time you can cancel your reservation and we will refund IN FULL any payments made by you.

Should some large orders which are now pending be consummated, we reserve the right to raise this price to $15 per share, or more, as determined by the potential value indicated. To secure the $10 price you must act IMMEDIATELY. $2 on each share will reserve your stock and insure your getting what you want. You can then have four months to pay the balance. ACT NOW!

THE POWER WALL COMPANY
INDUSTRIAL BANKERS
Suite 550, Railway Exchange Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

— — — — — — — — — USE THIS COUPON — — — — — — — — —

THE POWER WALL COMPANY, Wi. W.
INDUSTRIAL BANKERS,
Suite 550, Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

Date.....

GENTLEMEN: Please reserve for me.....shares of the fully paid, non-assessable COMMON STOCK of the WATERPROOF PRODUCTS CORPORATION, at $10 a share (par value $10 a share), for which I enclose herewith my check, bank draft, money order or currency for $.....being $2 on each share. I agree to pay the balance in four monthly instalments of $2 per share. It is understood and agreed that if after THIRTY DAYS investigation I am not satisfied with this investment for any reason whatsoever, I may cancel my reservation and you will return my payment in full.

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Postoffice).....(State).....

NOTE—We offer a CASH DISCOUNT of 2% for cash in full with your order. Make check, draft or money order payable to the POWER WALL COMPANY.

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Why We Should Bathe Internally

Adds Many Years to Average Life

By R. W. BEAL

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine.

There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is keep the body free

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from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so, would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY, and the WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line made him the preeminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necesary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in WIDE WORLD, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you this information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now,* while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information. which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well? (*Advertisement.*)

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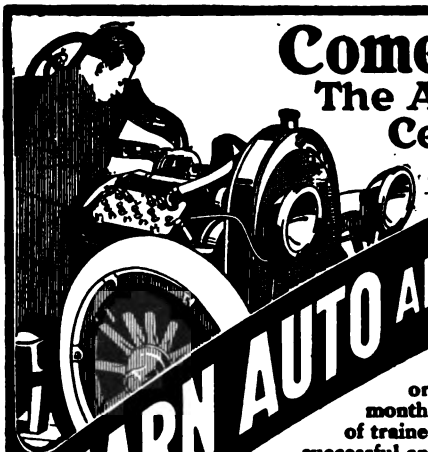

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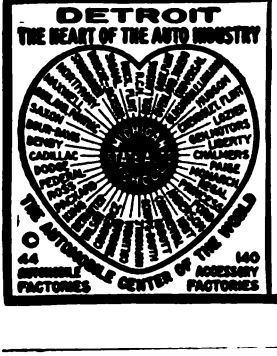

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April 1919

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I Earned $2200 IN Four Months

This is Richard A. Oldham

Mr. Oldham was telegraph operator for the Illinois Central Railroad for twenty years. He is fifty-eight years old. One day he read one of my advertisements and the possibilities of making money in the Auto Tire Surgery Business. In a few weeks he had purchased and installed a Haywood outfit. A short time afterward he wrote us that his income in four months was as much as it had been in Two and One-Half years as Telegraph Operator.

Earns $800 Month

This is E. T. Buchmann

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Make $2,500 to $4,000 Per Year Giving New Life to Old Tires.

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HAYWOOD'S TIRE SURGERY

Stations Are Needed Everywhere

20,000,000 tires wearing down every day. By Tire Surgery, you can quickly repair, rebuild and give new life to tires seemingly all worn out. Cuts, gashes, tears, bruises, broken fabric, every kind of an accident that can happen to **any** tire, inside or out, you can repair and **save** for long service. **The chance to make money is simply wonderful.**

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Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
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The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

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IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefor it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise! It will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night

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After

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WOULD THE LAW LET YOU MARRY?

When will the people of this country finally wake up to the fact that only by taking care of posterity can it become the greatest of all world forces? There is much agitation all over the United States over the law of Eugenics, and some States have been wise enough to insist upon a medical examination of the two contracting parties to a marriage before a license is issued, and although the propaganda of those at the head of this movement is, perhaps, not fully understood or appreciated, there is no one who can conscientiously deny their sincerity or the ultimate good that would result.

Through the adoption of a law whereby the physically unfit were barred from marriage in every State of the Union, there would, indeed, be a relatively small percentage of the population who would measure up to the standard.

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WOULD YOU BE ONE OF THOSE

who were doomed to go through life alone, without the joys and happiness that go hand in hand with a loving wife and strong, healthy children? Would the fact that you have neglected your body, ignored the fundamental principles of health and right living, and failed to make the most of Nature's supreme gift, doom you to a life of single wretchedness and unhappiness?

Our first duty is to posterity. We are not put here by an all-wise Providence merely to live out our lives and then go out, like a snuffed candle. We are entrusted with the sacred duty of perpetuating the species, a duty which is as sacred and immutable as anything might well be.

LIKE BEGETS LIKE is a saying handed down from time immemorial, and no truer maxim has ever fallen from the lips of man. A thin, scraggy, under-developed body, soaked and saturated with poisons which are denied their proper outlet because of functional inefficiency cannot hope to produce strong, healthy children. A man who is torn and wrecked by physical ailments, organic disorders and excesses of all kinds, will some day be treated to the spectacle of his children in a like condition. On the other hand, the strong, healthy, virile man, with a body and constitution that is a replica of Nature's own design, and who jealously safeguards that body and that health, and takes the proper measures to gain and keep them, will some day revel in the sight of offspring that are but a duplicate of himself—a picture of joyous, bubbling, care-free health and strength.

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AND YOU OWE IT MOST TO THAT GIRL

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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By George Raymond

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office, and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7,500 dollars a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

*****

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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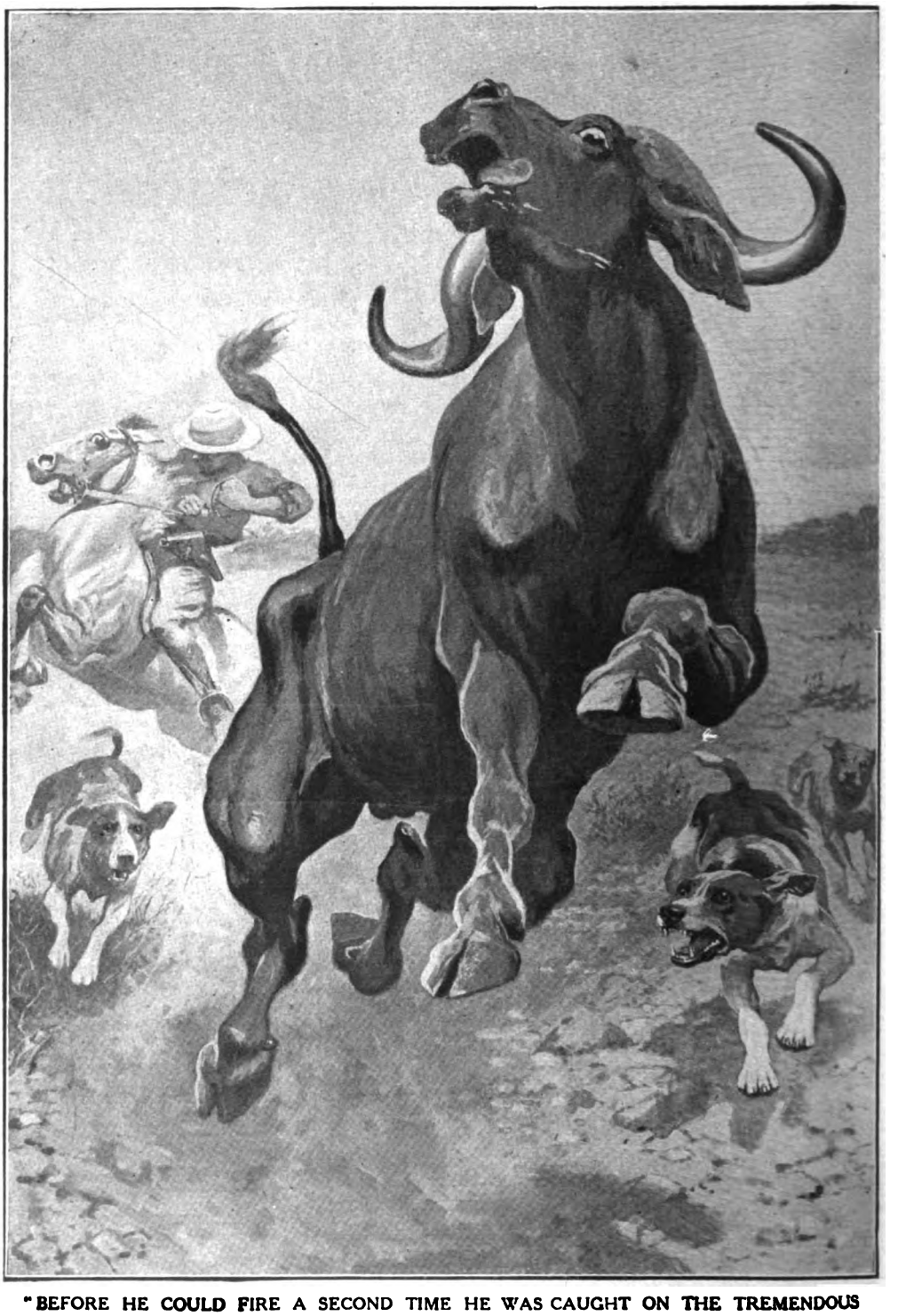

"BEFORE HE COULD FIRE A SECOND TIME HE WAS CAUGHT ON THE TREMENDOUS HORNS AND HURTLED INTO SPACE."

(SEE PAGE 448.)

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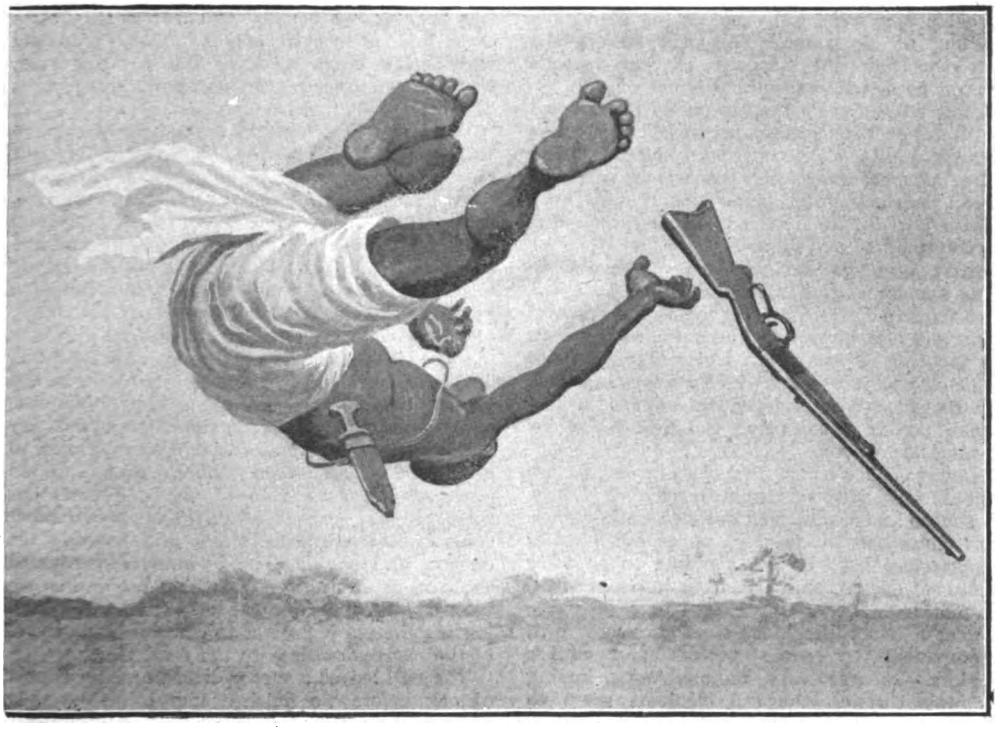

BIG-GAME HUNTING FOR THE CINEMA.

By JOHN A. JORDAN, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY L. WOOD.

How the Author led a moving-picture expedition into the wilds of British East Africa to secure films of its strange animal life. Plenty of game was encountered and exciting incidents were numerous, but so far as marketable films were concerned the expedition was not the success contemplated.

NOWADAYS science can bring the wonders of the world to one's very arm-chair, and the cinematograph thrills millions of people with the glories of remote countries, where adventurous men break into unknown lands and chase wild beasts in the depth of virgin forest or across vast plains and dismal swamps.

British East Africa, with its wealth of big game and scenes of great beauty, offers exceptional scope for the daring cinema man anxious to secure really sensational and startling pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. True, quite a number of such films are in existence, such as those secured by Mr. Cherry Kearton and Mr. Shelly's pictures of dogs hunting the lion. But there is still plenty of scope for new pictures, more particularly of wild animals on the move and in their fighting attitudes. But the work is dangerous and calls for good nerves on the part of the operator,

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while his men must know something about the handling of big game. This will be obvious from the following account of the writer's attempt to secure marketable films.

A few years ago I agreed to partly finance and lead an expedition in search of moving pictures of animal life. The operator had a Pathé Frères' cinematograph camera, which, with the stand, weighed forty pounds, and was very awkward to fix quickly. He carried with him ten thousand feet of film.

Apart from the financial side I wanted to make the expedition a huge success, so spent some days in Nairobi getting together a caravan of porters and boys who had been with me on my shooting expeditions. I also induced three white men to join—men who I knew would face any danger. We managed to buy some fast Somali ponies, these being the best breed for running down lions.

Having collected a first-class caravan, we started for the Kisi country in search of elephants. No sooner had we reached our destination when the natives brought us word of the existence of a herd close by. It was too late to go after them that day, so we curbed our impatience till the morning.

After a hasty breakfast three of us set out, accompanied by some porters and native warriors. It was very tedious work forcing our way through the tall elephant grass to which clung a kind of vetch with firm tendrils, in which we occasionally caught our feet and tripped over. At noon we got our first sight of the elephants descending from the hills into a large swamp that lay at the bottom. No place could have been more suitable for our purpose and we felt sure of getting a good film. Manœuvring to within thirty yards of the animals, we had a fine view of them wallowing in the swamp.

The operator soon had his camera fixed and began winding off the film. A young bull, however, heard the uncommon click, click of the machine and, becoming alarmed, threw his trunk in the air and gave out a terrific roar. It was soon taken up by the other bulls and then the cows joined in with their trebles, the whole producing a regular pandemonium. Our operator looked round for a safe retreat. My companion, thinking the animals intended to clear off, raised his rifle and fired at a big bull, but failed to bring him down. But we had not bargained for what was to follow. The now thoroughly roused monsters began circling for our scent and we had to make a quick retreat to a rise about eighty yards away, so that we could see what was happening in case they got round to our rear.

We had no sooner taken up our position than they made a charge over the spot which we had just left. Disappointed at not finding us they split into small groups, the majority crossing the swamp. Two of the animals, however, stuck to the wounded elephant—a cow and a medium-sized bull. These evidently made up their minds to locate us, and again started circling for our wind. As there was only one tree near us, we decided to shoot if they came close and meant to attack. They gradually reduced the circle till they had got our wind, when they stopped dead at about forty yards distant.

We knew that foretold a straight charge, so Robbey and I fired hastily. My partner brought his bull down with a quick shot from his ·500 Express. I was using a 9mm. rifle, useless for killing an elephant with a frontal shot. So I aimed at the trunk, and it had the effect of turning the brute from his purpose of charging. Not so, however, the cow. Flapping her large ears she started squealing with rage, and then, with trunk outstretched and gleaming red beady eyes, came on like an express train. The operator collapsed, and it was lucky he did so, for before we could get a shot home the enraged animal had seized the camera with her trunk and swung it aloft. We were forced to give ground, and then Robbey and I found ourselves on each side of the elephant, our rifles singing out together. The great beast sank down backwards, dead, still holding the camera and stand. The operator investigated the camera and reported nothing broken, so we took up the hunt for the other wounded bull, leaving the photographer to continue his picture of the natives cutting up the dead beast.

The bull led us a merry dance, and it was six o'clock before we finished him off. We then returned to camp, where we expected to find the operator, but the others had seen nothing of him. Thinking he would turn up at any moment, we sat down to dinner. We finished the meal, but still there was no news of the missing one. Knowing he was quite new to the country we began to get uneasy, although we had left most of our boys with him. At last, getting tired of waiting, and having moonlight to guide us, we set out to find him. We got about half-way to the dead cow-elephant when we heard voices, and on reaching the spot we found our friend lying in the grass surrounded by the boys. He was in a state of collapse. They had waited for us to return, but finding it was getting late had started back for camp. But the day had been a strenuous one, and the operator was tired and kept catching his feet in the grass, each tumble making him weaker. Then the climax came when they disturbed a rhinoceros, which being in a bad temper promptly charged. Fortunately for our friend, and also for us, as he was the only man that understood the camera, he was accompanied by four brave warriors of the Lumbwa tribe, who met the beast with their long stabbing spears, killing it on the spot. They had then tried to lead the white man on, but the fright had deprived him of the power of his limbs.

Having no hammock, and there being no trees for us to cut sticks and make one, we each took one arm and bullied and joked him into walking, but it was midnight before we reached camp.

The next day we had a discussion about our photographer while he lay asleep in his tent, and after dealing with the previous day's experience, in which he had only used about

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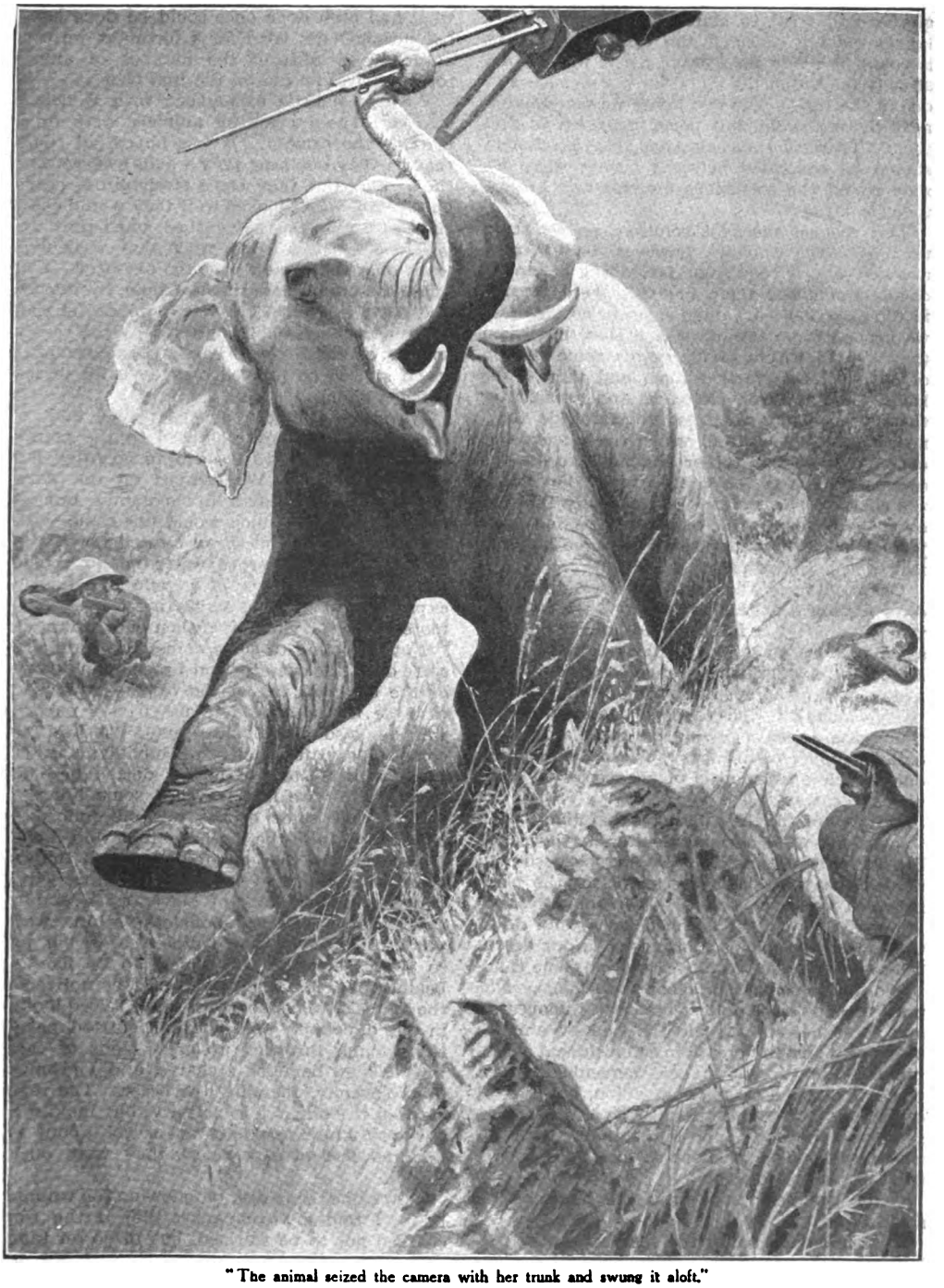

"The animal seized the camera with her trunk and swung it aloft."

fifty feet of film instead of a thousand, came to the conclusion that it would be best if we left the dangerous animals alone till he had acquired more experience, and for the next month confine our work to taking pictures of antelope and giraffe.

It was quite three days before our invalid was fit for work again, and then we started for the Loita Plains, practically virgin country as regards shooting, and where antelope, zebra, and gazelle were found in herds of thousands. On our way we came across a good-sized herd of

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giraffe, and tried to stalk them, but the wily beasts quickly detected the camera. So that it could be ready for instant use it was carried already set up on the stand on the shoulders of one of the boys. For two hours we manœuvred near those giraffes, but never managed to film them. Then someone suggested that the camera should be concealed in some bushes while we rode round the suspicious animals and headed them towards it.

This seemed the best solution, so we acted upon it. The animals, however, had become alarmed, and it took some fast riding before we could circumvent them and get them moving in the direction we wanted them to go. At last we headed them towards the bushes, but when they got to within eighty yards some motion of the operator startled them and they broke back. We, however, closed in, and riding after them with shouts managed to stampede them nearly over the place in which the camera was concealed. It was rather laughable to see the awkward lurch of the giraffes when they heard the click of the machine; some nearly tumbled over. We found the operator beaming with joy. He said he had taken over three hundred feet of a first-class picture.

On arriving at the Loita Plains it took two days finding a suitable spot on which to work the camera. We intended to follow out the same plan as with the giraffes—namely, get a large number of animals to race past the camera. I stayed with the operator, while the rest of the party, including the carriers, made a detour round the animals grazing on the plain. This entailed hours of arduous work, as we wanted one long line of animals of all species to come past the camera.

It was not till the afternoon that they began to come our way. I could see literally thousands coming over the rise. They had been so well herded that they headed straight for the place in which we lay concealed. Then some freak or knowledge of danger alarmed them, and down they raced like fiends hunting us to our death. There was no time to move, and only one thing to do, and that was to shoot the leaders. Not until I had killed four zebra, two wildebeeste, and three hartebeeste did the tide of animals swerve. I held my breath in astonishment at the number and speed. Then remembering the camera, I looked for my companion, but instead of finding him busily taking a picture of the sight of a lifetime, found him standing with his rifle raised ready to shoot at any animal that tried to trample over us.

"For goodness' sake take the picture!" I shouted.

This brought him to the business we had in hand, and, dropping his rifle, he started with his machine; but too late! He only managed to get the tail end of the charging squadrons, composed of gazelles.

When the men rode up and learned that we had only managed to secure a picture of the tail-end of the moving panorama of animals they were terribly disappointed. We tried, however, to cheer one another up by saying that what had been done once could be done again; but although we tried for a fortnight we could never get a fifth of the number of animals together that we did on the first occasion.

We had a little excitement with a herd of impala. These beautiful animals were driven towards the camera. It was hoped, of course, that as they got near they would swerve off to the right. But they came straight on, despite our shouts, and it looked as if they would charge right into us. On they rushed, until they were within a few feet of us, when they took flying leaps over the camera and the operator. Some of those springs were not less than twenty feet, and eight feet high. It was a wonderful sight, but unfortunately not registered by the camera, as the operator could hardly be expected to stand still to be jumped over by a lot of fear-stricken animals.

We spent a month on the plains, and, our operator having now got used to the country and the animals, we decided to go after more dangerous game. We camped on the Amala River, and tried to find hippopotamus, but only saw one big bull which would not come within the focus of the camera, so crossed the river in search of the dangerous water-buffalo. These animals are the terror of anyone who has had experience of big-game shooting; no beast is more deadly or vindictive when once wounded.

Not expecting to come across this animal for some days, the operator and I rode on in advance of the caravan, taking the camera with us in case we had a chance to use it. A party of warriors also accompanied us. We had now come to beautiful country resembling an English park, with clusters of bushes dotted here and there. After we had travelled some hours we halted while some of the warriors followed a honey-bird into the bushes after wild honey. No sooner had they entered the scrub than we heard a crackling of sticks and rustling leaves, denoting the presence of big animals, and out poured about twenty buffaloes within twenty yards of us. We were halted near a big tree, so I whispered for the camera to be fixed up behind the tree. The movement was noticed by the animals, who stood with heads raised looking in our direction. One fine bull started pawing the ground, throwing up great clods of earth. This I knew heralded a charge, and I promptly fired, severely wounding the beast. The report startled the others into activity, but luckily not our way, and the photographer got about two hundred feet of film before they were out of sight.

Now came the danger of following the wounded bull. I told my companion that if the brute charged not to be alarmed, but to go on taking the picture, because if I failed to bring him down with the rifle the warriors would soon despatch him with their spears, which would make the film more exciting and all the more valuable. We then started to look for the spoor, but could find no trace of blood, although we knew the animal was badly wounded, for we had seen it stagger. I told the men to stretch themselves out in a long line and go in the

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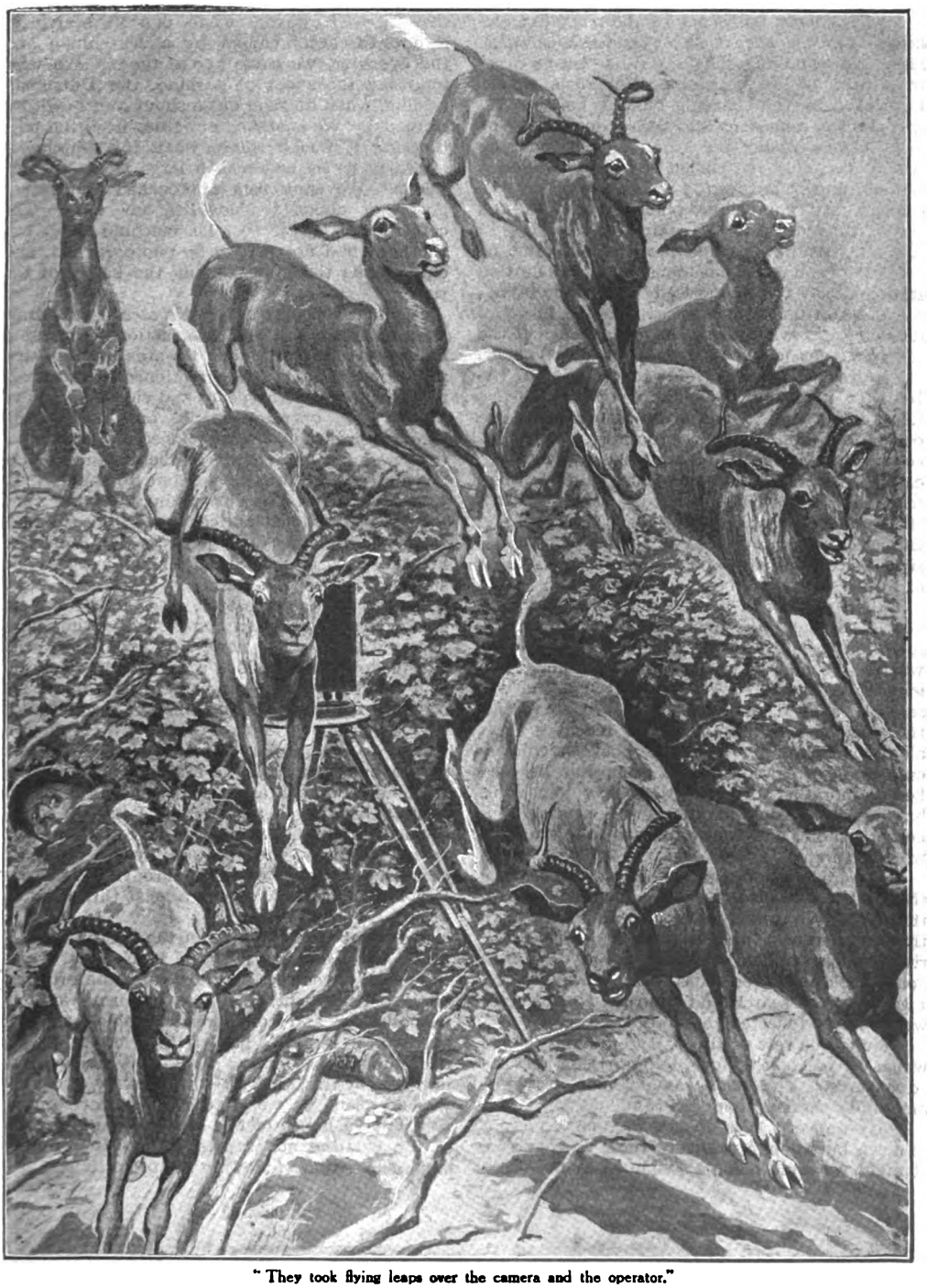

"They took flying leaps over the camera and the operator."

direction the animals had taken. The warriors started away, and my companion and I mounted our horses to follow, when my gun-bearer drew my attention to some huge animal partly concealed by bushes. We rode towards it, but the animal, who was evidently watching us, cleared round the bush. I had four dogs with me, and, telling my companion to stay still, rode towards the spot, urging the dogs into the scrub. They had no sooner started when out charged my wounded buffalo; head down and tail erect, he came plunging towards me and the dogs.

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I wheeled my horse out of the way, but the beast sighting the operator charged towards him. Never having done any riding till he came to Africa, he lost control of his horse, which, frightened by the charging buffalo, bolted. He was thrown, and seemed to turn a double somersault before hitting the ground. I thought he would certainly be killed by this wounded buffalo, and rode towards the spot. Seeing the danger, my gun-bearer pluckily fired at the beast, thus drawing the animal's attention to himself. Before he could fire a second time he was caught on the tremendous horns and hurtled into space. I now noticed the photographer crawling on hands and knees into the bush. I do not know what would have happened if the dogs had not joined in at this critical moment. My Airedale terrier tried to fasten on the buffalo's nose, but was swept by the savage horns into the air. The brute then charged the other dogs, which action promptly made them come towards me. Thinking I should prove the easier mark, the buffalo now charged down upon me. That was what I wanted. I rode off with the wounded beast following me. When we had travelled about a mile I headed away to my right across a stream and through a small patch of forest, where the beast lost my trail.

I then rode back to find out what had happened. I found the operator sore from having fallen on to his revolver, and he was undecided whether he had some ribs broken or not. The gun-bearer had lost a good deal of skin and was severely shaken, but no bones broken. Mac, the dog, had a jagged wound reaching right along his right side. I had my pocket medicine-case and we sewed up the gash, but he died before morning. The warriors now joined us, having come back at the sound of the gun-bearer's shots, and we decided to follow up the wounded buffalo.

We were not long in finding the spoor, and the trail led us into the forest on the banks of the river. We trailed him for two hours through thick underbush, and at last arrived at the river which he had crossed. Seeing it meant going back about ten miles to the fording-place, I gave up the search and returned to the place where we had elected to camp.

I found the rest of the party enjoying tea, of which I partook before telling them of my adventures. The poor camera man was unmercifully chaffed about his tumble.

We were very keen to try to take a picture of lions, but though we heard them all round us at night we could not get a sight of them during the day. However, while out in search of rhinoceros, accompanied by a Dutchman and the operator, we came across them. We were following the spoor of a rhino, the Dutchman leading, when he gave out a shout and hurriedly retreated. We snatched our rifles from the boy, thinking it was a rhino, when the Dutchman informed us he had seen a large troop of lions asleep. We cautiously approached and saw a group of about ten looking our way. The camera man hastily got his machine fixed, but the lions had no wish to be photographed, and entered the thick bush lining the banks of the river.

Seeing it was only a narrow patch, I sent some boys to encircle it, with instructions to make a noise and drive the lions towards our position near some good trees. I stationed six warriors near us, armed with spears and shields, so as to protect the operator should any lions break through our lines. Silence reigned for some time, then we heard the beaters in the distance shouting and coming towards us, but no sound from the lions. I was just beginning to think they had escaped when I noticed one of my warriors making signs to me. Cautiously creeping towards him, I saw a magnificent black-maned lion standing about ten yards in front of us. I beckoned to the operator, and he started to come towards us when some of the other lions began roaring. The noise was enough to send a chill down the back of a veteran like myself, so I could not blame the camera man for losing control of himself and making for a good-sized tree to climb. The lion I was watching now turned to escape, but I managed to drop him with a bullet through the brain. This started a tremendous racket, and we could hear the beasts rushing backwards and forwards in the scrub, giving out terrific whoops of rage. Then they broke towards the beaters, who promptly climbed trees and let them through. Thus we lost what should have been a most thrilling film of lions.

We spent three months in the bush and used up all the film. We returned to Nairobi, where they were developed, and now came the bitterest disappointment of all. The pictures were all out of focus and commercially valueless. Our operator, in fact, had had virtually no experience in filming in the open. Naturally, we were all unaware of this, and after the money and time we had spent we were more than disappointed. But I have hopes of one day securing pictures of the exciting adventures a big-game hunter experiences while following his profession.

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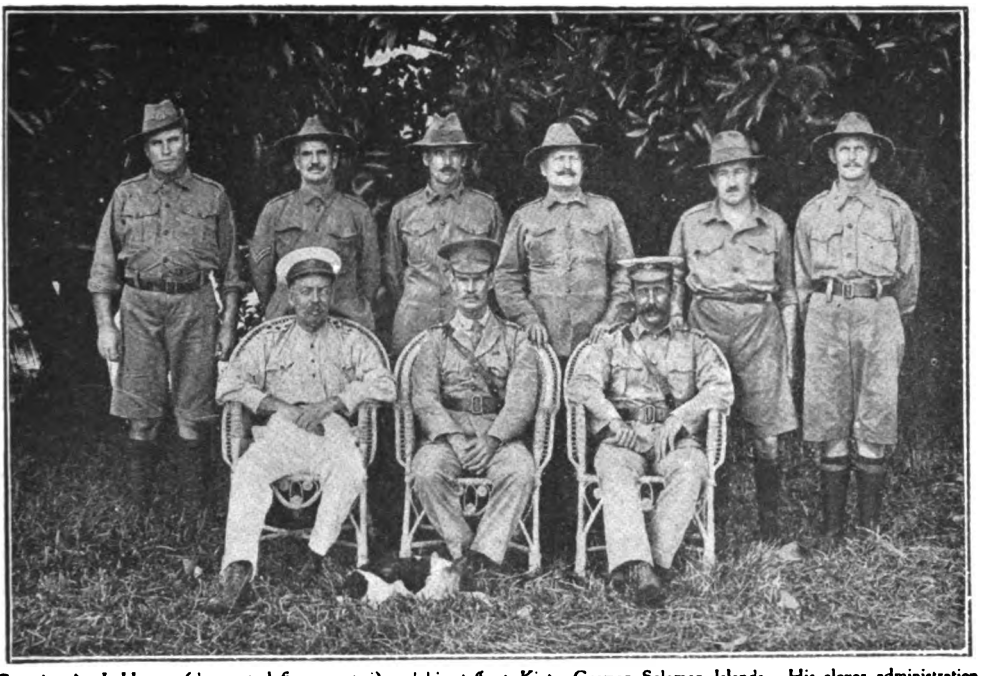

Captain A. J. Hunter (the central figure seated) and his staff at Kieta, German Solomon Islands. His clever administration and wonderful work have earned him the reputation of the "Gordon" of the Pacific.

The "Gordon" of the Pacific

My Visit to Germany's South Sea Possessions.

By THOS. J. McMAHON.

Germany's possessions in the Pacific included German New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and Samoa, representing over ninety-six thousand square miles of rich tropical territory. They were wrested from her early in the war by the Australian and New Zealand forces, with the exception of certain small islands which were taken by the Japanese and handed over to the Australian Government, under whose administration they have since remained. Our Author describes a visit he recently made to these islands, the strange native races that inhabit them, and their quaint manners and customs. His story of the admirable work of Captain Hunter among the savages of the Solomons is a striking object-lesson of the success of British Colonial rule and the utter failure of the German to govern subject races.

ARMED with a letter of authority from the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, I set out in the latter part of 1917 to visit "those islands under Australian administration and taken over from the Germans since the beginning of the war."

All my plans for getting from Rabaul, the capital of German New Guinea, to the German Solomons, many hundreds of miles away, and over a long stretch of dangerous sea, were smashed by the daring enemy raider *Woolf*, which came right into German territorial waters and seized, when only three hundred miles off, the Australian steamer *Matunga*, engaged in bringing men and supplies from Sydney direct to Rabaul. All the world has heard of the *Woolf's* raiding adventures, and I have to thank my lucky star I was not in the *Matunga*. I had actually arranged my passage by her, but a hurried alteration of plans allowed me to catch the previous boat, the *Marsina*, and so get to Rabaul three weeks earlier. The *Matunga* usually travelled round the principal islands of German New Guinea, and then on to the German Solomons, thence returning to Sydney.

For weeks no boat came to Rabaul. No one ever dreamt of a raider, and when after weeks of fruitless search nothing could be found of the *Matunga*, not one bit of flotsam, it was decided she was one more added to the long list of

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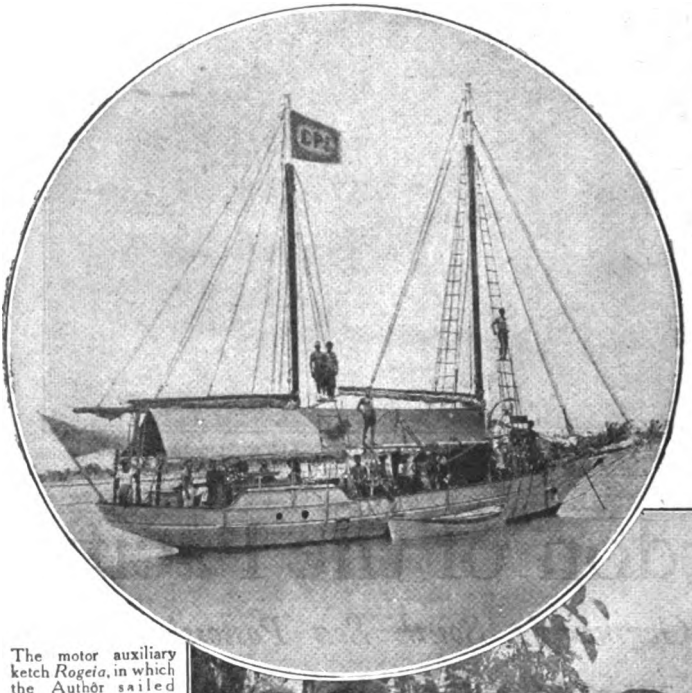
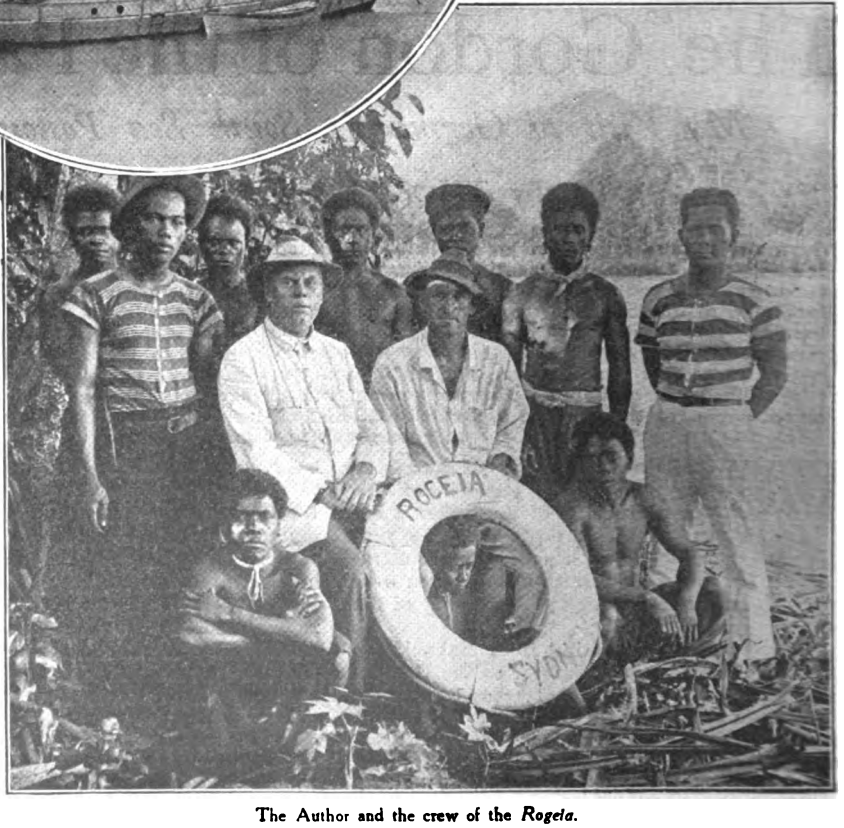
"mysteries" of the wide and deep Pacific. I was in despair as to how I was ever going to continue my travels, when, one day, a smart little motor auxiliary ketch tied up at the Rabaul jetty, having come direct from Kieta, the seat of government in the German Solomons. An introduction to the owner, Mr. Walter Lucas, a famous authority on Pacific matters and an equally famous traveller and business man of Sydney, soon settled all my difficulties. He most kindly offered me his trim little ship, by name the *Rogeia*, to take me over to the German Solomons, and it was in the motor boat that I sailed round them, and then right through the British Solomons. Mr. Lucas introduced me to his skipper, Captain W. Buckley, who, as I had cause later to find out, knew the waters and the islands of that North Central portion of the Pacific better than I know the street in Sydney where I live.

The *Rogeia* was a boat of about forty tons, but a real goer, with sail and motor, and as a sea boat a "bobby-dazzler," as it was expressed to me by the second mate, meaning she flew over the waves, no matter how big. This tiny craft with its captain, two Filipinos as mates, a crew of Solomon Islanders, a young officer of the wireless staff transferred from Rabaul to Kieta, and myself, with some tons of food supplies for the garrison at Kieta, left Rabaul under the best weather conditions, but with a real damper of bad news that had come to hand of a big German advance on the Western Front in Europe.

We soon slipped away down the fine waterway known as King George's Channel, and were plunging forward in a heavy sea on our track to Buka, the first island of call in the German Solomons. I was told to expect uncertain



The motor auxiliary ketch *Rogeia*, in which the Author sailed through the British and German Solomon Islands.



The Author and the crew of the *Rogeia*.

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and even treacherous conditions on this lonely stretch of sea, and the expectations were not in the least disappointing. The nearer we got to our goal the rougher became the seas, the more frequent the awful and sudden squalls that too often threatened to send us all to the bottom. Right through the trip and round the islands the weather was against us, and the number of wrecks we saw, and heard of, has convinced me that the waters of the German Solomon Islands are the worst I have ever travelled in or ever want to.

The hospital at Kieta, built by the Germans. The grounds are very pretty, with garden beds and walks.

Arriving off Buka, a tiny islet carrying a tremendous native population—and, by the way, the blackest in colour of all black people, a very vigorous and warlike race, handsome in features, strong in body, and of high intelligence—we soon got on to the coast of Bougainville, the largest of all the islands both in the British and German groups. For weeks we beat our way down its coast, fighting adverse weather all the time, and often having to run into little bays or openings or shallow rivers for cover and protection, or to repair damage to sails or engine, which were of frequent occurrence. Bougainville has high cliff outlines, and practically the whole coast is taken up with coco-nut plantations, many of them owned by Australian firms. Our port of call and entry was Kieta, which was reached after a three weeks' battle against sea, wind, and storm. It was a real relief to enter the quiet waters of the harbour of this beautiful little settlement, the seat of administration, and the headquarters of the Australian forces. Kieta is without doubt one of the most delightfully situated centres in the Pacific. It may be described as a series of green hills, each on its own, running up from lovely golden shores, lapped by the bluest of waters, and arched overhead by the bluest of skies. Every hill is capped by great bunches of coco-nut palms, while away in the background rises the great towering central range of mountains with a smoking and noisy volcano over ten thousand feet in altitude. The offices and bungalows are smartly and brightly painted in sharp colours, their white walls and red roofs affording a refreshing and perfect contrast to the soft green of the waving, featherypalms.

The grave of an Australian soldier, who died in the German Solomons shortly after they were occupied by the Australian forces.

Since its occupation by the Australians the Germans are not much in evidence in this little metropolis, though in the pre-war days it was the scene of many wild orgies by the German planters and traders. They were fond of assembling here and drinking to *Der Tag*, and giving between their quaffs of

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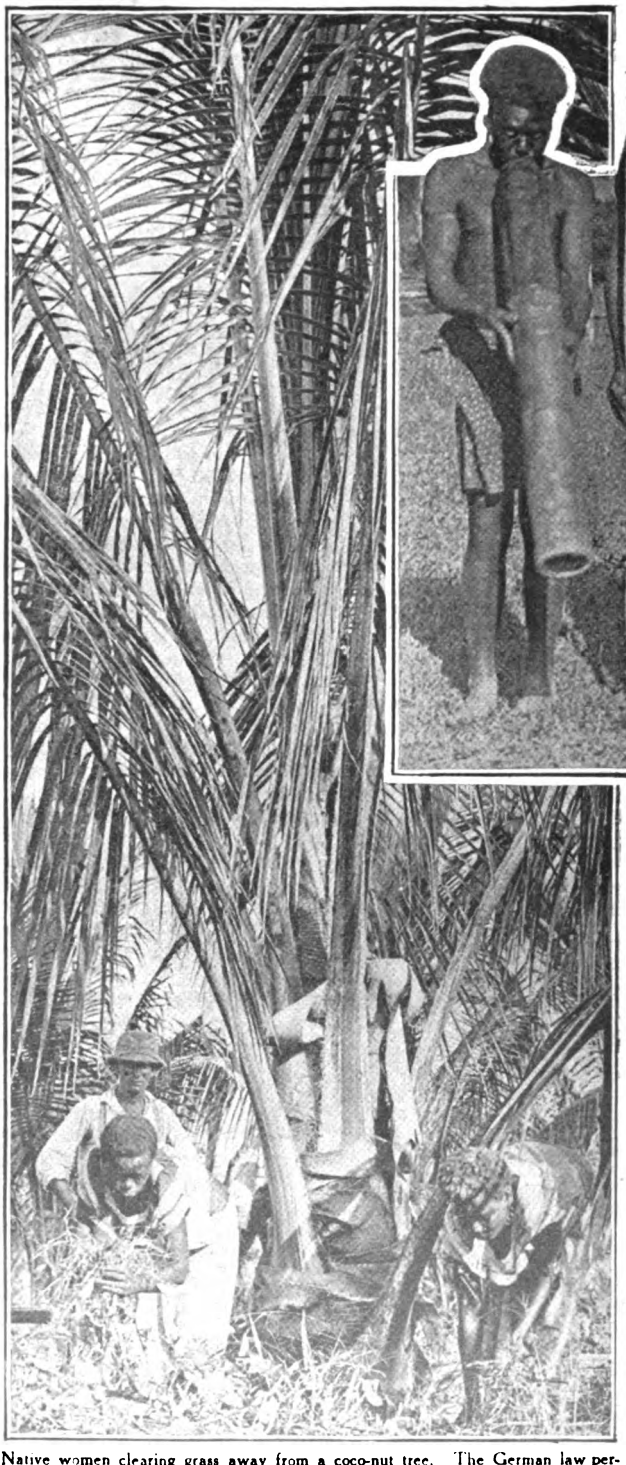

Native women clearing grass away from a coco-nut tree. The German law permitting the recruiting of women for labour on the plantations was annulled on the coming of the Australians.

A native band on Buka, a small but
Note their primitive

German lager "hochs" for the Kaiser and the Fatherland. A German store languishes at Kieta now, but the German traders and planters seldom leave their homes, or spheres of business; in fact, they cannot do so without permits from the Australian District Officer, who is constantly patrolling the islands.

Captain A. J. Hunter, the Australian Administrator of the German Solomons, is in his way a very remarkable man, and has justly and fitly been called the "Gordon" of the Australian Administration in German New Guinea territories. He is a man of fearless nerve and is never armed with any weapon except an ordinary walking-stick, or, more correctly, a military cane. His administration has called forth much attention and praise from both British and Australian authorities, and his tactfulness in managing the Germans in his charge is evidenced by their complete acceptance of all regulations for the working of the Administration successfully.

Perhaps his wonderful tact and judgment are best shown in the very able and efficient manner in which he handled the natives. The Germans were

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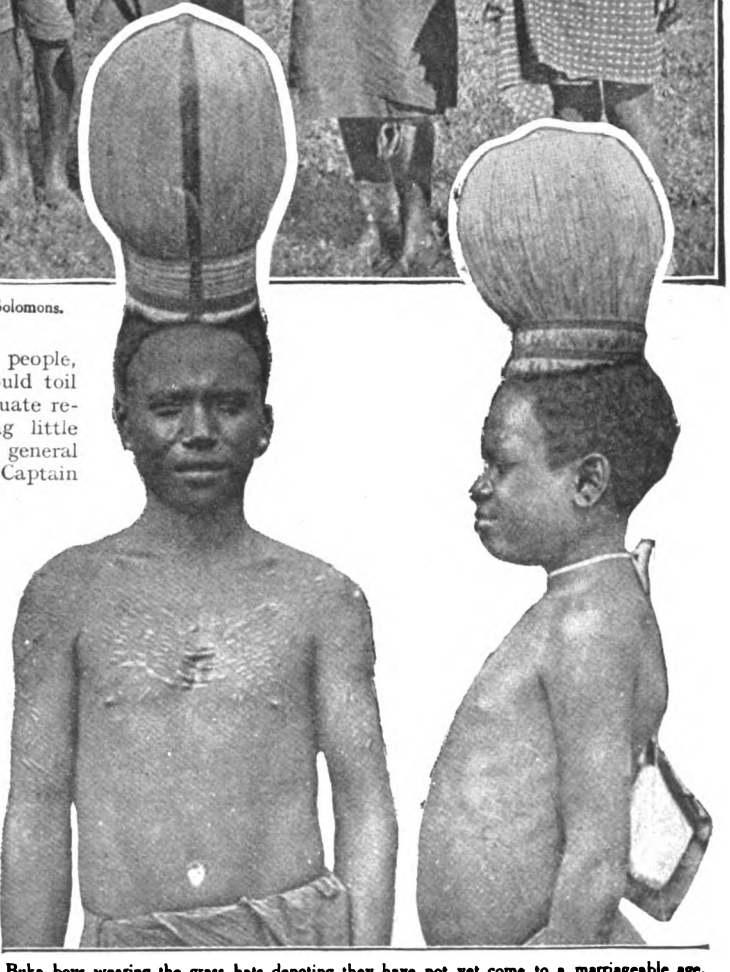
important island in the German Solomons, and weird instruments.

especially cruel to these people, demanding that they should toil long hours without adequate remuneration, and showing little regard for their health or general welfare. In one year Captain Hunter was enabled to accomplish more with the natives than the Germans succeeded in doing during the whole of their occupation, despite all their guns, floggings, and the cruelties they perpetrated. The German Solomons are the most thickly-populated islands in the Southern Pacific. They are, or were, inhabited by a particularly aggressive and savage race, and under German rule there were never-ending battles between them and their white masters. Nevertheless, the latter never succeeded in subjugating the natives.



Buka boys wearing the grass hats denoting they have not yet come to a marriageable age. The hats are worn by boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, and are kept on day and night. The hair has to be cut to get them off.

The Germans were quite unable to gain control over the powerful chiefs of central Bougainville, and frequent punitive expeditions were sent out against them. Invariably they were defeated

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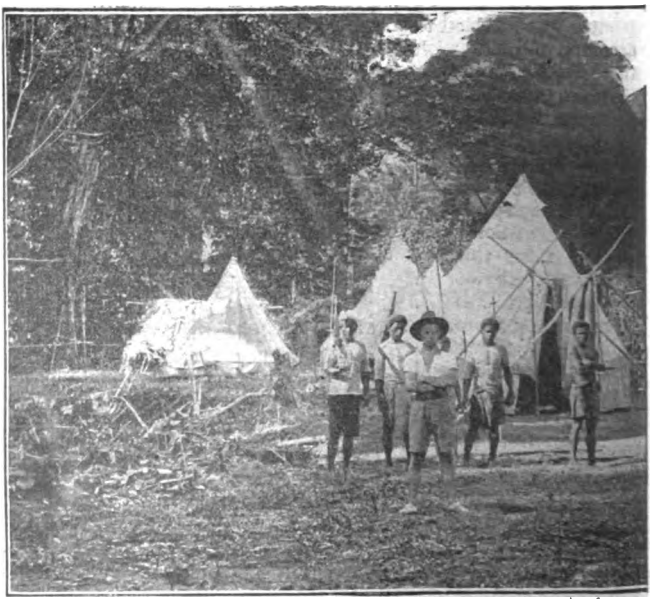
The residency of the late German Governor of the Solomons.

with great losses and much lowering of German prestige. When the Germans found they could not tame these savages they resorted to all kinds of Hunnish and devilish tricks. Instead of intimidating the natives, however, it only drove them on to further depredations and massacres. All the German efforts were to no purpose, and in the end the natives got completely out of hand. At the time of the coming of the Australian Administration the natives of the German Solomons were reported to be the most unfriendly and aggressive race of savages in the whole Pacific.

One of Captain Hunter's first tasks on his arrival in the Solomons was to win over the respect and goodwill of these savage people. The German planters and traders declared that was impossible. In his quiet and determined way, which is characteristic of the man, Captain Hunter started. Armed only with his well-known cane, he travelled right into the heart of the savage-infested parts of Bougainville, accompanied only by a mere handful of soldiers. It proved a terrible and perilous journey. As they moved away from the coast settlements the little party were called upon to face death in flooded streams and alligator-ridden rivers, while one after another the men were laid low with tropical fever. Captain Hunter himself was struck down with this malady, yet he insisted on advancing.

He quickly discovered that the country was torn with tribal warfare. The chiefs were fighting one another, and it looked as if a whole army would be needed to restore order. But Captain Hunter had his own methods. When he learned two tribes were at war he hastened to the spot, and invariably managed to arrive upon the scene when the fight was at its height. There and then he would walk coolly into the midst of the combatants and boldly seize the chiefs. Invariably this action had the desired effect



An Australian military survey

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Some German Solomon Islanders. Their faces and heads are limed in white.

and ended the struggle. It was this man's coolness and deliberation more than anything else that dismayed the warlike tribes in their heat of fighting. Sometimes it was necessary to show a little force, when the modern Gordon ordered his men to fire over the heads of the excited natives as a warning, and then asked them to listen to a parley. This was entirely different from the German methods. They had always shot the natives down without warning and had never called for a parley unless there was some trick at the back of it.

What amazed the natives most was that the chief of the white men warriors carried nothing but a harmless stick, and yet he dared to walk into the midst of their fights and actually seize their chiefs. Captain Hunter's deeds were soon noised throughout the island. The simple-minded natives, ever full of superstition, regarded him with awe, as some great chief come from another world. All the German tactics, all their powder and shot and big guns, and all the fiendish cruelty they were equal to, and exercised at every opportunity, had failed, but this one man, a Britisher, or, to be more correct, an Australian, overcame them by means that appealed to their honourable though savage instincts, that of bravery with fairness.

camp in the heart of Bougainville, German Solomons.

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A typical native village in the German Solomons.

The chiefs were taken off to Kieta, and there held as hostages until the tribes gave guarantees that there would be no more fighting. The chiefs are feared by their peoples and also reverenced by them, and it was by arresting them in this way that Captain Hunter gained his ends. To make a long story short, in less than twelve months tribal warfare and depredations had ceased right throughout the German Solomons. The chiefs had returned to their tribes, the natives recognized they were in for fair treatment, their sick and wounded were cured and healed, and now they come to the "Great White Man Chief" in Kieta to settle all their troubles, even to their matrimonial disagreements. This he does in short but quaint ways, by bumping the man's and the woman's heads together to signify divorce and making them shake hands for a marriage or a renewal of conjugal felicity. Thousands of spirited warriors have surrendered to this one man, not through fear, but through the simple yet wonderful gift of British fairness.

Force may wipe the natives out– and this was the German idea, though they were regretting, prior to the war, their liberality of shot and shell in the early days, as the natives were not, because of the hatred they had of their German masters, becoming the commercial assets necessary to develop the island territories so richly endowed by Nature.

The German Solomon Islanders are a fine race, and there is no doubt that under the benefits of civilization and British rule they will become a very progressive people. When employed as labourers they are active and intelligent. Even in their present semi-wild state they show much common sense in their form of government, while their quaint manners and customs will always assure to them an individuality quite their own. One peculiar custom they have is striping or lining their faces in weird designs, with white and other coloured limes or earths. Very black as they are in colour, these contrasts, especially the white, give them a very savage appearance. Often, too, they lime with white or yellow the mops of hair on their heads, but this is done for a double purpose—as an ornamentation and to kill the vermin which infests the native heads.

This savage race of South Sea Islanders possess a high sense of fairness, and with the warrior spirit inherited by one and all they decline any cowardly or mean friendship with the whites. Treated honestly, kindly, and firmly, they will respond. But bully them, and they become revengeful; refuse their friendship only once and it is hard to regain it. Justice they recognize under the present Australian Administration, and consequently they are law-abiding and safe. If they are to continue under such laudable influence, then it may be expected they will be found worthy of the new and honourable protection now afforded them under the flag of the great Commonwealth of the Pacific.

Those who know the Pacific well and have travelled in the British and German Solomons have frequently expressed surprise at this closely-connected group of islands being divided under two flags. It was undoubtedly a condition likely to result in friction. The dividing line between the British and German boundaries was only a tiny shallow strait which was almost

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crossable on foot at low tide. The sorely-tried native in the German territory frequently passed over to the British side. Here he discovered that his brother native was treated fairly and was prosperous and contented. Naturally the Germans did not look with favour upon such migration, while, on the other hand, the appearance of hordes of savages fleeing from the wrath of their white masters was not desirable in the more settled British territory. It was likely to cause resentment, and, if it had continued, serious trouble might have resulted.

There is not the slightest doubt that the Germans, when they established themselves in the Pacific, selected some of its finest islands, both as regards fertility and as strategical centres. One of their best plums, which they gathered as a result of British ignorance and carelessness, was the German Solomons. The Germans declare it to be the gem of the Pacific.

While no secret coaling and supply depots have been found in these islands, which was the case on their other territories in the Southern Ocean, thanks mainly to the aggressiveness of the natives, it has been established from documentary evidence found at Kieta that they were holding them not for development purposes only, but as a stepping-stone to take possession of the British Solomons when the time was ripe. There is only one opinion to form of the German in the Pacific, and that is this—that the sooner he is dismissed and deprived of his ill-gotten territories the better it will be for the safety of the whole Pacific. Here it must not be overlooked that at the time of writing the German Solomons are still German owned, according to the terms of occupation, and one little detail will show how honourably the Australian Administration is adhering to this agreement.

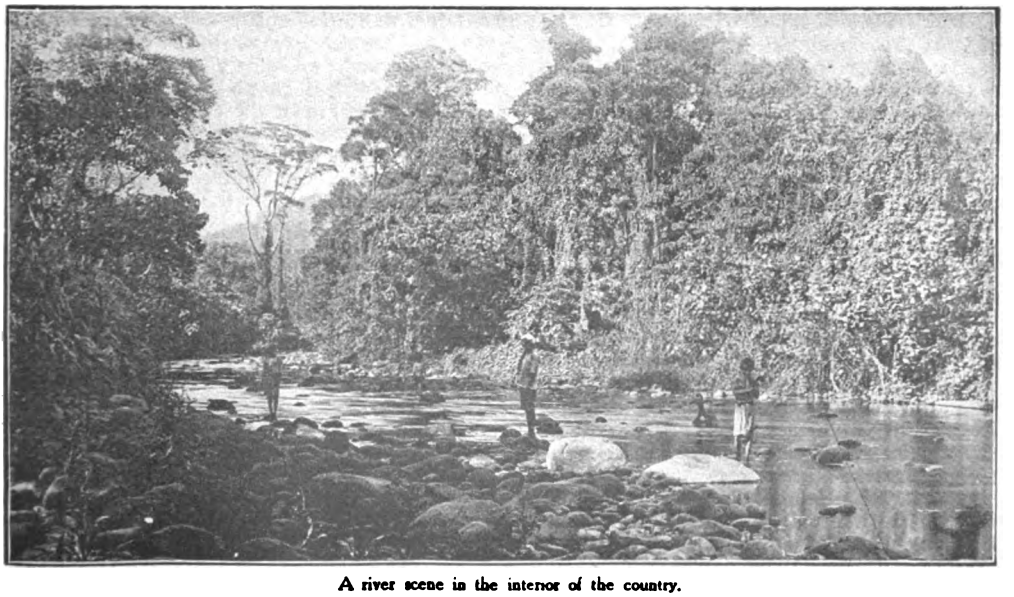
One afternoon, while we were coming down the coast of Bougainville a sudden storm compelled us to rush for shelter into a pretty little bay called by the natives Raua, with a shallow but beautiful river running in a southerly direction from it. There was no white settlement in the district. Very few natives dwelt on the coast, though inland they were more numerous, but declared to be very wild. The river was so pretty and full of ducks that we decided to stop a day or two and do some shooting. Early next morning we pulled up the river and landed.

I was in the act of taking a photograph, and had my head under the focusing cloth, when, in my surprised ears, I heard a strange voice.

"Halloa! Where in the name of fortune have you come from?" it said.

There, standing by my side, in khaki, was an Australian. He was the draughtsman of a military survey party. Here, in the heart of the wilds, far away from any civilized settlement, he was surveying plantation blocks applied for by Germans! His party had been out of proper foods for several weeks and were living on bananas and native fruits. Yet they were the jolliest lot of men imaginable, though weak from fever and the want of nourishing and natural food.

The Germans fought hard for their South Sea possessions. And little wonder, for they were shrewd enough to see that the islands of the Pacific, which were considered of little value by the British Government, will some day be of tremendous importance. Hence their determination to retain them. They openly boasted to us in German New Guinea of owning a grand colonial empire in the Pacific, but the Hun menace in the Southern Ocean is now nipped in the bud for all time.



A river scene in the interior of the country.

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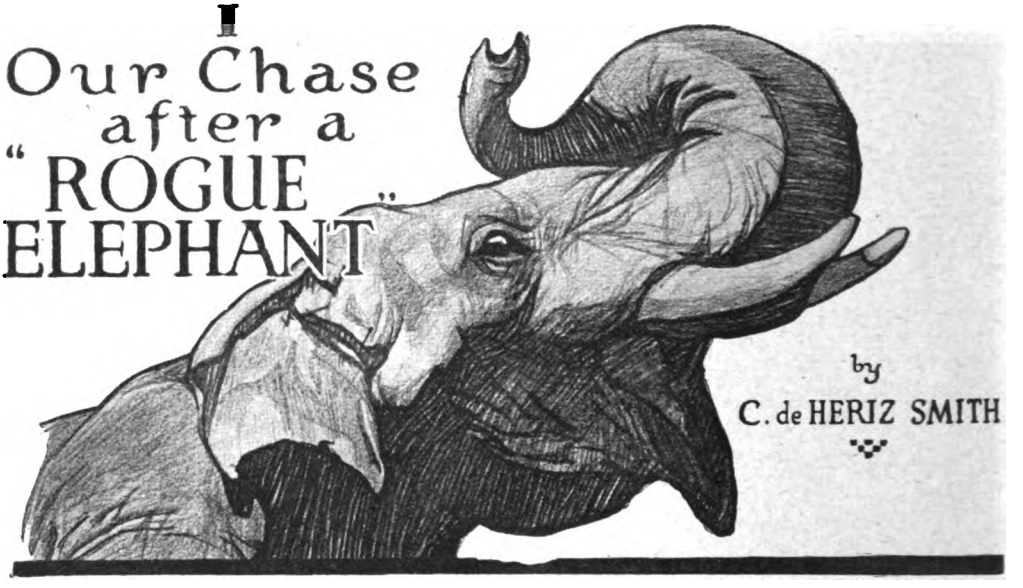
Short

I
Our Chase after a "ROGUE" ELEPHANT



by C. de HERIZ SMITH

A tricky and cunning beast to face is the elephant that has "gone bad." Our Author relates the exciting time he and his friend had in bringing one of these monsters to book in Ceylon.

IN December, 1913, I took short leave, and with my friend H—— proceeded to Giritalae, a jungle village in my district (North Central Province), where for some time a dangerous rogue elephant had been causing considerable damage to the villagers' paddy fields and chena crops, and had some weeks previously killed a dhoby and a cultivator.

It may be well to explain here that the term "rogue" is applied to a dangerous solitary bull elephant which, having been driven out of the herd, becomes bad-tempered and malicious, invariably preferring the native rice-fields and chena crops to his natural food of jungle leaves and grass.

These animals sooner or later start to kill human beings, and are then a really grave danger in the district they frequent. The Government issues permits, and in some cases offers rewards, for the destruction of these brutes.

On reaching Giritalae I sent for the head-man of the district and made inquiries as to where the rogue had last been seen. Next morning at daybreak he appeared, followed by a local tracker, with information that the elephant had that night visited a chena, or jungle clearing sown with crops, some three miles from where we were camped. H—— and myself hastily put up a small quantity of food, and taking my heavy double rifle, and H—— one of those doubtful blessings in the shape of a small-bore magazine, we started out to follow up the rogue.

On reaching the spot where the elephant had feasted that night on some poor villagers' crops, it was not difficult to pick up his spoor. A careful examination of the footprints identified him as the murderer we were after. I tossed with H—— for the first shot, and he winning, he went first, preceded by the tracker, who, though a first-class man on following a difficult spoor, was none too happy about the particular job in hand, stipulating that once the elephant was sighted he handed over proceedings and became a spectator from a safe distance.

For about a mile and a half the going was easy, the jungle being fairly open, but now the spoor led through abominable thorny scrub, so low that we literally had to crawl on hands and knees. I knew the country pretty well, and that a little farther on we should once more come out into open forest.

We had not, however, proceeded through this poisonous scrub for more than a hundred yards when we were all brought up with a round turn by suddenly hearing the loud snort of a suspicious elephant who had got the taint of a human scent. The wind was very bad, as it often is in

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Stories

this type of close jungle, blowing in little gusts in all directions.

Like lightning the tracker slipped behind me. He did not bolt, for there was no tree big enough to climb, while he also knew that the elephant was so close that he stood the best chance by remaining where he was.

The situation was indeed a most awkward one. The scrub was so thick that we could not stand upright, while it was impossible to see twenty feet on either hand, kneeling as we were. To stop a charging elephant in this stuff was well-nigh impossible. The snorting stopped abruptly and was followed by a few seconds of absolute silence.

Then suddenly there was an awful crash as the brute charged straight down on us. H—— and I wriggled our way one on each side of the tiny game-track along which we had been crawling, and down which the elephant appeared to be coming. Suddenly the crashing ceased somewhere about twenty paces away from us.

"He has lost our wind," I whispered, and glancing quickly round I spotted a small ant-hill with a tree not thicker than a man's leg growing out of it. Here the jungle looked slightly more open, and whispering to H—— to follow I crawled quickly towards the ant-hill. We all three, ourselves and the tracker, reached it in safety, and found it was possible to stand upright and see some five or six yards ahead.

We listened intently, the tracker trembling like a puppy emerging from a cold bath. There was not a sound, and yet I had that extraordinary subconscious feeling, which belongs to none of the recognized senses, that we were slowly and stealthily being stalked, and that the elephant was very close at hand.

Suddenly I felt my arm gripped by the trembling hand of the tracker, while with a shaking finger he pointed straight ahead into the jungle, his eyes nearly starting out of his head. For a second I could see nothing; then I realized that what looked like an enormous tree, not four paces away, was nothing more or less than the huge forehead and trunk of the elephant. Although I knew there was no big tree ahead of us it was still hard to realize that what I saw was not a great palu or ironwood tree, so exactly was the elephant's trunk, screened by thick leaves as it was, the very facsimile of a great forest tree. Whispering to H—— to fire, I

Crossing one of the tributaries of the Mahawelligunga River on the track of the wounded elephant.

The Author's camp at Galelta, a spot near Giritalae.

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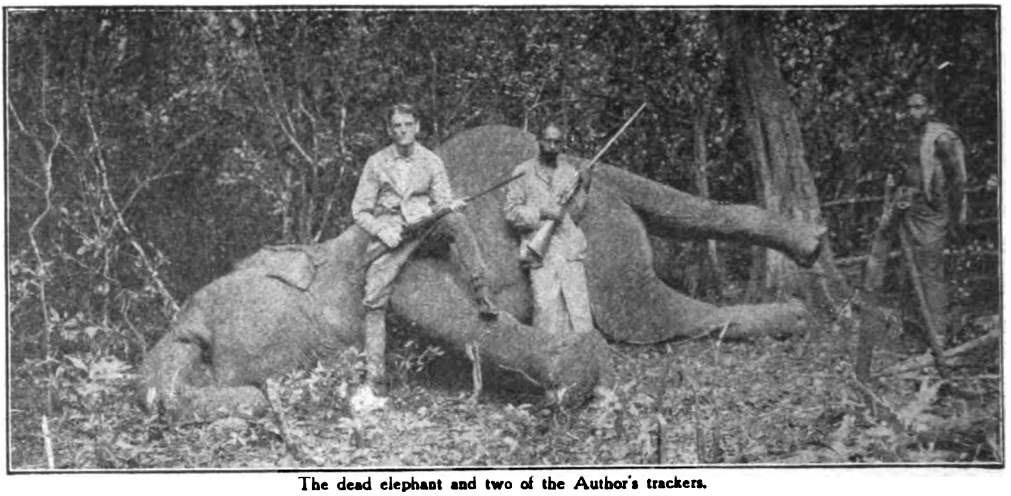

The dead elephant and two of the Author's trackers.

covered the vital spot with my heavy rifle. H—— looked puzzled, so I whispered again: "For Heaven's sake fire, man."

The elephant was all the time moving forward inch by inch without the slightest sound, the mobile tip of his trunk turning slowly from side to side trying to catch the trace of our scent.

H—— now spotted the animal, and, taking a hasty aim, fired. I saw the skin fly as his bullet struck, but his aim was too high. There was the fraction of a second's pause, and then before I could fire the huge head swung round like a flash and the great brute, much to my relief, crashed off through the jungle at right angles to us.

For miles we tracked after him, until it was too dark to follow any farther with safety. At dawn next morning we again picked up the spoor and tracked steadily on until noon. We were about to call a halt for a breathing space when from far ahead we heard the crash of a tree being broken off short. Making a slight *détour* to bring the wind in our favour, we made swiftly and noiselessly in the direction of the sound we had heard. Again there was the crack of breaking branches, but this time much closer. In a few minutes I could see through the leaves one ear of the huge brute lazily flapping as he fed. This time we were in fine open forest, and, slipping from tree to tree, I worked my way cautiously towards him. When I had got to within fifteen paces I halted to await my chances of a good frontal or ear shot.

As luck would have it a faint puff of my scent must have reached him, for he spun round, ears out, trunk half raised, facing me.

There was no time to be lost, for he was just about to charge. I took a careful aim at the mark and pulled the trigger. The crash of the heavy rifle was instantaneous with the dull plunk of the big steel-tipped bullet as it ploughed through his skull. Without another move the great beast sank dead in his track, the bullet having gone straight to his brain.

The shot from H——'s light rifle the previous day had caught him high up in one of the large bumps on the top of the skull and had passed completely through it. It probably caused him little or no inconvenience, as this part of the head is honeycombed bone and the flesh-wound outside would have very soon healed.

It was now the tracker's hour of triumph. Having made quite sure that the brute was dead, he came up and kicked the dead murderer with supreme scorn!

Of recent years rogue elephants have become fairly numerous in certain districts, mainly, I think, due to the general increase of elephants in the island, and to the fact that they are seldom or never shot unless they have become dangerous. They have in consequence in a great measure lost their fear of man.

A few years after the incident just related I came very near "paying in my checks" while after another of these rogues, due mainly to using my "friend" the small-bore rifle, as I was out of cartridges for my heavy double rifle. However, that is another story.

II.—IN THE JAWS OF A LION.

By J. S. COWIE, R.N.R.

The Author writes: "The greatest scare I ever had was when I was carried about the engine-room of our ship in the jaws of a lion. How it happened, and our final startling discovery concerning the lion, this story tells."

IN the year 1900 I was second engineer of a very old-fashioned but good-sized vessel, called the *Shang-Tung*. She belonged to a Chinaman, by name Qwong-Cheong, of Shanghai and Hong-Kong, although his vessels—he had several more—were registered at Lingnam.

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Our home port was Shanghai, and from there we traded all over the East. The *Shang-Tung* was a fine, comfortable old boat, and the food was excellent. She had been a beauty in her day, about thirty-five years or so previous to my joining her.

She had had two funnels and was still barque-rigged, and some long-forgotten line had used her as a mail and passenger steamer somewhere in Western Seas.

There were still plenty of spare cabins and ample accommodation for about sixty persons, which was probably the reason why Qwong-Cheong got the charter I am about to describe. Another factor was the cheaper rates of passage compared to a regular liner.

We were lying at Rockhampton, Australia, discharging a varied cargo, and expecting to load up with wool, and perhaps silver ore, for 'Frisco.

The day before the cargo was discharged we got news that we had been chartered to take a circus and wild-beast show to Calcutta. This was rather an unusual charter and excited pleasurable comment, as likely to relieve the monotony. As all the show people were coming as passengers, the various empty berths were put in order. We also cleared the after hold for the various show properties, cages, etc., belonging to the circus, although most of the big animals, such as elephants, were to be housed on deck. Some of us went up town to have a look at the performance, but were too late, as the show was in process of being dismantled. Anyway, we intended to witness a performance in Calcutta, all being well.

Incidentally we read some of the posters on a hoarding, which announced to the townspeople generally that "Fitzgerald's Monster Circus and Menagerie" was the largest and finest show in Australia. There were—as per placard—"turns and stunts of all kinds," and every performer was a star of the first magnitude. According to the poster, every known animal was to be seen therein. One of the lions was described as "Warrior," "the ferocious, untamable, man-eating, forest-bred lion," who had worried and badly mauled at least half-a-dozen tamers.

Well, the show was shipped without any untoward incident, and we left Rockhampton the following evening for our long run to Calcutta. The third and sixth engineers had the twelve to four watch, and the fifth (John Reibie) and I relieved them at 4 a.m.

We had two greasers—Chinamen—on watch also, making four persons in the engine-room, as the day-work hands didn't turn to until 7 a.m. Our engine-room was very large and very deep. Our ship drew about thirty feet of water when loaded. The ladders leading from the deck were short, with very broad steps and numerous gratings, and they were far from steep.

Everything being satisfactory in the engine-room and stokehold, I lit my pipe to enjoy a smoke, while my assistant kept his eye on things generally. I had nearly finished my pipe when an awful scream from Sin-Loo, one of the Chinese greasers, startled me. It was now about 4·38 a.m.

Turning round to see if he had been caught in the machinery, I beheld a huge lion slowly and cautiously descending the last ladder, like a huge cat coming down stairs.

With a shout of warning to the others, I swung

"The lion, after one or two attempts, took a grip of my overalls and some skin, and carried me in his mouth up and down the engine-room platform."

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round to run into the stoke-holds. Turning suddenly in my fear, for I must admit I was badly scared, I caught the side of my head a frightful bang against one of the engine-room columns. It sent me to the floor plates, feeling stunned and sick.

Before I could rise to follow the others the lion was standing over my prostrate form, purring like a safety-valve just lifting.

Still feeling dazed, I attempted to rise, but the brute put his huge paw on my stomach and I collapsed like a pricked bladder. Before I had properly regained my wind or my wits, the lion, after one or two attempts, took a grip of my overalls and some skin, and carried me in his mouth up and down the engine-room platform at least a dozen times.

I had quite recovered now, and, strange to say, felt quite calm and collected, very different indeed from what one would expect. I kept wondering where the brute would bite me first. Then I became aware that someone was shouting, and detected my mate's voice.

The lion laid me down and trotted toward the condenser, whence the shouting seemed to come.

Struggling to my feet I tried to get to the ladder before the beast came back. But I was not quick enough. The brute gave a bound towards me. How it happened I do not know, but I was on my back again, on the platform plates, and the lion crouching beside me, purring away like a great contented cat.

Suddenly a gauge glass burst in the after boiler of the stokehold. The lion sprang up with a low growling

"The voice came from a Maori, who was descending the ladder, followed by two or three women and a large monkey."

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noise and went towards the stokehold door. Springing to my feet I rushed around to the back of the engines, and grasping the hot pipes, without feeling the pain, I scrambled on the top of the feed heater close to where Reibie sat on the condenser.

The lion came into the middle of the engine-room, stood for a minute, then trotted towards and entered the tunnel. A couple of seconds afterwards there was a piercing yell, and the brute came out carrying one of the greasers in his mouth. We yelled and shouted, but no one came, and the beast trotted up and down with the unfortunate Chink in his jaws.

Presently he entered the tunnel again with his burden. Clambering along the top of steam and exhaust pipes, some of which were uncomfortably hot, we got above the tunnel door. This was closed and opened by an endless chain running around a pulley.

As we were busy endeavouring to close the opening, the first of the day-workers appeared in the engine-room *vid* the stokehold. We shouted at the fellow, but, not apparently grasping what we wanted, he came and stood right below us, just as the lion came out of the tunnel with the greaser in his mouth.

The day-worker—a Chinaman—stood with his mouth open as though frozen, then he flopped down on his knees and began gabbling to his joss. The lion dropped the chap he was carrying and made a playful pat at the kneeling man with his paw, which knocked the terrified wretch over.

The brute then picked him up and began trotting up and down the plates with the man in his mouth.

Meanwhile Reibie and I, perched on the hot pipes, were yelling at the utmost pitch of our lungs for aid. The old engines were always a bit noisy, and the engine-room being a long way below decks, our shouts were unheeded.

After a while the brute laid the Chinaman down, and after nuzzling and pawing both men went into the tunnel again.

Now, I thought, was our chance, so, calling to the others to get up and help, I started to pull the chain to close the door. Neither Chinaman responded to my shouts. One (the day-worker) ran up the ladder, and the other never moved.

In my eagerness I over-reached myself and fell with a crash to the floor, bringing Reibie after me.

Our fall brought the lion out at a gallop and he practically stumbled over us as we lay.

Turning round quickly he threw himself down between Reibie and me and coolly began licking my face with his rough tongue. His breath was horrible. It fairly made me sick. My mate scrambled to his feet and started shouting and hurling abuse at the brute. He banged it over the rump with his slipper, but he might as well have not been there for all the notice the animal took.

I was now feeling too ill to care what happened. The brute made my face sore with his tongue, and just as I had sense enough to draw myself away I heard a loud shout.

"Ohé! Ohé! Warrior Boy! Warrior Boy!" came the cry.

The lion left me instantly and bounded towards the voice.

It came—the voice—from a big, dark, fat fellow, a Maori, who was descending the ladder in a very leisurely manner, followed by two or three women and a large monkey.

They all clustered round this mangy lion, patting and fondling it, and calling it all sorts of endearing names, whilst it frisked about like a puppy!

Reibie helping me, I got groggily on to my feet.

Instead of feeling relieved now that help had come, I felt very angry indeed.

"Get out of this," I shouted, "the whole lot of you, and take that terrier away."

Reibie explained what had happened, but the fools simply roared with laughter. More people now came down until the engine-room was full.

The greaser, Sin-Loo, had run into the after stokehold and hidden in a bunker without saying a word to anyone. The day-worker, however, had alarmed the deck, thus bringing the show

"The lion threw himself down between Reibie and me, and coolly began licking my face with his rough tongue."

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people down, who had been looking for their lion.

I am sorry to add that the Chinaman who had foolishly sought shelter in the tunnel was dead. He had died of fright.

I was feeling very ill, what with the blow on the head and the fall off the pipes, not to mention the fright. So I sent for the chief engineer, and, being relieved, went to my cabin.

Afterwards I learned that this was the lion "Warrior," mentioned on the bills as the ferocious man-eater. He had been with the show for years, had been born in captivity, and had never tasted raw flesh. As he was the trick lion of the show, it would never have done to have told the public what he was. He was certainly an intelligent brute, and keen on doing his tricks. When he carried the greaser and me about the engine-room, he was practising one of his many stunts. He could assume the mien of a ferocious brute at any time when given a certain signal, though normally he was as mild as a lamb. These facts, of course, were unknown to us when he paid his visit to the engine-room. The proprietor and his people tendered humble apologies for the shake-up Reibie and I had received, and gave all of us free passes to the show during our stay in Calcutta.

It was pitched on the Maidan, not far from Eden Gardens, and was a first-class show. I couldn't help laughing when the redoubtable "Warrior" went through his little lot, especially when he was carrying men about in his mouth. I believe Mr. Fitzgerald compensated the Chinaman's relatives.

As for me, I never want another such experience again.

III.—KIDNAPPED.

By Mrs. KENNEDY.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. BATES.

The startling experiences of a young woman who found herself at the mercy of two desperate men. We have verified the incidents from the police records and can vouch for the truth of the story.

THE following story was related to me by Marie M——, a chambermaid in a large hotel in a well-known health resort in Switzerland. At first I confess I scarcely could believe it, the whole affair seemed so far-fetched and improbable in these days of well-policed cities and civilized peoples. The girl, seeing, I fancy, that I was rather incredulous, went to her room and brought me back a paper in which was printed the police account of the affair and the name of the victim, and in the face of this evidence I had to believe her tale.

Marie M—— was a tall, striking-looking girl. She was French-Swiss by parentage, and, like most Swiss, was an excellent linguist, speaking French and German quite fluently, and also knowing a fair amount of Spanish and English. She was very anxious to travel, and when about twenty-four years of age obtained a situation as maid in charge of the children of a Chilian gentleman who was on Consular work in Europe. She had entire charge of a small boy and girl, and eventually when her master's duties took him to the Argentine she accompained the family there.

Señor S—— took a house on the outskirts of Buenos Ayres, and Marie much enjoyed the new experiences and surroundings.

One day her mistress told her that she wished her to make some purchases for the children in the town.

"The master is motoring in," the lady said. "He will take you to the shop and call for you again when he has finished his business."

They started off in the car and soon arrived at the shop, where Marie alighted, her master saying he would call for her at four o'clock. Having made her purchases Marie went to the outfitting department and asked the assistant, who was a friend of hers, if she might rest there till the car came back for her.

For some little time Marie idly watched the customers who came and went, when suddenly her attention was arrested by the sight of a well-dressed old lady who was standing at a counter near by and who seemed to be overcome by the heat of the afternoon. She swayed a little dizzily, clutched at the counter for support, and would have fallen if the watching girl had not sprung forward and helped her to a seat by the window. Marie fanned her assiduously for some minutes, while the assistant brought her a glass of water, and under their combined attention the lady slowly recovered.

She thanked the girls for their kind help, and although she assured them she felt much better she still seemed very weak and shaky, so much so that the assistant asked her how she proposed to get home. The lady replied that her car was at the door, but that she quite dreaded driving home alone, although it was no great distance, giving as her address the name of a well-known road in the suburbs of the town.

The shop assistant, who knew Marie had time at her disposal, suggested that perhaps she would accompany the old lady. Marie knew the road she had to go to, and saw she had plenty of time before her master returned, so she said she would be only too pleased to help the sick lady in any way she could.

The latter was very grateful and promised to

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"The 'lady' suddenly tore off her bonnet, wig, and veil, and revealed herself as a man between thirty and forty years of age."

send her back to the shop in her car. The old lady was assisted downstairs and helped into a fine closed car that was waiting at the door. Marie got in beside her and away they sped. They drove off very fast, but the girl thought nothing of this as the chauffeur had been told to go home as quickly as possible. Both windows were closed, and when Marie suggested opening one the lady shook her head, and lay back as if still feeling exhausted.

The car sped on, and Marie imagined that they must be near their destination. They seemed to be going quicker and quicker. Looking out of the window the girl realized with a shock that it was not at all the direction she had expected. A feeling that all was not well possessed her, but controlling her fear as best she could she quietly addressed the old lady.

"You seem much better now, madame," she said. "May I tell your chauffeur to stop here and I will walk back?"

The result was startling and unexpected. The "lady" suddenly tore off her bonnet, wig, and veil, and revealed herself as a man between thirty and forty years of age. Marie screamed and, tugging at the strap, tried to open the window of the car. The man, however, pulled her back on to the seat and held her down, telling her that

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it was useless for her to try to escape. She was completely at his mercy, but if she would only sit quiet no harm would come to her. Marie, struggling to control herself, asked what was the meaning of the outrage. The man replied that she would soon understand, as before long they would reach his beautiful home, where she would have every possible comfort and live the life of a fine lady.

Poor Marie was not deceived. She felt, however, that it was politic not to anger her captor, so she sat still, forced to listen to his odious promises and suggestions.

The car was still travelling at a great rate and Marie's heart sank as she saw that they were now outside the town, flying towards the open country along a rough, stony road. Her companion remarked that he would open the window for her if she liked now, but as there was neither house nor human being in sight poor Marie felt she was as far away as ever from any hope of rescue. Gazing in despair through the window at the arid country that stretched to the horizon, she saw in the distance what appeared to her tear-blinded eyes to be vast beds of white flowers. As the jolting, swaying car went on she realized that the white objects were not flowers, but large flocks of sheep.

The great Pampas plains provide grazing for thousands of sheep and cattle, and towards a great flock of the former Providence was guiding the car with the kidnappers and their hapless victim.

"Oh, God! That one of the cowboys may see me!" prayed poor Marie in her agony. "There must be men in charge of those sheep!"

She sprang up to call for help through the window, but the man was too quick for her. He jerked her back with a savage oath, and pulled up the window.

By this time they were in the midst of the sheep. Evidently the driver was afraid of pursuit, for he tore on regardless of possible damage to the animals. Marie, trembling and almost fainting from terror and rough treatment, lay back on the seat, and her captor tied a handkerchief tightly round her mouth to prevent her giving the alarm. The road seemed to get worse, and the car gave such jolts that Marie expected a breakdown at any minute. Suddenly she heard shouts from behind; a clatter of horses' hoofs, and then pistol-shots!

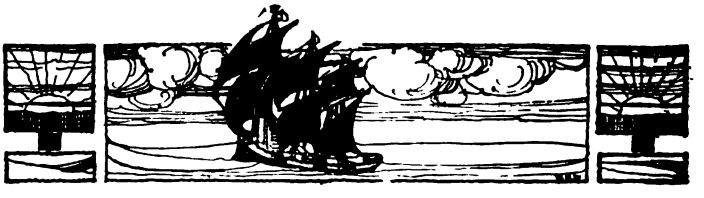
Had they seen her? Would she be saved, or would one of those pistol-shots find its mark in her and put an end to this agony? The pursuit, or whatever it was, seemed to the unfortunate girl to last for hours, but in reality it was but a few minutes till the car stopped abruptly with a bang that told that one bullet at least had punctured a tyre. They were close to a small wood. Marie's companion roughly ordered her to stand up. He then lifted up the cushioned seat of the car, disclosing a long case in which he ordered the girl to lie down. She refused and tried to escape from her captor, but the man lifted her bodily into the box seat and before she could save herself he banged down the lid of the seat on to her head. After that she remembered no more.

Marie woke up to find herself lying in a tiny hut tended by a kindly negress. Her neck and her head ached to bursting, and she could not realize in the least how she had got there. A vague but most horrible nightmare was all she could remember of her ghastly experience. Gradually, however, her senses came back to her, and she learnt from the negress that she was in friendly hands, and that the cowboys were only waiting till she could speak to hear her version of the story.

She soon learned from them what had happened. The reckless driving of the car had resulted in one or two sheep being run down. The drovers were furious at this and shouted to the chauffeur to go slower, but he sped on, and then the cowboys mounted their ponies and gave chase, firing as they did so at the wheels to burst the tyres. They saw the car stop near the wood and the two men disappear amongst the trees. Then one of the riders remembered that he had seen a woman at one of the windows. Where was she? She had not got out with the men. Examination of the car showed a woman's long hair on the floor. A thorough search was made, and under the cushions of the seat they noticed hinges, as if the top would open. These were forced, and inside the seat they found the unconscious girl.

The police were communicated with, and Marie's master came to take her home.

Some time afterwards Marie confronted her kidnappers. They turned out to be Germans, and had been traced through their car, and were suitably punished. From evidence given at the trial it came out that there had been several cases of girls disappearing in a mysterious manner. The police had little doubt that the car, the old, sick lady, and the reckless chauffeur were some of the clever traps set by the agents of the terrible white slave traffic for its unsuspecting victims.



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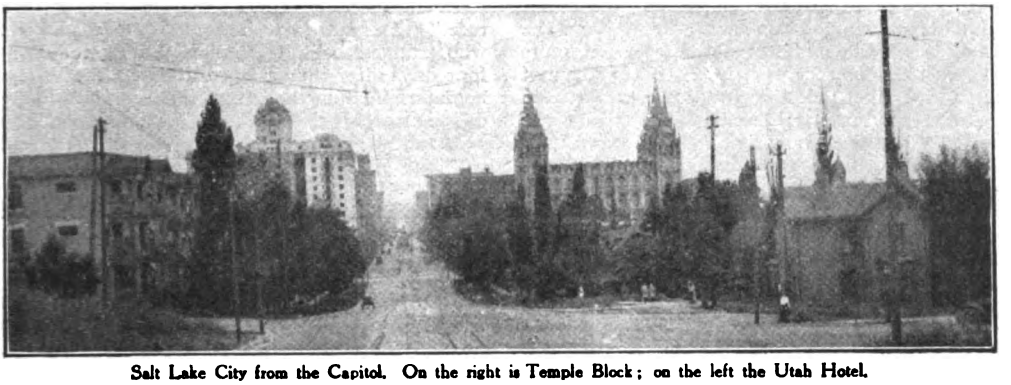
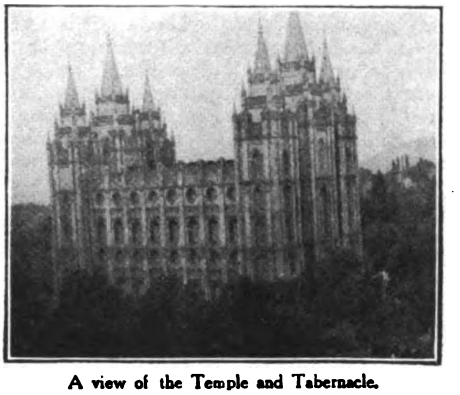


Salt Lake City from the Capitol. On the right is Temple Block; on the left the Utah Hotel.

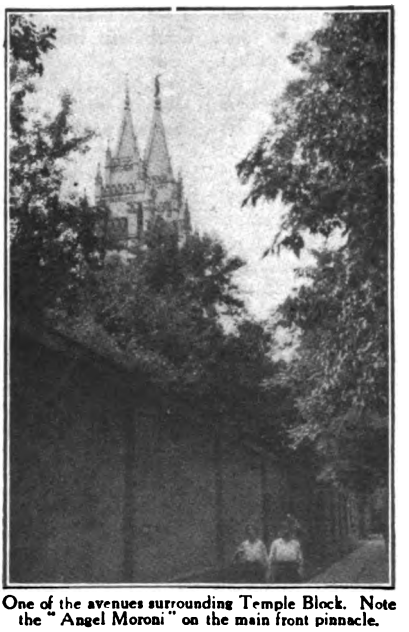
THE HOLY CITY OF THE MORMONS.

By MARTIN STUART.



A view of the Temple and Tabernacle.

In many respects Salt Lake City, the Mecca of the Latter Day Saints, is one of the most remarkable on the globe. Here is an interesting account of it by a writer who specially visited it to study the Mormons and their strange religion. Photographs by the Author.



One of the avenues surrounding Temple Block. Note the "Angel Moroni" on the main front pinnacle.

I HAVE known people who actually regarded the journey to the chief city of Utah, the holy city of the Mormons, as a great adventure. The real excitement, believe me, oozes away when you begin to slide down the western side of the backbone of the Rockies. It has entirely departed by the time you are half-way across the Utah desert; but it revives by the time you are nearing the gates of the city.

The adventure of crossing that arid plain is not nearly so great now as it must have been to the first band of pioneers who trudged over it in the summer of 1847. They went out to find a resting-place far away from their enemies — one hundred and fifty souls led by Brigham Young, whither they hardly knew. And now it is all so changed. Where Young stuck his staff in the dry sand there has risen the most remarkable temple in the world; where their shabby tents flapped in the wind, a beautiful city has grown. I dare say the imaginative people are right after all. It *is* a great adventure to enter Salt Lake City.

Tucked away under the very shadow of the Wasatch Mountains, at the end of one of the most fertile valleys of the Far West, is this famous—and notorious—city, the capital of the Mormons, the Zion of the Latter Day Saints. Within easy distance of it, America's great Dead Sea laps lazily, the only duplicate

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in the world of Palestine's sea of that name. Even the narrow stream that winds across the valley bears the name of Jordan. What more could a religious sect wish for? If they cannot go to Palestine, Palestine has come to them, in name at any rate; Palestine enclosed by the Rocky Mountains—how thoroughly American!

Were it not for the Mormon attractions I question if Salt Lake City would make any appeal to the tourist. But then, if it were not for the Mormons there would not be any Salt Lake City! That holds good to-day quite as much as it ever did. Mormonism dominates the town; in one sense it dominates the whole of Utah, but of the various Mormon temples erected in the State there is none so magnificent or so famous as the great one at Salt Lake. And there is no tabernacle in the world like that which stands next the temple in the well-kept grounds of Temple Block. This ten-acre square is perhaps the most interesting ten acres in the whole American continent.

I had the good fortune when I was in Salt Lake City recently to meet the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith, and his two Counsellors, ex-Presidents Anthon Lund and Charles W. Penrose. By these heads of the Mormon Church I was received in the little unpretentious office of the President. There is no attempt at luxury in the headquarters of the Mormon Church. The office is in a little building sandwiched between the Beehive House—the official residence of the President—and the Lion House, which was built for Brigham Young. In the President's room the furniture is plain. A writing-table in the centre of the floor, several roll-top desks against the wall, a few portraits of former presidents, half-a-dozen leather chairs, a carpet on the floor, complete the equipment. The charges made against Joseph F. Smith of living in luxury on the tithes paid by his flock seem to have little foundation, and the same simplicity is shown in the personality of the man.

There is nothing striking in the appearance of the Mormon President. He is a man above average height, almost invariably dressed in a tweed lounge suit. His forehead is high, and his long white beard and white hair give him a patriarchal air. Behind his gold-rimmed spectacles are a pair of grey eyes at once gentle and resolute. His enemies call him a rogue, a mountebank, an autocrat; his followers believe he is the appointed of God. He makes no apology for being the husband of five wives and the father of forty-two children. When questioned about it before a Select Committee in Washington, he boldly replied that he would never desert his wives in spite of anything they might say. For that he has been called both a defiant fanatic and devoted hero. At any rate, he remains President of the Church of Latter Day Saints, at once the most hated and revered man in all America.

Whether one approaches Salt Lake City from the point of view of an opponent of Mormonism or that of a believer one must admit that these singular people have done a great work in making the "desert blossom as the rose." The few stragglers left of the pioneers who trudged behind Brigham Young tell how, four days after they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, he determined on the site of the Temple. Every difficulty seems to have been encountered in the work, and it was not until forty years had passed that the structure was completed. The photographs which I was able to take of the building show its individuality in architecture. The fact that it follows no accepted school is held by Mormons to prove that Brigham Young was inspired when he designed it. Its length is one hundred and eighty-six and a half feet, its width ninety-nine feet, its height at the highest point two hundred and twenty-two feet. Above the centre pinnacle of the front is a gilded figure of Moroni, the angel, who is stated to have directed Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, where to find the gold plates containing the story of the Book of Mormon.

At the foundations the Temple walls are sixteen feet thick, and above the ground they taper from nine feet to six feet. All the granite used in the construction was brought from quarries twenty miles off, and was hauled by teams of oxen. Some of the huge blocks required four yoke of oxen four days to make the journey. At intervals the work was stopped because the people were too poor to continue it, and it was not till 1893 that the final touch was put to the fabric, which cost altogether four million dollars, or eight hundred thousand pounds.

No non-Mormon is ever admitted to the Temple, and only those of "good standing" in the church are permitted to cross the threshold. Though I am no Mormon I became acquainted with the interior, and it would require not one but many articles to detail the various beautiful rooms used for the many ceremonies of the sect. Here are performed marriage and baptismal ceremonies, baptism for the dead, "sealing" for the dead and for the living, while there are special apartments for the use of the Order of Seventy, the President and his Counsellors, and a number of other rooms of less importance. The Holy of Holies is quite a small apartment into which daylight hardly penetrates.

All baptisms in the Temple are performed by immersion in a large white font raised from the floor by a flight of steps. Up these the candidate goes, dressed in garments suitable for the immersion, and after being immersed walks out at the other end, down another flight of steps, and so out of the apartment. A recorder sits near the font to take note of the ceremony. The font itself is a remarkable piece of work. It is, as I have indicated, raised considerably above the floor level, and its supports are of the strangest kind. They are twelve life-sized brazen oxen with silver horns. Three face eastwards, three westwards, three south, and three north. The large font rests on the haunches of these figures, which stand slightly below the floor level and are surrounded by a gilded ornamental rail. The

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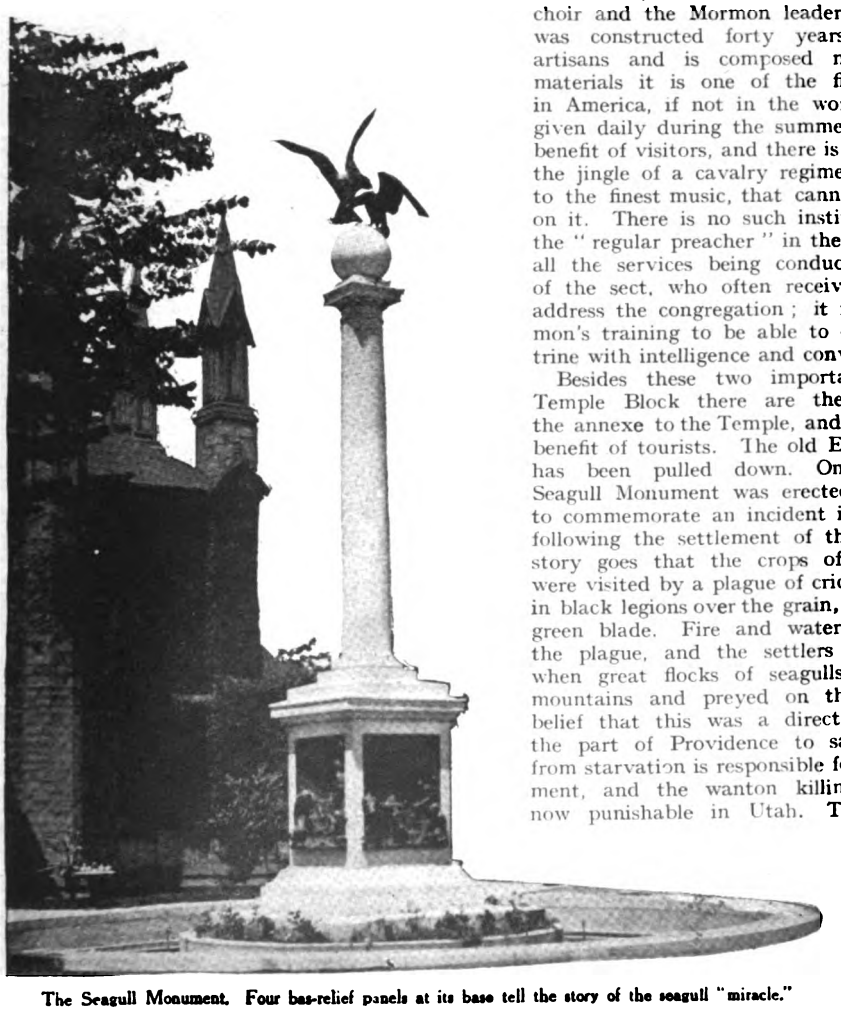
design is based on the description of the font in Solomon's Temple, mentioned in the Book of Kings.

The theology of the Mormons, however, is somewhat elastic and to an outsider is a little confusing. Only a comparatively small percentage of marriages among Mormons take place in the Temple, and those who are married outside are wedded "for this life only." That is to say, those who are married in the Temple are married, according to their belief, for eternity, but all other marriages are cancelled when the parties die. I asked a leading Mormon why, then, all their marriages were not solemnized in the Temple. "Unfortunately," he replied, "not all our people have the necessary standing in the church which entitles them to the privilege." Exactly what the required standing is I have never been able to discover, but it may have its drawbacks, for if a divorce were wanted after a marriage for eternity had been sealed complications would surely arise. As a matter of fact, however, divorces are rare, and the population seem to all outward appearance to be contented.

The Tabernacle, which stands next the Temple, is a remarkable building among remarkable buildings. It also was designed by Brigham Young, and though there is not the slightest attempt at architecture its egg-shaped dome has a simplicity that is most impressive. Elliptic in shape, the Tabernacle is capable of holding between eight thousand and nine thousand people. Not a pillar or a buttress supports the roof save the buttresses of red sandstone which form the walls. No nails or iron of any kind was used in the framework, and the whole structure was raised in ten years—1865–1875—before a railway was in Utah. The roof has now a metallic covering to protect it from the weather. It is in this building that religious services are held. There are no private pews. Those who come early get the best seats, labourers sit beside wealthy business men, employé and employer rub shoulders.

The great organ is at the western end of the Tabernacle, above the seats reserved for the choir and the Mormon leaders, and though it was constructed forty years ago by Utah artisans and is composed mostly of native materials it is one of the finest instruments in America, if not in the world. Recitals are given daily during the summer months for the benefit of visitors, and there is not a sound, from the jingle of a cavalry regiment on the march to the finest music, that cannot be reproduced on it. There is no such institution as that of the "regular preacher" in the Mormon Church, all the services being conducted by members of the sect, who often receive short notice to address the congregation; it is part of a Mormon's training to be able to expound his doctrine with intelligence and conviction.

Besides these two important buildings in Temple Block there are the Assembly Hall, the annexe to the Temple, and a bureau for the benefit of tourists. The old Endowment House has been pulled down. Only recently the Seagull Monument was erected in the gardens to commemorate an incident in 1848, the year following the settlement of the pioneers. The story goes that the crops of the community were visited by a plague of crickets which rolled in black legions over the grain, destroying every green blade. Fire and water failed to check the plague, and the settlers were in despair, when great flocks of seagulls came over the mountains and preyed on the crickets. The belief that this was a direct intervention on the part of Providence to save the pioneers from starvation is responsible for the new monument, and the wanton killing of seagulls is now punishable in Utah. There can be no doubt as to the simple beauty of the monument, a pillar of white marble with two gilded gulls on the top, and round the base



The Seagull Monument. Four bas-relief panels at its base tell the story of the seagull "miracle."

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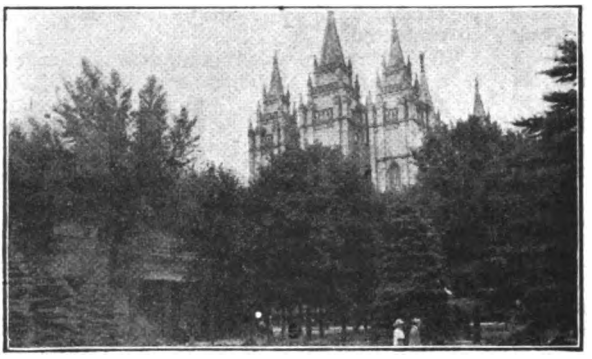
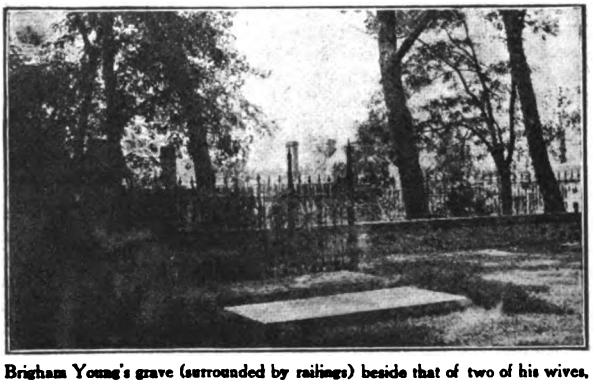
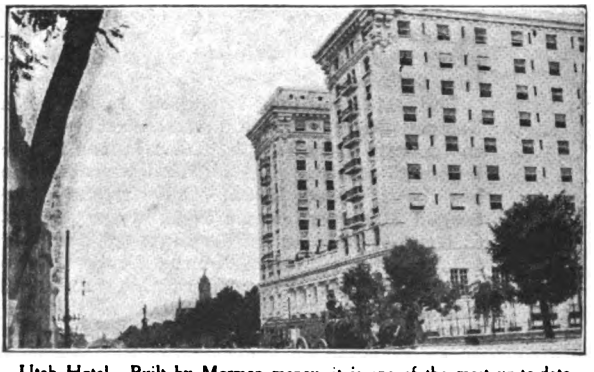


In the grounds of the Temple Block. The Tabernacle is seen on the left and the Temple on the right.



Brigham Young's grave (surrounded by railings) beside that of two of his wives.



Utah Hotel. Built by Mormon money, it is one of the most up-to-date hotels in the Far West.

the story of the "miracle" is told in bas-relief panels of bronze.

But if Temple Block is the heart of Mormonism the imprint of Mormonism is on everything in Salt Lake City. At the top of Main Street, overlooking four thoroughfares, is the monument to Brigham Young; there is, indeed, hardly any doubt that this man's influence will be felt as long as Salt Lake City lasts. I mentioned this to a lady who, though not a Mormon, was a native of the town.

"Why is it," I asked, "that Brigham Young's personality is reflected everywhere and his memory so fondly cherished? I should have thought that people would have been chary of perpetuating the memory of a man whose chief claim to fame in the eyes of the outside world is that he had twenty-seven wives."

"Why should we not remember him?" she answered. "Brigham Young may have had a large harem—with the consequent proportion of matrimonial trouble—but, after all, he was the founder of our city. But for him there would have been no Salt Lake City—and, anyway, we are heartily tired of quarrelling about polygamy. You must remember that the Gentiles came here after the Mormons had created it and set it going. They did not invite the Gentiles. Also, Mormon influence here is great. We have our lives to live, and already the city has been rent too much by anti-Mormon campaigns. When you live in a place you soon get tired of that sort of thing, which dislocates business and social existence."

I have stated this lady's view because she was in a position to answer not only for herself but for a large section of well-to-do inhabitants, and I am inclined to accept the statement as representing the attitude of the majority of non-Mormons throughout Utah.

Certainly no President of the Church has so strongly impressed his influence on the movement as has Brigham Young. Besides the statue in Main Street, there are many other

Brigham Young's statue in Salt Lake City.

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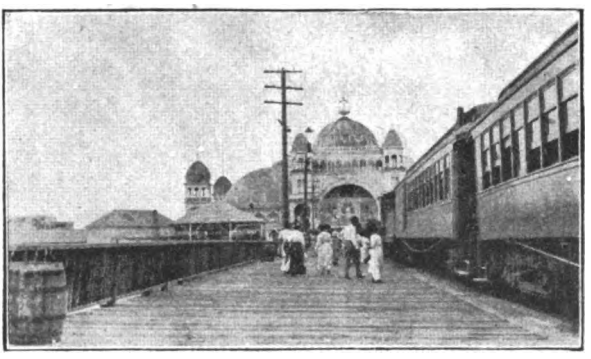
points with which his name is linked. The Beehive House, now occupied by President Smith, was formerly his residence, as was also the Lion House, which is separated from the Beehive House by the offices of the President. In both these houses Brigham kept several of his wives, but the most imposing of his residences was hardly ever used by him. This is Gardo House, otherwise known as Amelia Palace, which is situated just opposite Beehive House. Gardo House was built for and presented to Amelia Folsom, the favourite wife, by Brigham. Amelia was not a Mormon "by birth," but came from New Hampshire, and it took the then President some time before he succeeded in his wooing. It is stated that the Endowment House was prepared three times for the wedding ceremony before she finally became Mrs. Young.

Next to the Beehive House, one block east of the monument, is the Eagle Gate. This was at one time erected above the entrance to President Young's private grounds, but the stone pillars have been "modernized" and the eagle is brightly gilded. Electric lights have been inserted in the beehive on which the eagle stands, and when this is lit at night the effect is remarkable.

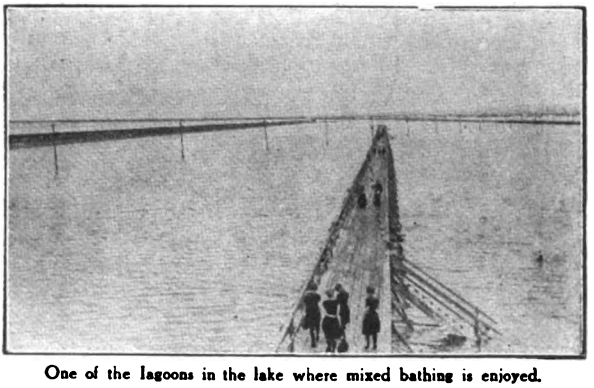
The old Social Hall which Young built still stands behind the east side of State Street, as also does the Salt Lake Theatre, at the corner of First South Street and State Street. Finally,

Lion House, where Brigham Young kept some of his twenty-seven wives. Note the lion above the door.



Saltair, the pavilion and entrance to the baths at the famous Salt Lake.

In the great Salt Lake. The percentage of salt is so great that it is almost impossible to sink.



One of the lagoons in the lake where mixed bathing is enjoyed.

his grave is in a private enclosure in First Avenue, almost a stone's throw from his official home. It is a spot to which many visitors turn their steps, but here again the note is one of simplicity. The grave is surrounded by a plain iron railing, and the inscription on the flat stone is short and has no reference to the numerous wives who mourned his loss.

No one can be long in Salt Lake City without observing the remarkable combination of commercial and religious activities which accompanies the growth of the Mormon Church. Founded by President Young, the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution is a flourishing concern which supplies the faithful with all their material needs. It is situated in Main Street, and not far off is the

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A view of State Street, Salt Lake City's main thoroughfare.

Mormon bank and the Mormon drug store; indeed, there is hardly a branch of commerce not included in the category of enterprises. As might be expected, the Latter Day Saints—for they prefer this name to that of "Mormon"—are very loyal to the commercial ventures of the church, but with all this the "atmosphere" of the city is peculiarly free from the fierce competitive element so characteristic of American cities.

Every street in Salt Lake City is a boulevard one hundred and thirty feet wide, and the water fountains on the sidewalks bubble over with the purest cold drinking water imaginable. A really hot day in Salt Lake City is something to remember, for its high altitude—it is over four thousand feet above sea-level—is alone trying to some people. On dusty days, too, the authorities have an excellent method of cleansing the gutters. Every gutter is a wide channel, and at intervals a great flood of clear water from the street standards is turned on. Those who have not seen this method of flooding the kerbs cannot appreciate the purifying effect it has and the consequent advantage to the city in many ways.

No article on Salt Lake City would be complete without some reference to the Great Salt Lake. It lies sixteen miles due west of the city and can be reached in half an hour's journey. There is, of course, the inevitable pavilion and a dancing floor, and penny sideshows and popcorn and peanut stalls. The main attraction at Saltair, however, is the bathing, and mixed bathing is the rule. Those who cannot swim need not be afraid of entering the water, for it is impossible to drown, or nearly impossible. The twenty-six percentage of salt makes the water extremely buoyant, and I found that the greatest difficulty was experienced in trying to swim, so dense is the water.

It is wonderfully invigorating, however, and on holidays it would seem as if the whole population were bathing. Old men, middle-aged women, even tiny tots who have to be carried, crowd into the lagoons sheltered by the long piers and disport themselves for hours in the water. I have seen bathers reading newspapers while they balance themselves on the surface, and not a few actually smoke cigarettes.

"Amelia Palace," the home presented by Brigham Young to his one-time favourite wife.

To the credit of the Mormons be it said, also, that Salt Lake City sent its full quota of men, and was prepared to send more, into the great training camps to join in the task of beating the Hun in the war. Most of these young men came of a stock which knew how to face hardship, and there is little doubt that they proved equally as good soldiers fighting for the great country to which they belonged as they proved stubborn foes when fighting against it.

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QUEER FIXES.

THE STRAP-HANGER OF THE GANGES.

By CAPTAIN J. G. BENNETT, R.A.M.C.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. HENRY EVISON.

Thinking he had killed the crocodile he was hunting, the Author buckled a strap around its jaw to enable him to drag the body out of the water. Then the reptile, which had only been stunned, awoke, and there ensued a strange tug-of-war. How the contest ended this story tells. "The events happened exactly as I have told them," writes Captain Bennett.

ON one of the fascinating nights in India, when the sky was clear and starry and the giant peepul-trees cast their shadows across the white and dusty highway not far from the ancient city of Delhi, G—— and I set out in search of crocodiles.

We had often done this before, for these excursions were really enjoyable, both as regards the sport which we always got and because of the enchanting surroundings which only an Indian night can give.

Our conveyance was a small "ecca," or native trap, which resembles nothing unless it be a soap-box on wheels, pulled by a diminutive pony. On this strange contrivance we sat cross-legged, and settled down, as all good *shikarees* do in India, to a most enjoyable time.

We had sixteen miles to traverse before arriving at one of the tributaries of the Ganges, which was to be the scene of our day's operations, and you who know the rutty, dusty state of the by-tracks, far from habitations, can imagine our feelings.

Thrown from side to side and cannoning with driver and the uprights of the ecca, we cursed heartily the anathematized roads, springless vehicles, and the ever-present camel-thorn, which had a bad habit of brushing one off the vehicle as we passed over the scrub-covered plain.

However, every road has a turning, and just as daylight broke we climbed down from our box, bruised all over, and commenced to inspect the river at which we had arrived.

G—— and I tossed up for direction, and he, of course, won, taking a course up-stream. As only down-stream remained for me, I shouldered my trusty rifle and set out in this direction.

The river at this point was only about sixty yards broad, but very deep, and I surmised that as the sun got hotter there would be plenty of our reptilian friends to be seen.

Marching steadily along through the thick scrub which lined the bank, I kept a well-skinned eye on the sand-banks ahead, in order to get a view, if possible, of the huge, log-like creatures which I knew were even then lurking in the muddy depths below me and which would later emerge to bask in the sun.

Before very long, by the aid of my glasses, I saw what I sought, about two hundred yards away and half-hidden by a sand-bank. It was a huge "gavial" (fish-eating crocodile), about eighteen feet long, which lay apparently asleep at right angles to the river, with his tail in the water.

As silently as possible I worked my way inland, treading carefully over the dry spines of the camel-thorn and parting asunder the rush-choked track, which I followed as though afraid for my life. For I knew the crocodile's habits, and his keenness of sight and hearing were to be respected by the *shikaree* if he would procure crocodile-skin.

Working parallel to the bank, I judged myself level with the beast, and, crouching down on all fours, proceeded to the brink of the river, dragging my rifle silently behind me.

At last, parting the rushes, I saw my quarry right opposite to me on the other bank, lying as though dead, with closed eyes and nodular, scaly, mud-covered back. He was lying with his body obliquely to me on a spit of sand which shelved into deep water, and I knew that unless I killed him outright he would not give the chance for a second shot.

Taking careful aim at a point midway between head and foreleg, which is the most vulnerable point, I fired, and great was my delight to see the huge beast give one mighty convulsion and then subside on the water's edge, with tail submerged.

Then I did a foolish thing which gave me my adventure and lost me my crocodile. Instead of firing one or two more rounds into him to make sure he was really dead, I took it for granted that his spine was smashed, and began to seek ways and means to cross the river in order to skin him.

Eventually, after some difficulty, I found a place where I could ford it, and, holding my rifle aloft, I managed to scramble over with the water up to my armpits.

Then, dripping like a spaniel, I proceeded to my kill, and having reached him I placed my rifle on the sand and stood surveying my bag, weaving dreams even then of the nice dressing-case he would make. In order to skin him the more easily it was advisable to try to drag his tail out of the river, and so pulling out a coat-strap used for fastening bundles of skins together

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I buckled it over the protuberance on his jaw and tried to move him up the bank.

Then a curious thing happened, for he began to work his tail about, and I, instinctively sensing the unusual, quickly glanced at the bullet-wound in his neck. Sure enough, to my dismay, I found that my one and only shot had been fired high and had only grazed the top of his spine without breaking it. Thus you can imagine me hanging on to my strap with an eighteen-foot crocodile at the other end, and, what is more, a rapidly-recovering crocodile!

The contortions of his scaly extremity now became greater and greater as I held the strap, and I began to see trouble ahead.

If only I could reach my gun, I thought, all would be well, for I might hold him with one hand whilst I gave him the *coup de grâce* with the other. To my chagrin I found my rifle just out of reach, and never has the saying "so near and yet so far" been borne so forcibly upon me as then. I lengthened the strap and stretched out the other hand, but even as I did so the crocodile gave an increasingly spasmodic heave, which nearly tore my arm from its socket and made me think no more of the rifle, which lay so near to my grasp. Still another pull he made, and I, unwilling to lose my victim, cried aloud to G——, my friend, for help. I might just as well have called on the gods of the river, for no sound broke the stillness of the air. I called again, louder and louder, for perchance a wandering native might be near by who could hand me my weapon.

No response still, and again the muscle-wrenching continued, whilst the awakened cold look of malevolence in the reptile's eyes made a clammy sweat trickle down my spine.

A battle royal was now in progress, and I knew I was the loser, for foot by foot he dragged me towards the current, clutching the sand with his webbed feet and relentlessly, with regained strength, making his way to deep water.

More fiercely still we struggled, I hanging on with both hands, as in a tug-of-war, with heels planted in the sand and panting like a grampus, too blown to shout again for help.

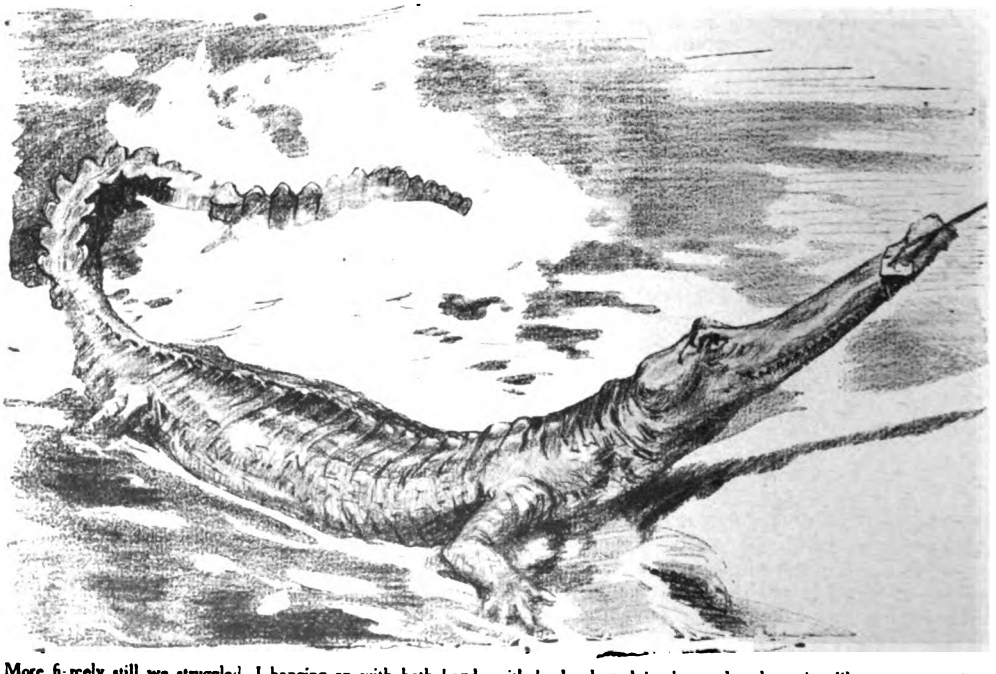
The very river was dyed red by the blood flowing from his wound and was churned into frothy foam by the lashings of his tail. Still I persevered, and hoped against hope that his wound would before long be fatal, or that help would unexpectedly arrive.

Deeper and deeper I floundered in the water, now up to my knees, then up to my thighs as the scaly brute forced me in.

The sight (if it had not been so serious) of me hanging on like grim death to his nose might, in happier times, have made me smile, but the occasion was much too serious for that. At last human muscles could bear the strain no longer, and with a mighty tug he broke away, precipitating me into the water full-length and swimming away in a scurry of bloody foam down-stream.

Picking myself up and crawling to the bank, I looked back and saw the wake in the water where he had dived—never to be seen again.

I shot and skinned another crocodile later in the day, before meeting my friend G—— at the



"More fiercely still we struggled, I hanging on with both hands, with heels planted in the sand and panting like a grampus."

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rendezvous, but as for my old antagonist, who gave me such a strenuous time, I never heard of his demise.

G—— shot three crocodiles, and as we bumped and trundled back to Delhi on our old ecca I told and retold him of my adventure with the gavial down-stream

I have done the same trek many times since, setting out on a perfectly glorious night to spend the day searching the sandy spits on the river for these leviathans of the deep. Often, too, have I bagged my quarry, but never have I been content with one bullet to dispatch him, for always comes back to me as I take aim through the tangled brushwood the vision of what happened months before.

Occasionally, too, I sit in my chair and weave fanciful pictures.

What happened to the trussed crocodile? Probably he was not fatally wounded; but of one thing I am certain—he will never be able to rid himself of my coat-strap, which was buckled over his jaws. I often hope, too, that someone managed to shoot him before he died of starvation; and, if this did happen, I can well imagine the look of dismay which overspread the face of the hunter on finding a muzzled reptile with the name and regiment of your humble medico indelibly stamped on the leather thong.

Now you have the reason, too, why my coat-straps do not match. One of the originals, for all I know to the contrary, is making excursions along the muddy bed of the Ganges.

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CHASED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

By R. W. GILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

A British engineer's thrilling experiences with a monster serpent. "The startling incidents related in the following story," writes the Author, "were told to me by the person concerned, an English engineer, whilst employed upon some constructional work in the Argentine. It happened in 1902. I might also add that it was afterwards corroborated by one of the men who returned with him to the abandoned station. I have, however, purposely given a fictitious name to the hero of the narrative, though in every other respect the details are correct."

IT happened that on this particular Sunday, Trevellan, the assistant engineer, was the only white man left in camp.

Prone full-length upon the top of the barranca, or ravine, he gazed idly across the mud-brown waters of the Parana, at the series of islands which stretched away to the horizon and were ultimately lost in the quivering haze of heat. While puffing steadily at his pipe, he was considering the best means of passing the day.

Eventually he decided to ride over to a neighbouring village, and, rising, stretched himself and prepared to fetch his horse.

It was midday when Trevellan reached the village, and well on in the afternoon before, having partaken of refreshments and rested his horse, he again set out for home.

The heat was intense and Trevellan was in no mind to hurry. Pipe in mouth he ambled slowly along the dusty track. Lost in his own thoughts, he was conscious only of the dull thud, thud of his horse's hoofs in the dust and the droning hum of innumerable insects. The time slipped quickly by, and fully an hour had lapsed ere Trevellan again took stock of his surroundings. Then for the first time he noticed that the weather conditions were very threatening.

A thick bank of ominous-looking cloud obscured the southern horizon, the air was deadly still, and ever and anon his straining ears caught the mutter of distant thunder. To be caught in the open, in the face of such a tempest as was brewing, would be no joke, and cursing himself for a sleepy, unobservant fool he urged his sweating steed into a canter. For half an hour he rode steadily on, then pulled up his horse and looked anxiously to the south-west. The station for which he was making lay a full ten miles distant, and it was obvious that the approaching storm would overtake him long before he could reach it.

In the circumstances he decided to take shelter at an abandoned station, whose existence was known to everyone around, and which was situated some half-mile due east of his then position. Acting upon this decision he made straight for the old shanty, which he reached some five minutes later.

On reaching the house itself it proved to be in a dilapidated condition, while the outbuildings were more or less in a state of utter ruin.

Securing his horse to one of the veranda

"Bounding from the veranda he started to run for his

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posts, he started to investigate the premises. All the windows were glassless, while the shutters, in most cases, were broken away. The place was furnished, after a style, and a few old prints still hung upon the walls. Having completed his tour of inspection he selected, for his haven of refuge, a large four-windowed room having a north and west aspect. Everywhere the dust was inches thick, and over all was a brooding sense of melancholy.

For a fortnight El Norte had been blowing, and to-day it had felt like the blast from an open furnace door; but now all was still, no living thing stirred, and the very atmosphere seemed awaiting the outbreak of the storm. Trevellan, seated upon one of the old chairs that the room contained, smoked stolidly at his pipe. After a while he rose and, walking to the window, looked out.

The sky presented an appalling spectacle, resembling a vast sea of green-crested billows; it seemed that the whole firmament was about to collapse and fall bodily upon the earth. Looking to the south-west he saw that the horizon was no longer clear; sky and earth appeared to mingle in a reddish mist; he knew this for a curtain of dust, the sure pilot of the hurricane to follow. Even as he looked the heavens were torn asunder by a blinding flash of lightning; simultaneously came a deafening report, and the whole atmosphere seemed to stagger with the shock.

Shaken by the violence of the discharge he moved away from the window and, seating himself once more upon the chair, awaited the coming of the storm; nor had he long to wait. Suddenly the house was shaken by a violent gust of wind and the whole atmosphere grew thick with dust.

Then came a short pause followed by another and even more violent gust.

Now the air was full of a peculiar humming noise, and a distant dull, roaring sound fell upon his ears. The sounds rapidly increased in volume, then came a jarring shock, and the whole building trembled and appeared on the verge of collapse.

The uproar was indescribable; the crack of thunder was drowned by the roar of beating hailstones and the scream of the wind.

Morino, the old station dog, had followed Trevellan into the house and was now crouched by his side. Although he could not hear him, Trevellan could see that he was whimpering

life, and, regardless of direction, rushed blindly on."

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with fear, and kindly patted the poor beast on the head.

Presently the clamour of the hail gave place to the steady downpour of rain, while the scream of the wind dropped to a sullen roar.

The worst of the storm was now over and Trevellan congratulated himself upon the fact. It was still too wet to leave, so he continued to smoke and think.

He called to mind the sinister yarns that he had heard about the old house, under whose roof he now found himself.

It was a fact that no peon would come within a mile of the place after dark, as no fewer than three tenants had mysteriously disappeared at various periods. All three had vanished during the night, without apparent rhyme or reason, and no word of any one of them had ever been heard of since.

He was aroused from his reverie by the strange behaviour of the dog.

There was an old cupboard on the opposite side of the room, in front of which, growling fiercely, stood Morino with bared teeth and bristling coat.

Trevellan called to him, but he paid no heed. With tail between his legs he continued to growl savagely, the while backing slowly away from the cupboard. Finally he turned tail and bolted through the window.

Puzzled by the strange behaviour of the brute, Trevellan was on the point of rising, with the intention of finding out what the cupboard contained, when it appeared to him that the doors were slowly opening. At the same time he became conscious of a foul stench, an overpowering smell of decay. Wondering greatly, he remained seated with eyes glued upon the cupboard doors; slowly, very slowly, they opened, and within, gazing at him with a fixed hypnotic stare, he beheld a pair of baleful eyes.

It was still very dark, and for the moment he was unable to see to what kind of creature the eyes belonged. Then the eyes moved towards him and he saw that they were those of some huge snake, evidently of the constrictor tribe. As its head and neck glided silently towards him he realized that they must belong to a reptile of enormous size. The body was of a dull whitish colour covered with sickly purple blotches, quite unlike any species of which he had either heard or read.

With a violent effort he turned his eyes from those of the reptile and, springing to his feet, reached the window, through which he vaulted; he was followed by an appalling hiss. In an instant he had raced down the veranda and had reached the place where he had left his horse. To his horror he discovered that the beast had bolted. Evidently frightened by the violence of the storm the brute had started to plunge, and the old veranda post had proved unequal to the strain.

Just one glance Trevellan cast behind him. Already some forty feet of the reptile were through the window and gliding with incredible rapidity after him, while the air was filled with a hideous hissing.

Bounding from the veranda he started to run for his life, and, regardless of direction, rushed blindly on.

How long this terrible chase lasted he never knew. His breath came in sobs, the blood hammered in his head, and every second it seemed that something must burst.

Time after time he slipped in the treacherous mire and came within an ace of falling headlong to the ground.

The hideous hissing had ceased, and once, still running desperately, he looked back over his shoulder.

Not twenty yards behind him was the huge reptile, its sickly white body rippling with an undulating movement like some hideous worm of incredible size.

Sick at heart Trevellan struggled on.

Suddenly he received a fresh shock. Not a hundred yards distant and dead ahead lay the edge of the barranca, or ravine.

Although unaware of his exact position, he knew that the barranca was at least eighty feet in depth in all that district, and that at most places it terminated in a short foreshore. If he would avoid a leap into space he must alter his course, and alter it at once. He was in the act of turning to his left when he became aware of the foul stench that he had first noticed when in the room at the abandoned dwelling.

Evidently the brute was close upon him and preparing to bury its great fangs in his back.

The thought of those filthy reeking jaws, the mere idea of being crushed in those vast and frightful coils, drove Trevellan to desperation.

Gathering all his failing faculties in one last supreme effort he made for the barranca and, reaching the edge, jumped with every ounce of his strength out into the void.

He was conscious of a rush of wind, a sensation of falling, a great splash, and the waters of the Parana closed over his head. Even as he sank he wondered if the horror had followed him over the brink.

On regaining the surface he was vastly relieved to find himself alone.

Looking up he could see something on the top of the barranca, something that looked like the stem of a great tree, something huge that swayed and moved and seemed to peer into the depths below.

With a shudder Trevellan turned his face down-stream. He knew where he was now and decided to drift with the current some distance before he effected a landing.

Day was breaking when Trevellan at length reached his camp, and rousing one of the peons inquired about his horse. It appeared that that animal had returned and been tended to. Having first personally had a look at the poor beast and satisfied himself that it was none the worse he made for his tent and turned in.

Utterly exhausted he was soon asleep. The following day he reported his experience to his chief and a search-party was organized and proceeded to the scene of his adventure. In the cupboard where Trevellan had first seen the

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snake they found a large hole, which, passing through the floor, led deep into the bowels of the earth. On the dusty floor of the room itself, leading from the cupboard to the window, they found just such tracks as might have been caused by a serpent of enormous size. Outside the window all further tracks had been obliterated by the heavy downpour of rain.

Having filled in the entrance to the hole in the cupboard the party took their departure, leaving the old dwelling once again in solitude, the silent keeper of its evil secret.

MY NIGHT WITH WOLVES.

By DEVORE PARMER.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

"While hunting in the forests," writes the Author, "I have been in many queer fixes, but my most terrible predicament was when I found myself surrounded one night by a pack of hungry wolves." How the Author kept them at bay and escaped this story tells.

ELEVEN o'clock on Saturday night, November 10th, 1917, found me heading north on a "soo" train for the deer, moose, and bear country of Lake County, situated above Lake Superior, in the State of Minnesota.

From first to last my trip was filled with disappointments. My brother-in-law failed to materialize as a companion, so I was left to go alone.

On arriving at Knife River, next morning, I was informed that the Sunday train service to Cramer—my destination—had been discontinued, and I was forced to spend the night in this little fishing village.

On Monday, however, I arrived at Cramer, and found quarters at its only "hotel," the rest of the settlement consisting of about half-a-dozen log cabins, or "shacks." The population was composed mainly of Poles, Scandinavians, and French. They were to have a postmistress, but she decided to marry—so I got no mail.

After dining and donning my hunting regalia I started out into the wilds that surround Cramer. I had often read accounts of men who had been lost in the woods, and what one ought to do in such circumstances. But having a good sense of location, and being equipped with compass and matches, I imagined all I had to do was to keep my head.

I knew wolves were occasionally encountered in the surrounding woods, but had I known that the bounty on them had long since been removed, that a section-hand had recently been devoured by them, and that an Indian after killing nineteen with as many cartridges had himself succumbed to their ferocity, I should certainly have exercised considerably more caution than I did.

For some time I followed a logging-road that ran along a ridge overlooking a lake, and then cut down through some burnt country, and up into a high ridge again, all the time moving along quietly on my moccasins looking out for game. Descending the ridge through some wild country I came to a dense wood, which I skirted till I arrived before a deserted log-cabin. Here I rested a while and surveyed the premises.

Then, feeling somewhat tired, and seeing an easy road running directly down to the lake, and believing it would lead around to the hotel, I started leisurely back towards the settlement. The road terminated, however, at the marshy edge of the lake, which was surrounded by a dense growth of timber. Across the icy waters of the lake I could see the railroad, and at once determined to take what appeared to be the shortest route around the right of the lake to my destination.

The sun had now begun to sink, and the going was hard—through underbush and over windfalls—but at last I arrived at what I believed to be the end of my journey, only to find that I was cut off from the track by a rushing torrent that ran from the big lake into a long, lesser body of water, the end of which I could not see, nor had I any idea of its extent.

For the first time I felt dismayed. It was now dusk, and a heavy mist was falling. Here and there I sank down to my knees in the marshy pools that lay between the hummocks of grass. The melting snow had made the low ground almost impassable. My strength was nearly gone, and when I fell it was a struggle to get to my feet again.

There seemed nothing to do now but make my way back around the lake by easy stages and endeavour to reach the logging-road on the other side, where the remaining streak of snow would guide me back to the hotel.

I knew that in the failing light the course I had taken around the lake would be impassable, so I gradually worked my way up over a ridge and down to the road leading to the lake in the semi-darkness. My sense of location told me that if I could but cut through the swamp to the hillside, I should soon be on the road leading back to the settlement; and this I endeavoured to do—made reckless by desperation.

In a few minutes I had penetrated some twenty feet into the morass, but every other step was accompanied with a plunge into the cold sloggy slime, and at times I would lay still upon a decayed log wondering whether to continue the struggle or to find the first big log and wait till morning.

Fortunately, I did not do this, but determined to continue what was now a fight for my life to reach a dry spot where I could build a fire and

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"I aimed a few inches below a pair of sparks some thirty feet from my position."

spend the night. My worst fear now was of fainting and sinking into the deep watery morass.

I tramped on for some time, until I managed to reach a road. Here I struck a light, and imagine my surprise when I glanced at the compass and found that I had made a complete circle, and that what I took to be south was north, and that I was once more on the Lake Road. Yet I felt thankful, for I knew that by following the snow along this road I ought to be able to find the log cabin and there spend the night. But this was not to be, for two reasons: the darkness and my exhaustion.

Barely able to drag one leg after the other, I made my way like a drunken man up the soggy road till I reached the vicinity of the shack, but the blackness of the night was now intense and my strength was gone. I would fall flat at the least obstruction, and painfully struggling to my feet again stagger forward.

My one thought was now to build a fire. Finding some grass I endeavoured to light it; but it was too wet. Then I tried to dig some dry pulp from beneath a decayed log; it was too damp to burn, and my matches were going --not a pleasant thought. I now realized that without a fire, in my exhausted condition, with an empty stomach, a chill cutting wind blowing from the north-west, and an icy mist falling, my chances of living through the night were small.

But there was another element I had not reckoned with; more horrible, if not more dangerous, than the others- wolves. From afar off in the opaque night there came a faint, weird cry, half bark, half howl, giving me the alarm. But it was so distant and lone that it did not strike me as an immediate menace. However, I redoubled my efforts to build a fire, and seeing some twigs dangling from a faller bough, I nursed a tiny flame into existence and from this built a substantial fire.

I noticed that the distant cries of my ravenous neighbours grew louder and more numerous, and that they were answered from various directions. I knew the wolves were afraid of fire and that it was my only salvation. But supposing I was surrounded; should I be able to fetch wood to keep it going? So whenever I could gather sufficient strength I would stumble out in the darkness and draw in another log.

While at the edge of the lake I had whistled with all my might, a loud, shrill whistle on two fingers, but to no avail. The sound was easily absorbed in the maw of the night, so that from then on I had no hope at all of rescue or aid.

Suddenly, the hollow voice of a timber wolf, close by, pierced the night and sent cold shivers down my spine. The cry was taken up from various directions and equally close proximity. I felt like a lonely trapper surrounded by savages bent on his destruction; only there would be no bullet or arrow to welcome the last desperate moment. A much more horrible death threatened me: the ravenous and pitiless fangs of a pack of bloodthirsty wolves.

Clutching my rifle I arose to a sitting position. I had only twenty-two cartridges with me, but made up my mind that every one would rid the woods of a fiend. In a few minutes I heard the cracking of a twig, and, riveting my eyes in the direction of the sound, was chilled to see a pair of fiery eyes loom up in the blackness near by. I glanced about me and there were others—just eyes; fiery little balls that glared and menaced me from the inscrutable darkness.

At first I was nearly petrified with fear; but shortly afterwards there came over me a tension

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of calm and alert determination which rendered me immune to my surroundings ; and I smiled at the coolness and precision with which I began my task. For if I were to die I would at the same time render a service in ridding the woods of a few of these brutes. And then there was my dear old rifle—I resolved that it should not be disgraced.

I remember there were snarls, and yelps, and howlings galore, but my instincts were concentrated upon the barrel of my rifle. I aimed a few inches below a pair of sparks that for a moment remained fixed some thirty feet from my position. There was a terrible explosion in the solitude, a crash, and for a few moments it sounded as though bedlam had been turned loose, or as if a dozen dogs were fighting at once. Then it calmed down to snarls and the commotion of a savage feast, for the wolves were devouring their deceased mate.

During this time I was not idle. With my rifle in one hand I managed to drag three small logs in with the other hand, for I felt that this offering of a single animal would hardly satisfy the pack, and, besides, the taste of fresh meat would arouse their blood-lust to a fiercer heat.

Again I waited till the pack drew near, and it was not long before two immense wolves approached till their bodies became visible in the fire-light, and their teeth glistened with a savage gleam. I fired, and there was another crash. After this second orgy my enemies were not so bold, for at this time of the year their hunger does not drive them to the desperation of the later winter destitution ; and then it would seem that they had gained a wholesome respect for my friends—the gun and the fire.

However, I was now aroused and felt like continuing the fight, so once more I drew a bead beneath the fire-balls, and once more the previous performance was repeated. But that was all ; three bullets, three wolves. For the rest of the night they remained skulking off in the shadowy surroundings like ghostly ghouls at a respectable distance.

In cutting the long yellow grass, which grew in spots, to protect me from the damp ground I had sliced a piece off the end of my finger with my hunting-knife, and this bled freely and bothered me considerably during the night. To allay my thirst I ate a little snow, which afforded much relief.

I now felt satisfied that the wolves would no longer molest me unless my fire ran low ; so my one great care was to keep the logs burning, which principally resolved itself into staying awake. This I endeavoured to do, but in my exhausted condition sleep was almost as dear as life, and at times I fell into a doze, but would soon awake with a start, expecting to see a cluster of phosphorescent eyes in every direction and to find my fire out.

Occasionally I would hear a low cry as if they were bewailing the loss of the feast of human flesh which fate had denied them ; for it might be that among this pack were some that had tasted of the flesh of man.

How glad I was to see the first grey of dawn. After reviewing the remains—bones and fur—I started homeward. Without any difficulty I walked back to the settlement, where little note had been taken of my absence, as they concluded that I had gone on to the next station for the night. After a good breakfast, a morning's sleep, and a change of underclothing I felt no worse for my adventure.

Garments of Grass and "Bogey" Masks.

Natives of the interior of Angola, Portugal's possession in South-West Africa, in festive costumes. The garments are made of grass, and hang from the body like a skirt. In addition, the face is covered with a hideous "bogey" mask.

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The LAKE of

A general view of Magadi Lake, in British East Africa, a vast

The following article is a striking instance of the immense and sometimes inexhaustible wealth which is waiting to be exploited in British possessions in Africa. Much of that wealth is still hidden, but in the case of Lake Magadi—a lake of solid natural soda covering an area of some thirty square miles—it was there for any enterprising explorer to discover and report to the right quarters. The story of the commercial development of this great Colonial asset adds a fresh chapter to the ever-enthralling romance of British industry. Illustrated with photographs taken by the Magadi Lake Expedition.

IN every quarter of the City of London, Romance is to be found by those who search for it diligently. Many an engrossing story of adventure or exploration, involving the lives of men, the overcoming of wellnigh insuperable difficulties, and the expenditure of vast sums of money, which in itself required no small amount of courage, lies hidden in office records, until the historian of the so-called minor events of the world happens upon it and forthwith disentangles it from a mass of commercial verbiage, always tedious of perusal and often covered with the dust of years. A romantic episode may lurk beneath the most innocent-looking phrase in the minute-book of a board of directors—some such commonplace note as this: "The attention of the board, at its meeting on such-and-such a date, was called to the commercial possibilities of this or that, in consequence of which they decided to dispatch a confidential agent to the spot mentioned to verify the statements made to them."

Could there be a less promising starting-point for a story of discovery and adventure? So devoid of the slightest tinge of romance is such a bald statement that there is a risk of the searcher passing it over disdainfully. And yet, if he continues his investigations, he may indeed find that a very pretty tale of human endeavour, coupled with the unfolding of many curious side-issues, hangs thereon for his own and his readers' delectation.

To take a concrete case, it happened that, some ten years ago, a certain explorer entered the office of a firm of City merchants, and made certain "representations of the great importance and value" of a curious lake in British East Africa. So it was set down in the minute-book, but what he actually said to the heads of the firm was somewhat as follows:—

"The lake looks for all the world like an ice-field, and when the photographer showed us his

Seen from the surrounding hills, the soda lake has the appearance of an

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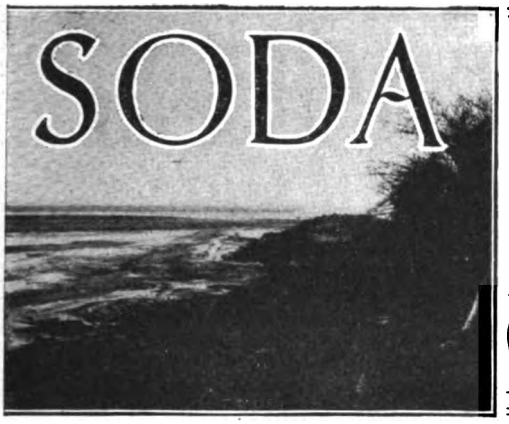
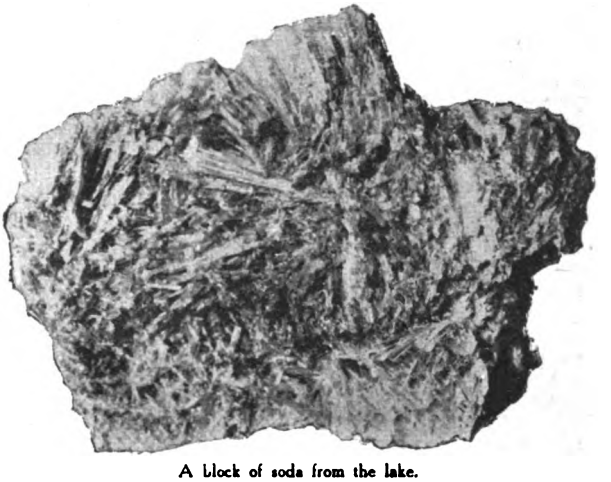


The Story of a Wonderful Natural Curiosity of British East Africa

by George Frederic Lees

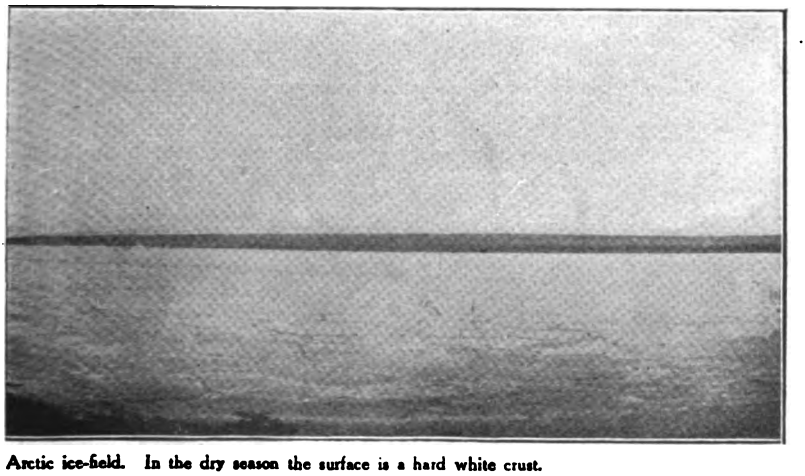
natural reservoir of soda.

prints I might have imagined, but for the figures of the natives with their bare legs and scantily-clothed bodies, that we were a party of explorers in the Arctic regions. Mile upon mile of the great white expanse of soda and the hot springs of Magadi stretch around, with here and there a big block of alkaline deposit. A most remarkable sight. There must be millions upon millions of tons of the stuff. Of course, it opens up vast possibilities commercially. Only you will have to get the soda to the coast and so on to the ships, and that means building a branch to the Uganda Railway over a hundred miles in length, and a deep-water pier and sidings near the wharves of the Uganda Railway's ocean port at Kilindini, or thereabouts."



A block of soda from the lake.

This declaration naturally aroused the greatest interest. It is not every day that a discovery with "vast possibilities commercially" is announced in the City, and if this lake of soda did really exist, was not a mere figment of the explorer's imagination, his listeners had no need to be told that it might become a veritable gold-mine. The demand for soda is universal. Instinctively the partners began to pass the manifold uses of soda in review.



Arctic ice-field. In the dry season the surface is a hard white crust.

Soda crystals are used in practically every household the world over for washing purposes. Carbonate of soda (otherwise known as soda ash) and caustic soda are largely used in numerous industries, as, for instance, by soap, glass, and paper

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makers, as well as by textile manufacturers for printing, bleaching, and dyeing, etc.; whilst bicarbonate of soda is used for the manufacture of baking powder and of mineral water.

The prospect was alluring. True, this commercial proposition would mean the investment of a few hundred thousand pounds—probably up to half a million sterling—in addition to a good deal of hard work. But think of the return: a steady annual profit running into millions! Unquestionably (the firm decided, after discussing the matter in all its bearings) they must institute an inquiry and, if the report they had heard were substantiated, see what could be done to secure the rights over these invaluable soda deposits.

Accordingly, Messrs. M. Samuel and Co. sent a confidential representative to British East Africa to verify the explorer's statements. And this he did, many months later, by bringing back with him large samples taken from thirty-five different places over the whole area of Lake Magadi, which he described in even more glowing colours than his predecessor had done.

This conclusive evidence clinched the matter. The firm at once entered on protracted negotiations with the Colonial Office, and obtained from the Crown Agents for the Colonies, acting on behalf of the Government, an agreement, giving them the option of acquiring direct from the Government about three hundred and twenty-four square miles of territory, including Lake Magadi, for a period of ninety-nine years, with the right of working the soda (subject to the rights of natives to take soda from the deposit for their own purposes), and of constructing a line of railway connecting the deposit with the main line of the Uganda Railway.

These preliminary steps having been taken, a fully-equipped surveying expedition was sent out in November, 1909, under Mr. Frederic Shelford, a well-known railway engineer who had done valuable survey work in Africa. The other leading members of the expedition were Mr. W. H. Levy and Mr. A. E. Herz, two directors of the company that had been formed to exploit the lake of soda; Mr. A. H. Endemann, who had studied on the spot the question of the most suitable mechanical appliances for dealing with the deposits; and Mr. Arthur Trobridge, who had been engaged in the soda business for many years, and whose report was therefore looked forward to with considerable interest.

The expedition reached its destination, after an uneventful march from Magadi Junction, the nearest point on the Uganda Railway, on December 1st, and found, immediately prior to its arrival, that considerable rain had fallen. Consequently the whole of the lake, inclusive of some sand flats at its southern end, was covered with water, in depth from six inches to one foot. This was distinctly disappointing. However, it soon became evident that this was only a temporary inconvenience, and, indeed, by the time the explorers left the district ten days afterwards the water had considerably subsided, and a large area of the surface was already dry.

According to Mr. Trobridge, who drew up an exceedingly interesting report, the surface of the lake always becomes dry in this way shortly after the stoppage of the rains; and this conclusion was borne out by his former visit in October, 1904, "when the whole of the surface was dry with the exception of a margin about thirty yards wide. The solid portion, which comprised practically the whole of the lake, was perfectly level and dry on the surface; but wherever the surface was broken up liquor rose to its level, and when the crystalline blocks were removed the liquor drained from the interstices of the crystals. The great purity of the crystalline soda is undoubtedly due to the presence of this comparatively large quantity of soda in solution—technically known as 'mother liquor'—distributed throughout its mass. Apart from the fact that the surface of the soda deposit becomes dry very soon after the rains have ceased, I also ascertained that during the rains the surface is never covered with so much water as to interfere in any way with the economic working of the deposit. For many years Indians have been removing soda from the lake, and they do so without paying any attention to the season."

As to the chemical and physical character of the soda, they were found to be uniform over the whole surface of the deposit, as has been confirmed by the examination of numerous samples taken at widely-distant points both in 1909 and on the occasion of Mr. Trobridge's previous visit in 1904. The crystalline deposit cleaved readily into blocks from which the "mother liquor" drained rapidly, leaving a friable mass of crystals.

The explorers also came to the noteworthy conclusion that there was good reason to assume that the deposit of soda extends to the full depth of the lake, the above-mentioned "mother liquor" only filling the interstices of the crystals. They sank a bore-hole in the lake through a continuous mass of crystalline soda to a depth of nine feet, but with the primitive boring tools at their disposal they found it very difficult to proceed farther. Indeed, in view of the enormous bulk of soda thus disclosed they saw no practical object to be attained by boring to a greater depth.

Further, there were evidences, runs the report, that the quantity of soda already in the lake is being continually augmented. In addition to many surface springs and streams discharging considerable quantities of soda into the lake, there were evidences of large springs in the bed of the lake itself, which intrude saturated soda liquor. On the removal of the soda already crystallized the liquor which takes its place at once starts to reform the crust. The Indians engaged in this soda industry informed Mr. Trobridge that the crystalline mass is replaced so rapidly that they rework the same spots year after year. Of this he found full confirmation on examining several poles which they had been using to break up the soda and had left in the holes thus made. These poles were firmly set in a solid mass of crystals which had formed

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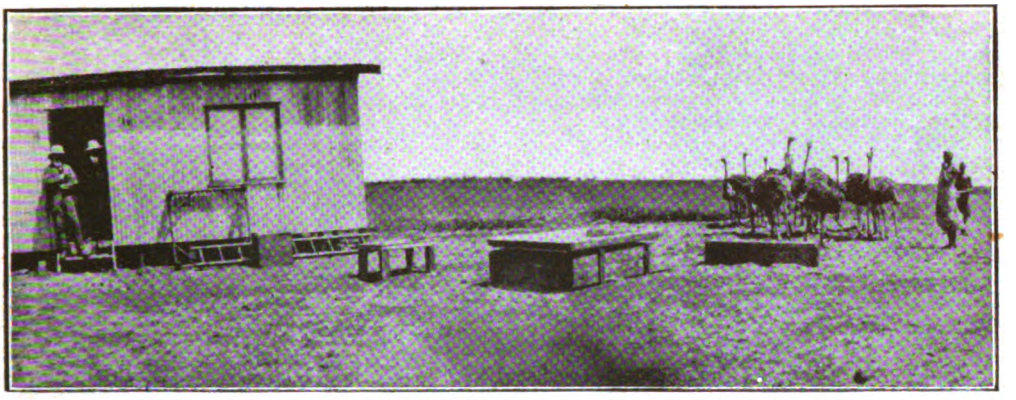
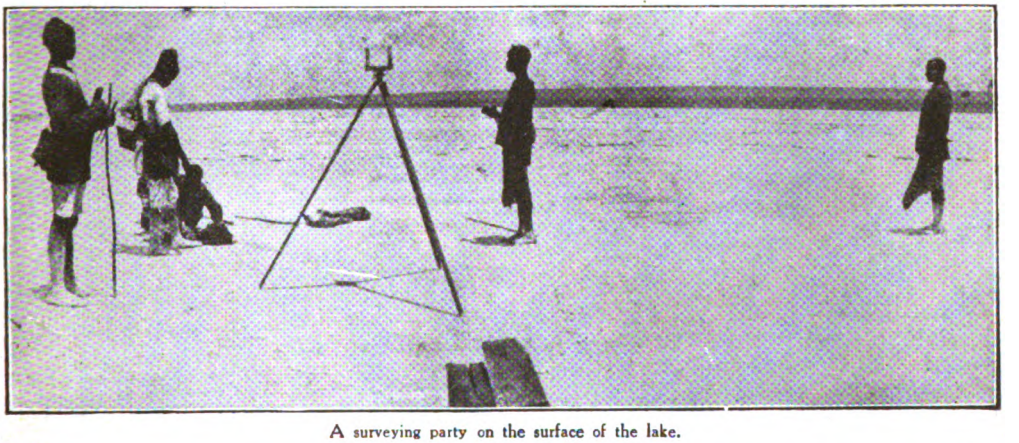
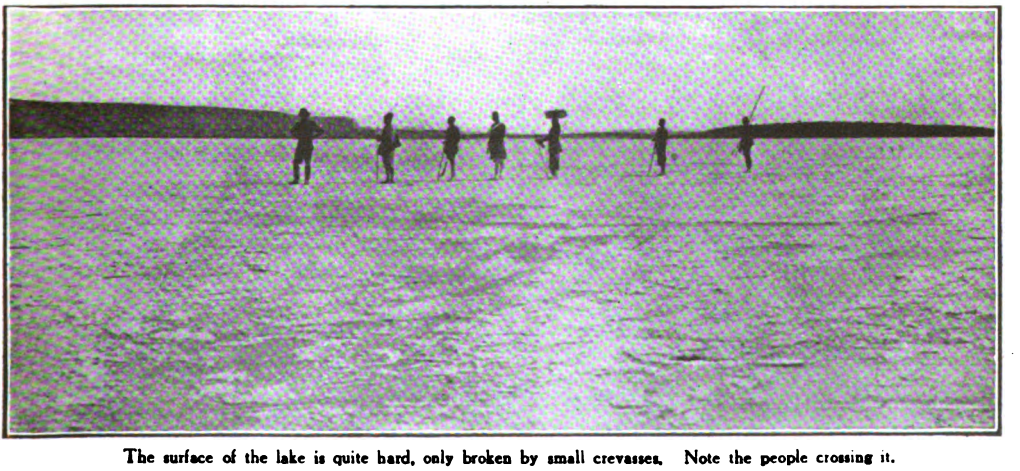


Surveyor's office at the lake, showing a number of ostriches.



A surveying party on the surface of the lake.



The surface of the lake is quite hard, only broken by small crevasses. Note the people crossing it.

around them, and Mr. Trobridge and his colleagues removed several large blocks of soda in which such poles were embedded. On examination they found this reformed soda of the same composition and purity as the permanent deposit.

In view of the fact that the crystalline soda is divided into several distinct horizontal layers, which are readily separated from each other, and for economy in working, Mr. Trobridge recommended that operations be confined to the upper layers, which he estimated contain about forty million tons in sight. As this vast quantity would be continually replaced, the lower layers

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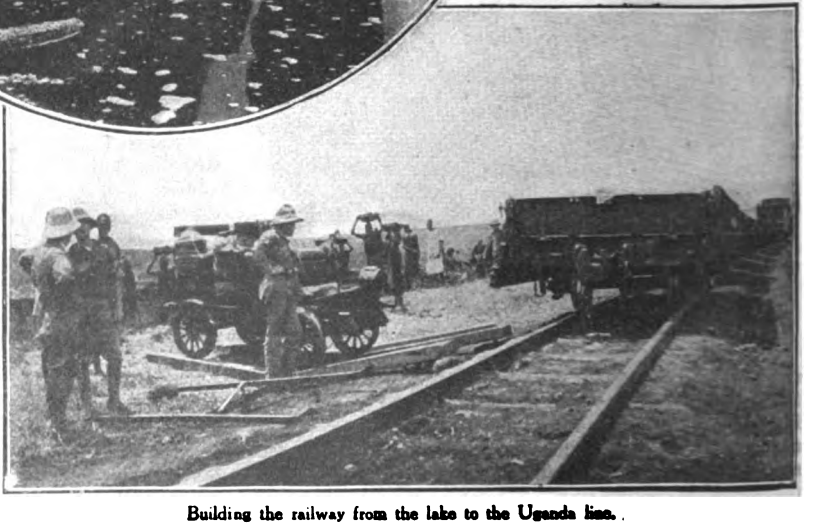
would appear to have little more than a theoretical interest. Should, however, it be deemed necessary to work these lower layers to the depth of nine feet, as disclosed by their bore-hole, he estimated that the total crystalline soda would be about two hundred million tons.

Two hundred million tons of soda capable of being converted, by very simple treatment, into a "soda ash" of great density, and equal in chemical purity to any soda ash on the market—a practically inexhaustible stock, since, as soon as part of the deposit is removed, it begins to form again. Think of the enormous profit to be drawn from such a source of wealth as that. Counting all expenses, the fortunate merchants who had got wind of this business deal came to the conclusion that a profit of at least twenty shillings per ton of soda products might be expected. Rarely does it fall to the lot of a City firm to see a profit of at least two hundred millions sterling in view.

Mr. Frederic Shelford's report on the feasibility and cost of constructing the branch railway whereby the vast soda deposit of Lake Magadi could be rendered accessible was equally encouraging. He examined the country between the lake and the Uganda Railway, and eventually selected a route which was afterwards carefully surveyed in detail by the railway survey party.

No further evidence was required to prove that a great industrial future awaited the properly-organized exploitation of this lake of soda of British East Africa. So work was started on the railway, which in due course was completed; wharves at the coastal terminus and oil tanks at Kilindini were constructed, and works, offices, etc., were erected at Magadi. Moreover, the company that had been formed erected extensive works at Irlam, near Manchester, and in Calcutta for the manufacture of soda crystals and bicarbonate of soda from Magadi soda ash. In brief, after 1911–12 the business was in full swing and quickly proved that those who had embarked on the enterprise were not mistaken in taking a sanguine view of the future prospects of this part of East Africa. But with the coming of war, work was naturally interfered with. Lake Magadi, lying within thirty miles of the frontier of German East Africa, came within the war zone, and what that means need not be unduly dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that the branch line from the lake to the Uganda Railway and *vice versâ* was found useful for the transport of other things than soda.

Excavating sample blocks of soda from the lake.



Building the railway from the lake to the Uganda line.

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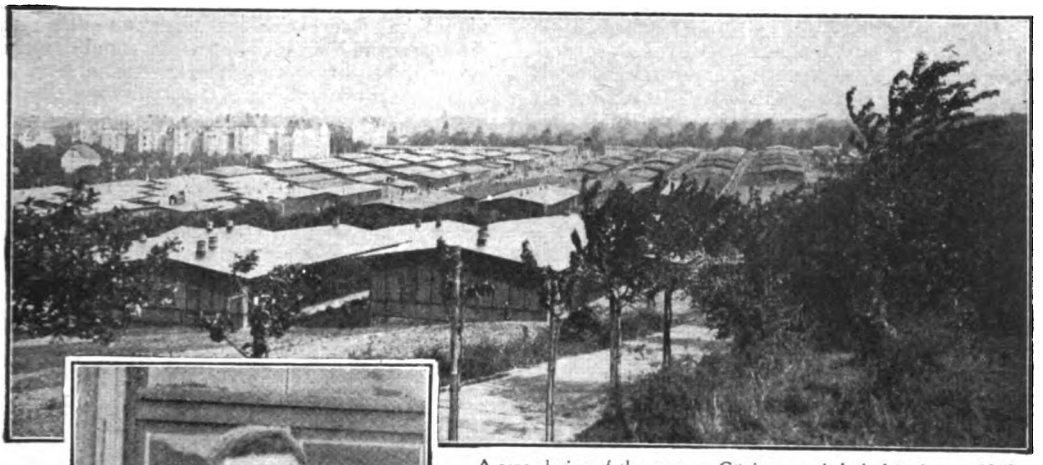

A general view of the camp at Göttingen as it looked in August, 1915. Each hut had to accommodate one hundred and thirty-two men.

Corporal A. Bramwell.

The Black Hole of Göttingen.

By

CORPORAL A. BRAMWELL, D.C.M.,
Royal Welch Fusiliers.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. PRATER.

Many stories have been related of the fiendish callousness and brutality with which Germans treated their prisoners of war. No story yet told, however, provides such an indictment of German inhumanity as that related by Corporal A. Bramwell, to whom the King awarded the D.C.M. for his services while a prisoner of war during epidemics of cholera and typhus at the Prisoners' Camp, Göttingen. In simple, straightforward language, Corporal Bramwell tells the true story of the Göttingen "Living Hell."

I WAS taken prisoner at Mons and sent on to Göttingen. Regarding the miseries of our journey to the prison camp and our sufferings before we finally settled down in the huts, it is not necessary to speak here. Our experiences were similar to those of thousands of other unfortunate British soldiers in other camps—brutal ill-treatment, semi-starvation, and punishment in its cruellest form on the smallest pretext.

Shortly after we arrived at Göttingen several of us were detailed as hospital orderlies, and it was this circumstance which led to the most appalling experiences which I imagine could befall any man, and which ultimately resulted in the King awarding the D.C.M. to my comrades, Sergeant J. Spencer (Royal Welch Fusiliers) and Private J. Gray (Cameron Highlanders), and myself, for our efforts to serve our fellow-prisoners.

On November 23rd, 1914, two thousand five hundred Russians were due to arrive in Göttingen Camp, and we were told to prepare to dress their wounds immediately on their

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arrival. Although at this time the Germans had plenty of medical supplies at their command, they refused to issue them. All that we could obtain was two pint bottles of benzine for cleaning round the wounds, a meagre supply of bandages, and two pints of super-oxide water, to clean inside the wounds. Ultimately we managed to get a bigger supply, as well as two pairs of scissors, two small lancets, one small bath, and one roll of gauze.

The medical room was a small bunk ten feet by ten feet at the end of a large hut, and through the energies of a few of my comrades the operating theatre was made spick and span. By midday everything was ready, and at two-thirty the first lot of about three hundred arrived—mostly wounded cases.

The German doctor who was in charge of the hospital could speak a little English and understood his work. The men who were not wounded were marched to the huts and there locked in, with a sentry at each corner, the wounded being brought to the bunk. What a state they were in! Beards of weeks' growth and faces which had not seen water, it seemed, for as long. What surprised us most was that they all seemed to be suffering acutely from cold. The temperature was certainly a few degrees below zero at the time. Like other people, however, we thought that the Russians were impervious to cold, but even in the summer they wore their great-coats, and even gloves. Through the interpreters we heard the terrible story of their sufferings on the way to Göttingen.

The majority of them were captured on the 8th and 9th of November, at a place just over the Poland frontier, and after being marched inland for five days, they entrained for Göttingen. During the five days' marching they had only two pints of soup per man and one small piece of black bread. Anyone who fell out was never heard of again, and those who had sore feet and attempted to hang behind were prodded with a bayonet, the sentries treating them with terrible cruelty. On arrival at a small siding they were placed in cattle-trucks which were in a filthy condition, as many as sixty men being placed in one truck. For several days they remained in these trucks, their only food being a little black bread and soup. Four guards were placed in each truck, occupying the centre.

During the journey the guards were supplied with plenty of food at the stations, and it was their delight to sit there with their steaming bowls of soup and bread, and taunt the poor starving wretches around them. In one truck four of the Russians, exasperated beyond measure, decided that the next time the guard had food given them they would, by fair means or foul, get some of it. At the next stopping-place the guards were handed a piece of pork and some bread with coffee. The Russians, mad with hunger, pounced upon it. Immediately there was a miniature battle in progress. Guards came rushing from the other trucks and they dashed amongst the Russians with bayonets fixed, stabbing right and left, a body of troops who were on the station joining in the fray. The truck in a few moments was like a shambles. The officer in charge of the train stood by the door yelling. "Kill the swine!" and it seemed as if the whole lot were doomed. An officer of higher authority, however, stopped the fight. No one was killed, but most of the Russians were suffering badly from severe bayonet wounds.

When order was restored, all the men in that truck were ordered to fall in outside and the officer asked who were the ringleaders. They refused to tell him, although he promised them more food. He raved and stormed and swore they would all be shot; but that did not frighten them.

"Very well, then," he said, "I'll make an example." He selected six under-officers and marched them to the end of the platform. He asked them again if they would tell who started the mutiny. They refused point-blank. The officer then gave an order to a *feldwebel* who stood near. He brought up a platoon of his men. The Russians were marched to an open space, shot, and left where they fell.

The officer then walked back to the Russians, who were lined up outside the trucks and had witnessed the whole affair, and said:—

"Six of your comrades have been shot by my orders for mutiny. Should any of you attempt such a thing again, between here and your destination, then the captain has my orders to shoot the whole lot of you. Get in your trucks, you swine." And they proceeded on their journey.

Fourteen long, weary days and nights they travelled thus—little food, no means of washing, and the wounded groaning in agony. Can you wonder that they arrived at Göttingen in a filthy and verminous condition? Every one of them was covered with lice, their cheeks drawn in with hunger, and what was once a smart body of men were now like a hungry pack of wolves.

"They will be marched in by threes, and you will take off their dressings and cleanse the wounds. Any cases for amputation and the seriously wounded will be sent to hospital." Those were the German doctor's orders to us. He stood against the window and went on calmly smoking a cigarette.

The first three were marched in with two interpreters, and our work commenced. As long as I live I shall never forget the terrible sights I saw. The stench from the wounds was horrible, and in a few minutes we were almost as lousy as the Russians themselves. They had on their wounds the same field dressings that had been put on fourteen days before, and had never been removed. The stench was so bad that we asked the German doctor to give us something to smoke. "Smoking is forbidden," was all he said. The room in a few moments stunk terribly, but we stuck to it and in time overcame the nausea which we felt. After we had treated about six cases the German doctor himself turned sick at the sights and smells. He staggered out of the

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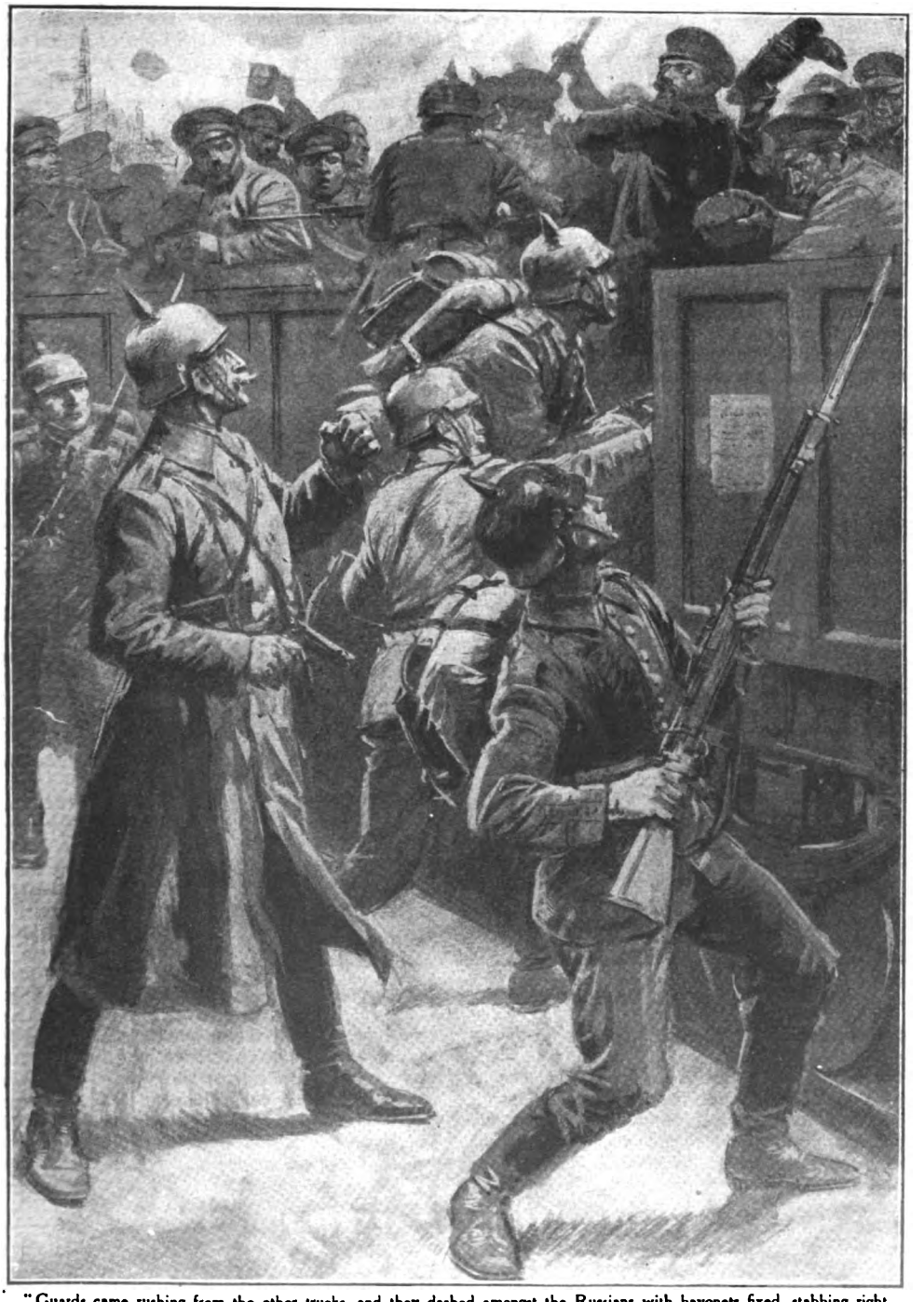

"Guards came rushing from the other trucks, and they dashed amongst the Russians with bayonets fixed, stabbing right and left."

room and told us to carry on. We never saw him again that day. Till twelve o'clock at night we worked on, and then had to cease, as we were completely exhausted.

As we took off the bandages it was nothing to see fingers, toes, and hands drop off. The worst cases we sent to hospital, but they were sent back, the German doctor at the hospital saying they had got enough to do and that we were to attend to them. As one lot was finished,

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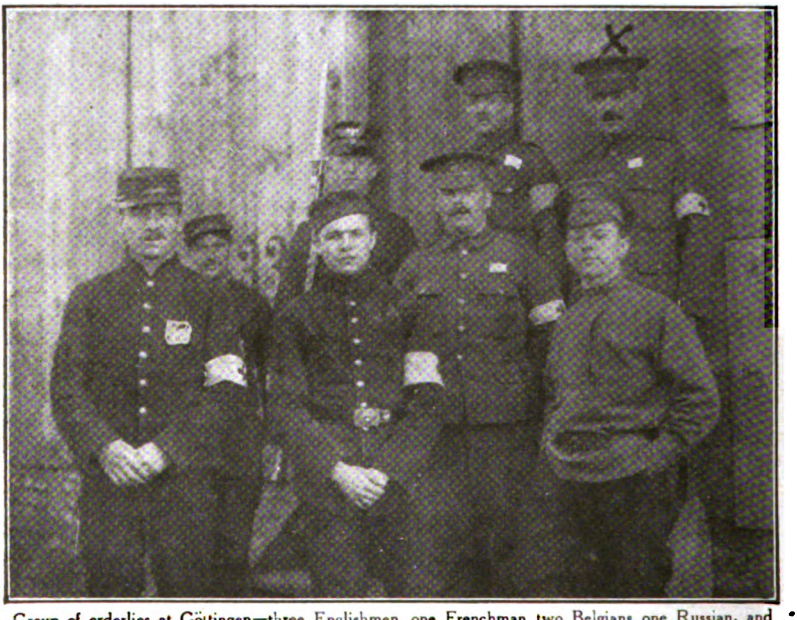
so another lot would arrive. We could not rest until they were all seen to and had had fresh dressings on. The filthy conditions under which we worked were such that I remarked at the time that I should not be surprised if typhus broke out. I little thought how soon we were to be in the midst of that terrible scourge.

No sooner had we finished the last man than we had to start off again, and when they came up for the second dressing they were in almost the same state as they were at first.

At this time there was no fumigating apparatus in the camp. Consequently the Russians had to remain in their verminous condition. Crowded together in their huts, with only one blanket, no paillasses, the temperature below zero, with very little food, you can picture to yourself the terrible condition they were in, and what agony the wounded suffered.



Group of orderlies at Göttingen—three Englishmen, one Frenchman, two Belgians, one Russian, and one German. The Author is indicated with a cross.

During this time all their food consisted of was—breakfast, two hundred grammes of bread, one pint of coffee (no sugar or milk); dinner, one pint of vegetable soup; tea, one pint of barley water or soup. That was all they received in one day. One precaution the Germans did take. They isolated the Russians in the huts east of the promenade, and none of the English, French, or Belgians were allowed to go through their lines.

A few days after their arrival myself and Sergeant Spencer volunteered to go to a medical inspection room, which was opened in the Russian lines. A small bunk was allotted to us in which to work. On the morning of December 20th the first case of typhus was reported, and before the day was out many more, mostly wounded cases, caused through the verminous condition of the wounded. We had the job of going into the huts, of which there were about forty, sorting the typhus cases out, and putting them all together. The hospital was crowded with wounded, so we had to look after them in the camp.

Before the epidemic broke out there were two or more sentries over each hut. They were withdrawn immediately and only one left in possession of the keys for one row, consisting of about six huts. It was our duty to visit each hut every day to attend to the wounded and typhus cases. The German doctor would not accompany us, and he seemed in perfect dread of approaching within yards of the Russians or their huts. For days we had to do our best and do what we thought was proper. No medicines were forthcoming, and to get bandages and disinfectants was most difficult. It made our hearts bleed to see the agony the poor fellows suffered. In the typhus huts when we entered it was heart-rending to hear their cries for food. Food meant their death, however, and we had to harden our hearts against their cries. To pacify them we promised to bring some the next time we visited them. And so it went on day after day. In their delirium they cursed us and called down all sorts of vengeance on our heads. I realize now that we carried our lives in our hands when we entered those huts. We tried to explain that if we gave them food it would kill them, but they didn't believe us, and we were often threatened that if no food was coming on the morrow they would—then they would draw their fingers across their throats, as much as to say that they would cut our throats. The next day would be the same, and soon we got accustomed to being sentenced to death. By this time there were about five hundred cases; and yet the German doctor would not go round with us or even attempt to provide medicine. "Carry on," was all he said to us, and we did our best.

At last the terrible danger so impressed the German doctor and the commandant that they decided something must be done to try to stamp out the plague, more deaths and more cases being reported every day. When the epidemic had been raging three weeks, we had orders that all clothing was to be taken from the Russians and sent down town for

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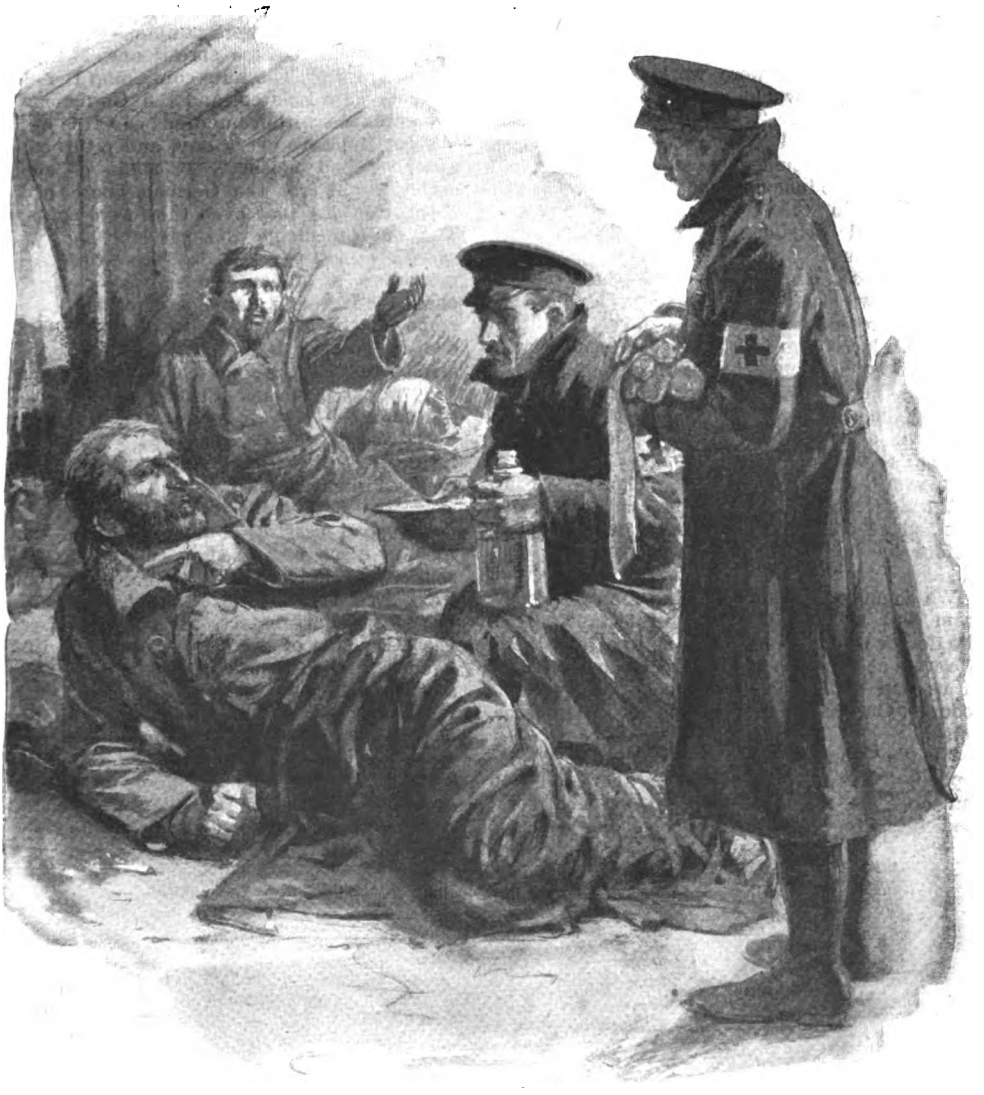

"In their delirium they cursed us and called down all sorts of vengeance on our heads."

fumigation and their huts scrubbed out with a strong disinfectant. For days we worked, taking the clothing off them, and in the majority of cases we had a struggle to get it—for the weather was terribly cold and they had only one blanket for covering. At last we forced the German doctor to get some coal issued, and after a lot of arguing the prisoners were provided with a plentiful supply of coke. This relieved their suffering a lot and they handed over their clothes more willingly. Then their blankets were taken from them. That caused more trouble, but by giving them a little more coke they were able to keep their huts still warmer. In spite of our efforts, however, deaths occurred daily.

As we opened the doors to enter the huts, what a pitiable sight met our eyes. Imagine a room about forty feet square containing sixty-six beds, all the occupants lying stretched out, with no covering whatever, on bare boards, wet with disinfectant, a large fire in the stove, and those who were able to walk about attending and consoling their more unfortunate comrades, who could not help themselves. Our first job each day was to take out the dead, place them on a stretcher, and send them off to the mortuary. Then we dressed the wounded, changing the bandages and dressings when possible. Eventually we were pleased to see that the vermin were getting less and less, until finally we stamped them out altogether. After two months' hard work we could see the result of our labours, and when we went round, instead

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of curses we were met with blessings and friendly greetings by those who had survived this terrible ordeal.

All this time we were working alone. The German doctors would not go anywhere near the isolated huts. "See that they have no food," that is all the instructions we got. Finally the inoculating instruments arrived, and for days we inoculated as many as we could. Each man in the camp, including English, French, and Belgians, was inoculated twice against typhus.

The climax came one night when outside the bunk we stumbled over a Russian doubled up and groaning in fearful agony. We lifted him up, placed him in a room, and sent for the doctor, who happened to be in hospital at the time. When the doctor arrived he bent down to examine the poor fellow. "Gott in Himmel!" he said, and his face went a sickly colour. "What's wrong?" we asked him. "Get him away at once; he's got cholera. Find out which hut he came from and get it disinfected at once! I'll be back in a minute." Before he left the hut the poor fellow had died.

We found out which hut the man had come from and flooded it with disinfectant. Then the doctor refused to go with us to attend them. We were at a loss to know what to do, as neither of us had had any experience of this terrible scourge. On asking the doctor for instructions, he said:—

"Have you disinfected the hut?" We replied, "Yes." "Then that's about all you can do," he said. "What about treatment, medicines, etc.?" we asked.

"Oh, we've got nothing to cure that," he snarled at us. We were powerless.

The terrible disease spread and killed at an alarming rate. The huts containing the cholera patients were isolated, and the Germans would not approach within hundreds of yards of them. We got the keys every day, and returned them after we had finished. It made us smile to see how gingerly the German guard accepted them, thinking that even they were contagious. The only medicine the patients had was an aspirin tablet twice a day, and to break the monotony a quinine tablet was given for a change. It was a daily occurrence for men to come to the medical room and, as we were dressing them, to be taken suddenly ill with serious pains in the stomach. In a few moments they would be dead. Still the German doctor did not come.

Day after day it continued. No medicine; no doctor; little food, and these two dreadful diseases raging around us.

It was practically three months before the danger had passed. During that period every man in camp had been inoculated six times—four times for typhus and twice for cholera. That was the only precaution taken by the Germans. Fortunately, it did not spread to the other side of the camp, where the English, French, and Belgian lines were. Had it done so, it would have been a camp of the dead, for nearly all were in a half-starved, ill-clad, and, in many instances, verminous condition.

It was three months before the Russians were allowed outside the doors of their huts, and then they were not allowed outside their own lines. The medical comforts were restricted

Russian prisoners at Göttingen. Although the men are seen wearing their great-coats, our photograph was taken in the summer.

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so much that sometimes for days we were without them, and it was only by continually pestering the doctor that we were able to get a fresh supply.

In March, 1915, six Belgian doctors arrived, three detailed to our room and three for the English and other nationalities in other parts of the camp. Great credit is due to those Belgian doctors. They worked like Trojans for sometimes ten and twelve hours a day. I do not remember their names—I had to destroy my diary before I left Germany—but should this be read by them, then it may please them to know that what they did in Göttingen will never be forgotten by the three Englishmen who worked with them.

As an illustration of the callousness and neglect of the German doctors I might mention this incident.

One day a Russian complained of a pain in the middle of the back. One of the Belgian doctors examined him and found a bullet by the spine. He sent him to hospital for operation, but he was sent back by the German doctor with the message: "All bosh; there is nothing there." We could see that if that bullet was not removed it might work its way into a vital part and probably kill the man. So after a little discussion we decided to operate ourselves. With the aid of a pocket-knife and a lancet—like a saw—we extracted the bullet. Afterwards we stitched the wound up with a common needle and thread, using plenty of antiseptic. That Russian was, the last time I saw him, in good health, and the wound practically healed in ten days. We had no chloroform or any anæsthetic to give him; but he never murmured during the operation. The bullet is still in my possession, and one of my most valued treasures. That was only one of the many little operations we performed. Another illustration of the brutality of mind of German doctors is afforded by this incident, which I witnessed whilst we were inoculating the English.

A man came forward to the German doctor, his chest exposed, on which was a tattooed head of Queen Victoria. The German pounced on him and with a fiendish laugh plunged the needle straight into the eye of the Queen, remarking as he did so, "Capoot, eh? Bah!" Spitting at the man and saying, "Swine!" he jabbed the needle again into him. The fellow was boiling with rage, and what he called the German raised the doctor's anger so much that he drew his revolver and threatened to shoot him. Ultimately he gave him seven days' strong arrest, to be tied to the post for four hours a day, and kicked him out of the room at the point of the revolver. That is a case like a good many more when "Discretion is the better part of valour." For had that fellow said another word he would have been shot.

I had rather a shock when I heard that the King had honoured me with the D.C.M., for what I was able to do at Göttingen. Needless to say, however, how proud I am of the decoration—a memento of the assistance I was able to render the poor souls who were maimed and murdered by German Kultur.

Police-Inspector's Winter Camp in North-West Canada.

An interesting snapshot sent to us by ex-Inspector Pheault, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, taken during a winter trip on the shores of Moose Lake.

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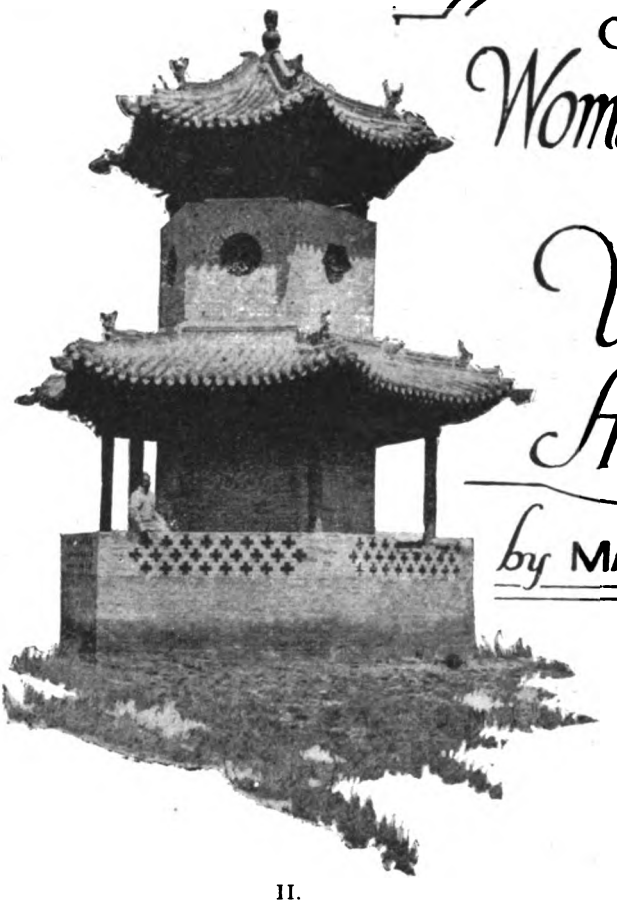

A Woman's Travels in Unknown Asia

by MARY GAUNT

The Author of the following striking articles needs no introduction to "Wide World Magazine" readers. Many will recall her daring journeys, which have appeared in our pages, in the odd corners of the earth. In the spring of 1914 she set out—alone save for an interpreter and her native attendants—to cross Asia. Her scheme was a decidedly ambitious one and led through the great Chinese provinces of Shensi, Kansu, and Sinkiang to Andijan in Asiatic Russia. Everyone declared the feat impossible, but Mrs. Gaunt pluckily stuck to her guns and set forth. In the end she was turned back by robbers, but instead of returning to civilization branched off into the wilds of Siberia, visiting the prison island of Saghalien and sailing up and down the Amur. Although her original programme was not kept, her journey was nevertheless a daring and remarkable one, especially for a woman. She met with many odd experiences and saw many strange sights, which are here described in most entertaining fashion.

II.

ALL the cities in Shansi—and in other parts of China, too, for that matter—close their gates to all strangers when robber bands are afoot, and passports giving one the right to travel in the country and enter the cities are so much waste paper. Between ourselves, I have a feeling they always are in China. I could hardly tell the difference between mine and my agreement with my muleteers, and I have an uneasy feeling that occasionally the agreement was presented when it should have been the passport.

Now, no one could be certain whether the robber, Pai Lang, or "White Wolf," intended to take Lan Chou Fu, but it looked as if that were his object. If he took the city it would be useless my going there, because the bankers would certainly not be able to supply me with money. Then, if he only raided the country round, it would be so disturbed that my muleteers would be bound to take alarm. If they left me—and they certainly would if they thought there was a chance of their mules being taken—I should be done. It would spell finish, not only to the expedition, but to my life. The turn of events decided me to go on to Fen Chou Fu, where there was a big American mission, and see what they had to say about the matter. If then I had to flee, the missionaries would very likely be fleeing too, and I should have company.

And the very next day I had what I took for a warning.

It was a gorgeous day, a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunshine, and I passed many

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Found by the wayside. A dead man wrapped in matting.

things of interest worth photographing. There were some extraordinary tombs, queer monuments, quaint village gateways, and scores of other objects of interest. But I could not photograph them all. Besides, continually getting out of the litter was a nuisance. I generally called upon Tsai Chih Fu to lift me down. I had either to do that or drop down behind the mule's hind-quarters and step out under the shaft.

I had set out full of tremors, but taking photographs of the peaceful scenes soothed my ruffled nerves. I persuaded myself my fears had been born of the night and the dread of loneliness which sometimes overtakes me when I am in company and thinking of setting out alone, leaving kindly faces behind.

And then I came upon it, the first sign of unrest.

The winding road rose a little and I could see right ahead of us a great crowd of people evidently much agitated, and I called to Mr. Wang, my interpreter, to know what was the matter.

He rode forward and came back, saying, "I do not know the word."

"What word?" I replied.

"What is a lot of people and a dead man?"

"Ah!" said I, jumping to conclusions unwarrantably. "That is a funeral."

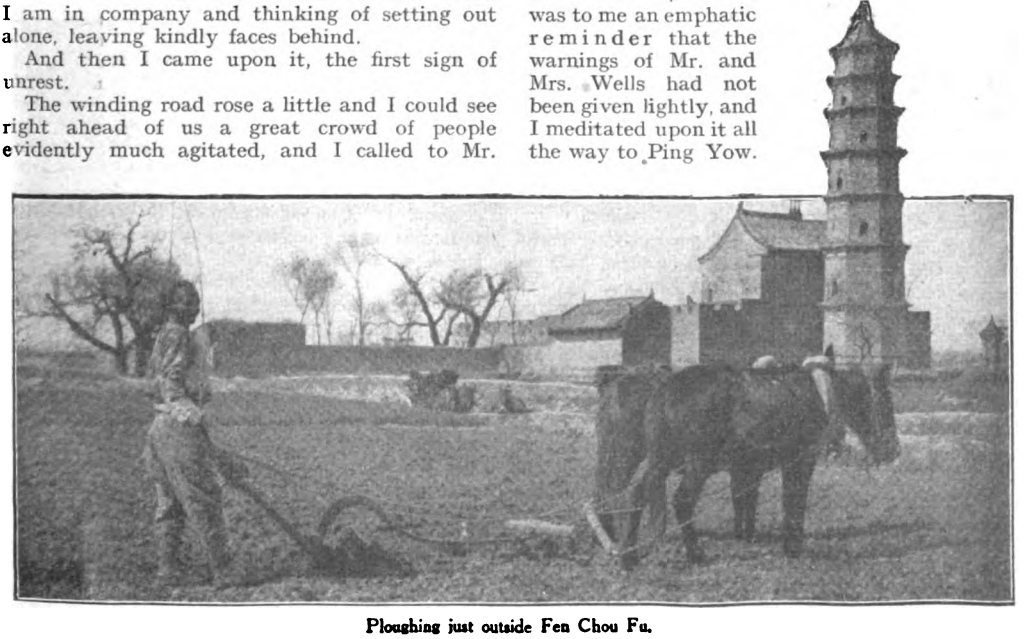
"A funeral!" he said, triumphantly. "Would you like to see it?"

I intimated that I would. My stalwart master of transport lifted me down and the crowded people made a lane for me to pass through, and half of them turned their attention to me, for though there were missionaries in the big towns, a foreigner was a sight to these country people. Then my eyes encountered a gruesome spectacle—a man with his head cut off!

I turned upon Mr. Wang angrily.

"This is not a funeral. That's a corpse—the man has been murdered."

The body had been found the day before, and the people were much troubled about it. Here was the thing the missionaries had warned me against. Trouble, they said, always began by the finding of dead bodies that could not be accounted for, and this body was on the Great South Road. It might only be a case of common murder, possibly due to the bands of soldiers that were pouring into the country to defend the crossings of the Yellow River, but it was to me an emphatic reminder that the warnings of Mr. and Mrs. Wells had not been given lightly, and I meditated upon it all the way to Ping Yow.



Ploughing just outside Fen Chou Fu.

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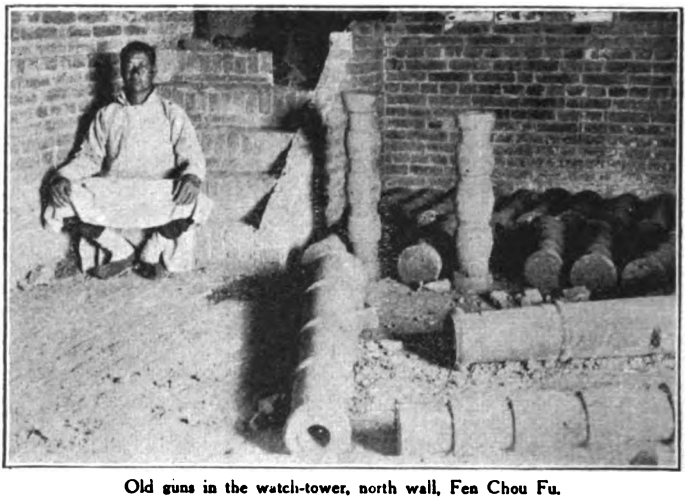
This is a large town set in the midst of a wheat-growing country, and is built in the shape of a turtle. Its walls had many towers upon them. These latter, it seems, were built in memory of the teachers of Confucius. This is the only intimation I have had that he had seventy-two, this being the number of the towers. In addition there were over three thousand small excrescences, like sentry-boxes, in memory of his disciples. I do not know why Ping Yow thus dedicates itself to the memory of the great sage. It needs something to commend it, for it remains in my mind as a bare, ugly, crowded town, with an extra amount of dust and dirt and heat and no green thing to break the monotony.

Despite the unsettled state of the country, I decided to continue and still faced west, and in due course arrived at Fen Chou Fu, where I sought the large compound of the American missionaries—three men and three women from Oberlin College, Ohio. The mission consisted of a hospital, school, and kindergarten, and the whole compound was a flourishing centre of industry.



Old guns in the watch-tower, north wall, Fen Chou Fu.

Fen Chou Fu, unlike T'ai Yuan Fu, is friendly, and has always been friendly to the foreigner; even during the Boxer trouble they were loath to kill their missionaries, and when the order came that they were to be slain, declined to allow it to be done within their walls, but sent them away, and they were killed about seven miles outside the city—a very Chinese way of freeing themselves from blood-guiltiness.

The town struck me as curiously peaceful after the unrest and the never-ending talk of riot, robbery, and murder I had heard all along the road. The weather was getting warm, so we partook of supper on the veranda of Dr. Watson's house, with the lamps shedding a subdued light on the table and the sounds of the city coming to us softened by the distance. One of the missionaries, Mr. Watt Pye, greatly cheered me by assuring me he had been out in the country and there was nothing to fear. The Chinaman as he had seen him had many sins—at least errors of conduct that a missionary counts sin—but, as far as he knew, I might go safely to the Russian border.

Fen Chou Fu is an old town. It was going as a city in 2205 B.C., and it is quite unlike any other I have come across in China. It is a small square city about nine *li* round, and on each of the four sides are suburbs, also walled. Between them and the city are the gully roads leading to the gates. The eastern suburb is nearly twice as large as the main city, and is surrounded by a high brick wall, but the other suburbs have only walls like huge banks of clay. Grass grows on the top, and on my way in I saw a flock of sheep browsing on what are the city walls.

When the Manchus drove out the Mings, the vanquished Imperial family took refuge in this western town and rebuilt the walls, which had been allowed to fall into disrepair, and they set about the job in a fashion worthy of Babylon itself. The bricks were made seven miles away in the hills, and passed from hand to hand down a long line of men till they reached their destination, and were laid one on top of another to face the great clay-bank forty-six feet high that guards the city. According to Chinese ideas, the city needs guarding from other enemies besides robbers and such-like. The mountains to the west and north overshadow it, and all manner of evil influences come from the north, and the people fear greatly their effect upon the town. It was possible it might never get a good magistrate, or that, having got one, he might die, and therefore they took every precaution they could to ward off such a calamity.

So they put up gods in their watch-tower over the gate, and they sit there still, carved figures, a great fat god—if a city is to be prosperous must not its god be prosperous too?—surrounded by lesser satellites. Some are fallen now, and the birds of the air roost upon them, and the dust and the cobwebs have gathered upon them. In a chamber below are rusty old-world cannon flung aside in a heap as so much useless lumber, and, below, all the busy traffic of the city passes in and out beneath the arches of the gateway.

In the gateway are two upright stones between which all wheeled traffic must pass, the distance between these stones marking the length of the axle allowed by the narrow city streets. Any vehicle having a greater length of axle cannot pass in. No mere words can describe the awful conditions of the roads of Shansi, and to lessen as far as possible the chance of an upset the countryman makes his axle very wide, and, knowing this, the townman notifies at his gates

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the width of the vehicle that can pass in his streets. No other can enter.

Besides the gods over the gateway, Fen Chou Fu, owing to its peculiar position under the hills, requires other guarding, and there are two bronze phœnixes in the wall close to the northern watch-tower. I was quite pleased to make the acquaintance of a phœnix, as, though I have read about them, I had never met them before. In Fen Chou Fu it appears that a phœnix is between thirty and forty feet high, built like a comic representation of a chicken, with a long curly neck and a cock's comb upon his head. It would indeed be a churlish evil spirit who was not moved to laughter at the sight. But though the form is crude, on the bronze bases and on the birds themselves are worked beautiful details of a long story. Dragons and foxes and rabbits and many strange symbols that I do not understand come into it, but how they help to guard the city, except by pleasing the gods or amusing the evil spirits, I must confess I cannot imagine.

A close view of one of the bird pedestals, showing the elaborate carving.

Certainly, the city fathers omit the most necessary care; once the walls are finished, the mason is apparently never called in, and they are drifting to decay. Everywhere the bricks are falling out, and when I was there in the springtime the birds of the air found there a secure resting-place. There were crows and hawks and magpies and whistling kites popping in and out of the holes, and carrying in their beaks straws and twigs for the making of their nests. They would be secure, probably, in any case, for the Chinese love birds, but here they are doubly secure, for only with difficulty and by the aid of a long rope could any man possibly reach them.

The ramps up to those walls were extremely steep. It was a heart-breaking process getting on top. But Buchanan and I, accompanied by the master of transport carrying the camera, and often by Mr. Leete, took exercise thereon, for in a walled city there is seldom enough air in the narrow streets for my taste. The climate

Monster birds of bronze guarding the north wall of Fen Chou Fu from the evil spirits of the northern hills. They are phœnixes.

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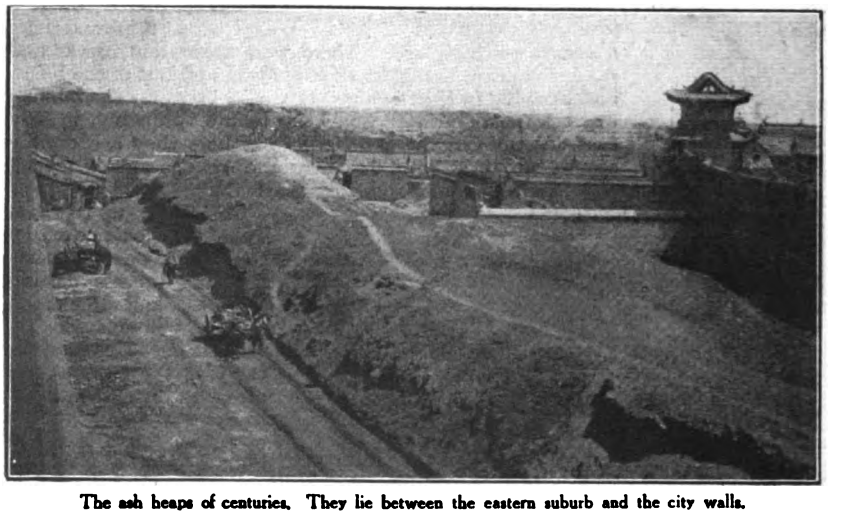
here is roughly summer and winter. In the middle of the day it was very hot, and then at night it would freeze, while the dust rose up from the narrow streets in clouds. A particularly bad cloud of dust generally indicated pigs. In Shantung a man sets out with a herd of pigs and travels them slowly west, very slowly, and they feed along the wayside, though what they feed on Heaven only knows. There are inns solely given over to pigs and their drivers in Shansi, and the stench outside some of those in Fen Chou Fu was just a little taller than the

Types of women in front of the Temple



The ash heaps of centuries. They lie between the eastern suburb and the city walls.

average smell, and the average smell in a Chinese city is something to be always remembered. There were other things to be seen from the top of the wall, too—long lines of camels bearing merchandise to and from the town, donkeys, mules, and carts all churning up the dust of the unkempt roadway, small-footed women seated in their doorways looking out upon the life of the streets, riding donkeys, or peeping out of the tilts of carts. I could see the courtyards of the well-to-do, with their little ponds and bridges and gardens. All the life of the city lay beneath us.

But walls, if often a protection, are sometimes a danger in shutting out the fresh air. The summer rains in North China are heavy, and Fen Chou Fu holds water like a bucket. The only outlets are the narrow gateways, and the waters rise and rise. A short time before I came all the eastern quarters of the town were flooded so deep that a woman was drowned. At last the waters escaped through the eastern gate, only to be banked up by the great ash-heaps, the products of centuries, the waste rubbish of the town, that are just outside the wall of the eastern suburb. It took a long while for those floods to percolate through the gateway of the suburb and find a resting-place at last in a swamp on the other side of that long-suffering town.

There was a great fair in a Taoist temple, and one day Mr. Leete and I, with his teacher and my servant, attended. A wonderful thing is a Chinese fair in a temple. I do not yet understand the exact object of these fairs, though I have attended a good many of them. Whether they help the funds of the temple, as a bazaar is supposed to help a church in this country, I cannot say. A temple in China usually consists of a set of buildings in different courtyards

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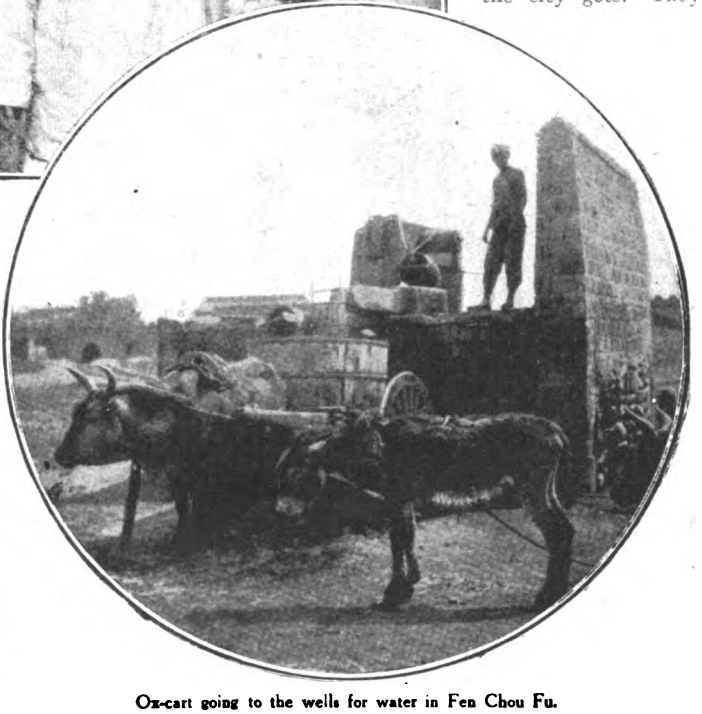
at Fen Chou Fu.

behind some enclosing wall, and these buildings are not only temples to the gods, but living rooms, which are often let to suitable tenants; and, generally speaking, if the stranger knows his way about —I never did—he can get in a temple accommodation for himself and his servants far superior to that offered in the inns. It costs a trifle more, but everything being so cheap the slight increase is nothing to a foreigner.

The Taoist temple the day I went there was simply humming with life; there were stalls everywhere, and crowds of people buying, selling, or merely gossiping and looking on. I took a picture of some ladies of easy virtue with gay dresses and gaily painted faces, tottering about on their maimed feet, and at the same spot, close against the altar of the god, I took a picture of the priest. With much hesitation he consented to stand. He had in his hand some fortune-telling sticks, but did not dare to hold them while his portrait was being taken. However, Mr. Leete's teacher was a bold, brave, enlightened man—in a foreign helmet—and he held the sticks and the two came out in the picture together. I trust no subsequent harm came to the daring man.

There is one institution of Fen Chou Fu which is decidedly utilitarian, and that is the wells in the north-western corner of the city. A Chinaman, I should say, certainly uses on an average less water than the majority of humanity; a bath when he is three days old, another when he is married, while after that he can comfortably last till he is dead, is the generally received idea of his ablutions; but he does want a little water to carry on life, and in this corner of the town are situated the wells which supply the necessary. It is rather brackish, but it is still drinkable, and it is all the city gets. They were a never-ending source of interest to me. They were established in those far-away days before history began—perhaps the presence of the water here was the reason for the building of the town—and they have been here ever since. The mouths of the wells are built over with masonry, and year in and year out have come those self-same carts with solid wheels, drawn by a harnessed ox or an ox and a mule, bearing the barrels to be filled with water. Down through all the ages those self-same men, dressed in blue cotton that has worn to a dingy drab, with a wisp of like stuff tied round their heads to protect them from the dust or the cold or the sun, have driven those oxen and drawn that water.



Ox-cart going to the wells for water in Fen Chou Fu.

While here I attended a wedding. The

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bridegroom belonged to a respectable, well-to-do trading family. He wanted a Christian wife and went to the missionaries. All they could do was to introduce him to a pagan little girl, about eighteen, for whom he paid thirty Mexican dollars, roughly a little under three pounds. In company with the missionaries I went to his house for the ceremony and the feast that was to follow.

The entertainment began about eight o'clock in the morning, but we arrived a little after noon, and we two women, Miss Grace Maccomaughey and I, were ushered through the courtyards till we came to the interior one, which was crowded with all manner of folks, some in festive array, some servants in the ordinary blue of the country, and some beggars in rags who were anticipating the scraps that fall from the rich man's table, and were having tea and cake already. Overhead the sky was shut out by all manner of flags and banners with inscriptions in Chinese characters upon them. Once inside the courtyard we made our way towards the house through a pressing crowd. Opposite the place that perhaps answered for a front door was a table draped in red, the colour of joy, and on the table were two long square candles of red wax with Chinese characters in gold upon them. They were warranted to burn a day and a night, and between them was a pretty dwarf plant quaintly gnarled and bearing innumerable white flowers. That table was artistic and pretty, but to the left was a great pile of coal, and, beside the coal, a stove and a long table at which a man, blue-clad, shaven and with a queue, was busy preparing the feast within sight of all. I could have wished the signs of hospitality had not been so much in evidence. The Chinese cook looked as if he had not been washed since he was three days old, and under the table was a large earthenware bowl full of extremely dirty water in which were being washed the bowls we would presently use.

Wedding-party at Fen Chou Fu. Note the bridegroom in hard felt

Temple roofs as seen from the walls of Fen Chou Fu.

Out came the women of the household to greet us and conduct us to the bridal chamber, dark and draped with red and without any air to speak of. It was crowded to suffocation with women in gala costume, with bands of black satin embroidered in flowers upon their heads, gay coats and loose trousers, smiling faces, and the tiny feet of all Shansi.

We sat on the *k'ang* and waited for the bride. Shortly after four we heard the gongs and music and crackers that heralded her arrival, and we

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hat. The bride is seen standing beside him.

all went out to greet her, or rather to stare at her. First came the bridegroom, and that well-to-do Chinese tradesman was a sight well worth coming to see. He wore a most respectable satin jacket and a very pretty blue silk petticoat; round his neck and crossed on his breast was a sash of orange-red silk, set off with a flaring artificial chrysanthemum of no mean proportions, and on his head, and somewhat too small for him, was —a rare headgear in China—a hard black felt hat. From the brim of that, on either side, rose a wire archway across the crown, on which were strung ornaments of brass, and I am bound to say that the whole effect was striking.

Before the bride came in to be married, out went two women to lift her veil and smear her face with onion. They explained that the bridegroom's mother should do this, but the fortune-teller had informed them that these two women would be antagonistic—which I think I could have foretold without the aid of any fortune-teller—therefore the rite was deputed to two other women, one of whom was the kindergarten teacher at the school. Then, with the teacher on one side, and a lucky woman with husband and children living on the other, down through the crowd came the little bride to her marriage. She was clad in a red robe, much embroidered, which entirely hid her figure. On her head was a brazen crown entirely covering it, and over her face was a veil of thick bright red silk. She could neither see nor be seen. Her feet were the tiniest I have ever seen, they looked about suitable for a baby of twelve months old. The tiny red shoes were decorated with little green tassels at the pointed toe, and had little baby high heels, and though they say these feet were probably false the real ones must have been wonderfully small if they were hidden in the manifold red bandages that purported to make the slender red ankles neat.

Bride and bridegroom took their places in front of the minister, facing the plant and

A priest and teacher outside the Temple at Fen Chou Fu.

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alongside the coals, and it made my back ache to think of keeping any being standing for above a second on such feet. The service began, all in Chinese, of course, though the officiating minister was an American. A couple of hymns were sung. The audience laughed aloud because the bride was married by her baby name, her mother having omitted to provide her with another. The good woman had yearned for a son, so she had called this girl "Lead a Brother."

Half-way through the ceremony the bridegroom lifted the veil. He gave it a hurried snatch, as if it were a matter of no moment, and hung it on one of the projections of the brazen crown, and then he and we saw the bride's face for the first time. They had done their best to spoil her beauty with carmine paint, but she had a nice little nose, and a sweet quivering mouth that was very lovable, and I think the bridegroom, though he never moved a muscle, must have been pleased with his bargain.

When the service was ended she and we, the principal guests, went back to the *k'ang* in the bride chamber; her crown and outer red robe were taken off, all in public, and a small square box containing some of her trousseau was brought in, and every woman and child there in that stuffy little room dived into it and hauled out the silks and embroideries and little shoes and made audible comments on them. It was five o'clock before we went in to the feast. The bridegroom, without the absurd headgear, and his mother, in sober blue silk, came round at intervals and exhorted us to eat plenty.

We had one little saucer each, a pair of chopsticks, and a china spoon such as that with which my grandmother used to ladle out her tea, and they served for all the courses. It was lucky I had had nothing since seven in the morning, or I might not have felt equal to eating after I had seen the cooking and the washing up arrangements. As it was, I was hungry enough not to worry over trifles. What we ate heaven only knows, but much to my surprise I found it very good. Chinese, when they have the opportunity, are excellent cooks

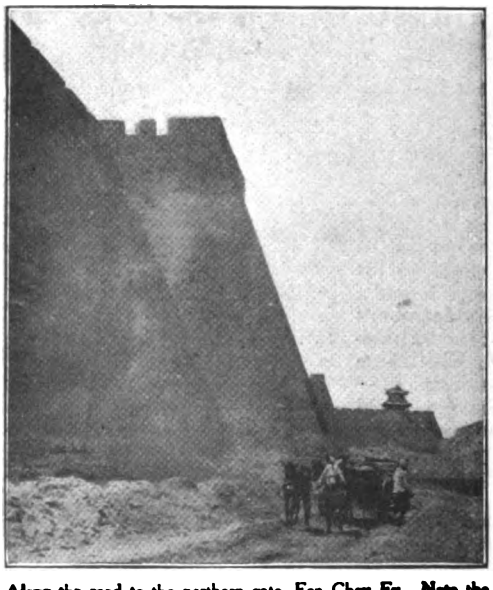
The bride sat throughout the feast on the *k'ang*, her hands—three of her finger-nails were covered with long silver shields—hidden under her lavender jacket, and her plate piled before her, though etiquette required that she should refuse all food. They chaffed her and laughed at her, but she sat there with downcast eyes like a graven image. She was bearing it very well, poor little girl, when Kan T'ai T'ai's cart—I was Kan T'ai T'ai—was announced, and we went home through the streets as the shades of evening were falling.

I had now to see about making preparations for resuming my journey. When my muleteers heard I intended to cross the mountains to the Yellow River they sent the interpreter to me to say we were going the wrong way. The road, they declared, would lead us into a great bare place of sand, and when the wind blew it would raise the sand in great clouds that would overwhelm us. Furthermore, if the clouds gathered in the sky, as assuredly they would, we should not be able to see the sun and the caravan would perish miserably through not knowing in what direction to go. After the interpreter had delivered himself thus, they all stood round to watch the effect it had on me.

I recognized at once that it would not do to give way, while, further, it would be most unwise to travel by way of Hsi An Fu, as first proposed, and which the muleteers still wanted to follow, because of the presence there of the robber White Wolf. When the interpreter informed the muleteers that I intended to carry out my plan and cross the mountains they looked at him very sorrowfully and then turned a sorrowful gaze upon me. Sorrowfully, too, they went away to prepare for the lonely road where there would be no people to ask the way, only sand and no sun.

There was plenty of sun when we started. It was a glorious summer morning when my little caravan went out of the northern gate into the mountains that threatened the town. It was unknown China now—China as she was in the time of the Cæsars, farther back still in the time of the Babylonish kings, in the days before the first dynasty in Egypt. Out through the northern gate we went, by the clay-walled northern suburb, past great ash-heaps like little mountain ranges, the refuse of centuries, their softly-rounded sides now tinged with the green of springtime, and almost at once my caravan was at the foot of the hills—hills carved into terraces by the daily toil of thousands, but looking as if they had been so carved by some giant hand. As we entered them as hills they promptly disappeared, for the road was sunken, and high over our heads rose the steep clay walls, shutting out all view save the bright strip of blue sky above.

(To be continued.)



Along the road to the northern gate, Fen Chou Fu. Note the height of the city walls.

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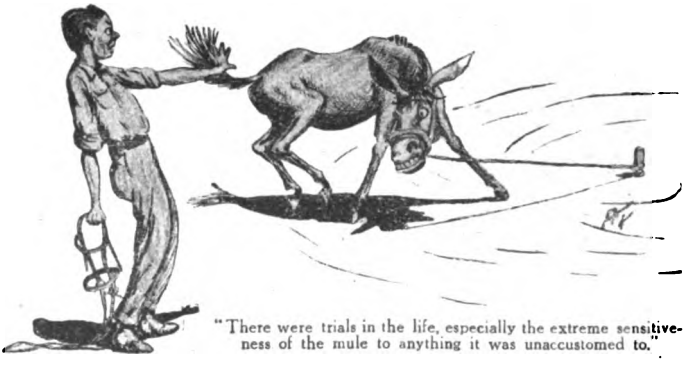
Humours of the East African Campaign.

AS TOLD AND PICTURED BY "A. E. M. M."

I TOLD, some time since, of how I became a signaller in the East African Mounted Rifles, and sallied forth to war.* We were light-hearted in those early days. The short season I spent in training in Nairobi was one of the cheeriest of my life. Nightly we thronged to the cinema—the only amusement-house that Nairobi affords—stamping and cheering when patriotic films were thrown on the screen; for what would have been bad taste in civilian life mattered not now that we were soldiers. Our one fear was that the war might be over at any moment, leaving us with our lust for blood—and conquest—unsatiated.



"There were trials in the life, especially the extreme sensitiveness of the mule to anything it was unaccustomed to."

Of course, there were trials in the life. The extreme sensitiveness of the mule to anything unaccustomed in the matter of equipment, surroundings, and treatment called for the development of all our resource and tact. Of course, we had all encountered mules before, but those selected for this corps of irregulars seemed to be of a peculiarly truculent and opiniated variety. Their idiosyncrasies made "Number Threes" a pastime to be avoided whenever possible, and a scrap of paper, although regarded by the German Chancellor as something to be cast to the wind, could, in conjunction with that element, disturb the equanimity of a whole mule-mounted squadron to an alarming extent, while in negotiating difficult country a mule will invariably choose an insecure pinnacle or the edge of a precipice and there scratch himself.

"A mule will invariably choose an insecure pinnacle or the edge of a precipice, and there scratch himself."

The question of uniform didn't trouble us greatly at that time. Most of us had been Frontiersmen, and, as such, possessed such a heterogeneous collection of tunics, shorts, shirts, breeches, and helmets to choose from that we wore what we considered suited us best. That phase passed, of course; smartness and cleanliness came into fashion and stayed. As to discipline, we did our level best, for we knew well enough that straight shooting

"The idiosyncrasies of the brutes made 'Number Threes' a pastime to be avoided whenever possible."

* "Humours of the East African Campaign." WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, August, 1917.

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"A scrap of paper could, in conjunction with the wind, disturb the equanimity of a whole mule-mounted squadron to an alarming extent."

alone does not make an efficient soldier. But there *were* lapses, of course. I remember an American who joined up with us. He was sent once with a message to an officer of Regulars, and after delivering it, proceeded to walk about the tent with his hands in his pockets, whistling. The officer stood it for a moment or two, then burst out: "Don't they teach you to salute in your regiment, my man?"

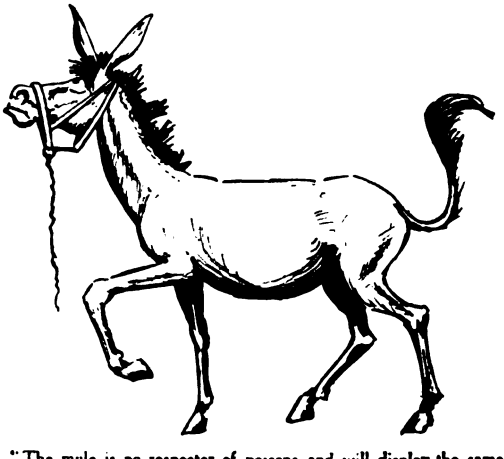
The trooper looked at him in surprise. "Oh, hell, no!" he exclaimed, and walked away.

I have sometimes thought that we must have tried the patience of our officers nearly as badly as the mules tried ours. We had, at least, one thing in common with our mounts, for the mule is no respecter of persons, and will display the same independence of spirit to a brigadier as to the humblest camp-follower!

Even at headquarters levity was, in those early days, not unknown. A message that passed through mystation from an Intelligence Officer who was "pussy-footing" over the border ran as follows: "Man with large white umbrella seen riding on veldt. Three miles N.E. of —— proceeding in S.W. direction. Ak. Ak. Ak. Who do you suggest this can be? Ak. Ak. Ak."

To which Headquarters frivolously replied: "Suggest George Robey." But it was only Signaller J——, who saw nothing incongruous in riding out to war in comparative comfort!

"The question of uniform didn't trouble us, and we wore what we considered suited us best."



"The mule is no respecter of persons, and will display the same independence of spirit to a brigadier as to the humblest camp-follower!"

When we had finished our training in Nairobi we signallers were sent out on to the veldt, in order to keep in touch with the Intelligence men over the border. We were much elated at getting a start of the Army, and left with our minds full of signal stations defended to the last cartridge, of defeated Huns, and large quantities of loot. We were stuck all over with combination knives and forks, patent mess-tins, and other bulky and useless stuff, and the "Scotch carts"—two-wheeled things like the Indian bullock gharries—

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"Signaller J—— saw nothing incongruous in riding out to war with a large white umbrella."

groaned under a burden of bottled beer. As there was no road, and some of the journey was made over a rolling country cut with *dongas* or ravines, it seemed impossible to take a Scotch cart along with us, but we did it. It was easy to get the cart down the ravines, because it usually overturned and rolled down by itself; the fun lay in getting it up. Not that this, nor anything else, mattered. We were in glorious spirits, for were we not soldiers, going out to fight in an exhilarating and romantic war! We had fought the whole campaign out at Nairobi street corners, and we knew just and how it was going to go.

The party split up into three, part of it moving on into the hills, to form a transmitting station. They slept in a *donga* and discovered next morning that the next *donga* had been occupied by a patrol of Germans. They went up on to a kopje and tried to signal the news to us, but their luck was out, for there was no sun, and it was late afternoon before they got through. A squadron of E.A.M.R. came flying through our post, and another approached the transmitting post from another direction. In the end it was discovered that the Germans had stolen the Intelligence man's "chop-box" and all his whisky, and had gone quietly home. In those early days we had several happenings of the kind, and it sometimes seemed asthough the enemy had no intention more malevolent than to keep us streaking over hot country with holes in it.

They kept us streaking over hot country with holes in it."

"We had fought the whole campaign out at Nairobi street corners."

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The Reds of the Maranoa.

By S. A. BEATTIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY COLLER.

"This story of two cattle-rustlers or thieves and their tragic end," writes the Author, "was told to me by the constable concerned. The capture of the stolen cattle, the shooting of the older man, and the death of his son are all recorded in the annals of the Queensland Constabulary. I have purposely altered the names of the principal characters. Otherwise the story is absolutely true."

THE question, which had come again and again to his lips, but which for some inexplicable reason had been held back so long, was at last blurted out.

It had taken Jack Burton months of rehearsal to frame it in a satisfactory manner. He had practised it on the quiet, and it was at last so perfect that it was calculated to touch the heart of any girl.

But now, when the time had come, he had forgotten what to say; words would not come to him and his speech was as characteristically awkward as it was sincere.

Lorna did not drop her head in affected shyness nor pretend to show surprise; she was far too honest and frank for that.

Her large brown eyes flashed into his, her arms went round his neck and she was tightly held in his—and so her reply was given—and then interruption.

A knock summoned her to the door.

"Is Jack here, Miss Rafton?" the chief of police inquired, as the door was opened to him.

Lorna flushed just a little, but Burton relieved her by coming to the door himself.

"Halloa, chief, what now?" he greeted his senior. The chief seemed a little concerned about something.

"I want you, lad," he said, beckoning the young constable aside. Then, after a few hasty words, he hurried him across to the stockyard.

A few minutes later Burton turned and waved a hand to the girl who stood watching him, wondering.

"Don't suppose I'll be long," he called to her when he had swung into his saddle. "But if I'm not back to-night, I'll be along as soon as possible."

She wished him good luck and watched the two ride together along the straight red road cleaving its way through a vast scrub of sandalwood and pine until they were lost to sight over the range beyond. A thrill of joy shook her youthful form as she ran through the house to acquaint her father with the news of her happiness.

The chief got to business straight away.

"Jack, I've got some work for you," he began. "There's been some more rustling (thieving) going on and it's got to stop, or we'll have everyone poking mullock (fun) at the force."

"I see, and I've got to stop it, eh?" Burton laughed.

"You've got to *try*. I'll give you full particulars when we get to the station, and you can get moving as soon as you like. You'll have three others and a black fellow to assist you."

"Where are they operating now?"

"South Burgora lost a mob last night. Don't know how many, but the boss reckons close on a hundred."

"South Burgora! That's 'W. & J.,' isn't it?" Burton asked.

"Yes, that's the brand, but the old man seems to think they're all young beasts; they're backward with their branding this year; haven't branded for two years, in fact, and you'll probably find the mob that's been rustled is made up of clean-skins."

They soon arrived at the police-station, and within half an hour the two reappeared at the door. Burton threw the reins on his horse's neck and mounted.

"I'll make straight for South Burgora and pick up what I can from the old man. Wish me luck!"

"That'll be your best plan. Good luck, my boy!"

The old chief threw out a parting salute as the young constable disappeared.

"If anyone can stop this rustling it's Jack Burton," mused the chief as he turned away, feeling more at rest now that a reliable representative of the law was on the track.

The first faint flush of grey told that it was dawn. Two men sat over a small camp fire waiting for the water to boil in their "quart-pots" for the breakfast tea. Anxiously they surveyed the objects gradually taking shape around them.

A substantial "junk" of corned beef and a not much less substantial "damper" (bread)

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were laid out on sheets of newspaper on the ground.

Two swags containing only those things absolutely necessary for the "track" were strapped securely to the pommels of their saddles, which in turn were propped against the roots of a leaning coolibah.

A few yards away two thoroughbred horses, hobbled and belled, were grazing together on the long green grass that clothed the country for hundreds of miles. Four cattle-dogs crouched or stood attentively watching their masters' every movement and expectantly licking their chops in anticipation of their share to come.

When the scene became more vivid, it was seen to include, at a little distance away, a small mob of young cattle, a few standing, the remainder lying, and all leisurely chewing the cud.

"We'll have to push close on thirty miles to-day," the elder of the two men muttered, as they proceeded with breakfast.

"Yes," returned the other.

The two men who had just spoken were the "Reds of the Maranoa," father and son, well known by that name and unknown by any other. Silent workers they were indeed, for notwithstanding their constantly practised occupation no one guessed but that they were honest men of the bush.

They were men of few words, and nothing further passed between them until they moved out behind the mob, when the elder man spoke again.

"We'll cut straight across through this sandalwood and take the Maranoa at the Wilbur Crossing. We ought to do it and get clear of the river before it gets too hot to travel."

To all his son replied with a nod.

He was a fine stamp of young manhood, Harry Red, a model of physique, quick-witted, and, though quiet and kindly to others, a man absolutely devoid of fear.

It was indeed a pity, specially for Harry, that he had not been trained to make better use of his faculties, but this present shady groove of life in which he found himself he owed to his father.

Apart from physical appearance (in which their relationship was unmistakably evident, both being big-framed, broad-shouldered men, passably handsome, of even height, and possessing hair of the same deep red tinge) they were in character and nature as vastly different as men could be; yet it would be difficult to find two men more true to one another. For years they had "ridden" through life together, sharing each other's misfortunes and triumphs, and never had they quarrelled or one doubted the other.

Cattle-rustling had for the past twelve years constituted their means of livelihood, and yet it never had occurred to either that his life was being ill-spent. They were happy, contented, and the adventurous life, with its excitement and fascination, never failed to appeal to them, so that the old game was kept up and became part and parcel of their existence.

Hour after hour they pressed silently on, urging the mob to the utmost with dogs and whip. The country was varied, from barren clay-pan covered with wiry lignum to rich fertile country heavily timbered with box, coolibah, ironbark, gum, ballah, wilga, and pine, interspersed by treacherous gilgais spread with brigalow as thick as it could stand.

The great heat of the day had not begun to make itself properly felt when the river was reached, and it was hoped that they would be well over the other side before the heat was too intense.

But now a great and unexpected obstacle arose—the Maranoa was in high flood. To attempt a crossing was madness, and both men agreed to turn the mob up-stream along the bank in hopes of finding a shallower, if necessarily a wider, crossing.

This they did, and an hour later they arrived at a place where the banks were a quarter of a mile apart, but on trial it was found to be hardly a swim at any part.

The Reds each selected a beast, threw it, and made a rope fast about the horns.

Harry reproached his father for picking so big a beast and advised him to let it go and take a more manageable animal, but Old Red would not hear of it.

Leaving the mob in charge of the dogs the two proceeded to cross the stream, dragging the unwilling cattle after them.

Meanwhile Jack Burton had set out from South Burgora with his three white companions and the black tracker, "Diamantine Billy," who hailed from that West Queensland river which gave him his name.

After a diligent search through a thickly-timbered paddock, pear-infested, and over thirty thousand acres in extent, they cut the trail of a mob of cattle with horse-tracks following them. The ground was freshly softened by rain and the plain trail was easily followed, so that no delay was caused and the pursuit pressed at the greatest possible speed.

Half-way across the river Old Red began to experience trouble.

The terrified beast pulling at the rope began to plunge and rear in frantic efforts to escape.

Harry laughed good-humouredly at the spectacle of his father with all grim seriousness hanging on to the leading-rope and trying to urge his horse forward at the same time. Time after time he was all but pulled from the saddle. All around the muddy torrent surged and foamed about the group, while steadily the combined efforts of the current and the furious plunging of the beast on the leading-rope tended to drag them down-stream, where the depth was greater and became a menace even to an unencumbered rider.

"Stick to him, Red!" his son called. His laughter had ceased and the serious side of his parent's predicament began to dawn upon him.

At that moment something caused him to look behind, and as he glanced over his shoulder he saw to his surprise that the mob on the farther side were charging in a headlong stampede along the river bank.

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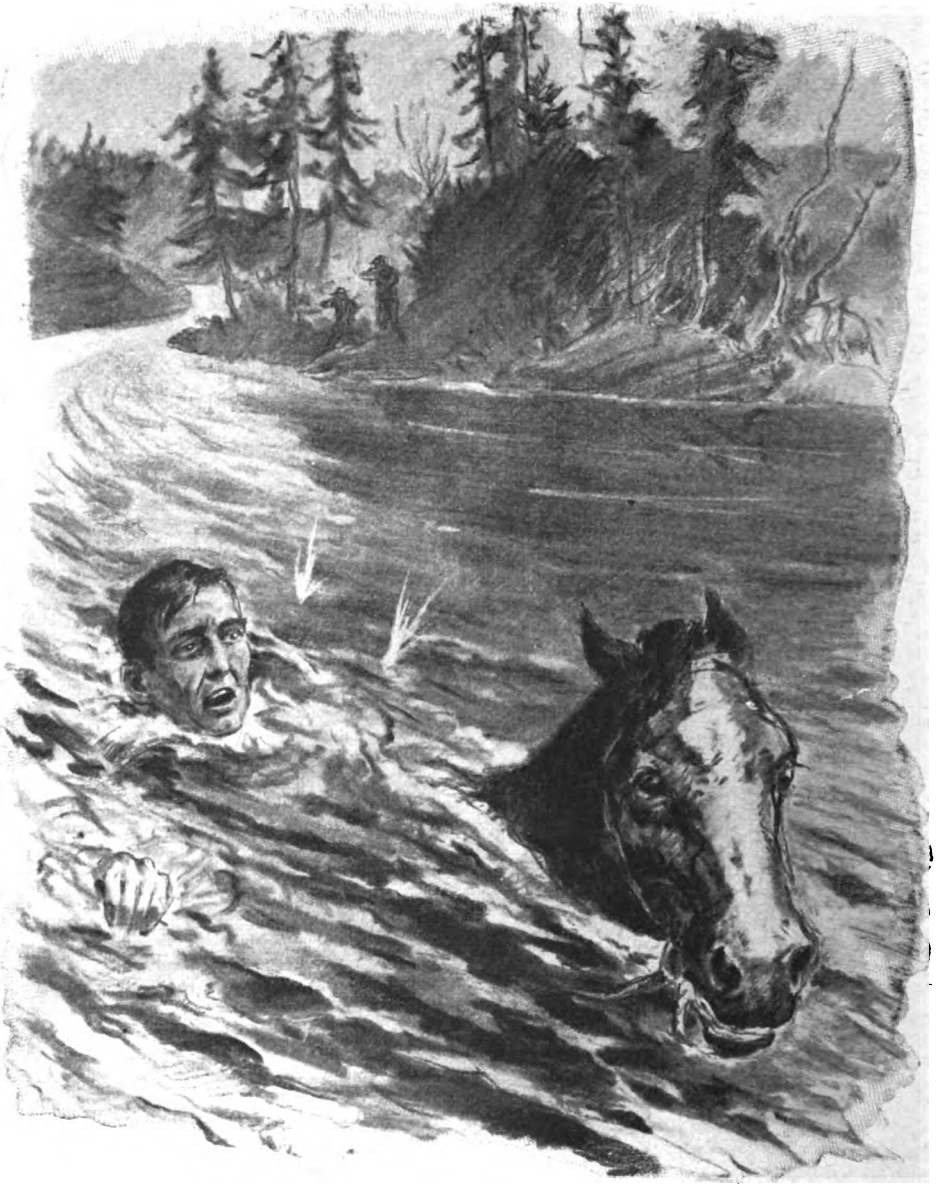

"Around him the surface of the water was spattered with bullets."

At the same moment he heard the cracks of rifles, and above the noise of the rushing water a yell from his father brought his attention to that direction.

The old man's horse reared, staggered for an instant, and plunged out of sight.

"Hands up!" came from the farther side. But Harry paid no heed. In the middle of a raging flood, far out of his depth, his father was struggling helplessly for life, while beyond him the dead carcass of the horse he had ridden was being swept headlong down the stream.

Relinquishing his hold on the leading-rope Harry headed his horse down-stream, making for the deepest part, where, once out of his mare's depth, the strong current swept him on. Slipping from the saddle he clung to the mare's tail. Around him the surface of the water was spattered with bullets. One had passed through the flesh of his arm, and his mare too had received a wound. He passed his hand down her flank and seized her leg. Taking a long breath he drew himself under.

When he again rose to the surface they had

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been carried out of range and out of sight of their pursuers, and the distance that separated him from his father had diminished. Presently they were abreast and a strong swirling undercurrent brought them together.

As the old man clutched at the mare's tail Harry had pulled himself forward by the stirrup and slid on to the mare's back. He released the spare saddle-rope and with an "iron" for a weight improvised a bolas. All the while they were being swept down-stream toward a bend in the river, and in this Harry saw salvation. From the nearest bank at the bend a large gum-tree leaned out nearly to mid-stream, for they had left the wide crossing far behind and now the river was deep and narrow.

As they approached the tree, the young rustler raised himself in his saddle and with all the strength he could muster swung the rope round his head in ever-increasing circles, until close enough to effect a fastening of the rope. As the iron sailed out the old man muttered an oath of thanksgiving. The rope passed over a stout limb overhanging the bank, and the iron twisted round and round, holding fast. As the line tightened, the other end being fast to the saddle-tree, the mare was swept from the depths of mid-stream into the shallow water at the eastern bank and the force brought her to her knees, dragging the two men with her.

When they had scrambled up the bank Harry left his father with the mare and climbed to the topmost branches of a near-by gum-tree to search the country for signs of their pursuers, but apparently they were far away.

When he reached the ground he felt singularly weak, and as he sank on the grass consciousness left him for the first time in his life.

Jack Burton had left the rustlers for dead. It had been thought, when Harry drew himself under the water, that he had been shot and had sunk, never to rise again alive.

The cattle were rounded up and taken back to their owner.

With a light heart Burton returned to headquarters, to furnish his report.

The old chief shook him warmly by the hand.

"It was a piece of good work, my lad, getting the cattle, even if the men did get away, but from what you tell me I think you're right in reckoning they're accounted for. No idea who they were, eh?

"Not the slightest, chief. They were a good distance off, and their hats covered their faces, so that I couldn't get a glimpse of them at all. I've brought their swags back; they had carried them across first, evidently, but there's no clue even in them."

When he had told his senior all he knew, Burton hurried across to the hotel in Surat, where Lorna Rafton was staying.

It might have been better had Burton been able to get a sight of the Reds; then, perhaps, all that was to happen might have been avoided.

Arriving in Surat, after they had recovered from their wounds and exhaustion, the two put up at the hotel, the only one in the place, where Lorna was staying.

It must not be thought that because they were cattle-rustlers by "profession" the Reds of the Maranoa advertised the fact by the clothes they wore. To meet either of them when "off duty," or, as they themselves put it, when "there was nothing doing," one would be more inclined to mistake them for brother squatters. The name "*Old* Red," given to the senior, was only to distinguish between the two; he was, in appearance, not more than thirty-five years, or ten years younger than he really was.

During their stay in Surat the two men became acquainted with Lorna Rafton, and, as was the case with most men of that lady's acquaintance, the inevitable happened. So naturally pleasant and charming to everyone, strangers and friends alike, she was unable to prevent the calamity that occurred. Her natural courtesy was often mistaken for manifested affection. Perhaps it was that men looked so eagerly for the slightest condescension from this charming creature that they imagined a great deal more than what was really said or done. Be that so or not, the fact remains that both the Reds felt a great change had come over them. For Old Red Lorna had a strong fascination, and for Harry something deeper. But neither credited the other with the thought or feeling, and so they floundered blindly on, each keeping his own secret, and each ignorant of the fact that she was already engaged to Constable Burton.

Eventually things became more serious, and one evening in the hotel drawing-room Harry found his way to her side. For some time he spoke of things of every day, of the weather, and of the coming and departing of the coach (the only thing there really was to talk about in Surat). But later, when he thought he had gained a foothold, he launched out—and fell.

If Burton's speech on the eve of his departure for the capture of the rustlers was awkward, Harry's was worse. Of course, he was refused. He was sorry, he said, but would "leave her to it," in hopes that she might come to think differently later on.

There was no doubt that Harry loved her. He was honest in his heart and, except for his "profession," there were few faults to find in him. To prove that the girl's influence had had its effect upon him, he did next what he had never in his life done before.

Leaving the old man, he departed for a place near St. George to take up a contract of honest hard work. Why he did this he did not know, nor did he dare to ask himself, but at least he would return to his father and boon companion whenever the job was over.

A week had passed.

Old Red's fascination had grown strong, not transformed to love, because he knew no love in his life. And yet without love in his heart, with only this fascination, he too had proposed to Lorna Rafton, with the same result as experienced by Harry.

But here was shown the difference in the natures and characters of father and son.

When the proposal was made they were alone in the drawing-room of the hotel. At first he

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pleaded, thinking, no doubt, that he might win her with his tongue, over which he had poor control. But when he found this was of no avail he seized her roughly in his powerful arms and forced her face to his in an attempt to kiss her.

Her screams were heard through the hotel, and though the man had disappeared before anyone arrived he knew that it

"Before she had a chance to escape he had drawn up alongside."

was no longer safe for him to remain in the town.

A week later, however, the two met again. Lorna was driving alone to Danga, a neighbouring station, to visit her cousins. When half-way between Surat and St. George, on the main Surat—St. George road, she was overtaken by a single horseman, who proved on approach to be none other than "Old Red of the Maranoa."

The girl lashed at her horse, but it was useless. Before she had a chance to escape he had drawn up alongside. Seizing her in his powerful right

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arm he lifted her bodily from the sulky and disappeared in the thick pine scrub at the roadside.

The frightened horse, taking the sulky with him, galloped along the road. As he passed the mail station, Burton, who had come out to take charge of a prisoner who was being brought up from St. George, recognized the turnout and, charging the people of the station to harness up a buckboard and drive up the road in case someone was hurt, vaulted into his saddle and followed the track back up the road whence the sulky had come, to a spot where, judging from the markings on the ground, something unusual had happened. From here a horse-track turned into the scrub, and he followed it.

The trail now was not so distinct and his progress was slow, but soon he discerned ahead a something white on the ground. He dismounted and stealthily approached. He could hear a rough threatening voice and a faint half-smothered cry. When he had drawn close enough to see, he recognized the two. At the same moment his horse whinnied, and at the sound the man leapt aside to take cover behind some trees. In so doing he exposed himself for an instant, and in that instant Jack Burton's revolver flashed out. When the smoke had cleared, the form of Old Red was revealed, lying motionless on the ground.

As Burton hurried to the side of the girl a second shot was fired. His leg gave under him, and he fell forward, half checking a cry of pain. Again he lifted his revolver to shoot; but it was too late—the man had disappeared. The girl was unhurt, and she herself drove the constable to the hospital at St. George, where his wound was seen to and soon put right.

Meanwhile, Old Red, though fatally wounded, found his way to his son's camp, and in his dying breath told how he had been shot by Jack Burton, who had found him in the hotel drinking after hours. He charged his son to take vengeance, and with this lie on his lips he died.

During Burton's stay in hospital Harry Red, filled with the lust of vengeance for his father's death, was scouring the country for him.

At the time of Burton's marriage in Surat to Lorna Rafton he was in Bolton township, and immediately he learned of the constable's whereabouts he hastened to the scene.

In their little cottage on the outskirts of Surat, Lorna and Jack Burton sat one evening talking over the incident, never suspecting that at the open window at which they sat, concealed behind a lace curtain, a man stood, revolver in hand, in readiness to shoot, and to shoot to kill.

"His son went to work near St. George a fortnight before," Lorna was saying. "I live in dread of that Old Red, as they call him."

"You need not be afraid, my dear; Old Red will never trouble you again. A suspicious piece of turned-up ground was discovered near his son's camp and was found to contain his remains."

Lorna was silent for a moment before she spoke again.

"It was an act of God's providence that brought you to me in time, dear. When he dragged me out of the sulky into that scrub, I thought the end had come. He would never have left me alive, I'm sure of that; in fact, he told me so just when your horse gave you away. Your bullet hit him in the cheek. I saw the mark when he fell."

Harry had listened with straining ears to every word, and when he had heard the whole story he slunk away.

This revealing of his father's true colours proved a shock from which he never recovered.

All that night he plodded blindly along the road, his mind in chaos, until he fell from sheer exhaustion.

A traveller approaching Bindle's Pub. on the following morning was stopped by a swagman with red hair.

"Got a pocket-knife, mate?" the swagman asked.

The horseman handed him the knife.

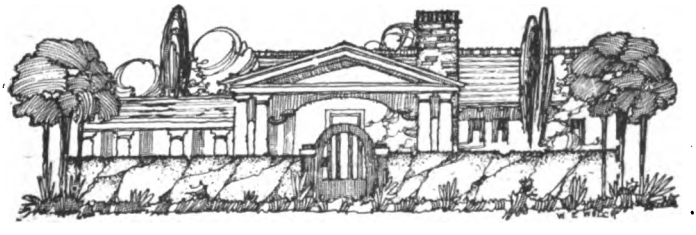
"Come in and have a drink?" he asked, nodding his head to Bindle.

"No, thanks," said the swagman, "but if you're going in there you can have the knife when you come back."

"Right-o," and the horseman crossed the road to the hotel.

On his return he found his knife and discovered the horrible nature of the work it was required to do—the younger of the two Reds had committed suicide.

On his body was found a crumpled piece of paper on which the dead man had scrawled an account of his visit to Jack Burton's cottage and what he had overheard. "I meant to kill him," it concluded, "but Jack Burton is innocent, and the old man's deception is more than I can bear."



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A Couple of Pirates

as related by Dr. Martin and set down by HUGH THOMASON

Illustrated by W. E. Wigfull.

"Dr. Martin," writes the sender of this narrative, "is a surgeon in the U.S. Navy, to which service I also am attached. He served with us in Honduras during the Nicaraguan War, and was as true a sport as ever fired a Mauser or wielded a scalpel. He would fight all day and fix up the wounded at night. I knew he had got into difficulties after the war, and one evening he told me what had happened, and the following story is the result. I afterwards verified it from his companion, and can thus vouch for its accuracy."

IT happened after the Nicaraguan War. As you know, a few of us, thirsting for further excitement and novelty, decided to remain in the country. Wehde and I were offered by the Nicaraguan Government the post of collector of customs at two of the coast towns. Wehde was stationed at Tela and I at McConico, ten miles to the eastward of him, at the mouth of the Colorado River. As you know, the coast line of Honduras runs almost directly east and west, commencing at Cape Gracias-a-Dios on the east, and ending at the Gulf of Amatique on the west.

A small sloop would start once every quarter from Trujillo and collect the quarterly accumulations from each port for transportation to Puerto Cortez, whence it was sent by rail thirty-five miles to Pimento, thence by pack-mules to Tegucigalpa, the capital, high up in the mountains, eighty miles away to the southward.

Our salary was magnificent, the only trouble being that we never received any of it. Month after month rolled away, but nothing but promises came our way. The head man of our district was a small three-quarter Indian, whose name and title was General Juan Francisco Bonito. Nothing in the shape of money escaped him. All was fish that came to his net.

One day, coming to the conclusion that we were destined never to draw any pay, we framed a plan for paying ourselves. It was this. When the sloop came along at the end of the quarter with cash on board from the other ports, and stopped at Tela, we would take her over, run her up to the British town of Belize, pay ourselves, and then let her go back.

In due time the *Juanita* dropped her "mudhook" inside of Cape Triunfo. The crew consisted of Captain Esteban Aula and three men, one of whom cooked when he was not working. The fat palmetto sacks of Mexican dollars were guarded by a Teniente and six soldados, armed with the old-fashioned ·45 calibre Remington rifles. The clothing worn by the entire guard would not wad a shot-gun.

"According to a prearranged plan they started a game of monte."

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"We invited them over the side for a swim ashore."

We prepared for action by hiring a couple of bravos to go with us—Jesus de Garcia and Panchito Robles were their names; villains good and true. The tide was at the flood and the *Juanita* was tugging at her anchor-chain as if anxious to get away. Our customs receipts were aboard and all was ready for the *coup*. With our two myrmidons we went on board prepared for action. Jesus and Panchito, according to a prearranged plan, started a game of monte in the cabin. Soon all that were not engaged were interested spectators, watching the greasy cards slip from the pack and form little piles in front of the dealer. "Carambas" filled the air as the fortunes of the players hung in the balance, and the winnings and losses passed from hand to hand.

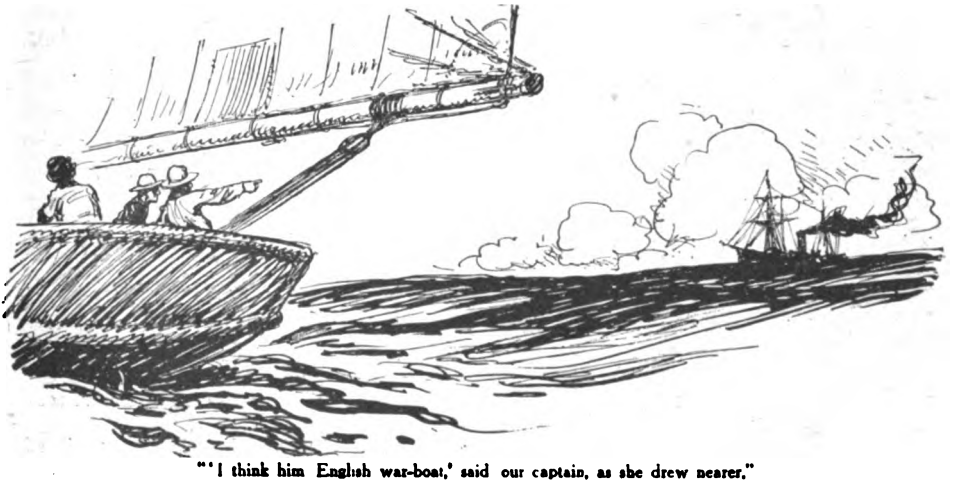
Wehde and I now began to make a collection of fire-arms, which were lying around on the deck or leaning against the rails. The soldiers of the guard were disarmed, but they were not aware of it yet. We called the captain and his seamen up, and then levelled our carbines at the gang below, at the same time telling Jesus and Panchito to climb out and come on deck. We told the soldiers what had happened to them, and advised them to keep quiet. We battened down the hatches over them and soon got under way for the north-west.

It was our intention to reach Belize, and from there take passage to New Orleans, as Belize was the stopping-place for the New Orleans and New York boats.

Outside the harbour we threw all the fire-arms overboard except our own.

It became so hot that I was afraid that the soldiers battened below would smother, so we had the hatches opened and told them to come up, which they lost no time in doing. They certainly bore the marks of their confinement. We invited them over the side for a swim ashore, the land not being very far away. This was no hardship for them, as they all swam like ducks. This act of humanity was our undoing, as they at once notified the Honduranian authorities, who telegraphed to Belize and set the British gunboats looking for us.

One hundred miles to the north was our goal, and the *Juanita* behaved like the little lady that she was as she skimmed along like a hungry gull. I never saw so many islands in all my life as we encountered along the coast of British Honduras. We ran in a channel between these islands and



"'I think him English war-boat,' said our captain, as she drew nearer."

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the mainland, having no thought that we were being sought as pirates of the Spanish Main.

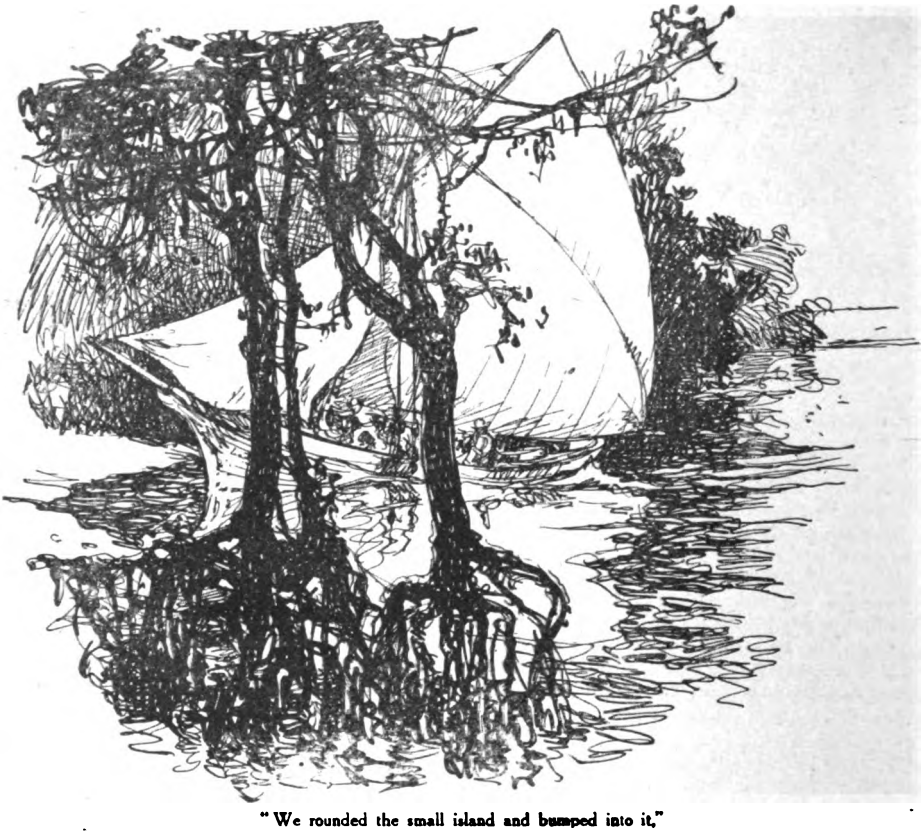
We now told the captain and crew that we were only collecting what was due to us, and that they should come in for an equal share of the money. This pleased them immensely, and from this time on we were as brothers. I am sure that they, as well as ourselves, had never been paid by the Government in all their public career.

Off the mouth of the Sibun River we saw a small steamer approaching us from our outboard quarter.

We rounded the small island and bumped her into it. She cut into the soft white sand like a knife and lay over on her side, quietly at rest. The gunboat came hard behind us, but not expecting us to do this passed right on, tearing through the sea like mad.

"Don't worry," said Wehde; "she will come back all right. Let us hurry and get this silver ashore and hide it before she doubles on her course, which she is going to do as soon as she clears that point of land over there. She thinks we are behind it."

We worked like Trojans in the tropical heat, getting the palmetto bags out of the cabin and



"We rounded the small island and bumped into it."

"I think him English war-boat," said our captain, as she drew nearer. "Maybe he want us. No like for us to have plenty money."

Then the situation dawned upon us. We changed our course; so did the steamer.

No matter which way we went, she was right after us, and the small black hull kept getting closer and closer.

Presently "bang" went a one-pounder, and the shot came skipping along over the green sea like a flat stone on a pond.

"If we are caught with all this money, nothing could save us," said Wehde.

"Stick her nose into that bunch of mangroves, on that island over there, Esteban," said I.

through the mangroves to the island, where we planted them in a depression among the land crabs, causing great consternation among the inhabitants. This was the hardest and quickest work that I had done for years. It was equal to a Turkish bath. As luck would have it the tide was coming in all the time and the *Juanita* was already floating, so we put to sea at once to get as far from the spot as we could before the Britisher hove in sight again. We did not try to avoid her now. Sure enough, back came the gunboat and we surrendered to her unconditionally.

The captain abused us like a couple of pickpockets, instead of like the two real pirates

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"We got the bags through the mangroves to the island, where we planted them in a depression."

which he said we were. He told us that we would be hanged and that it served us right.

We were taken on board the gunboat, handcuffed, and our legs clamped in irons. They were different from those used in the American Navy. Presently another officer came up, a tall angular individual, who sported an eye-glass and a *blasé* look.

"I say, old chap," he shouted to the captain, "don't worry over these scoundrels; send them below and lock them up." And locked up we were without any further delay.

When they searched the *Juanita* and found no money, you should have heard their cries of agony and pain. They worked on the natives, trying to make them tell, but without any success at all. They offered to turn us loose if we would divulge our secret, but we were too old at the game for that kind of stuff. Nothing would induce us to split on one another as to the whereabouts of the silver. Finding that we were all a close corporation they finally left us alone.

The gunboat made the *Juanita* sail ahead of us into Belize, where both vessels cast anchor.

On arriving at Belize we were taken ashore and thrust into a hot and dirty jail alive with vermin.

We appealed to the American Consul, but he could do nothing.

We then engaged a lawyer.

"Now," said the legal man, "the first thing I want to know is, where is the coin? This information is very essential towards clearing you boys. We will produce the money in court. Where did you hide it?"

We were not versed in law, but we had wit enough to know that the presence of the money would be the worst thing that could happen to our case. We gave him no monetary clue to work on, and he very soon left us, in no very good humour at what he called our stubbornness.

On the eighth day of our life in prison, Esteban, our skipper, came to see us. He informed us that he had been instructed by the authorities to take the *Juanita* back home as well as the crew and Jesus and Panchito.

"Of course, I am not such a great big fool as to try and get the money," he declared. "We must leave that till we are all free again."

He then went on to explain how he had made friends with the jailer and had arranged with him to get us away that night. Briefly his plans were to smuggle us on board a steamer bound for the States. We were then to communicate with one another and arrange how to get the silver. We talked the matter over for some time and finally agreed to fall in with the plan. In fact, we had no option. Seeing that our skipper was being sent back to Nicaragua it was useless for us to remain indefinitely in jail, and once we were free there would be a chance of our recovering the treasure.

In the dead of night we left our prison, escorted by the jailer, and crept over the sandy reaches

"He told us that we would be hanged and that it served us right."

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"At last we came to a canoe, with an Indian in it, waiting for us on the water's edge."

towards the beach. All was quiet, save where a prowling cur would scent us and give vent to his feelings by a series of snarling barks, which later tapered into mournful howls. In the circumstances these howls gave me the creeps.

At last we came to a canoe, with an Indian in it, waiting for us on the water's edge. Without a word being spoken we entered the frail craft; the spectre-like ferryman stuck his paddle in the water, bent his body forward, then straightened; we shot forward like an arrow from the bow. Silently we crossed the smooth waters towards a steamer which lay at anchor on the edge of the outer bay. Like a living thing our boat nosed the ship's ladder.

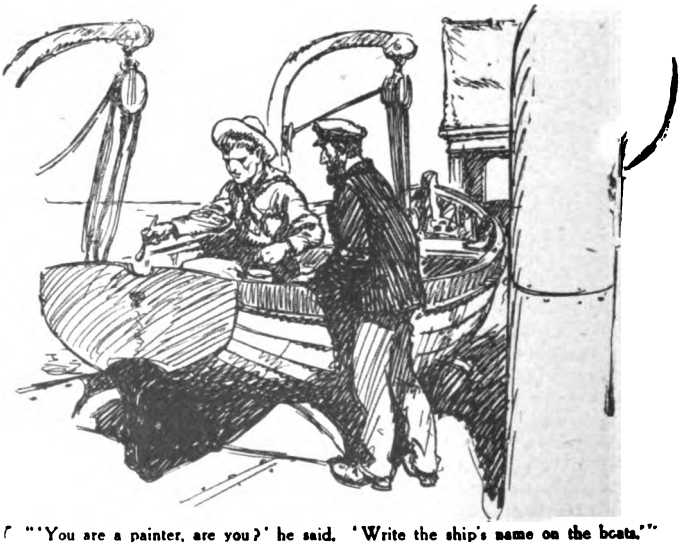
Without a sound we crept aboard and hastened below, where we stowed ourselves away among the bunches of bananas, with the rest of the centipedes, tarantulas, and snakes. We certainly were a happy family down there in the stifling heat. What kept us cheerful was the knowledge that we were at least free men.

After what appeared to be a century of time we heard them weighing anchor, and later we knew we were at sea by the pitching of the ship. When we could stand it no longer we came on deck to face the music. Without waiting we went right up to the captain and told him we wanted to work our way home. He wanted to know what we were doing in Central America and what had brought us aboard his ship. Wehde told him that we were artists, and were travelling in Honduras for local colour. I could see the steely glitter come into the old Norwegian's eyes as he called the ship's painter to him and ordered up some brushes and paints.

"You are a painter, are you?" he said. "Now write the ship's name on the boats."

Now, as it happened, Wehde was an artist by profession, and his lettering was beautifully perfect. Wehde started in to put the ship's name on the boats and in a few minutes the captain melted. The ship was ours. In a few days I got a chance to set a broken arm, which cemented our friendship for good. He treated us like his guests rather than stowaways, and it was with regret that we parted from him at New Orleans.

Wehde and I parted in the Crescent City. After looking up some of the boys we went down south again, but failed to get in touch with either Esteban or the two bravos we had engaged. Neither could we locate the treasure. After a fruitless search I returned home; but of one thing I am sure, I will never run away with another ship, not even a rowboat.



"'You are a painter, are you?' he said. 'Write the ship's name on the boats.'"

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The country of the Veddas. Gunner's Quoin, with Mampitiya tank in foreground.

My Visit to the Veddas.

By R. L. SPITTEL, F.R.G.S.

The Veddas are the most ancient and primitive of Hindu races inhabiting the jungle in the interior of Ceylon. Our Author describes how he paid a visit to these strange people, whose mode of living and manners and customs are much the same as they were a thousand years and more ago.

WE left Colombo early one morning in a well-packed motor-car, which carried, besides the four of us (cook and chauffeur included), our tent, camp furniture and equipment, cooking utensils, and food; in fact, everything necessary for an excursion in which we depended for hospitality neither on rest-house nor friend. Within an hour of our starting, however, it began to rain, and it poured heavily until well in the afternoon. We and our baggage were soon drenched; the road was under water in more places than one; the car behaved badly. Essaying what we imagined to be a shorter road, we only involved ourselves in a long and useless *détour* along an execrable path.

It was well past noon before we reached the shelter of a rest-house, where, wet and hungry, we partook of a hasty meal whilst our clothes were drying over the engine of the car. Soon we were progressing pleasantly—for the rain had now ceased—along the fine road that leads from Dambool to Trincomalee. As the evening mellowed we looked about for a camping-ground. That night we slept to the monotonous rhythm of a drum. "Dum-dum dum, dum-dum dum" it kept going all the night long to a chant in appeasement of some malignant spirit that had afflicted an unfortunate coolie with a fever.

We were up early the next morning and were soon scudding through the bracing air of the forest towards Trincomalee, which we reached a couple of hours later.

In that effete but beautiful town we arranged for two canoes and a guide to take us up the Mahaweli. Our party, besides the four of us, included six boatmen and a guide—all Moors. Each canoe was managed by three men, one of whom steered while two poled or rowed as the depth of the river imposed. The greater part of the journey was accomplished by punting along the banks, and only occasionally when crossing amid-stream, and then not always, was it necessary to replace pole by oar. Our guide was an old Moor who knew the river well from boyhood. The canoes were unprovided with any form of shelter against sun or rain: a deficiency which was only inadequately remedied by the umbrellas the boatmen supplied, for much of our travelling fell in the late morning or early afternoon, when the sun's heat beat down fiercely on the open river.

Poling along the tree-fringed bank, we came suddenly upon the apparently sleeping form of

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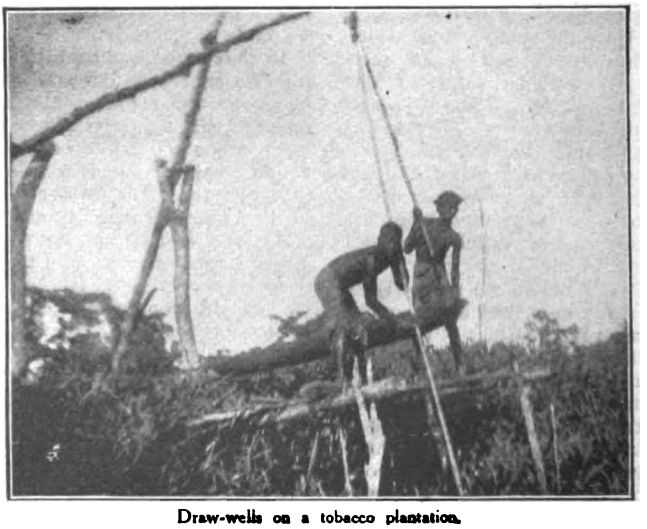
a monster crocodile. Pulling up within a few feet of his snout, we scrutinized him; even as we wondered at his nonchalance he made a sudden ungainly leap and disappeared into the water, splashing us and setting our canoe bouncing on the ripples.

We must have travelled two or three miles when our attention was attracted to gibbet-like objects which stood out against the sky—the draw-wells of a tobacco plantation. Here our guide proposed we should pass the night. Leaving the boats, we followed him up the banks, to find that his first concern was to secure for himself from the growers as many tobacco leaves as he could. This he did on all future occasions whenever the opportunity offered. He must have taken back with him quite a good stock of well-cured leaves, for he was nothing if not fastidious in his choice. The casual air of dignity with which he prosecuted his campaign of beggary was most amusing.

The Author's canoe on the river.

We took possession of one of the huts that stood on the plantation, and, emptying our boats, began to cook and make ourselves at home. Hardly had we done this than a smart shower of rain descended, to continue through the greater part of the night.

Confined within the narrow limits of the shed we occupied, our discomfort may be imagined. Nine of us lay huddled under the long, narrow roof, with no protection at the sides other than the eaves, which reached almost to the ground. To escape the smoke of our fires and the gust-driven rain we cowered behind umbrellas, boxes, and each other. Nor was this all, for tobacco leaves in all stages of desiccation, hanging from the roof like bats, emitted a dank, narcotic odour far from conciliatory to alien nostrils.



Draw-wells on a tobacco plantation.

If the night was spent in discomfort, the day made amends. Reclining comfortably in our canoes against out kit we lazily surveyed the play of Nature around us. The banks were covered with tall lush-grass, which formed a broad strip on each side between forest and river. Game trails led down to the river in plenty, and we could detect large patches of grass disturbed and trodden down by an elephant, who even now was probably chewing the cud in the seclusion of some creeper-covered alcove close at hand. Monkeys and large squirrels were busy among the branches, and large and small birds of every variety gave music to every tree.

The river ran sinuously, and we often crossed from one side to the other that we might hug the concavities and make the shortest passage. Towards evening we reached a large rubber estate. On a tobacco plantation adjoining it was a miserable shanty, which we occupied for the night. Always picturesque and welcome are these settlements; we were yet to learn from closer acquaintance that they were not all they promised. As it got dark we

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bathed at the draw-wells, the current being too strong to permit of bathing in the river. The air was full of the vespers of roosting birds. Soon all was hushed, but darkness brought mosquitoes. We could hear and feel them, and they were battering us in ever-increasing legions. We courted the suffocating fumes of our large fire with poor success. After a hasty and much-interrupted meal we took to bed and manœuvred for a night's rest. Soon we began to realize that sleep was problematical. The servants and boatmen sat crouched and covered as close to the fire as they dared. Not one of us will ever forget that night. Never so much as a wink of sleep did anyone obtain.

As the morning warmed we reached the shelter of a group of enormous trees quite unlike the forest vegetation to which the eye had so far been accustomed. At a distance their dome-shaped contours suggested large masses of tree-covered rock. On nearer acquaintance we found them to be those exotic emblems of civilization—ingasamen, or rain-trees. How came they there? They were the sole monuments of wasted human enterprise, the last relic of a deserted estate. Not another sign remained to tell that about eighteen years previously a young coco-nut plantation struggled here for existence against the wild beasts whose fastnesses they had usurped. Not a struggling palm now survived; elephants had accounted for the last of them years ago.

That evening, mindful of our previous night's experience, we made our camp in the midst of the jungle, close to the water's edge. One incident marred our night's repose. About midnight we were awakened by a commotion in the camp. Elephants were snapping boughs around us, and the old guide was the first to give the alarm. We fired a gun, shouted, and drove them away. Our chauffeur, muddled by sleep, had the misfortune to trip over a tent-rope and fall into the river. Had he not seized a rope and saved himself the consequences might have been serious, the river being full and the current strong.

Early the following afternoon, while on the ebbing river, we came upon two elephants, feeding by the bank. As we got near, one of them, apparently scenting us, moved off briskly without giving warning to his companion, whom we were able to approach to within a few yards, under cover of the steep bank. Having snapshotted and watched him for some minutes, we shouted and drove him away; he moved off demurely without the least show of hurry.

We pitched our evening camp in a spacious clearing, overgrown with tall grass and interspersed with large trees. As was our wont, we reconnoitred the vicinity with our fowling-pieces and secured a few green pigeons for dinner.

While rounding a bend of the river early next morning we saw an elephant occupied in chewing large mouthfuls of grass. A group of five pea-fowl, seated on a fallen tree by the bank, was a bait that induced me to follow them into the jungle, accompanied by a boatman. We walked through a patch of grass that all but submerged us, and in which the spoor of elephants was plentiful. Suddenly the boatman plucked my sleeve and, pointing to a white object through the tall grass, whispered excitedly, "Velle cocky!" (white crane). More to satisfy his eagerness than mine, I fired and, to my chagrin, brought down an egret in fine feather. When I saw the spotless bird stretched out in that secluded forest pool in which it had been enjoying its morning meal I knew I had committed a sacrilege.

Now, for the first time during the last three days, we sighted a tobacco garden, and a welcome sight it was. Soon we hove in sight of the long-looked-for Verugal, a tributary of the Mahaweli. We halted for breakfast in a beautiful spot under the dense shade of large trees. The ground was thick with the spoor of wild buffalo, which were said to exist in abundance in the adjoining plains. On a carpet of dead leaves, our heads cradled between great roots, we rested. A sylvan siesta is not without its inconveniences. Ticks, which flourish amidst the dead leaves, have a nasty way of securing safe lodgment on you and biding their time; then, at some inauspicious moment, in the dead of night it may be, or while on the march, a point of intense burning informs you that Mr. Tick has begun to feed. A small snake will fall on you, bounce once or twice towards your face, and then hurriedly glide away, more frightened than you. A scratching noise in your pillow will lead to the discovery of a scorpion or centipede. Beetles, flies, moths, and ants, especially black biting ants, and insects of all descriptions make free with you as an object of investigation. But you learn to take no notice of these minor drawbacks, and soon lie drowsing to the melodious lullaby of some woodland songster.

That afternoon we again saw an elephant, and soon afterwards we surprised two buffaloes that lay half-immersed in the water. We put up that night at a small coco nut grove, owned by a Moor, who lived here with his family.

Two pedlars, a man and a youth, were seated in the garden with their humble wares—betel, areca-nut, etc.—exposed to view. An ill-clad, wild-looking fellow, resting on his haunches, was staring avidly at the display with a curious admixture of apathy and admiration. His wild look made me inquire as to whether he was a Vedda. They told me he was, and that he had come from a Vedda village two miles away. My interest was at once aroused, for never, except once before, had I seen a Vedda. Under my scrutiny the fellow became uneasy, and when I attempted to engage him in conversation he excused himself, saying that his little daughter, who was sick, awaited his return in a hut close by. I offered to accompany him, and he was amused how anyone could show any interest in him.

By a rickety shelter amidst a plantain grove I saw what probably was the most pathetic little figure I have ever beheld. She was a puny thing of about four years, unkempt and

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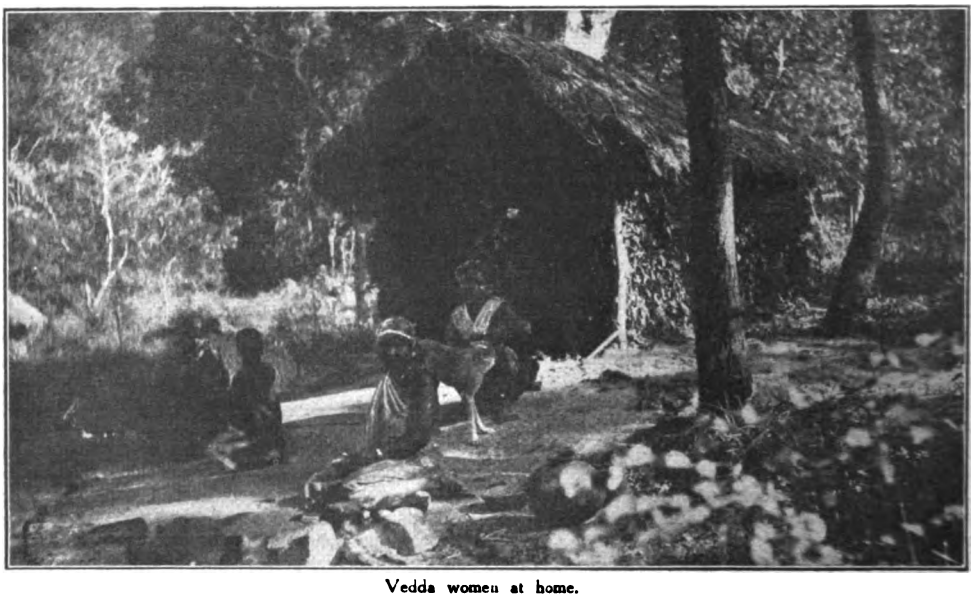
ill-clad. Her large, luminous eyes held the helpless appeal of a startled doe. She was ill and in pain, being covered with parangi ulcers. A few broken earthenware utensils were the sole adornments of the shelter she occupied. When I visited him again that night I found him seated before a boiling pot of rice, with his little daughter greedily watching him: the coin I had given him was placed a safe distance away on a cloth in the garden. The bond of tender solicitude that held these human derelicts, of any consequence only to each other, was indeed a touching sight.

The next day we saw for the first time in the distance the blue contours of a large rock—Gunner's Quoin, the goal of our journey. We were now in Tamankaduwa. Here we purchased well-grown chickens at twenty-five cents and eggs at a cent each.

The river was now becoming shallower, and broad stretches of sand lay everywhere exposed



Vedda women at home.

at the bed. We passed that realistic piece of ancient sculpture—an elephant carved out of a rock partially submerged in the river. Occupying the position it did under the shade of trees in an elephant jungle and resembling the real animal so closely, it was calculated to give a shock at a casual glance.

Towards evening we rested on a shoal by the water's edge. After the usual river bath and an unsuccessful attempt at netting fish we lay taking in the serenity around us. A cool breeze blew. All was quiet except for the plaint of a sandpiper. A single star glimmered faintly, "pinnacled dim in the intense inane." Purplish grey flocculi and wavelet of cloud retained languishing tints in the paling sky. Behind loomed an islet, forest engloomed, haunted, the saying went, by tutelary demons, a suggestion we were not fain to deny, for now, as of old, the solemnity of the place bit into the mind and this was the homage paid by man to the immemorial mysteries of Nature. We were on the precincts of an old civilization, for the ruins of Pollanaruwa were not far off. In a bygone day these forest lands were peopled, and now, perchance, the spirits of the departed survived.

The dark belt of trees that divided sand from sky was dissolved in darkness, but the river showed awhile the sheen of steel. A clan of cormorants, scarce distinguishable in the gloom, flew overhead.

Insidiously, yet, as it were, suddenly, ten thousand thousand dazzling points were blazoned in the spacious heavens. A hundred insect cymbals attuned the air of earth. From afar came the "hoo-hoo" of the devil-bird. A dimly phosphorescent glimmer played above the mass of environing trees and shouldered them once more into relief. Then the moon rose, veiled in mist, paling the scintillations of the stars and shedding the lustre from her wan tiara over all.

But our enjoyment of the scene was not undiluted, for the mosquito cohorts were abroad, and we were glad to attain the security of our beds. Hardly had we ceased tossing in slumber than we were aware of a dark object by the trees. A buffalo had come to drink and, seeing our subsiding fires, stood irresolute awhile and then disappeared into the darkness of the trees.

The next morning saw us on the last stage of our river journey. Coveys of stone-curlew, large shy birds, stood crouching on the banks and scampered away as we neared them. We shot one, but when it was brought in wounded I saw in its large, yellow eye, centred with black, an appeal and a reproach so human that made me regret the act. Surely it is the eye which speaks to the heart.

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Soon we had reached Periathurai, our destination on the river. From here we were to proceed inland to Gunner's Quoin, the rock round which the Veddas lived.

While our guide busied himself with securing the services of an old man, who said he knew well the Veddas and their ways, I reconnoitred the vicinity. There was a ferry here, much used by wayfarers coming from Tamankaduwa to Polannaruwa and seeking thence, by way of the Kandy–Trincomalee road, more civilized centres.

Under a large bo-tree sat, hewn in stone, the pot-bellied, elephant-headed god Ganesha. On an altar before him lay withered offerings of lotus flowers. Hard by stood a famous Hindu temple, in the ante-chamber of which hung two massive bells and drums: instruments that sang strident accompaniment on many a ceremonial day, when peacock-plumed men, in the self-imposed torture of skewered cheek and hooked back, bounded hither and thither in demoniac dance. Within a small shelter in the temple garden lay the very implements—prongs, tridents, and a phial containing oil—some hapless being had dedicated to his unhearing god.

A Vedda family.

A Vedda woman and her two children.

We sat by the ferry fanned by frequent waves of breeze which wailed melodies as they sat a-dance the glittering kumbuk leaves. Thrice welcome is this river breeze in the heat of noon, suffusing, as it does, the perfervid air with a grateful coolness gathered from the water's surface; assuredly no Eastern queen rush-fanned by naked helot could have joyed more than we under its mellow sway.

I awoke from my afternoon doze to find a young Tamil standing at the door of my tent, with a loop of bark-rope slung on his shoulder and a bottle of milk and some eggs in his hand. He had come to say that his father, old Kannapen vidane, the guide we awaited, would follow soon. And shortly afterwards he came.

Providing ourselves with a few necessaries, we left at once for Manampitiya, the vidane's village, a couple of miles inland. It was a Tamil settlement, picturesquely situated beside

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a large tank rich in lotus and reed. In the near distance Gunner's Quoin loomed blue.

Lounging outside the "gansabawa" we occupied for the night we listened to old Kannapen's tales of the Veddas, delivered with a gusto largely derived from a stiff glass of arrack he had emptied at the village tavern. A fine raconteur was the old man; his stories were very interesting, for his father had handed to him much knowledge of the days when the Veddas were more primitive than now; more than this, the narrative received an added sparkle from a vivid imagination and a not too scrupulous allegiance to the truth.

Of Patabanda, one of the last true Veddas, who had died a few years ago, he spoke from personal knowledge. A former Government agent had dubbed him "Walige Patabanda," from the length of his loin-cloth that trailed behind in resemblance of a tail. Already this figure was passing into legend; for, mark you, Patabanda was once sent for by a "ratamahatmaya," who, wishing to test his skill, pointed to a small jak at the top of a tall tree and asked him to make it his aim. The Vedda, kneeling on the ground, discharged his arrow, which stuck in the fruit. The "ratamahatmaya" was pleased, but, apparently, not the other, for in the rough way of the Vedda, he said, "Now give me my arrow." The one addressed was surprised. Then the Vedda took another arrow and, aiming once more at the jak, recovered both arrow and fruit.

Many another tale did Kannapen tell of Veddas and their ways, and of matters connected with the ancient ruins of the Quoin; of anchorites who lived in caves unharmed by bears, and read the secrets of life in gold-lettered tablets found in secret chambers; of ancient Vedda kings captured by villainy and fraud.

While the dawn was still pink over the misty rock that was our goal we set out to visit the Veddas. We had a walk of about five miles before us. The road lay by a jungle path, interrupted by glades and bare patches of sandy soil. As we neared the large end of the rock the ground was boulder-strewn and showed plentiful spoor of bear. A deep, bird-like sound informed us that a mating bear was not far off—a surmise soon confirmed by a succession of fierce grunts, signifying that Master Bruin resented our intrusion; however, he did not attack.

I was now brimming with expectancy, for I was about to see for the first time the Veddas in their homes: that aboriginal people who had attracted the scholars of Europe; that race with whom the bushmen of Africa and the Australian aborigines could alone hold comparison. True, the people I was about to see were only village Veddas, decadent and doomed by disease, neglect, and intermarriage with Cingalese and Tamils—the surest form of annihilation; but in their veins flowed the blood of the oldest inhabitants of Lanka. They were here when Wijeya came in 543 B.C.; they were here when that Buddha came who preached to his followers at Mahayangana, the site of the oldest dagaba in Ceylon; to an older beginning their ancestry went, to a time in the Stone Age when man vied with prehistoric forms for a living.

But to-day hardly a single Vedda faithful to the true traditions of his ancestry survives; not one, perhaps, that wears leaves for clothing, that depends for sustenance solely on the products of the jungle. Cattle-rearing or a primitive form of agriculture is weaning them from jungle ways. An odd old muzzle-loader takes the place of bow and arrow and replaces the necessity for expert archery. Yet for all that much of the old Vedda customs survives even in their degenerate descendants; they still hold links with their abysmal past. Oh that a Government with ethnological leanings would deem it worth its while to wrest these people from their sure doom, conserving for them a tract of forest in their last strongholds in Veddirata, encouraging the perpetuation of their forest ways, and the cult of the bow and arrow! We live in critical times. Now, perhaps, it may be done; a few years hence and it will be too late, the word Vedda will be but a name. To attempt to civilize a primitive race is to ensure its destruction. Should we not try to conserve it? Surely we owe this to the sanctity of their past.

As we gained the foot of the rock we suddenly became aware of subdued human voices; through the trees we saw moving at a quick pace three men with dogs at their heels. One short fellow carried an old muzzle-loader, the others had axes hitched to their shoulders. We hailed them; they halted irresolute, and seeing the vidane came towards us. They were going, it appeared, to participate in a devil-dancing ceremony at a sick-bed in a village some miles away. When told that we had come to see them, they abandoned their project and accompanied us to their homes, the short man with the muzzle-loader leading with a sense of importance.

Soon we came upon a clearing in which stood a group of half-a-dozen huts. Three women, with infants at the breast, were seated outside, one of them roasting in a "chatty" some small yellow flowers; a handful of roasted Indian corn lay on one side. The women looked at us indifferently without leaving their occupations. The rest of the folk were at work on a kurakhan chena close by; they were summoned, and soon we had all the Veddas of the Kosgaha Ulpotha before us.

A poor lot they made: in all some six or eight men and about a dozen women and children, most of whom bore evidence of admixture with the neighbouring Tamils. There was only one doddering old man among them; the rest were below middle age. They talked a quaint jat of Cingalese. Their families were small. There were few individuals who did not show the active or quiescent signs of parangi or malaria; more especially was this the case with the children, for the most part ill-nourished and spiritless, and almost without exception covered with large, neglected ulcers that had a

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predilection for the lips. One sprightly little fellow was a happy exception, and it was a pleasure to watch him; he was one of the fit apparently destined to survive.

The women were poor specimens on the whole, and bore the less active stigmata of the disease so prominent a feature of the young. There was one distinctly handsome woman among them, but she in other surroundings might well

bark-rope; one hut more prosperous than the rest contained a deer-skin. Several mongrels loitered about; lazy-looking beasts they appeared, but apt and active enough when it came to hunting iguanas and monkeys.

The food of the Veddas consisted of fruit, flowers, yams, kurakhan, Indian corn, honey, and the flesh of the iguana, monkey, pig, or deer, when they could get them. The flesh

A group of Vedda men.

have passed for a pure Tamil. The men were spare but wiry. Their skins were covered with ringworm. Only two conformed to the true Vedda type, being of low stature and having staring eyes and short wavy hair. One of these was our friend of the muzzle-loader, Vela, who, when I expressed disappointment at their appearance, proudly declared that he was a real Vedda, and pointed to four others, who, he said, were also such.

There was not a bow among them, but all had little axes, which they carried on their shoulders. One of their number was deputed to make me a bow as a memento. A crude little weapon it was, fashioned of a barked stick, stained with charcoal to give it the appearance of use, and strung with a twist of bark. The arrow was winged with an owl's feather. I asked its maker to give me an exhibition of his marksmanship. He appeared quite satisfied and proud that he was able to hit a large tree at a distance of some twenty yards.

The Vedda huts comprised an enclosure made of fine sticks and dried leaves thatched with straw, and provided with a single small opening, which was only in one case guarded with a small door. The domestic appointments were few, consisting of earthenware pots, a wooden pestle and pounder, and a coil or two of twisted

they fancy most is that of the grey ape and the iguana, which animals they hunt with dogs. Kurakhan and Indian corn they pound into flour and make into cakes.

"Do you always live here?" I asked them.

"Where the 'palu,' 'weera,' and 'mora' are ripe, where the hive is, there we take our women and children, dogs and pots, and live," said one. On the flavours of honey they are epicures, and those varieties are relished most which are procurable when the "mora," "weera," and "cal-seembela" are in flower.

For my edification they crooned Vedda lullabies and sang demon-songs. We went off under the guidance of four Veddas to see a rock-cave of antiquarian interest and the battered remains of a large, reclining Buddha. Our cicerones improved the occasion by prying into every nook and crevice on the chance of a hive. It was now past noon and we were all hungry; resting by a streamlet, we partook of a cold breakfast we had come provided with.

"Is this water good?" I asked, looking distrustfully at the decaying leaves the stream contained.

"Very good," said a Vedda, adding a picturesque touch: "those fallen leaves make it sweet; they are the flowers that make good honey."

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We proceeded in our circuit of the rock to where another group of Veddas lived. Two Veddas accompanied us on the promise that I would shoot them as many monkeys as they wished, an act which, however repulsive at ordinary times, I felt amply justified by the occasion. But I reckoned without my host, for monkeys that would at ordinary times survey us with quizzical indifference disappeared like magic at the very sight of a Vedda. Even an iguana we met seemed electrically alive to his danger and scampered for dear life. However, I was able to shoot them a pig. When we tracked the wounded animal on dry, unfavourable ground I observed how skilled in woodcraft the Veddas were: they were able to tell from the relation of a speck of blood to the scarcely distinguishable mark left by the foreleg where the animal had been struck.

After walking for an hour and a half under a burning sky we reached the homes of the Kuda Ulpotha Veddas, who had no huts of any sort. The various families sat grouped under separate trees. It was the season when the kong was in fruit, and while some of the women were boiling down the luscious pulp to make cakes, others were extracting oil from the seeds. This oil is said to be good for ulcers and wounds. Mighty fond of this fruit they seemed; one pot-bellied urchin, his mouth ringed with an exuberant crop of parangi ulcers, was licking out of a coco-nut shell the last remains of kong-juice with a relish worthy of a better dish.

The type of Vedda here, too, showed Tamil miscegenation. But the patriarch of the settlement, a man named Naida, and his wife were the most typical Veddas we saw. A tall, dark man named Kanda had a long scar across his face, sustained through an encounter with a bear. The episode is so typical of the ferocity of the little Ceylon bear that I cannot refrain from mentioning it. The Vedda was out collecting honey, when he saw a she-bear with its cub. Knowing the danger of such a meeting, the man very cautiously climbed a tree. A twig snapped and the animal saw him. Uttering a series of fierce shrieks, she climbed the tree, bit and clawed the man's face, and went off yelling in the blood-curdling way they have. A large flap was torn down from the man's face; it was sewn up and doctored by his father, with a result that might have done credit to any surgeon.

Veddas, living, as they usually do, by rocks and sharing their homes with the rock-bears, often encounter each other in their quest for food, which is also similar—honey, yams, and fruit. Vela, of Maha Ulpotha, too, had a distorted finger, the result of a scrap with a bear, in which he is said to have fought pluckily till help came. I remember once asking a famous old Malay *shikaree* what animal he feared most in the jungle. Only one, he said, a she-bear with its cub.

As, footsore and tired, we rounded the rock towards evening we met a party of Veddas returning with basket-loads of kong fruit. One youth was up a tree making the jungle echo to his song whilst he beat down the berries. These fruits possess several grades of flavour; and one with a whitish skin, recommended to us, was certainly most luscious. As it was getting dark, we were back at Manampitiya, dog-tired; but not before we had worried a blind old owl by a streamlet, where he had come to drink with a thirst prematurely imposed by the grilling day.

We were now at the end of one of the most interesting days of our life. Never shall I forget the first sound of Vedda voices in the jungle, the first glimpse of their huts amongst the trees, the pathetic sight of their ill-favoured women roasting the small yellow flowers for food.

The next morning, casting a last glance at Gunner's Quoin, now a misty mass of blue beyond the lotus-tank, we retraced our steps to where our boats awaited us. We found the boatmen looking as if afflicted with measles, so fiercely had the mosquitoes attacked them that night. One of them had fever, and we were all anxious to get away as soon as possible. By noon we were on the river. We made an easy passage with the current in our favour, and floated down-stream ten times faster than we had laboured up.

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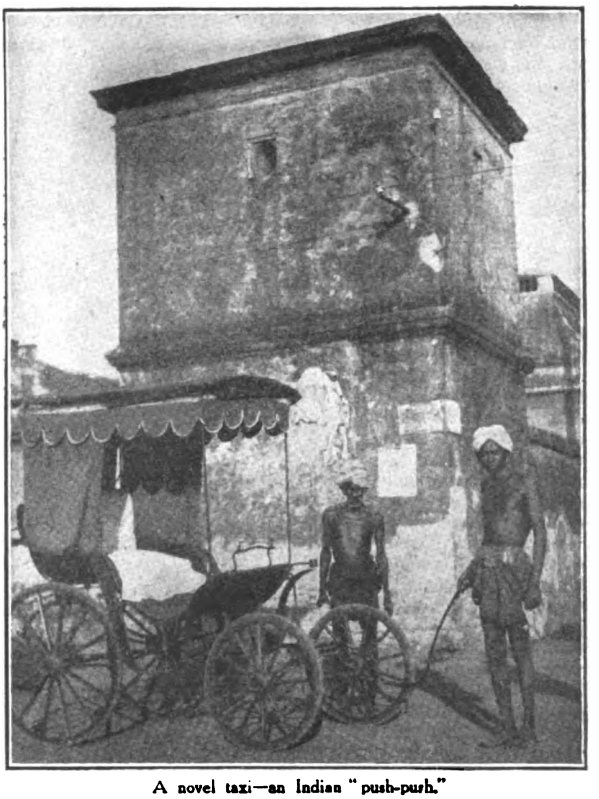
ODDS AND ENDS.

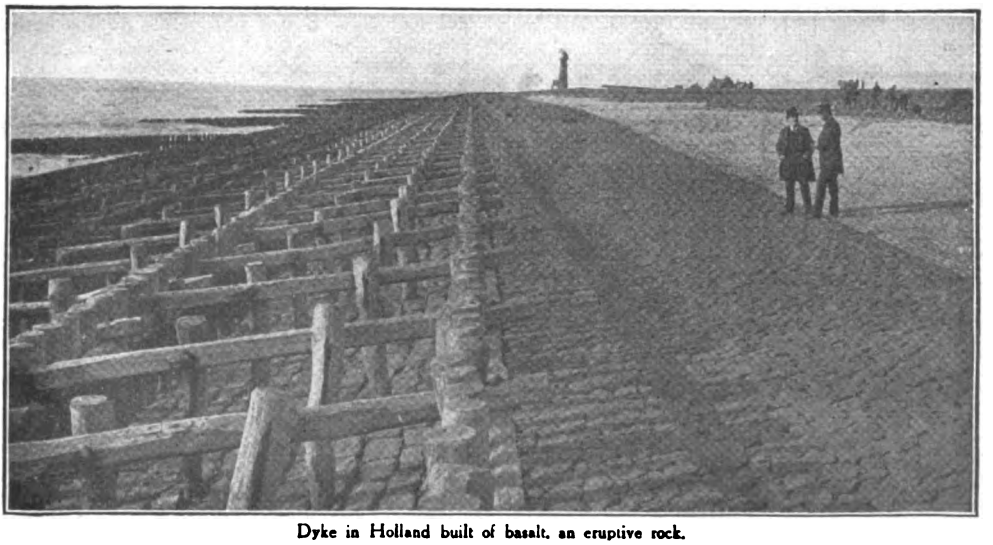
Curious Vehicle—World's Largest Rice Mill—Quaint Water-Wheel—Monster Swordfish, etc.

ONE of the curiosities of Nature (writes a correspondent who has recently returned from Holland) is basalt, of which there are remarkable quarries in many parts of the world. Basalt is a dark-coloured, heavy, close-grained, eruptive rock, and a feature of basaltic lava-flows is their columnar jointing, which, as everyone who has been to the Giant's Causeway knows, results in the characteristic scenery there. Quick to see the practical use to which this rock might be put, someone of modern times (copying the Egyptians, who used it a good deal in their building operations) decided that it would do very well for the making of pavements. And, indeed, a basalt quarry provides paving-stones ready-made by Nature. "The photograph which I send you herewith," concludes the writer, "represents a dyke constructed of basalt in Holland. When the columns of rock are taken from the quarries they are in fragments five yards long, and these are readily cut up into smaller pieces. Owing to the hardness of the stone, dykes or pavements built of basalt are practically indestructible."

The vehicle seen in our next photograph is the sole means of public conveyance in Pondicherry, the capital of French India. It is known to the residents as the *pousse-pousse*, and to the English as the "push-push." It is drawn by one man and pushed from behind by two or more men—hence its name. It will carry but two passengers, and its speed is scarcely equal to that of a Bath chair; having regard to the state of the roads in Pondicherry, and the fact that the vehicle is springless, travel in it is much more akin to torture than pleasure.



A novel taxi—an Indian "push-push."



Dyke in Holland built of basalt, an eruptive rock.

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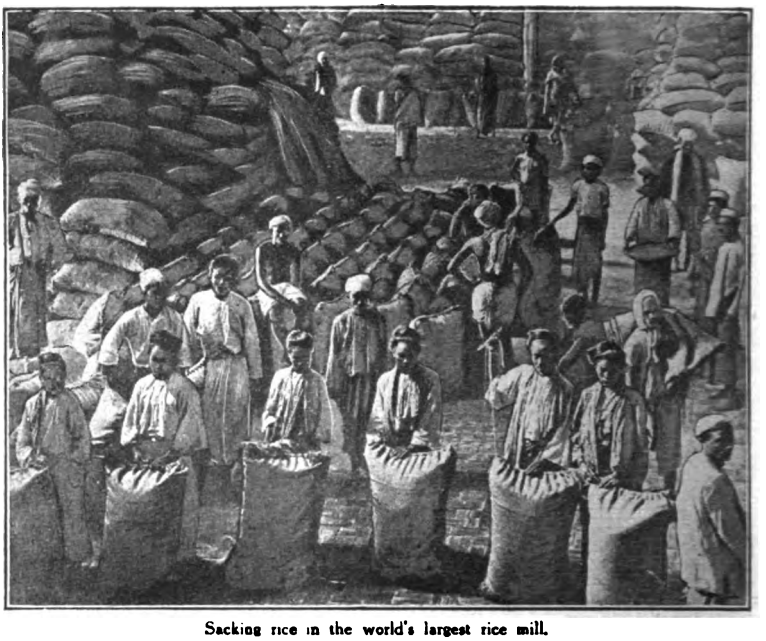
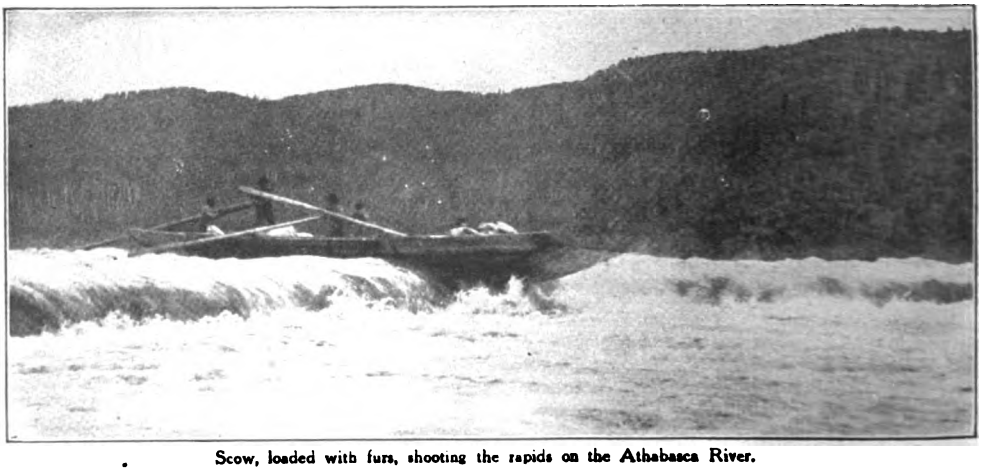


Sacking rice in the world's largest rice mill.

It is not generally known that the largest mill in the world is that at Poozoondoung, on the Irrawaddy, just below Rangoon, in Burma, built and owned by a British firm for the handling of Burma's great rice crop. Every year this country exports between two million seven hundred and fifty thousand and three million tons of this extremely useful cereal. Those who are under the impression that there are only a few different kinds of rice will be surprised to learn that there is no other grain cultivated today of which so many distinct types exist. At a recent exhibition in Calcutta over four thousand different specimens of rice were shown. There are over one thousand four hundred kinds of rice in the Calcutta Museum, though it is only fair to add that but a few hundred varieties are grown to any extent. Then in the grain itself there is a marked difference. In colour the grains range from a bright golden hue through almost every graduation of tint to jet black. In Burma you can purchase rice that is perfectly golden in colour, or a pure white, or a jet black. In size, also, the grains vary very considerably. The paddy, as the harvested rice is called, is brought to the mill from all over Burma. It is floated down the streams to the Irrawaddy River, and towed to Rangoon by steamers in flat boats and barges. The unloading is done by East Indian coolies; many of them are quite pretty young girls. They carry the rice from the boats to the mills in baskets of fifty pounds each. The paddy is first winnowed, and then carried by power to the top storey of the building. There it passes through grinding-stones so carefully set that they pare off the husk without breaking or damaging the grain. After this the grain is polished. This is done with chamois skin, the grain being thrown back and forth against a roller covered with this material. The chamois-covered cylinder goes round at the rate of five hundred revolutions a minute, and when the rice flows from it it is as clean and as white as the driven snow. It now passes to the great bins, or hoppers, and from here is "sacked" as wanted through the chutes and stacked ready for shipment.

There is no more gallant race of men anywhere than the members of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of the North-Western side of Canada. They are stationed there, within the Arctic Circle, to keep order among the Chipewyan, Yellow Knife, Slavi, and Hare Indians; and the long journeys they make by boat, sledge, and other means are renowned in the annals of travel and adventure. The rivers of that stern part of the world abound with rapids; and to shoot these is an art indeed. Here is a picture sent to us by ex-Inspector C. A. Rheault, now a lieutenant with His Majesty's forces, showing a fifty-five foot scow, loaded with goods for the northern fur trade, shooting the "Big Cascades" of the Athabasca River.



Scow, loaded with furs, shooting the rapids on the Athabasca River.

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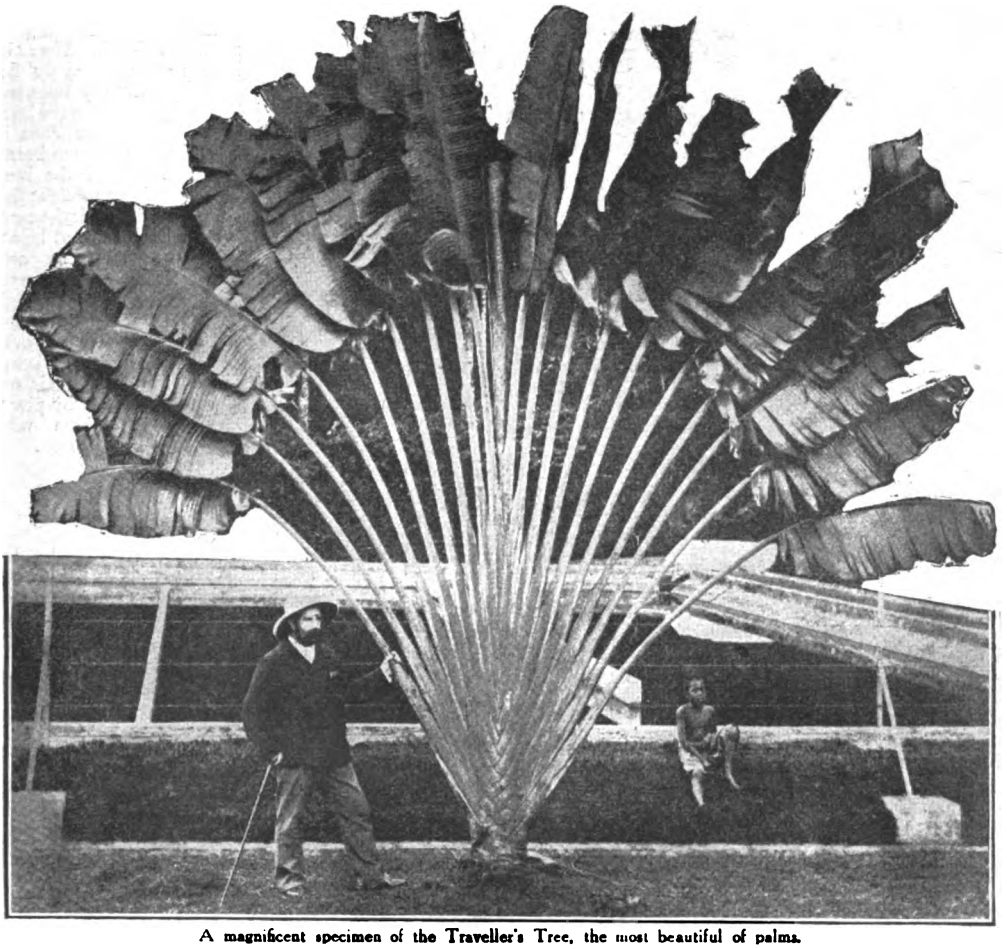
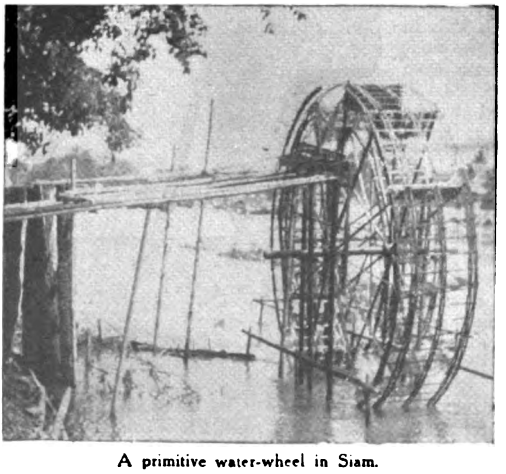


A magnificent specimen of the Traveller's Tree, the most beautiful of palms.

Everything that has life is in one way or another a marvel, but we are too apt to consider as such only those things that are huge or ugly, or to which sentiment has given a fancy name. The Traveller's Tree is a case in point. A palm-like plant, it is one of the most gracefully beautiful and symmetrical of all such growths. The one shown in our photograph is situated on the Singapore Water Company's grounds near the Bukit Tinah Road, and has been much admired. One peculiarity about this plant is that in the lower part of the leaf, which is attached to the trunk, a hollow cavity exists, and by bleeding or destroying the leaves beautifully cold water may be obtained. To the thirsty traveller such a tree is naturally a great boon. The long flat leaves, spread out in the form of a colossal fan, are made to serve a variety of purposes. The natives use them for thatch, for dishes, and small portions folded serve them as spoons.

Many guesses might be hazarded concerning the purpose of the wheel illustrated below. Similar pieces of mechanism may be seen in different parts of the world, but this wheel is employed for irrigation in Chiengmai, North Siam. It is constructed solely of bamboo and rattan. On the inner rim there are buckets which dip up the water, and as the wheel is driven round by the stream the buckets empty themselves into a long trough, by which the water is carried away to pipes of hollowed bamboo. These wheels are capable of lifting from four to twelve thousand gallons daily, the quantity being dependent upon the strength of the current and the size of the machine. It is needless to say that during the dry season in tropical Siam these wheels serve a very useful purpose indeed.



A primitive water-wheel in Siam.

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The largest book in the world.

What is claimed to be the largest book in the world is that on exhibition in one of the rooms of a large medical firm in Chicago. It contains the original testimonials of people from all over the world who were cured by this firm's medicines. The letters which form the word "Testimonials" are printed in gilt, and are four and a half inches in height. It weighs one thousand two hundred pounds, and requires six men to carry it. It is one foot thick when closed; when open, it is three and a half feet one way and seven the other. The leather for the binding alone weighs fifty pounds. It is placed on a specially constructed table, beneath which is another large book also filled with testimonials.

The Mecca of all ambitious fishermen is Avalon, a picturesque resort on Santa Cataline Island, off the coast of California, in the Pacific Ocean. Here the enthusiastic angler resorts when desirous of trying his skill in landing the leaping tuna and the giant sea bass with no other weapon than a rod and line. Occasionally small swordfishes have been landed in these waters after a stiff fight, the record in this respect being the monster shown in our photograph. It was caught by Mr. W. C. Boschen, and can claim to be the largest swordfish ever landed with rod and line. It turned the scale at three hundred and twenty-eight pounds. It was early one morning, while after tuna, that the swordfish took the bait of flying fish on Mr. Boschen's line. Then commenced a royal battle between the fisherman and this monster of the sea. It lasted five hours, during which period the boat was dragged over twenty miles. In landing the fish both Mr. Boschen and his boatmen were knocked about a good deal, though not seriously hurt. After the fish was gaffed he fought furiously for another twenty minutes, nearly upsetting the boat on several occasions in his wild rushes to break free. What the men feared was that the fish would attack the boat with his sword below the water-line and sink it, and then run his weapon through them. Swordfish have been known to sink small boats and kill their occupants by piercing them with their sword.

Monster swordfish caught with rod and line.

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